

# The Standard.

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OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1847.

15s at the end of the Year

## PILLS.

### UGH CURED OF

### COMPLAINT

### of the

### Stomach

### and

### Intestines

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### Pills

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## THE EUPHONIA OR SPEAKING MACHINE.

Most of our readers have probably heard of Professor Faber's celebrated *Speaking Machine*, which is now attracting so much attention in England. It is the result of twenty-five years labor. The London Illustrated News speaking of it, says: "We were present on Monday, at private view of one of the most extraordinary pieces of mechanism ever exhibited; the powers of which are equal to all we have heard of the famous Automaton Chess Player, without the slightest suspicion of collusion of any kind. We allude to the Speaking Automaton, which has just arrived in England. The Automaton is a figure like a Turk, the size of life, reclining against some pillows. Every portion of the machine is however, thrown open to the inspection of the company, and its frame work is moved about the room. Connected with it is a series of keys, or rather pedals; and by pressing these down, in various combinations, the articulate sounds are produced. As Mr. Faber, the director, is a German, of course the machine converses more fluently in that language than our own; but it is equally capable of speaking French, English, Latin, Greek, and even whispering, laughing and singing. All this depends upon the agility of the operator in manipulating the keys. The breath is felt coming from the lips, and by compressing the nostrils, it speaks with a nasal accent immediately. We tried it with the following words, which were produced by Mr. Faber as fast as we suggested them: 'Philadelphia, bien, thwait' and 'God bless the Queen,' which last sentence it concluded with a hurrah, and then laughed loudly. The chief organs of articulation are formed of India rubber, and a pair of bellows are substituted for the lungs. We learned that the inventor was seven years in getting the figure to pronounce the vowel E correctly. We repeat that the exhibition is most wonderful."

## JIM BLACK OF BEARGRASS.

Jim Black was one of those persons usually designated hard customers, and in his case the term is aptly applied. A careless devil, that could whip his weight in wild cats, and care no more for a tattle with a bear, than a tattle with one of his neighbors, for Jim was 'cock of the walk' on the head waters of the Beargrass. Although he had the good will of most of the neighbors, yet none of the folks to whom Jim was inclined to a nearer relationship with him. Of this fact he seemed partly well satisfied, for he never attempted any flirtation with any of the fair ones of Beargrass. It happened that when Jim had reached his 25th year, a new family arrived in which were two of the tallest girls ever did see, as Jim described them. One of them, Nancy, took his eye 'tarnation strong,' and he concluded to sit right up to her. Jim heard it always took too much to bargain; but the possibility of a third person coming in contract never for a moment entered his mind.

Things progressed smoothly, we may say rapidly, for a short time, when Nancy's father took it into his head that he ought to have something to say in the matter. This bothered Jim horribly, and came near a broken heart or two for the old gentleman; with a request that he would keep as far as possible from that plantation. This was a sad go for Jim, but in the earnestness of a stout heart he determined never to give it up so, and he set his wits to outgeneral the old man. The girl was on his side, and why shouldn't he? The track of the real genuine lover always, was crooked, as the poet didn't express it, but Jim did. Jim laid his plans, and waited for an opportunity to carry them into effect. It was not long before he obtained a sight of the fair one, who entered into his plot; and as the family were to vacate on the following Sunday, and he gone the whole day it was proposed that Jim should spend the day with Nancy, that they might mature their plan for putting the blind upon the old folks.

Sunday came, and according to agreement the family left home, to visit a neighbor, and Jim left home to visit Nancy. The day passed off as days will under like circumstances until near sun-down. It occurred to Nancy that there could be no impropriety in just stepping to the door to see if the old folks were coming.

O, cracks, Jim, here they come; hide yourself, or the old man will hide me. Here jump into this barrel, quick!

Tarnation, said Jim, as he soused himself into the barrel. By golly, Nance, there's the scap in this ere barrel, and it's smart like all creation.

Well it does; hoss but you must do it, they are right here, so keep still.

Nancy had hardly time to cover the barrel before the old folks entered the door. All were seated around the room, and commenced talking about the way they had passed the day, when it came to Nancy's turn to speak, she said—

Well, I'd done very well I s'pose, if it hadn't been for that ugly bear that was trying to carry the pigs off.

What pigs? asked the old man. Why, the pigs out t'other side of the corn field.

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than the old folks, and the young ones too, except Nancy and Jim, were off to see after the pigs.

I say, Nance, it's a mighty hot place here, said Jim; can't a feller come out now? asked he.

Well, I guess you can, Jim; but you must clear out quick, for they will be back right away.

Jim cleared the barrel at one bound, and said—

If that ain't the hottest place about this house then I give in. But I say Nance, that yarn of you're about the pigs is full out as slick as the soft soap; but it don't hurt half so bad. So good bye; I'm for the Beargrass, darn the stuff; how it burns. Good bye, Nance I'm off—gosh, I'm raw all over.

