

# The Standard.

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## POETRY.

### "GOOD-BYE."

Farewell! farewell! is often heard  
From the lips of those who part;  
'Tis a whispered tone—a gentle word,  
But it springs not from the heart;  
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,  
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;  
But give me the quivering lips that say  
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,  
In the guise of courtly speech;  
But when we leave the kind and dear,  
'Tis not what the soul would teach.  
When'er we grasp the hand of those  
We would have forever nigh,  
The flame of friendship bursts and glows  
In the warm, frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child  
To meet with cares and strife,  
Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts and fears,  
For the loved one's future life,  
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives  
Within her closing sigh;  
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—  
"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go, when the pale and dying one  
Whose glance has lost its beam,  
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,  
And the world a passing dream,  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart must understand,  
A long, a last "Good bye!"

### LINES.

TO MRS. E., ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD.  
"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."  
Yes, yes, dear mother, your sweet babe is gone,  
To that land where no trouble invades,  
But glory still shines and day ne'er declining,  
Nor sigh that can make him afraid.

When you're so desponded, or as one without hope,  
Should the tears of affliction do flow,  
Put your trust in God, and reject not his rod,  
But he's now where no sorrow can go.

Remember his smile as you stood by his bed,  
While his soul to the angels was given,  
And drop not a tear though you're parted here,  
For you shortly shall meet him in heaven.

That tho' how some should drive from your mind,  
All the grief that from nature could flow,  
Think that earth's joys will be exchanged for joys  
Where the fullness of bliss you will know.

How happy are they who this world can leave,  
Where're disappointments appear,  
And with angels can fly to regions on high,  
Where Jesus forever is near.

In that land of light they are all clad in white,  
Where love in each breast still doth glow,  
And seraphs sing, and golden harps ring,  
And pleasure immortal doth flow.

Could we view for a moment those bright heirs  
As each the loud anthem doth swell,  
Then we never would mourn, that they could not  
With the clouds of the valley dwell. [return.

Then dry up those tears which nature would shed,  
In remembrance of those whom we love,  
And your duty pursue, with Jesus in view,  
Which will lead you to mansions above.

Where with rapture you'll join that celestial choir,  
And a crown of bright glory receive,  
While Hosanna you'll sing to your Heavenly King,  
Whom Adam's lost race did retrieve.

May thoughts still like these be found in your breast  
As life's varied course you pursue,  
And when Death doth appear have nothing to fear,  
But bade this vain world adieu. [return.

St. Andrews, Sep. 1846. S. McC.

**Wonderful Boy.**—Mr. Henry M. Adams, agent to the American Bible Society, publishes in the American journals the history of a wonderful boy, ten years of age named Safford born in the state of Vermont, who possesses the calculating faculty to an incredible extent, and who has also mastered various other sciences. The narrator says, "It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry; I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas by Professor Johnson, of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. Here his eyes flashed fire, and began to explain the process.—When only four years old, he would surround himself, upon the floor, with Morse's, Olney's Woodbridges, Smith's, and Malte Brun's geographies, tracing their through and comparing them, noting all their points of difference." The following is given as an illustration of his calculating powers:

I then asked his parents if I might give him a hard sum to perform mentally. They said they did not wish to tax his mind too much, nor too often, to its full capacity; but were quite willing to let me try once. Then said I "Multiply in your head 365,365,365,365,365 by 365,365,465,395,365,365." He flew round the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over the tops of his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, sometimes sniffling and talking, and then seemed to be in agony, until in not more than one minute, said he 133,491,550,298,508,925,016,658,299,941,583,225! The boy's father, the Rev. C. N. Smith, and myself had each a pencil and slate to take down the answer, and he gave it to us in periods of three figures each, as fast as it was possible for us to write them; and what was still more wonderful, he began to multiply at the left hand, and bring out the answer from left to right, giving the first 133,491, &c. Here, confounded above measure, I gave up the examination. The boy looked pale, and said he was tired. He said it was the largest sum he ever did.

