

OF ALDBOROUGH
CURED BY



WAYS' PILLS,

ALDBOROUGH CURED OF
STOMACH COMPLAINT

from the Earl of Aldborough,
Leghorn, 21st February 1845.
ESQR HOLLOWAY

blighted and obedient servant
ALDBOROUGH

CURE OF DROPSY OF
THE STANDING

from Mr. Thomas Taylor
Dorchester, 17th April, 1845.
ESQR HOLLOWAY

my duty to inform you that Mrs
John Utch, respectable
within four miles of this place

of your Pills at Quimper,
such surprising benefit that
I given them up, being so
to attend to her household

THOMAS TAYLOR
REGENT AND CONSTI
FIFTH WILKINS,
G. R. WYTHEN BAXTER,
HMA AND SHORTEST
BREATH

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

most obedient servant,
G. R. WYTHEN BAXTER,
HMA AND SHORTEST
BREATH

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

my duty to inform you that
one of which I purchased at
of Newtown, have cured
and consumption of

VOLUME 13

The Standard,

BRADSTREET
NUMBER 26

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1846.

[16s. at the end of the year

The Pirate.

BY FRANCIS PENNELL.

On alighting from the stage at the door of a hotel in one of the southern cities of the U States, I perceived a crowd larger than usually surrounds this common resort, eagerly engaged in a conversation of more than common interest. As soon as my baggage was disposed of by the waiter, I inquired of the landlord the news.

Have you not heard he replied, of the trial and condemnation of Augustine Balara, the noted pirate?

Augustine Balara a Pirate?
Yes, do you know him?

In my younger days, I had a friend by that name.

A native of Cuba?
Yes; but—indeed—it cannot be, that my youthful friend and school-mate, Augustine Balara, and the noted pirate are one and the same? But tell me where I may find him.

In the county jail in S—street. But as it is so late, you cannot see him to night.

I must, and will!

Well sir, said the obliging landlord, if you wish to see him to night, as I am related to the jailer, I will go with and introduce you to him, and perhaps I can persuade him to admit you into the presence of Balara.

Thanking the landlord for his kindness, we repaired to the prison. We found the warden in his office; I was introduced, and told him I was formerly acquainted with a person of the name as the pirate in his charge, and that he would much oblige me by letting me see him. The landlord, to whom I had letters of introduction, said he would vouch for the correctness of my statement, and for the goodness of my motives. The warden consented, and conducted me through a narrow passage, and down one flight of stairs, to the cell of one, whom I fondly hoped would prove to be any other than the companion of my boyhood. Applying the key, the massive door was opened, and I entered. A cold chill ran through every vein, as the door grated on its hinges and was locked.

The prisoner was chained to a ring in the wall, and seated on a low narrow bed, with his face buried in his hands. He roused from his slumber, and standing erect at once I had a full view of his person. My worst fears were realized; it was indeed one whom I had known in former days, who now stood before me in that loathsome dungeon, condemned to the death of a pirate! Though eight long years had worked their changes upon him, still I recognized him by a small scar over his left eye, occasioned by a fall from a horse.

Augustine! I exclaimed, do you not know me?

Ha! that voice!—no—yes—it must be you.

Your old friend Frank.

The unfortunate young man now recognized me.

How is it, I inquired, that you, who, when I last saw you, were surrounded with wealth and friends, with all that could make life desirable and happy, are now confined in this vile prison, and condemned to an ignominious death?

Ah! 'tis a long, a fearful catalogue of crime, revenge; dark, bloody revenge, that the recital of the incidents of my life will disclose. In order for you to understand my history, I must go back to the time I first became acquainted with you; 40 the time when I was but a youth of seventeen; the idolized son of a wealthy planter of Havana; to the time when all was bright and lovely before me; ere disappointment and that dark emanation of hell, treachery, had cast one blight on my early prospects.

