

Mechanics Institute, 1207-162

Woodstock Journal.

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

VOLUME 6.

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OUR PAPER.

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

The objects at which it particularly aims in the present circumstances of the country are the promotion of immigration, the settlement by means of railroads, &c., an increase of the representation in the Assembly, and Free Education, schools of all grades, from the lowest to the highest being open to all without money and without price, and supported by Direct Taxation.

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THE TRINITY.

To the Editor of the Woodstock Journal.

Sir,—I think your correspondent is rather fast in the beginning of his late communication. He affirms that I took a month's rest, and that the Trinity is my favorite dogma, neither of which assertions is correct. He does not think a month's preparation has availed me much; if he had said a moment's preparation he would have been nearer the truth; but because my article was delayed perhaps he imagines, and therefore without evidence states, that the time was employed in preparation. If he believes these statements he must be credulous, if he does not believe them he is unworthy the cause in which he professes to be engaged. He says I do not grapple with the real question at issue. The question at issue was whether the BANNER had established its thesis "Trinity a Heathen Dogma" or not. Now which of us has gone farthest from the subject I leave the public to decide. He says I left his position untouched. What position he refers to, it is very difficult to imagine. Perhaps he wished me to prove that Plato was not a heathen philosopher, or that a doctrine which referred to the nature of an incomprehensible God could be comprehended. As well might he expect me to prove that Saint Paul was not a Christian, or that the Deity was a finite being. I would ask Mr. P. F. has the BANNER or he either proved the doctrine of the Trinity to be a "heathen dogma"? The BANNER says the Peruvians believed it, "Plain Fact" asks was it not derived from Plato. If this is proof I should like to see it put into a syllogism.

"Plain Fact" inserts a parenthesis of his own in a mangled quotation from my last letter by which he makes me say that I had undertaken and accomplished the feat of proving the reasonableness of the doctrine of the Trinity. This is apiece with his marking logical powers with quotations in his first letter, which by the way, he has failed to account for. Would it not be more mainly to make an incorrect statement at once than to try to make a wrong impression, by inserting or omitting points? I stated before that my object was to show that the BANNER had failed to substantiate its proposition: yet Mr. P. F. says it was to prove the reasonableness of the Trinity. Who told him so? I should think I have the best right to know what my object was, and I must say most sincerely and most respectfully that his statement is not true. I never undertook to settle the doctrine of the Trinity, nor do I ever expect to see it settled in this world. I attempted to prove the BANNER's logic incorrect, and with a little help from Mr. Plain Fact himself I think I have succeeded. I admire the willingness of your correspondent to retract the word "ridiculous" as soon as he is shown that it is improper, which I should have thought his own sense of propriety would have taught him before he first employed it. The word both in its radical and derivative occupation means subjects of sport, something to be mocked at, or laughed about; the literal meaning being laughable.

Now I ask Mr. P. F. if he would stand in the presence of Jehovah and laugh at the sincere belief of his pious worshippers with regard to his nature? The most hardened infidel if not at the same time the most degraded wretch, would not dare to do so. Would a Christian Missionary ridicule the ideas of a Deity entertained by Esquimaux or Hottentots? If he did would not these ignorant savages justly regard him as more degraded than themselves? Opinions relating to the Deity may, or may not, be correct; but if they are seriously believed by rational pious men, they cannot be ridiculous. Mr. Plain Fact proposes to give us a little more light on the subject, and then reads from a book before him a rebash of the old stories about interpolations, spurious manuscripts, and various readings. I see nothing new in these—nothing that throws more light on the subject, except that *Vigilius Tapsensis*, a writer of no credit, suspected a certain passage of scripture to have been forged. This is not very wonderful; writers of no credit are apt to be the boldest in both suspecting and making statements. I could produce many writers, and some of them of much credit too, who have suspected the whole book to have been forged. If Mr. Plain Fact will prove from Scripture that either the Father the Son or the Holy Spirit is not God, then I will give up the idea of a Trinity in the Godhead, for it is not my favorite dogma. But even then the proposition of the BANNER will remain to be established. Might not the fathers of the first or second century

have invented this doctrine from seeing those sacred names so often in the New Testament? This is quite as plausible as that they went to China or Hindostan or Peru for it.

