F ALDBOROUGH
ED BY

AYS' PILLS,

DBOROUGH CURED OF
OMACH COMPLAINT.
m the Earl of Aldborough
ghora, 21st February 1845.
or HOLLOWAY.
nstances prevented the pos-
g you before this time for
ding me your Pills as you
pportunity of sending you
unt, and, at the same time
lls have effected cure of a
nd Stomach, which all the
Faculty at home, and all
d not been able to effect;
ters of Carlsbad and Ma-
another Box and a Pot of
e any of my Family should

ged and obedient Servant,
ned) ALDBOROUGH.
URE OF DROPSY OF
RS' STANDING.
Mr. Thomas Tailor, Che-
rham 17th April, 1845 Mrs.
sor HOLLOWAY.
duty to inform you that Mrs.
John Clough, a respectable
ithin four miles of this place
om Dropsy, for five years,
l advice without receiving
of your Pills and Ointment,
such surprising benefit that
given them up, being so
to attend to her household
ich she never expected to do
forgotten—to slip that she
faculty as incurable. When
n the morning it was impos-
nature in her face, being in
This can be entirely by the
d.
yours, &c. &c.
) THOMAS TAYLOR
GESTION AND CONSTI-
F THE BOWELS.
G. R. Wythen Baxter, Esq.
ok of the Bastiles," &c. &c
Newtown, Montgomeryshire
, March 3rd 1845.
ssor HOLLOWAY,
my duty to inform you that
xes of which I purchased at
ist, of Newtown, have cured
gestion and constipation of
plication to literary pursuits
on me. I should strongly re-
and studiously-disposed per-
se your valuable Pills. You
, to publish this note, if you
most obedient servant,
G. R. WYTHEN BAXTER.
THMA AND SHORTNESS
BREATH.
ron the Rev. David Williams
inister at Beaumaris, Island
Wales January 14th, 1845.
ssor HOLLOWAY.
hich I requested you to send
man of the name of Hugh
he took them, was *almost*
the want of breath! and had
few days when he appeared
his breath is now easy and
creasing daily in strength.
DAVID WILLIAMS.
our Holloway Pills will cure any
Shortness of Breath, however
tressing the case may be, even
able to lie down in bed through
with cough and phlegm.
edicine can be recommended
confidence for any of the follow-
Erysypelas Rheumatism
male irregularities Retention
Fever of all kinds the urine
Fits Sore throats
Gout Scrofula or
Head ache Kings evil
Indigestion Stone & Gravel
Inflammation Tic-Doloureux
Venereal Affections
ms Jaundice Tumours
Liver complaints Ulcers
Lumbago Worms of all
Piles kinds
Weakness from whatever cause.
Invaluable Medicines can be obtained
HOMAS SIME, St. Andrews
unty of Charlotte; John M.
d, Saint Stephens, and Justus
George. In Pots and Boxes at
7s each. There is a consider-
ng the large sizes,
ns for the guidance of Patients
are affixed to each Box.

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VOLUME 13 **The Standard,** NUMBER 2

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

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OUR SCHOOLMASTER.

A Story, containing a Moral for those who can discover it.

Aaron Horton, A. M. was the teacher of our school, and a good old man he was—He was not, it is true, wise above other men, nor very clear-headed, excepting in Latin and Greek, and mathematics. He did not seem to know much beyond his vocation—that of teaching the young idea how to shoot into grammars and lexicons. He wrote most classically and beautifully, and his pronunciation was without a fault, that must be confessed. He never dreamed—the good old man—that any thing was needed for boys excepting what he was accustomed to teach; and as for their behaving better, he would say, "don't they now behave as well as boys did when I was a boy." It was a pattern school. None of the modern follies, rash experiments and fantastical notions had crept into it. The good master had a holy horror of all innovations; he loved the past—old books, old houses, old customs. He bowed his head most reverently to the older, and expected as a matter of course that the young would do reverence to him. He loved a quiet life, good living, the prompt payment of the quarter bills; and he was never disturbed or troubled except when his boys happened to behave very much worse, or very much better than was their wont.

Of course he was sadly perplexed one day, when he was told that one of the boys, John Webster, had struck another, Charles Edwards, and Charles had not returned the blow. He could comprehend how it happened that one boy struck another, for that was not uncommon; he had done so himself when at school, and been flogged for it by his master; that was all straight. But the forbearance of Charles, this was to him a mystery. "I must look into it," says he; "Charles is no coward, I see that by his looks. There is something out of rule in this; I don't recollect such a case; I have never heard of such a thing, except among the peace loving Quakers, and it can't be that such folly has crept into my school. It would be most disgraceful. Why couldn't these boys have fought it out like men, and kept the whole from my ears!

