

The Standard

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STANDARD TO THE STANDARD
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The Standard.

"All told, no man nil veri non auctum dicit."—Cicero.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7, 1864.

Abolition of capital punishment

It may be safely calculated that, in the Argentine Republic, of 100 murderers, 75 are never arrested, 15 escape from prison, 5 are fed at the public expense and never brought to trial, 4 are sent to Bahia Blanca or Martin Garcia, and one is shot.

In no country on the face of the Globe does such impunity for murder exist as here, and the laws are exercised in such manner as to afford greater protection for cut throats and cold blooded assassins than for industrious sheep-farmers. — the climax was wanting, and some philanthropists have now come forward with a petition to Congress, declaring that a man may kill his father and 23 neighbors but his life is sacred, and after spending a couple of months or even years in playing cards and sweeping the plaza he is to be allowed to return to his former pursuits.

The mind instinctively revolts at the idea of releasing from the gallows, such diabolical characters as the murderers of Kirby and Devre, the pirates of the Union, and the hero of 25 de Mayo who had murdered 11 persons before he attained the age of 20 years. Nevertheless Argentine ethics are reduced to a low standard, and we should not be surprised to see a measure introduced into Congress for the abolition of punishment of every kind, since there are dogmatists like Victor Hugo who maintain that criminals are urged by necessity and an innate evil propensity to out-step the artificial bounds of social law.

Common sense is a most uncommon thing, and evidently unknown in our National Congress. A few days ago flogging was abolished in the army, although three sanguinary mutinies have lately taken place, and whole battalions disappear from the service, but dominantly remain in our army list, for mysterious reasons.

Society is about to be inundated with assassins, and no man's life will be further than his revolver can reach.

Any ruffian may murder the President at Mass, but he is sure of his life.

permission, like that after the battle of Caceres, "to rob and kill, but with discretion, and without offending the public."

We could wish that this feverish "milk of human kindness," which Dr. Obligado jure, and his friends exhibit for assuaging, found some more proper subject, and rather made a subscription for the widows and orphans of the hundreds of foreigners murdered in the camp since 1857. Let the motto of the regenerators be not "down with the gallows" but "down with the knife." If capital punishment be abolished every man will take the law into his own hands, and there are few who will see their father or brother assassinated and content themselves with seeing the murderer handed over to a set of judicial comedians.

IMPUNITY OF CRIME

In all the provinces, not excepting B. Ayres, every kind of crime is perpetrated, and the criminals enjoy the most complete impunity. There is not in the republic a single safe place for convicts to escape sentences of imprisonment. There is a strong feeling against capital punishment, and there being no other means of chastisement crime is everywhere attended with impunity.

The assassin, horse breaker, forger &c. enjoy some months of detention on the best of good living and doing nothing; they receive their friends, play at cards, are on good terms with the gossips, and when tired of this sedentary life, they break a door or window and escape: the authorities are glad to be rid of them having less prison expenses.

Sometimes they are sent to the frontier, to rest on their oars, and there they demoralize our garrisons, and finally "clear out," when it suits them. Thus it is that after living well for a number of months they invariably escape. We do not like to kill them, and not knowing what to do with them, we let them escape, that afterwards they may come and kill us. [Error: Corral de Rosario.]

American Sanitary Benefit

Friday night in Colon Theatre was an honor to Buenos Ayres and to American citizens. The house was crowded: every box, pit-seat, and available place was full, there being about 1800 persons present. We noticed a large number of English and Germans, but the Americans and natives were of course the largest muster. We did not see the President; we believe, however, his family attended, and it was remarked that some faces were there not seen before in Colon for many years. The ladies toilets were of the most costly and tasteful description, and a larger proportion than usual the company was in full dress. Of the whole, nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the display, and it is evidently intended as an expression of sympathy for the United States' Sanitary Committee, and a compliment to our American public.

The opera, "Marta," was played with great success; the overture, which with all the rest, was incomparable, was of musical taste along with the

man had won a bet of 5000 dols by presenting himself at the door of the theatre, dressed as a Patagonian Indian with a Gousson skin, otchik feathers &c. and his face tattooed. On winning the amount it is said he treated all the policemen he could find.

The 3rd and 4th acts were sung with the same success, and some handsome bouquets and a wreath were presented to "Marta." We have to record the generosity of all the holders of annual tickets who spontaneously gave their boxes for the night for benefit of the Sanitary Committee. The Americans were surprised at the great success of their appeal and it is calculated the receipts will leave 2,000 silver dollars net, to be added to the funds for this charitable purpose.