### A SPANISH ROBBER.

An act of singular ferocity took place a day or two ago in the prison here. A notorious robber and murderer, of the name of Diego Patino, the terror of the surrounding country for years, was lately captured and tried by court-martial. He was at first sentenced to be shot, but the military authorities thinking such a mode of punishment too honorable for such a miscreant, obtained its commutation to strangling by the garote. On the morning of the 3d inst., the turkey proceeded, as is usual, to inform the criminal that the Judge of First Instance, accompanied by the escribano, had arrived to announce in his sentence, and to transfer him to the condemned chapel, preparatory to his execution. He was found with one of his legs released from his fetters, having skillfully employed a file for that purpose which he had concealed on his person. Though still bound to the iron-bar which traversed the dungeon, he flung himself on the turnkey, seized the massive keys, struck him on the head, and dashed him against the wall outside. He then locked the door and shut himself up in the cell. The officers of the prison, the judge, and chaplain implored him to cease such fruitless resistance, and to open the door, or pass the keys through the grating. He refused, and uttered against them the most horrible imprecations. A blacksmith was called to undo the lock, but did not succeed, his massive strength resisting all his efforts. Half a dozen strong men then tried to break open the door with crowbars and heavy pieces of timber. They failed, and the door fell in fragments. The fury of the criminal then rose to its height. He placed himself behind a strong beam which went across the upper part of the door on the inside, and brandishing the formidable key, actually broke the head of the first man who attempted to effect an entrance. The wounded man was dragged out by the legs by his comrades. The others tried to enter a body, but it was impossible; the door-way was too narrow. For more than a quarter of an hour he kept them at bay, and answered to the entreaties of the officers and the prayers of the priest with the most awful blasphemies, and the most disgusting obscenities. He then flung the keys at their heads with his utmost force, and severely wounded two persons. Seeing all entreaties useless, a party of soldiers was called to the spot. The officer of the guard once more summoned him to surrender, but he replied with the grossest ribaldry and the most insulting gestures, and howled defiance to the whole garrison. The soldiers were ordered to load their muskets;—while they were doing so he wounded the officer with a piece of lime stone. The priest, seeing that he was about to be shot down like a wild beast in his den, entreated the men to fire low, so as to disable but not to kill him, in order that some chance might yet remain of repentance. A shot was fired, but it missed him. The ruffian fell back to a dark corner of the dungeon, so far as his chain permitted, and from thence flung stones and pieces of mortar at his assailants. Another shot was fired through the grating, and broke his leg. The wound rendered him savage beyond all description. He howled, and howled, and foamed in rage; and still, dragging his smashed and bleeding limb along, flung missiles at the soldiers, who yet did not dare to venture into the darkness of the dungeon. A third shot was fired and his right shoulder was broken.—The arm fell lifeless by his side, and he lay on the ground. He called out that he surrendered, but only because he could no longer resist. They entered, and he was dragged along the floor, bathed in his blood. As they were in the act of replacing the broken fetter, he collected his remaining strength, and with his left hand struck the turnkey with the iron on the head, and laid him at his feet. Three or four men threw themselves on him, and completely mastered him. He was then removed to the condemned chapel, after the sentence had been duly notified. He was subsequently visited by the priest, who employed every effort, but

in vain, to bring him to a sense of his condition. His exhortations and prayers were replied to with the filthiest obscenity and the most horrid execrations. To the last moment he continued the same; and even on the scaffold, seated on the fatal chair, with the cold instrument of death about to clasp his bare neck, this monster in human form shouted to the horrified crowd about him curses and imprecations on God and man.—Times.

### COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor—I am not in the habit of writing for the press, but as the time is drawing near when the freeholders of Charlotte will have an opportunity of exercising one of their most valuable rights as British subjects, and as it seems the fashion now-a-days to bring the claims of particular candidates before the public through the medium of the journals of the day, I would beg the favor of an insertion in your columns relative to one who will no doubt offer as a candidate for the representation of this county.—I allude to James Boyd, Esquire, one of our late Members, and I shall not attempt to introduce him to public notice, as he is already I think generally known in this county, as well as the Province, having held a seat in the popular branch of the Legislature for six years or upwards, during which time his conduct has been such as to make him justly estimated as one of the most valuable public servants who has ever enjoyed the confidence of the people in this section of the Province.

I do not entertain any doubt as to Mr. Boyd's success at the coming election, but as he, in common with all public men, has enemies who will of course exert themselves to defeat his purpose, I think it not amiss to notice some of his acts in a public capacity, and I shall confine my remarks to the last four sessions of the Legislature, as the fact that he stood second among the successful candidates at the last election, goes far, in my humble opinion, to show the satisfaction which his conduct previous to that period had given to the people of this county. I find upon reference to the journals of the House of Assembly, and upon reviewing the course pursued by Mr. Boyd, that he has uniformly opposed measures tending to restrict the freedom of commerce; he has sought hard against the imposition of high protective duties, which always tend to the advantage of a few at the expense of the many. By this course of conduct, he has shewed that the interests of this county were of paramount importance in his estimation, as it is well known that the nearer approach to free trade principles, the more flourishing is the county of Charlotte. Mr. Boyd has contributed much towards obtaining large grants of money from the provincial chest for the purpose of extending and improving the means of communication throughout the county; in fact his attention to the state of public roads and bridges (both great and by roads), is too well known to require any comment from me at the present time. During the period of his service as a representative, the large sum of thirty-eight thousand pounds has been obtained for the benefit of the county at large, without reference to school monies and other sums—all of which will appear on reference to the public journals of the legislature.