I am sorry to impose so much upon your space and the time of your readers, but I want men to be candid and ingenuous; and if they call themselves fair sounding names let them try to deal with others as they would be done by. Hoping that Plain Fact will see the propriety of adopting this method in the future when writing on so important a subject, I remain, as ever,

Yours, &c.,
PHILETTIUS.
Richmond, October 17th, 1859.

THE ARAB HORSE.

The horses are small, not rising in general above fourteen hands one inch; but they are fine, and have great power and size for their height. I do not suppose that they would be much admired by a purely English horseman: in fact, we see every day that Arabs brought into England don't *faire fortune*, and I experience teaches one that the English and Arab horse look each absurd by turns, as the eye has grown accustomed to the other. But to my eye, used for some time to rest on nothing but the Eastern horse, they seemed to exceed all that I had yet seen in point of beauty. Stallions used to be led into our camp, looking like horses in a picture; the limbs flat, broad, and powerful, deep below the knee, small and fine above the fetlock, of a cleanliness and beauty of outline, enough alone to stamp *blood* on their possessor; the neck light, but yet arched; the flanks closely ribbed up; the tail carried out with a sweep like the curve of a palm branch; and the small head terminating in large nostrils always snorting and neighing. It was a beautiful sight to see one of them when he got wind of another stallion, draw himself up with his neck arched, his ears pointed, and his eyes almost starting out of his head; his almost rigid stillness for the instant contrasting curiously with his evident readiness to break out into furious action. Watching such a horse at such a moment one feels the truth of the figure of speech by which the horse is called *noble*. Noble, knightly, heroic, he seems less a brute than an incarnation of high blood and fiery energy; a steed that Saladin might have mounted, and that would well have matched his master.

Grey of various shades, bay, chestnut, and brown, are the ordinary, and it may almost be said the only, colors of the Arab horse. The commonest of all colors is one which I recollect as being very frequent amongst the Arabs met with in India, a dark, uniform, nutmeg grey. Light grey, verging upon white, is neither rare nor peculiar to old horses. Next to grey in frequency come bay and chestnut, both fine and rich in quality, and the latter so prized above all other colors by the Arabs that they have a saying that if you ever hear of a horse performing any remarkable feat, you will be sure to find, on inquiry, that he is a chestnut. Browns are not infrequent; and in my register of horses bought from the Anazeh, I find one black. But so rare is that color, that, if I had merely trusted to my recollection, I should have said that I never saw a black horse in the desert. Of other colors I saw none, except in the solitary instance of a skew bald; and I cannot at this moment undertake to say whether he was an Anazeh or belonged to some of the tribes where the purity of the breed can less be depended on. Sometimes the Anazeh, especially the chiefs or men of wealth, ride with Turkish saddles and bits. But, with poorer men, the horse appointments are much on a

level with the dress of the rider. A coarse pad of ragged, dirty cloth, or bad, thin leather, slightly stuffed to form a sort of pommel and cantle, girthed with a bit of coarse web and sometimes with another bit of the same passing round the horse's chest to form a breast-band, and without any kind of stirrups, forms the saddle.—The bridle consists of a simple halter with a noose-band of rusty iron links, without bit, and, in fact, without means of action of any sort upon the horse's mouth. A single thong or end of rope is attached to this and serves to tether the horse, or, passing on one side of the horse's neck and held in the rider's hand, acts as a rein. A curious addition to this was sometimes used, in the shape of a piece of rope attached to the headstall between the ears and held by the rider. The explanation of this appendage which suggested itself to me at the time, was, that it was intended to steady the horseman's seat, whether this was the fact or not I have no means of saying positively. These accoutrements were often perfectly bare of all ornament; but, on the other hand, were sometimes decorated with long black and white tassels of the size of those of an old fashioned bell-pull, suspended from the saddle by ropes which allowed them almost to sweep the ground; with red cloth and tufts of ostrich feathers stuck all over the headstall; and, most frequently of all, with a little short frizzy black plume set up between the ears.

When armed for war the horseman carries a light lance of twelve feet or more in length, with a long tapering four-sided spike much like a great nail with each of its four edges *bangling out* at the base into a flat lobe, through which is passed an iron ring supporting a little flat tinkling bit of metal, intended, I suppose, to give ornament and music simultaneously. This is the great and universal weapon, and I suppose that the Anazeh does not exist who does not possess one. Swords and pistols are seen in the possession of individuals; and almost every man, when walking about his private affairs, carries a stick cut, I fancy but of a root, and much resembling a shillalah, except that it is further fortified by a tremendous knob at the end as big as one's fist.