I left Havana, as you already know to obtain an English education in Portland. You have often heard me speak in terms of commendation of Alphonso Don Regio. He was the son of a wealthy Spaniard in Havana, whose plantation was adjacent to that of my father's. Of about the same age as myself, and being educated together, it was natural that a strong attachment should grow up between us; at least it was so on my part. I then believed he was a true friend. I confided all my private affairs to him, and thought he did his duty to me. He was a light hearted, cheerful young man, and possessed many qualities worthy the esteem of those by whom he was surrounded. Our daily friendship had ripened into a brotherly attachment, when an event occurred which fully developed the dark, treacherous traits in his character, for, such to time, I found to my surprise and sorrow, he possessed, although concealed by his mask of friendship.

The arrival of Christine Brabant at Havana occasioned a little reserve and coldness on the part of Alphonso to me. She was the only daughter of a rich uncle of Alphonso's, residing in Madrid, and had left her native city on a short sojourn at Havana. In addition to great personal attractions, she possessed that which is far more important and lovely, a well cultivated mind. She was one whom to know, was to respect and to love. I, who before had looked on my female ac-

quaintance with a reserve amounting to indifference, now bowed the knee, at her shrine, and although the offering was not immediately accepted, I flattered myself it was far from being unacceptable to her.

In the society of Christine, I was as happy as it is possible for mortal to be. Alphonso saw the growing attachment between us, and his own suit being rejected, his worst passions were inflamed, and he resolved to mar my happiness by any means that he was within his power. Unfortunately, an opportunity too soon occurred to further his plans.

At the earnest solicitation of my father, I consented to go to Portland to finish my education. The feelings of Christine were now in unison with my own; and, before bidding adieu, we had exchanged vows of eternal fidelity.

Leaving the home of my childhood, and the being who had become dearer, I embarked for the shores of New England. The voyage was short and pleasant. I well remember the evening you were introduced to me. I was then in company with Miss Henderson. I visited her only as a friend and she knew it. By some person or other it was reported in Havana that I paid attention to her. Alphonso eagerly seized on this rumor to effect his base treachery. He strove to persuade Christine it was true; and having filled the measure of his baseness by intercepting our letters, she was at last compelled to believe me unfaithful to my solemn engagements with her. He now exercised all his powers to win her affections to himself. The result proved that he was too successful.

"Judge, if you can, of my surprise and indignation, on hearing that Alphonso and Christine were married. I cursed him for his treachery, and vowed that, if my life was spared, I would have revenge—most ample revenge. My whole nature was at once changed. I loathed the society of my fellow men; one ruling passion now only governed me—it was a thirst for revenge on the vile miscreant who had robbed me of all which could make life desirable.

"In a short time I returned to Havana. I swindler who, but a year previous I considered as my nearest friend, the wife of another. I did not reproach them. My feelings I kept pent up in my own bosom, like the burning lava of the volcano, only to be the more devastating when at length, it should belch forth.

"During my absence from Havana, the habit of gambling which my father had acquired a year or two previous, had made great inroads in his fortune. My mother and myself entreated him to abandon the practice, but in vain. He sold his plantation—played high, and lost all. Alvarez Don Regio, the father of Alphonso, was the successful winner.

"My mother sank beneath the weight of her afflictions. My father, after procuring me a situation as clerk in one of the mercantile houses in the city, left for the western coast of Cuba.

"Two years rolled by, and I had not an opportunity to redress my wrongs, although the remembrance of them gossiped me on to desperation.

"One evening about dusk, as Alvarez Don Regio was riding in the environs of the city, a tall emaciated man crossed his path, and with one hand seized the reins of the horse, and with the other drew from his breast a pistol and fired, but missed his aim. The horse reared, Don Regio was thrown, and the murderer now made a plunge at him with his poniard. Don Regio evaded the deadly thrust, and shouted for help. He was soon joined by a planter and his slave, who the ruffian fled, but in his precipitation left his pistol and poniard on the ground. These were examined, and found to have my father's name engraved thereon. Don Regio returned to the city with them, and a small armed force was immediately dispatched in pursuit of the assailant. He was overtaken, carried to the city, and put upon trial. He confessed that he intended to murder Don Regio, and take what money and valuables he had about his person. My father, after leaving Havana, had become gradually reduced to poverty and crime, till at last he became a raving madman. In this state of wickedness he met Don Regio—he who had won his once ample fortune—and the result I have told you. He was condemned to be shot, and three weeks only allotted him to prepare for eternity. Instead of improving his time for that purpose, on the third morning of his imprisonment, he was found dead in his cell, having stabbed himself.