Mr. Boyd voted in favor of quadrennial parliaments upon the principle, that members were too apt to become independent of their constituents, if they held their offices for so long a period as that provided by the old law.

Mr. Boyd opposed the principle of borrowing money, and thereby creating a standing provincial debt, arguing, that by economy in public affairs, the existing liabilities might be paid off from the revenue.

He also voted in favor of municipal corporations, wishing to allow the people to have more control over the management of their local affairs, than they have under the present state of the law. He also opposed the principle of granted retired allowances, or pensions to public officers in this Province, being of the opinion that it was quite enough to pay for services actually performed, without continuing the salaries after the labour had ceased. He has also voted for a reduction in the salaries of those public officers in the Province, who were receiving far more than a fair compensation for the services performed by them. Mr. Boyd has succeeded in getting an Act passed for relieving ships arriving in this county, from the payment of light and hospital money, and which I am informed has been of great service to the commercial interest of the county. He voted in favor of the bill introduced in the last session by Mr. Brown, for the registration of voters, in order that elections might be conducted in a more quiet and regular manner than they formerly were. When the question was raised in the House as to the propriety of returning the money paid by shipowners under the law requiring them to import a certain number of seamen for new ships, (and which Act was disallowed by her Majesty) Mr. Boyd voted in favour of the measure.

I do not wish to occupy too large a space in your columns, and shall draw to a close, respectfully urging the electors of the county

not to forget the claims of him, who has always advocated their rights and interests, and not to let the charm of poverty operate upon them, and cause them to forget "old friends for new and untried ones."

### VERITAS.

West Isles, Sept. 21, 1846.

### FROM THE ARMY.

**SERIOUS MILITARY RIOT!—INSUBORDINATION NEAR MATAMORAS! SOLDIERS KILLED AND WOUNDED!—DISASTROUS STEAM-BOAT EXPLOSION!**

Washington, Monday Night.  
Steamship McKim, Capt. Page, arrived on the 5th instant, at New Orleans, from Brazos, Santiago, which place she left on the 2d inst. She brought several sick volunteers, and some discharged soldiers. Capt. Hays with his company, had been heard from. They had scoured the country and returned to Camargo, without doing any thing of note. Most of the army remained at Camargo. A great riot among a company of Irish Volunteers, and some others, took place on the night of 31st, at an encampment opposite Buritas. Guns were fired, and 15 or 20 men are reported to have been killed and wounded. Besides the killed and wounded seen or shown, 8 or 10 are said to have been pushed from a steamboat (lying by the shore) overboard, and were drowned. The Colonel of the Georgia regiment gallantly attempted with swords and pistols in hand, to quell the riot. He shot down one man, and wounded several others.

Col. Baker of the 4th regiment Illinois Volunteers, repaired to the scene, and ordered two of his companies, A and C to assist in quelling the riot, and went in person with 20 chosen men to the steamboat. He commanded peace as soon as he got on board, but was attacked by the rioters and had a desperate conflict, in which he defended himself bravely for some time against swords, bayonets and shot, but was finally shot in the neck, the ball entered behind, passing out through his cheek or mouth.

Of the twenty men who accompanied Colonel Baker eight were wounded, six with bayonets and two with balls. On the arrival of companies A and C, Captain Roberts, of the former, ordered five men to charge on board, and led them to the steps, where he received a severe wound from a bayonet, which entered near the shoulder blade and passed through his back. The boat was so well defended by the rioters, that the Illinoisians had to retreat, not having cartridges with them. Ammunition was soon furnished them, however, and on again approaching the boat, every thing was quiet. No one of the Illinois volunteers was killed, and it was thought next morning that Baker and Roberts would recover of their wounds.—It was feared two privates in Company C were mortally wounded.

The rioters were finally subdued, forced to surrender their arms, and placed under a strong guard, preparatory to trial by Court Martial.

Alexander J. Seaborn, Illinois Troops, Company A, died on board the McKim. Several on the same vessel were nearly dead.

Forty miles above Reynoso, on the 21st August, the steamboat Enterprise burst her boiler, and blew up; five persons were killed instantly, and several wounded.