Extraordinary Scene at Colon

A Wager of £300 Won

On Friday night, as the doors were opened for the American Benefit, a tall, powerful-looking man, dressed as an Indian, with his face, arms, and legs all blackened and covered with robes made from the skins of tigers, lions, and guanas, presented himself at the entrance, showed his ticket, and passed into the theatre. Of course, such an extraordinary personage caused no small excitement: the Irish Indian strutted through the theatre, gazing at everything and everybody. The ladies were almost ready to faint, and the majority of the gentlemen kept a respectful distance, fearing lest the unknown might have a concealed tomahawk, or a scalping-knife. At last the crowd got to be so great, that there was no getting in or out of the theatre. The "comisario" was sent for, and with a "posse comitatus," determined to eject the unknown cynic. As it was generally believed that there was going to be an awful row, the numerous feds, and the phlocks could not round to see the "comisario's" extra alive, but luckily for the worthy Argentine magistrate, the "great unknown" offered no resistance, but was led like a tame lion out, being politely informed, in three of the most languages, that if he wished to take his seat in the pit, he must go home and wash his face, and divest himself of that "spacious attire."

Much, and its mycel, and notably else, that's in it, after all, you set of speals, and the whger is was," saying which he at once entered the cave, culled for—up and watter, stepped into his carriage, which was waiting at the door of the theatre, and drove to his hotel, where he dressed in the Buenos Ayres suit Patagonian, costume, and returned to hear the

The Jue de Paz of Belgrano is getting himself into hot water with the land holders about the right to the lake, or swamp, in front of the River Plate. Government has claim, we hear, to all this and actually tries to collect rent for it. One of the proprietors has called on us to say that M. Oliver, the Judge, alleges that he can make out title for the Government back some 14 years, whilst our friend can prove his title back for more than three centuries. We fear that the Judge will find it difficult to establish a better title than this, as none of our South American governments can boast of such antiquity.

There is so little news stirring that if some of our friends do not think proper to send us stirring events we shall be reluctantly obliged to begin again with cotton. Town is exceedingly dull, and at the clubs, etc., the members have to occupy their time with knocking about.

No one could witness the excitement of the assembled thousands—first shown by a fall of almost complete silence as the decisive moment approached, and their breaking out into ecstatic demonstrations of the most intense gratification when the victory was achieved—without being made aware that the national, and not the merely personal, feeling was predominant. A usuno doubt feels supremely happy and comfortable when he buttons up his pockets at the end of a race, with the pleasing equation that they are full of guineas, thirty won. But such commutation is hardly sufficient to account for the transports of our lively neighbors over their recent triumph, and the appearance and ecstasies of M. Delamarre after it was achieved. I wish you could have seen the little man in—with buttons pumping down upon his head from many £100 hand in the tribunes, with his cap, waistcoat and cravat nearly torn off his back, and his arms and arms from his body, by the force and efforts of his friends and the entire public to lay hold of, and restrain and congratulate him, with his eyes, evidently "popping," his face sweating, and the whole man apparently half-drowned—he was thus led, almost at the risk of his life, to the presence of

and when the opera was over there was a blow out at the Cafe de Paris, which lasted until morning. We are credibly informed that our eccentric fellow-countryman won over £300. Our readers will no doubt guess that the hero of the night was no other than our rather celebrated correspondent "Erin."

THE BELGRANO SWAMP

One of the largest landed proprietors in the Partido of Belgrano, has called our attention to the great injustice of the Provincial Government in trying to collect rents for the swamps adjoining the River Plate. The gentleman in question purchased his property from private owners, spent a large fortune in improving it, built houses, planted trees, and fenced in the lands in question. He holds this property over 22 years, and yet during that lengthened period no Government ever attempted to put in a claim. Now, however, as the country is going ahead, the Municipality has thought proper to assert this unprecedented claim, and disturb the titles of some of the oldest inhabitants in the country.

We cannot say what the law in this country on such subjects may be. We suppose that it will be favourable to the Government, but in England we have what we call a "statute of limitations," and 20 years' peaceful possession gives the holder a title against the whole world. In the case in question, the owner has held possession for over 22 years, and by his own industry and out-put he made the property worth a hundred times more than what it was when he purchased. Common justice demands that he should be protected.