"I now stood isolated from all the world, without one whom I called either relation or friend, the only inducement to prolong my existence was the desire to obtain redress for the wrongs I had endured.

"In about three years after the marriage of Christine, intelligence of the sudden death of her father was received. She was the only heir to his immense wealth. It was necessary for Alphonso to settle the affairs of the estate, and he embarked for Spain for that purpose. His wife being in delicate health, he was obliged to leave her under the protection of his father.

"A short time previous to this, a gang of desperadoes at Havana, had commenced preparations for piracy, and having procured a vessel suitable for the purpose, invited me to join them. To the great surprise of some of them, I immediately consented. I thought it my only chance to obtain revenge, how much I might once have revolted at the means to be resorted to.

"All arrangements being completed, we sailed from the western part of the island. We cruised for some time near the United States coast, without any success. The crew at length became impatient and restless. One morning, about sunrise, the joyful sound of 'Sail, ho!' brought all hands on deck. A vessel was discovered to windward, about two leagues distant. We crowded on all the canvas our craft would bear, and gave chase.

"Our vessel proved the fastest sailer of the two, and we soon got within hailing distance. The man who had been chosen our captain, manifesting signs of timidity, was deposed, and I was placed in his station by a unanimous vote. I now told the crew they were to be governed by my orders. We fired guns to leeward, and the ship hove to, as all hopes of escape were vain. I ordered their boat alongside, which was obeyed. Judge of my surprise and joy when, on two men ascending our deck, I saw that the last was Don Regio. The time for partial revenge had now arrived. He saw into whose hands he had fallen, and knew he would receive no mercy from me. He confessed that his daughter Christine was on board the ship, that she had been advised by her physicians to take a voyage to a northern climate for the restoration of her health, and that he was going with her to Boston for that purpose.

"We now hauled alongside the ship, and made fast. Christine was pacing the quarter-deck. The orders now were to convey her safely to our cabin; which was done. She had but little to offer in extenuation for her treatment to me, but still I did not reproach her.

"The plunder of the ship now commenced. The pirates found quite a large sum of money belonging to Don Regio and this was faithfully distributed to all but myself. I did not sell my soul for mere gold and silver—that was not the object for which I banished myself from society.

"The pirates having taken all the money, the ship's captain and crew were secured in the cabin, the vessel set on fire in two places, and cast adrift to the mercies of fire and water. Don Regio beheld the burning bulk with horror. I now told him if he had any thing to say, he must say it quickly, for he was to share the fate of his companions. He knelt at my feet and begged for life; yes—he who had helped to deprive me of Christine, now lay like a dog at my feet; a laugh of hellish exultation was the only answer from me. He now begged me to spare the life of Christine; receiving no answer, he sprang to his feet. At this moment my hand was steady than of any of my former occasions, and Don Regio received the contents of my pistol in his worthless heart. As the body fell to the deck, another shout of joy escaped me. But the measure of my revenge was not exhausted; I wished to drain it to the very dregs.

"For a long time after the death of her father Christine remained insensible. She received all the attention from me which it was possible to offer, and I soon saw her health was not much impaired.

"We cruised about six months in the track of the European vessels, having that period made two other captures of vessels, plundered them, and murdered the crew. I now rioted in blood! I was only happy when dealing death to all that fell within my power. My crew were as blood thirsty as myself. They saw whom they had for a master spirit, and obeyed him implicitly. They respected me, but I loathed them! They were mere tools in my hands for the accomplishment of my purposes.