When riding unarmed, the Anazeh always carries a small short stick with a crook at the end like a walking cane, with which he appears to guide the horse. His horsemanship, when he chooses to display it, is very striking and curious. He puts his horse to the gallop; leaning very much forward, and clinging with his naked legs and heels round the flanks, he comes past you at speed, his brown shanks bare up to the thigh, his stick brandished in his hand, and his ragged robes flying behind; then, checking the pace, he turns right and left at a canter, pulls up, increases or diminishes his speed, and with his listless halter exhibits, if not the power of flinging his horse dead upon his haunches possessed by the Turks and other bit-using Orientals, at all events much more control over the animal than an English dragoon attains to with his heavy bit. On these occasions it appeared to me that the halter served to check and the stick to guide; but I have seen the same feats performed when the horseman was carrying the lance, and consequently was without his stick. When I say that our purchases in the desert amounted to one hundred horses, it may be supposed that the number of horses I saw tried and ridden was considerable; amongst the whole, I never saw one attempt to pull or slow the least want of docility.

I think that most horsemen will admit that this is an extraordinary performance, and that none will allow it more readily than those who are acquainted with the Arab horse as he appears in our hands in India, where—so far as I may trust my

own experience—he is not inclined to pull. Why should he display this failing with us, and not with his original masters? My own impression is that the secret lies in the different temper of the English and Bedouin horseman. The Bedouin (and every other race of Orientals that I am acquainted with seems to possess somewhat of the same quality) exhibits a patience towards his horse as remarkable as the impatience and roughness of the Englishman. I am not inclined to put it to his credit in a moral point of view; I do not believe that it results from affection for the animal, or from self-restraint; he is simply without the feeling of irritability which prompts the English horseman to acts of brutality. In his mental organization some screw is tight which in the English mind is loose; he is sane on a point where the Englishman is slightly cracked, and he rides on serene and contented where the latter would go into a paroxysm of swearing and spurring. I have seen an Arab stallion, broken loose at a moment when our camp was thronged with horses bro't for sale, turn the whole concern topsy-turvy and reduce it to one tumult of pawing and snorting and belligerent screeching; and I never yet saw the captor, when he finally got hold of the halter, show the least trace of anger, or do otherwise than lead the animal back to his pickets with perfect calmness. Contrast this with the "job" in the mouth, and the kick in the ribs, and the curse that the English groom would below under similar circumstances, and you have in a great measure the secret of the good temper of the Arab horse in Arab hands.

But at the same time, giving every weight to the reason which I have just assigned, the fact of the Bedouins making a practice of riding such horses in such a fashion is surprising to me. Doubtless the nature of the country assists them.—There are no carts to run against, no gate-posts to smash a horseman's knee-pan, no plate-glass windows to bolt through; if a horse *did* decline to stop, I suppose the rider would have a fair chance of letting him go till he was tired, without damage to either party. But how it is that that most untrustable animal the horse does not find some opportunity for mischief—how it is that he does not sometimes rush into battle with a hostile stallion, bearing his rider *volens* into the fray—how it is that he never seizes a chance of bolting over the tent-ropes of a camp, picking out the sheikh's by preference—I do not pretend to understand. Perhaps he does all these things occasionally, and the Arab mind is resigned thereto; all I know is that I never saw him.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"RIGHT SIDE UP WITH CARE."—A curious proceeding took place on the St. Andrews Railroad last week. It seems that trains are run to Howard Settlement occasionally with loads of freight, but the managers have refused to take passengers for love or money. A Canterbury man on Friday had a large quantity of freight to go up which he forwarded, but he was told the train could not carry him. He hit upon a plan, however, to elude the vigilance of the managers and carry his determination into effect. Obtaining a suitable box for the purpose, he was carefully packed therein and labelled outside "Right side up with care," in which predicament he was placed on board with the rest of the freight, and on arriving at Canterbury, burst from his confinement and exhibited himself to those who had accompanied the train. A four dollar bill was demanded of him which he paid cheerfully, exhibiting a very independent attitude towards the officials who are desirous, of course, that the affair shall be kept private. We should like to know what is done with the proceeds of the running of these trains, and why it is that the public generally cannot be accommodated instead of running for the benefit of a few individuals.—*St. Croix Herald*.

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