We note the case in question, to show the danger of foreigners buying lands in parcels, ruled by an over-zealous justice of the peace, who admits that he has some 15 squares, but states that his title extends over 70 years. Our friend, however, can prove his title far more than three hundred years, and therefore has a better claim than four and a-half such justices.

EDITORIAL TABLE

The Russian war vessel which arrived at Montevideo the other day has brought Russian weather to the River Plate. The cold on Friday and Saturday was so intense that many persons were prevented from going to the opera on Friday night, although having paid one thousand dollars for a box, but the cold pampero wind has mended the roads and cleared the streets.

The Jue de Paz of Belgrano is getting himself into hot water with the land holders about the right to the lake, or swamp, in front of the River Plate. Government has claim, we hear, to all this and actually tries to collect rent for it. One of the proprietors has called on us to say that M. Oliver, the Judge, alleges that he can make out title for the Government back some 14 years, whilst our friend can prove his title back for more than three centuries. We fear that the Judge will find it difficult to establish a better title than this, as none of our South American governments can boast of such antiquity.

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It had become for some time notorious that out of the 108 horses originally entered only a very limited number was likely to appear in the field. England, seemed determined to stake her credit upon a single champion; and even as regarded Blair Athol, doubts were entertained up to the time of his arrival at Boulogne on Friday evening, and his appearance in Paris about three the following afternoon. The withdrawal of the other English horses added greatly to the prestige attached to him, and he was freely offered at 7 to 4 in his favour at the betting-room, and when the roll rang for clearing the field at 2 to 1, Bois Roussel at 6 to 1, Baranolo at 15 to 1, and Vermont at nothing at all, or 30, 40, 50, almost anything at all you liked to ask against him. When the roll rang for clearing the field, the sight was very imposing, and the feeling of the intense excitement which prevailed was even still more so. At last Fille de l'Air made her appearance with Edwards in her back and Jennings at her head, and was full five minutes in possession of the ground before the other horses came out, and appeared in good condition, but is far from prepossessing in appearance, and has a tucked up look behind which is not pleasant to the eye when she walks. She was nervous and fidgety, and first, and in this as in most other things presented an unfavorable contrast to Blair Athol. A low but unmistakable and irrepressible murmur of admiration broke forth as this noble-looking horse model of a racer walked out of the enclosure, so calm, self-composed, and tranquil, that one would have said he was determined to show the rest of his British temperament. He was admired as much as Lord Clifden was last year, and to my mind is a much more formidable looking animal. How he can ever have been beaten by a horse like Vermont is a mystery which is not easily accounted for, when every allowance is made for the journey by sea and land, for clanging bell and food, and even for the "English" method to have been forgotten to be provided for him. His condition seemed perfect, and his chestnut coat shone like a mirror in the sun. He looked in every way to win as his price predicted him to be; and if not the fastest, he was by universal assent allowed to be by far the handsomest horse in the field. Baranolo appeared next, seemingly in the usual temper, and lastly M. Delamarre's pair, powerful and compact rather than elegant horses, and well suited probably for a hard ground and a long distance. The two favorites took a long distance by side, by which exhibition the filly did not certainly improve her position in public estimation. Afterwards the five horses graced in the usual style before the imperial tribunes and along the lines of the ladies' galleries—and then in another moment the flag had fallen and they were off. The incidents and changes in the race were exceedingly few, and there was nothing to combat the conclusion that the horse best suited to the ground and distance won. Vermont took the lead at starting, and passed the tribunes first, followed by Baranolo and Bois Roussel, the two favorites lying last and nearly side by side. On rounding the corner by the windmill, Vermont went farther ahead by two or three lengths, and maintained this advance until the beginning of the ascent, when Fille de l'Air and Blair Athol began to close upon him, Baranolo fell to the rear, and Bois Roussel apparently went amiss. At the top of the hill, Fille de l'Air gained the lead and kept it past the church of Rothschild, closely followed by Vermont and Blair Athol, and at an interval by Bois Roussel, Baranolo now running far behind. On approaching the last turn, Vermont had again come up with Blair Athol, and when the three horses came round into the straight they were nearly abreast, but Vermont was evidently the freshest of the lot. The two favorites, still almost side by side, maintained their places to the dispiriting post, when Vermont left them scudgily without difficulty, and no effects of their riders could again bring them up to him. He won easily by a length, there being about the same interval between Blair Athol and Fille de l'Air. Bois Roussel came in a bad fourth, and Baranolo nowhere.—The Field.