"One night about sun-down, we saw a vessel to windward. I knew not why it was, but I now had a strange—a stronger desire than ever to capture her. I ordered the decks to be cleared, and saw that every thing was in a state for a desperate struggle, for such I expected from the appearance of the chase. We should have. We crowded every stitch of canvas, and for a time our little craft flew rapidly over the waves. The vessel perceived our object and spread all sail; but still we were fast overhauling her. To our disappointment, the breeze died away, and we were becalmed. The ship was now under our starboard bow, and I ordered our men to sweep. We were soon within half gun shot, and we commenced firing grape and canister. The fire was returned from the ship, and the action kept up for about ten minutes, when her guns were silenced. We now made fast and hauled alongside. Our boarders were ready, and at their head I leaped on the deck of the ship. I saw my enemies, Alphonso Don Regio there. The struggle now became desperate. I plunged through the combatants and sought Alphonso; he ground horribly on my approach; our swords met; for a time, the contest was

equal; he was a good swordsman; the crews of both vessels now stood inactive, and gazed on our contest; Alphonso became fiery, exposed himself, and received a thrust from me in his right arm, and sank bleeding to the deck. The slaughter was renewed, and the pirates became victors. Alphonso was carried on board our schooner. Oh! what a meeting was that between him and his wife! He saw that the day of retribution had arrived; that he was in the hand of one whom he had deeply wronged, and that he deserved no mercy from him. I was now leashed and drunken with success! The hour for which I had longed, had arrived.

"It appeared that Alphonso had disposed of the estate left Christine, by her father in Madrid, and the proceeds of the sale—which were very great—were on board the ship in which he was returning to Havana. The ship was scuttled and sank in about half an hour.

"Christine and Alphonso were ordered on deck. I told them of my wrongs, and my vow to be revenged. Oh! how I gloated over their misery and despair! My cup of pleasure—of revenge, was full to overflowing.

"I placed a loaded pistol in the hand of Alphonso, and commanded him to shoot his wife. The dastardly villain, after some hesitation, fired, and she fell a corpse at my feet! I now ordered Alphonso to be seized and lashed at the gang-way by the cabin-boy; this being done, a ball from my pistol pierced his guilty heart, and he died the death of a traitor. The bodies were consigned to the deep, and we returned our course.

"My crew were now rich; many of them were satisfied with their ill-gotten treasures, and wished to relinquish their bloody profession. I consented and their places were filled by others.

"For four years I led a pirate's life. No pity or mercy troubled within my breast. The reproving voice of conscience was stifled. The memory of the past but urged me on to further crime. My crew had bartered their souls for gold and silver—I, mine, for revenge. I was not born to be the slave of crime, but treachery had changed my nature. The guilt of my soul must be on the head of another.

"The depredations which had been committed upon vessels near the West India station, attracted the attention of the United States government, and a sloop of war was despatched to hunt. As fortune would have it, she crossed our track and gave chase. I saw the craft that we had to deal with now, and that our only hope was in escape. We had a stiff breeze, but I crowded on every inch of canvas our poles would bear. Our gallant schooner, true to her trust, bent beneath her burden but flew rapidly before the breeze, which had increased to a gale. The sloop of war, in spite of all her efforts, was falling astern, when unfortunately our fore top mast was carried away, and our speed was lessened. Soon the sloop gained on us, and fired a shot which fell short. All hopes of escaping with our vessel were at an end, and I resolved to run her on the west coast of Cuba, near which island we now were. Having selected a place suitable for the purpose, the vessel was run head on and grounded. The crew now leaped ashore and disappeared in every direction. I set fire to some combustibles in the cabin, and then followed their example, I struck off in a path alone. The boats of the sloop of war were manned and sent ashore. A party of five gave chase to me. I was fired upon and wounded; they came up with me, and I turned to defend myself. I fought with desperation. Two of their number fell dead at my feet, but at length I was overpowered, and secured, and carried on board their vessel. I was the only one of the pirates taken. Next week, the sloop of war sailed, and I was brought here, tried, and condemned to the death of the pirate."

The confusion of the prisoner here ceased. In a movement which I made, my poniard was disclosed to his view, and he seized it; I threw myself upon him and endeavored to wrench it from his grasp, but he hurried me with Herculean strength across the cell and hurried the steel in his heart.

In the cemetery of C—, stands a marble slab, with only the inscription of "Augustine Balara" to mark the grave of the victim of Treachery—the pirate.