"Now what to do puzzles me. I shall have to give to the school my notions of what self defence means of us—after whipping the boys."

The morning the school assembled as usual, every boy was in his place. In walked Master Horton with more than his usual dignity. He ascended the desk, opened the bible, read a chapter, and then prayed in exactly the same words he had used the whole of his school life, asking forgiveness as we forgive others.

Prayer concluded, he called before him the culprits. John, knowing that all defence was vain, plead guilty, in the hope of some mitigation of the punishment. "I thought Charles pushed me, and I struck him, for I was very angry."

"You have done exceeding wrong," exclaimed Master Horton, "you have broken the law of the school; being angry is no excuse; one wrong does not excuse another." Growing eloquent, he raised his voice, placed himself in an oratorical attitude, and continued, "you know that I have forbidden all quarrelling and fighting among my school, and as long as I am at the head of the school, I will punish every boy who strikes another, no matter for what. What is the use of laws which you can break when you please?—Prepare for punishment! Some boy there, hand me the rod."

Here Charles Edwards, who up to this time, had stood by, calmly and tranquilly, burst out, "please forgive him, sir, he did not hurt me; do forgive him!"

"Be silent," roared the Master; "I have a reckoning with you too, Sir."

John's punishment was more severe than usual, for Master Horton was very much excited; but poor John bore it without wincing.

It is supposed by some that a man may become so much accustomed to using the rod, as to be able to use it without getting angry in the process, and may strike with perfect equanimity of temper. Not so on this occasion, at least with Master Horton. His inward feelings sympathized with the outward act, and after John had been soundly whipped, Master Horton looked as if he would like to have another victim.

So he turned towards Charles. "Now, don't think to impose upon me with all your affected kindness. I have dealt with too many boys for that. I will know the whole.—Now tell me why you did not come to me and complain when John struck you, or why you did not try to defend yourself? Are you a fool or a coward?"

"My father," said Charles, "when he sent me to this school, told me never to fight."

"All right," said the master; "He is a wise man. I give the same rule to my school. I have just whipped a boy for fighting. But did your father tell you not to defend yourself?"

"Please, sir, replied Charles, he forbade me to strike any one for any purpose; he told me kindness and forgiveness were the best defence."

"Is your father a fool?" exclaimed the master. "Take your seat."

The master was very angry. The vein in his forehead swelled, and his nostrils were dilated, because of the presumption of the boy in bringing such fanaticism into the school. But very wisely knowing his frailty of old, he dismissed the subject, saying, "I shall at the opening of the school this afternoon, explain what is the duty of boys in this matter. Now attend to your lessons."

In the afternoon, he gave us the promised light. When he began his sermon, he affected to be very calm; he spoke slowly and emphatically. "Boys," said he, "you know I am for peace. There is nothing I so much insist upon as that there shall be no fighting among you. Have I not this very morning flogged a boy for striking another? I shall always do so. There must be no fighting while I am master." Here he clinched his fist. "I should like to catch any of you a-fighting. You would have me to reckon with."

"But," continued he, "I have another most solemn duty to perform." Here his voice became subdued and impressive. "I must warn you against the foolish notions which modern fanatics are striving to establish. What absurdity! They would overthrow all government. Don't you see it?—We read of injunctions to fight in the very scriptures: our great Teacher said, If he were of this world he would fight. It is very clear."

"I am for peace; and because I am for peace I cannot let the new fanatical opinions come into my school. War is the world's curse, and to prevent war it is necessary to fight. I mean to fight sometimes, on proper occasions. My conscience will not permit me to say more in favor of war than this. Nor is it necessary for you to have no temptation to fight. The cause of Peace is injured by fanaticism!—for instance, if I were to tell you *all* lying was wrong, I mean in every case—all fighting I mean—then—here the master got entangled in his own argument, and came to an abrupt stop.

But feeling that something more was necessary, he called up William White, and desired him to say what he thought on the subject. Now William was a very straightforward boy; he was all logic without the least tact or poetry in his composition. He was the best mathematical scholar in the school. Master Horton made a bad choice, for William had been puzzling his head over the master's language, and could not make head nor tail of it. When ordered, however, he marched down to the desk, and stood like a post, with his mouth open, and his eye fixed on the master.