Frightful Accident in America

Bachelor's Creek, N. C., May 27, 1864.—At four o'clock yesterday afternoon, on the arrival of the train at this station from Newbern, a terrible explosion attended the removal of four telegraph poles from the cars to the platform. Forty odd soldiers and negroes were instantly in vicinity in an instant, while between twenty and thirty persons, white and black, were wounded and mangled in a manner frightful to behold. The train which left Newbern at three o'clock in the afternoon, brought to the outside the remaining four of thirteen telegraph poles of enormous weight,

interest. They are now discussing the propriety of allowing Santa Fe fish oil to be exported free of duty. This is a move in the right direction, provided that our friends in Santa Fe can catch the fishes to extract the oil.

Another important measure is the building of dry docks in Buenos Ayres and other Argentine ports. The proposed concession secures an exclusive privilege to the concessionaire for ten years, but we see nothing about any guarantee of interest on the capital expended, without which not one farthing can be raised in England. Whilst talking about floating docks, we may mention the fact that the proposed part of Essences is not lost sight of, and if the Government was in a position to consider the matter, the scheme might be carried through. We are told that at once, if the port was established, seven miles of docks could be made at the most trivial expense.

Madame Mollo's benefit will take place on Monday night. We have no doubt she will command a full house, as she is most delectably popular in Buenos Ayres.

The engineers for the Argentine Central Railway are expected to arrive in the Mercosy next week. Mr. Wheelwright has taken the famous Jordin de Recreo, in Rosario, for his private residence.

Several Congress men are beginning to think of returning to their distant homes. They have their business to attend to, and must return. We understand, that in the coming week some half dozen of our legislators are about to send in petitions for leave of absence, which they say must be granted. We suppose that President Mitre will grant out another bill of fare this year as he did last. Congress men evidently do not believe in the English proverb, "time is money."

I arrived yesterday for a few moments in view of the suburbs, and on Friday there was a heavy shower of hail in Las Conchas, which greatly frightened the inhabitants. The cold, as we are going to press last night, was intense, and in the cafes hot punches were all the fashion.

A concert will shortly be given for the benefit of the native hospitals. We cannot too highly recommend this charity to our readers. Our Porteno friends deserve every assistance, as the number of foreigners in the native hospitals, and the humiliating fact we have hospitals of our own, is perfectly incredible. The support of these institutions should, therefore, not be entirely left on the shoulders of our native friends. We ought all to subscribe, and we have no doubt that any concert or benefit given for so deserving a purpose, will meet with the most unlimited patronage from foreigners in general.

The river Plateau is at present very low; and, we regret to say, that the Paraguayan steamer ran aground on last Monday night, near the Campana, where she still lies; all the cargo was taken out of her, but she could not be got off. The river is also falling. The mouth of the Palmas is still very low, and the Payon could hardly get through.

Mr. Deacon, the proprietor of the English hotel at Belgrano, requests us to say that if people like to spend a pleasant day, they cannot do better than make a trip to Belgrano.

THE GREAT FRENCH RACE.

To the Editors of the Standard.

Gentlemen, Will you please publish in your favorite journal the following description of the great race in France? I feel confident it will interest the majority of your readers, and oblige.

AS OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The Grand Prix de Paris was run for on the 5th inst., amidst a scene of intensely national excitement as 'has probably never before been witnessed on any racetrack, and with a success on the part of our gallant neighbours and rivals such as may well both excite and delight them.

No one could witness the excitement of the assembled thousands—first shown by a fall of almost complete silence as the decisive moment approached, and their breaking out into ecstatic demonstrations of the most intense gratification when the victory was achieved—without being made aware that the national, and not the merely personal, feeling was predominant. A usuno doubt feels supremely happy and comfortable when he buttons up his pockets at the end of a race, with the pleasing equation that they are full of guineas, thirty won. But such commutation is hardly sufficient to account for the transports of our lively neighbors over their recent triumph, and the appearance and ecstasies of M. Delamarre after it was achieved. I wish you could have seen the little man in—with buttons pumping down upon his head from many £100 hand in the tribunes, with his cap, waistcoat and cravat nearly torn off his back, and his arms and arms from his body, by the force and efforts of his friends and the entire public to lay hold of, and restrain and congratulate him, with his eyes, evidently "popping," his face sweating, and the whole man apparently half-drowned—he was thus led, almost at the risk of his life, to the presence of

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