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# The Standard.

## OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

*Evans sumendum est optimum.*—Cic.

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### LAW RESPECTING NEWS-PAPERS

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### HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

#### Surprising Cure of a confirmed Asthma, after five years' suffering.

The following testimonial has been sent to Professor Holloway, by a Gentleman named Middleton, of Scotland road, Liverpool.

SIR—Your Pills have been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to sound health, after five years of severe affliction. During the whole of that period I suffered the most dreadful attacks of Asthma, frequently of several weeks duration, attended with a violent cough, and continual spitting of phlegm intermixed with blood. This so shook my constitution that I was unfitted for any of the active duties of life. I was attended by some of the most eminent medical men of this town, but they failed to give me the slightest relief. As a last remedy I tried your Pills, and in about three months they effected a perfect cure of the disease, totally eradicated the cough, and restored tone and vigour to the chest and digestive organs. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
(Signed) H. MIDDLETON.  
Dated Jan. 1st, 1853.

#### A Permanent Cure of a Diseased Liver, of many years' duration.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Gamis, Chemist, Yeovil, to Professor Holloway.

Dear Sir,—In this district your Pills command a more extensive sale than any other proprietary medicine before the public. As a proof of their efficacy in Liver and Bilious Complaints I may mention the following case. A lady of this town with whom I am personally acquainted, for years was a severe sufferer from disease of the Liver and digestive organs; her medical attendant assured her that she could do nothing to relieve her sufferings, and it was not likely she could survive many months. This announcement naturally caused great alarm among her friends and relations, and they induced her to make a trial of your Pills, which so improved her general health that she was induced to continue them until she received a perfect cure. This is twelve months ago, and she has not experienced any symptoms of relapse, and often declares that your Pills have been the means of saving her life.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,  
(Signed) J. GAMIS.  
Nov. 22, 1852.

#### An astonishing Cure of Chronic Rheumatism, after being discharged from the Hospital incurable.

Copy of a letter from Mr. W. Moon, of the Square, Winchester.

To Professor Holloway.

SIR,—I beg to inform you that for years I was a sufferer from Chronic Rheumatism, and was often laid up for weeks together by its severe and painful attacks. I tried every thing that was recommended, and was attended by one of the most eminent surgeons in this town; but obtained no relief whatever. At last, fearing that my health would be entirely broken up, I was induced to go into our County Hospital, where I had the best medical treatment the Institution afforded, all of which proved of no avail, and I came out no better than I went in. I was then advised to try your Pills, and by persevering with them was perfectly cured, and enabled to resume my occupation, and although a considerable period has elapsed, I have felt no return whatever of the complaint.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,  
(Signed) W. MOON.  
Oct 8, 1853.

#### An extraordinary Cure of Dropsy, after suffering for eighteen months.

Copy of a letter from Mr. G. Briggs, Chemist, Goole, dated February 15th, 1853.

To Professor Holloway.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you of a most surprising cure of Dropsy recently effected by your valuable medicines. Captain Jackson of this place was afflicted with Dropsy for upwards of eighteen months, to such an extent that it caused his body and limbs to be much swollen, and water oozed as it were from his skin, so that a daily change of apparel became necessary. Notwithstanding the various remedies tried, and the different medical men consulted, all was of no avail until he commenced using your Pills, by which, and a strict attention to the printed directions, he was effectually cured, and his health perfectly reestablished. If you deem this worthy of publicity, you are at liberty to use it.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
(Signed) G. BRIGGS.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague Jaundice

Asthma  
Bilious complaints  
Bloaches on the skin  
Bowel complaints  
Colic  
Constipation of the bowels  
Consumption  
Debility  
Dropsy  
Dysentery  
Erysipelas  
Female Irregularities  
Fever of all kinds  
Fits  
Gout  
Head-ache  
Indigestion  
Inflammation  
Lumbago  
Piles  
Rheumatism  
Retention of Urine  
Scrofula, or King's Evil  
Sore Throat  
Stone and Gravel  
Secondary symptoms  
Tic Douloureux  
Tumours  
Venereal Affections  
Worms of all kinds  
Weakness, from whatever cause  
&c. &c.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, near Temple Bar, London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilized World, at the following prices:—  
Is 4d.; 3s. 6d.; 5s. 6d. each box.

There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Box.

Sold by all Venders of Medicine throughout New Brunswick, and by A. H. Thompson, St. Stephen; Billings & Dyer, Eastport, and

TURNER & ODELL,  
Of Saint Andrews,  
Wholesale Agents for the County Charlotte  
July 10, 1854.

#### THE BEST EDUCATION.—The ancient Athenians were the most intelligent community the world ever saw, and yet there were few of those who had conquered the Persians, or gazed on the Parthenon, or listened to Paracelsus, or applauded the works of Æschylus and Sophocles, who knew how to write or read. What was it that taught them to be aspiring yet practical, to be valiant, yet humane? Why, that which teaches the Englishman—the tale and the habit of every-day life, the custom of self-government, the consciousness of liberty, and the electrical transit of stirring ideas that come from the common interest in public affairs; the present constant intercourse between man and man, that frank publicity of opinion, that sympathy of united numbers which carries to the multitude every most useful and vivid thought which genius or study originates in a few. It is all this which teaches the Englishman, and gives to our people the superiority, in the real enlightenment of their common ideas and the masculine energy with which they carry their ideas into practice.—Sir Bulwer Lytton.

#### LAKE SUPERIOR.—The Lake Superior Journal of a recent date, gives the annexed information relative to the position and prospects of the mining business in that region.