Humble Life.—There is happiness in humble life—who can doubt it? The man who owns but a few acres of land, and raises an abundance to supply the necessary wants of his family—can ask no more. If he is satisfied with his condition,—and there are thousands so situated who are,—no man is more happy. No political movement disturbs his repose, no speculation much changes the calm serenity from his mind, no schisms in the church throw shadows beneath his golden sky.—His family is the world to him; his little lot is all his care. Who sighs not for such a calmness and serenity? Amid the cares and anxieties of business, who would not exchange his prospects, and his honors for the repose of his quiet life, far from the noise and bustle of one

life? If there is a station congenial to the true spirit of man, and the growth of virtue, it is said amid the enjoyments of nature—in the calm retirement of rural life.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A French newspaper published at Lyons, relates the following romantic anecdote—

A few nights ago, when the wind blew with great violence at Lyons, a gentleman who was walking on one of the quays, wrapped in a large cloak, and philosophically smoking a cigar, heard at a little distance a piercing cry, and the noise of a heavy body falling into the Rhone. It was in the dead of night. The swollen river roared with fury. The night was dark, and the wharf desolate, without a thought of danger, and only following the impulse of a generous heart, he threw himself into the water. He struggled for a long time against fearful perils, and finally regained the shore after he had been carried some two or three hundred feet by the strength of the current. He deposited on the shore the body of a woman. The brilliancy of the gas lights enabled him to observe the extreme paleness of her countenance, the elegance and beauty of her youth, and her youth, elegance and beauty. As we have already said it was midnight—no assistance was at hand—and we should be confide her at this hour! To whom should he confide her at this hour! He must decide immediately, and concluded to transport her to his own lodgings, which were not far off. The fire, which two hours previous had glowed before a convivial party, burned brightly still. His scruples of delicacy at such a moment were overcome—and by proper assistance she was recovered from her swoon. The next day the pale features of this young lady were slightly tinged with the rose. She related to her deliverer that she had stepped from her carriage in search of a friend who lived near one of the quays, and while passing along the river's bank, her foot had unfortunately slipped, and she had fallen into the river. A fortnight afterwards the newspapers announced the marriage of M. Edwards, one of the editors of the La Rhone with Madame Adela Desgrais, a young widow of Frankfurt, whose fortune was estimated at a million sterling.

Decision of Character.—The want of this essential virtue has proved the ruin of many a young man. While they have been associated in the family circle and enjoying the protection of a kind father, and under the drooping of a mother's unceasing love, they know not the need of this noble virtue. But when duty impels them to leave the parental roof and those cords of affection are broken, unless they should have great decision of character, they are in a precarious situation. When temptations assail them, they are unprepared to meet them, and when invited to sip the sparkling wine, or spend an evening at the gambling house, they possess not moral courage enough to resist the temptation. How lamentable! Have courage young men to overcome all the obstacles which are thrown in your path to lead you from virtue, remember your parents—the brother's kindness the sister's affection, and let all these follow you through the different lanes of life, remember that the eye of the omnipresent God is constantly upon you, beholding both the evil and the good. Follow in the path of virtue, for it is the only path of safety, and you will be a blessing to society, and an honor to yourself, but pursue the opposite and you will go down the broad road to ruin.

Rather Suspicious.—A curious case recently occurred at Plymouth, in consequence of some remarks in relation to the body of Rebecca Wyatt, had been interred about three months previously. She was disinterred, and an inquest held upon her, which resulted in her husband being committed to goal for manslaughter.

He who wishes to pass quietly through the world, should repress opinions upon the disputes of his acquaintances; for, as some portion of blame generally attaches to both sides, in a quarrel, if his verdict be just, he stands a fair chance of making two enemies, and is pretty tolerably sure at all events, to lose one friend.

According to the new tariff at Cuba, dating from the first of March, the duty on all export articles is diminished twenty per cent. The tonnage of the different vessels is to be computed according to the Spanish tables, by which English vessels will have to pay five per cent more than heretofore.

Ten thousand Mormons have left the State of Illinois, and the residue following as fast as possible, and yet the persecuting spirit of the people there is disposed to attack them. A proclamation was issued.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available