"Tell me," said Master Horton, "what I have been saying about war and peace. I know you understand me."

"Yes sir; I think you said fighting was always wrong, and—sometimes—right."

"I said no such foolish thing," exclaimed the master, in a towering passion. "Try again."

William was very anxious to please his master, and to acquit himself well before his school fellows, so he spoke again with great care and deliberation.

"You meant, sir, that war was not always wrong—of that I am certain; and I think you said it was always unchristian."

The master was confounded and lost all his presence of mind, and determined to get a proper answer from William, he roared out—"Sirrah! if you do not immediately give me a proper answer I will flog you."

William was frightened, and could not remember a single word the master had said on the subject, except the last sentence about lying, and the master's doctrine was so puzzling that he thought he would shift the ground. "Sir, you said, that all lying except when necessary, was very wrong."

At this juncture—the boys could not help it—the whole school broke out into a roar of laughter, and Master Horton, having no other resource, laughed himself.

After the uproar had subsided, Master Horton remarked that he would more fully explain his opinions on the subject on some future opportunity—but the opportunity never came.—[Christian Citizen.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.—The *Boston Transcript* tells a good story of a gentleman of that city who undertook to keep Christmas after the fashion in "merrie England." He had a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and his rooms were decorated as suited the occasion. One lonely bunch of evergreen hung in a somewhat peculiar position, and the hostess happened to pass under it, she was suddenly embraced by her liege lord, and almost smothered with kisses. Other ladies found themselves in the same predicament whenever they came near the charmed spot; and it is hinted that some of them liked it so well that they were found there several times. Be this as it may, the uninitiated soon insisted upon understanding the joke, when the host told them that in his observance of Christmas he had followed the example of the rustic celebrations of England—that of placing a mistletoe bough in some elevated position, and authorizing all the lords of the creation to kiss every female who should pass under it, provided she was caught *in transitu*. Not being able to procure the *mistletoe*, he had substituted the odd bunch of evergreen above mentioned, and letting enough into the secret to carry on the frolic, he began the fun himself by catching his own wife, and was followed by other members of the family and *some* disconnected ones. The whole frolic induced much unexpected sport, and various sly observations have since been made to the effect that though some of the young ladies present received the *first* kiss that evening from those from whom they never could have been anticipated, yet there was very little probability that the first was to remain the *last* kiss.

EFFECTS OF BULLYING.—The preparation of the national heart of war is already causing no little mischief. It has stopped the auction sales of real estate, and knocked down the price of stocks, though in the latter case other influences co operated. Shipments to China have been suspended, and other long voyages deferred. European merchants and bankers, of the most cautious class, had, before the last steamer came away, withdrawn their facilities from American operations. One highly respectable house here received a notice withdrawing a former liberty to draw against shipments,—the house on the other side remarking that, in the present attitude of the relations between England and the United States, they did not deem it expedient to advance on produce until actually landed in Europe. The effect of these precautions is unfavorable to the prices of all our products. The letters by the last steamer say that the underwriters were beginning to insert a clause excepting war risks. Much farther effort to prepare the national heart of war, will so embarrass our commerce as very materially to lighten the national purse.—*New York Jour. of Com.*

THE FEELING IN CANADA.—The Kingston News has a long article on "Peace or War?" from which we clip the following extracts:—

"If hostilities shall be the result, the battle must, in great part, be fought here.—There may be a little skirmishing, with some two or three thousand in the Valley of the Columbia, and the Atlantic coast of the United States may be the scene of many a desperate encounter between the naval and land forces of Great Britain and the United States—but in this Province must the full force of war be felt—here must the chief brunt of the battle be borne. The United States have long looked with coretous eyes upon Canada, and the occasion of hostilities with Great Britain will unquestionably be seized upon to make a strong effort to drive the British out of so important a position of this continent as the Provinces of British North America constitute.

"War seems inevitable: ever they who most fervently pray that such a calamity may be averted, hardly dare entertain the hope that their wish will be gratified. The language of the Chief Magistrate of the Union is unmistakable in its character; and although in itself it may not be regarded as authoritative, with the support of Congress, which it is confidently stated he will obtain, this language must be taken as the ratified declaration of the Government of the United States. The substance of the official declaration may be given in a few words:—*No compromise which the United States ought to accept can now be effected.* If no compromise can be effected, what is the alternative? Either the abandonment of the whole claims of Great-Britain, or an appeal to arms—Which will be adopted? There can be no doubt that, much as the British Minister is anxious to avoid collision, he will infinitely prefer the latter to the former."