"So far as Lake Superior country is concerned, the past winter has been a season of unusual interest, and one of the most encouraging success in the iron and copper business. Every step in the progress of the mining business has been attended with the most satisfactory results; the old mines, for the most part, have been rapidly increasing the amount of their produce of copper as they have sunk deeper into their copper foundations of this region; and the new mines are everywhere bringing to light new veins and new developments. But notwithstanding this prosperity—notwithstanding the mines never looked more promising than at present, we regret to say that the prospect for a corresponding export of shipment of copper, is not so good as it was last fall. The expense of getting men to land copper from the mines, which has always been very high, is this year very much increased, and the facilities on Lake Superior for transportation have not increased in business.

This has become a serious drawback on carrying forward this business with anything like true or reasonable economy, and with the prospect of this difficulty being soon removed by the opening of this canal, we notice many disposed to rest on their oars for a time, or, at most, move carefully along, with as little outlay as possible. We have always contended that the expenses of transportation and of passage would not exceed one third of the present rates, so soon as this canal shall be completed. This truth is becoming more apparent every day, and it is a matter of so much importance to the mining interests, we do not look forward to any unusual exertions being made for the shipment of copper the present season."

#### THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.—The present

State of Russia, were he in the highest degree civilized and humane, could not control a million of bayonets, offered by men who look to their sword as the means that must win them wealth and honour. Neither can he curb an ambitious aristocracy and a fan-

atic people possessed with the belief that they are destined by heaven to propagate their own peculiar creed, the only orthodox faith, and give laws to the world. Nay, the enterprise is considered by every true Muscovite as a sacred duty bequeathed to him by Peter the Great, and he believes it to be as binding upon him to execute as if it were a command from on high.—[Turkey, Russia, &c.]

### THE BOY HEROES. A SKETCH OF EARLY WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant State and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived, upon a branch of the Green river, an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and, save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter 12 years of age. His elder children had gone south. His wife was with him, but she had been several years an almost helpless cripple from the effects of rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of the winter's labour, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should have a start on fair terms with the world.

One evening just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what the matter was, he saw three men approaching his hut.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodging for the night. John Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unsling their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They represented themselves as travellers bound farther west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a new settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and quick glances which they gave each other told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the guests, but they were not very free, and after awhile the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fears had become excited, and he could could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was over, the boys quickly cleared off the table, and then they went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather night had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon two thirds full shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper at the same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these 'ere men?"

"I'm afraid they are bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked round?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think, he would only laugh at us and tell us we were perfect scarecrows."

"But we can watch 'em."

"Yes, we will watch 'em; but do not let them know it."

The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the house, they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers set close by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring; and arose to go out of doors to see the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but they did not take their weapons! The old lady was asleep in the chair. "Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to bed; we may want them. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their pockets behind the chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and the strangers returned, they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building being the old man's sleeping room, and the other the room in which the company at present sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over the large room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the little sleeping apartment of the hunter, a rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable end, was the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of this scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travellers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they did it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had passed away, and they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through a crack, and saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window he shoved the sash back, and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boy thought of this might be thrown to the dogs only to distract their attention; but when the man laid down, the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. "The first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent."

At the end of the boys' bed there was a dark window, a small square door, and as it was directly over the dogs' house, Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one; for the least noise would arouse the villagers—and the consequences might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined on the trial. His father's life might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without moving from his bed, and it swung upon its hinges without noise. Then he threw off the sheet, and tied the corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move until then he should noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, and they chew back at their young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet. There was a light ladder standing near the dog house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his little loft, and when once safely there he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act simple in itself, at which many a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back into their kennel, and if the strangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over the repast they had found.

All length the hounds ceased their noise, and all was quiet. An hour passed away and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men moved again, and the lad Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a step upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they were asleep, for he soon returned to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to the crack. He saw the men take knives, and he heard them whispering:

"We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them, "and then we'll hunt the money. If those little brats up there (pointing to the scaffolding) wake up, we can easily take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another of the villains.

"Yes," returned the speaker, "but the young one first; they may make a noise and start the old man up."

Philip's heart beat with horror. "Down the ladder outside, quick!" he whispered to his brother. Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened! O do let the dogs into the house as quick as you can. I'll look out for father while you go. Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and

crept to the head of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down on the floor so that its light would fall into the bed room as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back, and rested the muzzle upon the edge of the boards. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The boy hero uttered a single word of heart-felt prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The robber whose hand was upon the latch uttered one sharp quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy, and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it however, for at that instant the outer door was flung open and the hounds—four in number—sprang into the house. With a deep yell, the animals leaped upon the assassins, and they had drawn them upon the floor, just as the old hunter came from his room—

"Help us! help us! father," cried Philip as he hurried down the ladder. "I've shot one of them! They are murderers!—Robbers! Hold 'em! hold 'em! the boy continued clapping his hands to the dogs. Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and sprang to the place where the hounds had the two men on the floor.

The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and then the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed some more restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. "They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then turned upon the boys," Philip told him all that had happened. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole seeming truth through his mind; but as he gradually comprehended it all, a soft, grateful, proud light, broke over his features, and he held his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he uttered as he clasped them in his bosom. "God bless you for this!—O, I dreamed not that you had such hearts!"

For a long time the old man gazed on his boys in silence; while tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, happily pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notoriety; but this was their last venture, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass down the Ohio river I beg they will take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank with a wide river park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Oakesboro'. Ask your steamboat captain who lives there, and he will tell you, "Philip Slater & Brother, noted flour merchants." They are the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

### WHAT IS THE HARDEST MODE TO DIE.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain, to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands the ball passed through the bones of the face and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him.

The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles the XI., did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity of defence was pressed on him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accomplished by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting.

But there is nothing singular in the dying sensation, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity that the expression is invariably languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath.

The order of the Sons of Temperance is fast spreading in California.