**ANECDOTE OF BARRINGTON, THE FAMOUS PICKPOCKET.**—At one of the music meetings at St. Martin's Church for the benefit of the Leicester Infirmary, I noticed a tall handsome man, in a scarlet coat, with a gold button-hole in a black collar, the fashion of the day, moving with a gentleman-like air. This person proved to be the notorious Barrington, the pickpocket. In going up the middle aisle he was invited into the Mayor's pew, and sat between Miss St. John and Mr. Ashby, of Queeny, our late member of Parliament. The lady of the plate was held at the door by this lady and gentleman, and when Mr. Barrington laid his guinea upon the plate, he was kindly thanked by his new acquaintance, and passed on with a graceful bow. The gentry who held the plates retired into the vestry to add their contributions, and when Mr. Ashby would have placed his ten guineas on the plate, to his astonishment they had flown from his pocket. After great amazement the mystery was explained by one of the company remarking that Miss St. John's pocket was turned inside out; and that the elegant gentleman who had sat between them had helped himself to the subscription he had put on the plate, and something besides. It is said that Barrington facilitated his operations by instruments, which he had made for the purpose. I recollect a circumstance of this kind. He waited upon a surgical-instrument-maker, and ordered a pair of scissors of a curious form. A few days afterwards he called for them, and paid two guineas, which the maker charged. After he had left the shop, the cutter's wife said, "My dear, as the gentleman seemed so pleased with the scissors, I wish we had asked him what use they were for. He might recommend us. Do run after him." The cutter scampered out of the

shop, and overtaking the gentleman hoped he would excuse him, but would he tell him what use he intended to make of the scissors? "Why my friend," said Barrington, catching him by the button of his coat, and staring him in the face, "I don't know whether I can tell you; it's a great secret." "O pray do, sir, it may be something in our way." Upon which Barrington, pressing hard upon his shoulder, whispered in his ear, "They are for picking of pockets." In the utmost consternation the scissors-maker ran back, and the moment he got into the shop, "My dear," he cried, "will you believe it, they are for picking of pockets." "Yes, my dear," cried the wife, "but what is the matter with your clothes?" The cutter looked, and presently discovered that the scissors had extracted the two guineas he had just received for them.—Gardner's Music and Friends.

**The Laboring Man's Pleasures.**—The rich man knows not the delightful enjoyment—the "supreme" blessing of man, of feeding his family every day with the essence of his life—his work. The poor man alone is a father. Every day he re-creates and reproduces his family. It is a mystery that is better appreciated by woman than by the sages of the world. She is happy in owing everything to man. That alone gives a peculiar charm to the humble household. There is nothing foreign or indifferent; everything bears the stamp of a beloved hand, the seal of the breast. Man seldom knows the privations she endures in order that he may find his dwelling modest, yet adorned, on his return. Great is the ambition of woman for the household, clothes and linen. This last article is new. The linen-closet, the pride of the countrywoman, was unknown to the wife of the artisan, before the revolution in industry which I have mentioned. Cleanliness, purity, modesty, those feminine graces that enchanted the house. The bed was surrounded with curtains, the child's cradle, dazzling white, becomes a paradise; the whole cut out and sewed in a few evenings. And, moreover, a flower in the window.

What a surprise! The husband on his return no longer knows his own house. This taste for flowers, which has extended, there are now several markets for them here, and this little expenditure to adorn the interior, are they not lamentable when these people never know whether they are to have any work on the morrow? Did I say expenditure? Call it economy. It is a very great one, if the innocent attraction of the wife render this house charming to the husband, and keep him there. Let us adorn, I beseech you, the home and the wife. A few ells of printed cotton makes her another woman. Look, she is young again. "Remain here I entreat you." It is Saturday night. She throws her arms about his neck, and saves the children's bread which he was about to squander away. The husband, shamed and changed, suffers her to clothe him in a good warm garment. That is soon done. It is longer and more serious business to dress the child, as they take pride to see him on that day.

They set forth, the child walks on before under his mother's eye.—Look well at these people, and be well assured that how high soever you go, you will never find anything morally superior.—Michelet.

**INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.**—Perhaps no stronger instance could be selected to show the value of maternal instruction than that of Sir William Jones; his father was an excellent mathematician; and his mother, who had a strong mind, and powerful talents, imbued her husband's taste, and made considerable progress in algebra and trigonometry. When she became a widow, her child was only three years old; and in the plan of education which she formed, she proposed to reject the severity of discipline, and to lead his mind to exertion by exciting his curiosity and directing it to worthy objects. To his frequent inquiries for information, her usual reply was, "read, and you will know;" and to this maxim her son frequently referred his subsequent attainments. At four years old he could read fluently any English book; and about this time, in turning over his mother's Bible his attention was arrested by the description of the "mighty angel," in the tenth chapter of the Revelation of St. John; it made an impression on his mind which was never effaced; and in after life he was fond of recalling the rapture with which he had first read the passage. At seven years old he was placed at Harrow, after which his education principally devolved upon others; but during his vacations his mother directed her son's attention to fresh sources of improvement, and taught him drawing and other accomplishments, in which she was herself a proficient. When, at the age of seventeen, he entered at Oxford, so sensible was he of the value of his mother's judicious care, that he requested her to remove into that neighbourhood; that during the intervals of study he might still enjoy the benefit of her influence and co-operation.—Christian Ladies' Magazine.