A Pleasant Situation.—The following story is told by Major Noah. Mr. Doolittle's situation must indeed have been an enviable one:—We remember (says the "Veteran") a sharp fellow named Doolittle, a Connecticut "exotic," who was transplanted from Harvard University to one of the Southern States, for the purpose of assuming the editorial control of a violent party paper, where no one had ever labored with advantage for the party, simply because an infinite quantity of pistols, and a multiplicity of bowie knives, prevented the strenuous advocacy of certain principles and fettered the freedom of speech in elegant style of efficiency. Doolittle was highly educated—was impetuous—brave; yet with the characteristic cunning of his tribe, careful of his own interests. He took hold of the paper with the determination to make it serviceable "to the cause," and serviceable he did make it. The opposing candidate was a bad fellow—a duellist, dram-drinker, a lover of "paper," and a devoted votary of Venus. Doolittle did what no other editor dared to do—he said so. The day on which his article appeared, the candidate entered the editorial chamber.

"You are Doolittle—the editor of this paper?" holding a copy of the sheet in his hand. "I am." "You have libelled and insulted me, and"—drawing a large knife, "I have come for your ears." "I beg your pardon, said Doolittle, "I am a stranger to your customs, and perhaps have taken a license which in this part of the country is inexcusable. Such is, I think, the fact. Suppose we compromise the matter." "Very well," said the bluff Southerner, "I'll kick you, and you shall make a full retraction." "You'd what?" said Doolittle, quietly. "Kick you." "You insist upon that little privilege?" "I am undeterably fixed in my determination." "So am I," said Doolittle, flung a horse-pistol as big as a blunderbuss, and shattering the Southerner's right leg—"*not to be kicked*."

He held his situation six months—was stabbed twice, shot three times, belabored with a bludgeon once, but never kicked. During his six months' experience, he killed two of his adversaries. An absolute fact.

Beautiful Thought.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place—it cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on the wave, and then sink into darkness and nothingness; else why is it that the aspirations that leap like angles from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not on earth, then pass away and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne, are placed so far above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our vision, then taken from us, leaving the thousand currents of our affection to flow back like cold and Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born for higher destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber upon the [illegible] and where the beautiful beings that pass here like visions, will stay in our presence forever.—*G. D. Prentice.*

"BE COURTEOUS"

What is courtesy? It is genuine politeness. And what is politeness? It is not a fashionable bow, a genteel wave of the hand, a beautiful smile, or an eloquent 'How d'ye do sir.' All this may exist without real politeness. Yes, kind reader, you may be assured that *not every* well dressed gentleman, with superb personal apparatus, euphonious speech, and elegant form, who bows, and gestures, and smiles so deliciously, is a truly polite man. Real politeness is free from deception. But multitudes, who have a high reputation for politeness, are no better than nodding, simpering hypocrites, they feel nothing of what they so profusely exhibit. Genuine politeness, is a kind and honest heart, manifested in the external deportment. If a person possesses such a heart, and exhibits his feeling naturally, he is truly polite. Hence, all that is essential to politeness is, to feel kindly and act accordingly. The single rule of politeness is, 'Do as you would be done by.' And he that fails in this, utterly misses the mark. Politeness, courtesy, and agreeable manners are all the same thing. Courtesy implies that we be kind and gentle to all, and crusty and haughty to none. And are not agreeable manners worth having? And if a person do not possess them, is it not well to take a little pains to acquire them? Certainly it is. For the Bible itself commands us to 'be courteous.'—Hence, *real politeness is a Christian duty.* In this light let every reader view the subject. The same God that commands us to 'repent' also requires us to 'be courteous.' The truth is, this subject is vastly more important than thousands imagine. Have we any right to wound the feelings of a fellow being?—None at all! But have we not often done so, for want of a little courtesy? Yes, often! But the exercise of that courtesy would have been profitable to ourselves, and pleasing to our friend. And so to the expense—who, good manners cost no more than bad ones. Tell me, reader, don't you like to see a coach driver, a railroad conductor, a postmaster—as well as a lawyer, a doctor, and a minister—pleasing in their address? Yes, I know you do! For every body loves true politeness. Then be polite yourself kind reader! You would regret to see your minister proud, impotent, or morose, would you not? Of course; and I rather guess you would find a little fault, as well as regret. O, yes, want your pastor always to look and speak pleasantly, very pleasantly—and so he ought. But I am half inclined to think that he would like to see the same in yourself. Well, reader, suppose we all be polite from this hour. Depend upon it, courtesy is worth a thousand times more than it costs. It costs only a little patience, love, and self control. And as to its worth, let me just remind, that the success of hundreds is mainly the result of agreeable manners; while multitudes fail for the want of such manners. But let us not attempt to 'make brick without straw.' Why should we try to be courteous without love, when there is love enough in the gospel to fill every heart in the wide world? Without love to God and man filling the soul, 'tis easy to be courteous to all. O, for a fullness of that love!

A good deal of Truth in a few Words.—The Salem Gazette says, that the present administration proposes to impale the Eastern States upon the horns of a dilemma. If we have war, it is our seaports that are to be ravaged, our ships to be destroyed, and our commerce to be ruined. If we are to have Peace, with the destruction of the Tariff, and foolish currency experiments, it is our population which is to be thrown out of employment, our manufactures to be ruined, and our flourishing towns and villages to be wasted away in a hopeless struggle to complete with the pauper labor of Europe.

Splendid Shops.—A correspondent of the New York Courier thus describes one of the great shops of Liverpool.

"I have been much struck with the extent and excellence of a retail shop in this place that I have been induced to make some inquiries respecting it, the result of which may interest many who have heretofore looked upon Stewart's or Beck's as the *ne plus ultra* of shops. The establishment referred to is that of Jeffries & Morrish, and is called Compton House—containing a space of upwards of thirty two hundred square yards and premises formerly occupied as eleven seperate buildings. In this establishment are one hundred and forty persons employed, male and female, all of whom, except a few married persons, are fed and lodged under the same roof. The dwelling part is well arranged with dining rooms, dormitories, sitting rooms, and other apartments, like a well regulated hotel; and there is also a fine room used as a library, for the inmates, containing a large and excellent collection, free to the [illegible] The bed rooms are also furnished with fire escapes, which are kept in constant readiness, and secured beneath the window sills by large iron bolts, so as [illegible] out of the way. At now [illegible] description of clerks, [illegible] enumerated, [illegible] tensive and [illegible] have seen [illegible] shop (they [illegible] closed at 7 P. [illegible] quisite [illegible] the clerks are [illegible] hour all must be within doors [illegible] ses closed. Besides the proprietors, they have a principal superintendent, and [illegible] others whose duty consists in walking about the establishment to direct customers [illegible] they may want, and to keep a general look out; then come cashiers, salesmen, junior clerks, apprentices, porters, and [illegible] vants—making in all one hundred and forty."

British Power on the La Plata.—The Washington Union publishes a long statement of the events which have occurred in the region of the La Plata, from which it appear that the [illegible] Argentine republic, which [illegible] secution of war against the Montevideen government, is [illegible] gland, and that the agency of France in the matter is altogether secondary.

Terrible Calamity.—Intelligence has arrived, at Washington, on Monday last, that Mrs Alexander Kyle and Alexander Kyle Jr., the mother and brother of Mrs Kendall, were burned alive on Friday the ultimo. Early in April, 1841, the married couple, attended by their son, daughter, and one or two others, left Washington to establish themselves in the Far West. They located themselves in Clark County, [illegible] about ten miles from [illegible] noon on the day of the calamity, a fire broke out in the Prairie, which soon thoroughly destroy all their grain. Mrs Kyle, Mr Kyle, her son, and a young man in their employ, hastened out to endeavour to save it. The fire gained on them so rapidly that the young man proposed a retreat, and Mrs Kyle thought that, with a little more perseverance some of the stacks could be preserved. The young man made his way out, [illegible] distance and then looked back, when all he could discover was a volume of black smoke preceding from the spot where he left them. He hastened back, where he found Mrs Kyle entirely consumed, except a portion of her body, with some fragments of her clothing still attached thereto. A few feet from her lay her son, with all his clothes burned off; his body a perfect crisp. Near by were that were some parts of his clothing, evidently indicating that in the agonizing struggle, the devoted son endeavoured to save his idolized mother. These remains were conveyed to the house. The vital spark lingered in the body of Mr. Kyle till about 10 o'clock that night.

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