His doings at the creek we must give in his own words.

Well, in I went—for may be I wasn't mad. The water felt mighty cool and comfortable, I tell you. I scrubbed and washed until I got the infernal stuff off me, when I began to feel a little better. But if Beargrass didn't run soap suds for a week after that I wouldn't tell you so.—*New Albany Gazette.*

## A VERY REMARKABLE AFFAIR.

A lady was recently disinterred at New York, and the body was found to be converted into solid uncorrupted substance. The following particulars are from the New York True Sun:—

The body was disinterred in the middle of last month, from the ancient place of sepulture at the corner of Broadway and Twelfth Streets, lately converted into a ground speculation and modern improvement. The name of the disinterred female was Friend, a heavy married lady who died suddenly at the age of 63, during the month of February, 1830. Subsequently her husband was buried close by her side, though not so deep by perhaps six inches. Children and other relatives have since been consigned to the same few yards of earth, and two or three of her children, we believe, were buried over their parents.

There they remained until a few weeks since, when the new order of things that had arisen in relation to the property of the yard rendered it necessary that they should be removed.—Mrs. F. having occupied what she supposed would have been her last resting place till the sounding of the last trump, just seventeen years, lacking a few days.—On the removal of the remains of the children, nothing out of the usual course of nature was discoverable; and the corpse of the father, too had returned to mother earth, 'dust to dust.' The coffin of Mrs. F. exhibited no indications of decay; it was as solid as when first placed in the ground; and on raising it, proved extraordinary heavy.—During the removal, the lid of the coffin became displaced, and an astonishing spectacle presented itself.

The face and neck of Mrs. F. exhibited all the fullness it possessed in life, and indeed the cheeks were somewhat larger, and with the exception of the absence of her eyes, there was not the slightest appearance of decay. The surface, however, was covered with a thick, filmy white mould, and upon removing it, the skin presented the fairest, purest surface, ever seen on alabaster. The flesh was as solid and hard as the purest sperm, and as perfectly free from disagreeable odor.—On further examination her whole person was found to be in the same state of preservation; body and limbs presented the same hard, undecayed appearance.

The intelligence of this astonishing discovery spread rapidly amongst those who had known Mrs. F., and were acquainted with the family;—and it soon reached the ears of some of the medical faculty, who came to see for themselves, what, under the circumstances, appeared incredible, and for which they are now wholly unable to account. We understand, however, that several of the most distinguished of the faculty in the city are making the case the object of elaborate investigation, and will give their conclusions or speculations to the public in due season.

During the process of removal, both of the feet became mutilated, and the fragments, as well as the fracture, present the appearance of dry, crumbled tallow; as does also the substance of one of the legs punctured above the ankle. The spots on the face, from which the mould became removed, now present a dark appearance; but we noticed several spots on the bosom, where the skin was bare and where it presented as purely white and polished a surface as a piece of white satin.

A few days after the disinterment of this wonder, Mr. Friend made preparations for its re-interment at Harlem, and actually buried it; but alarmed by indications which gave him too good reason to fear that it was in great danger of removal for purposes of either a scientific or speculating nature, he very properly had it taken up, and conveyed back to his house and with the original coffin enclosed in a handsome mahogany case, with a lid entirely of glass, where it now lies, the

subject of great interest to numbers who visit it daily.

Although both in this country and Europe a number of cases of adipocere, the subjects of which presented an appearance similar to this of Mrs. Friend, are recorded, they have all been found under circumstances and in situations which afforded to the scientific means of satisfactorily accounting for the phenomena. But no precedent is known to our faculty which at all assimilates with this case. Of over 200 dead bodies interred in the same burial ground, that of Mrs. Friend is the only which has not returned to the dust from which it sprang. Her's has remained unaltered by dissolution, whilst all around—her husband by her side and her children above her—have become food for worms. Even the cap upon her head was partially decayed, whilst the dark ribbons which encircled and ornamented it, retained not only their forms but the colors almost perfectly as when they were placed upon it.

## POETRY.

### TO MARGARET.

Lady, 'twas not thy form divine,  
Whose every turn bespoke and grace,  
Nor all the beauties which combine  
To dress with charms thy blooming face

Though love doth wanton in thy eye,  
And round thy mouth delights to play,  
Though care and pain together fly,  
Where'er Margaret bends her way,  
Sweeter the beauties which I know,  
I feel the power of sterner charms,  
A purer flame, a nobler glow,  
My heart elates, my bosom warms.

I prize the virtues of thy mind,  
Have scan'd them oft with nicest care,  
And well I know that sense refined,  
And judgment strong inhabit there.

Oh have I heard thy lips impart  
The sweet endearing sounds of peace;  
Thy pity soothes full many a heart,  
Has caused full many a pang to cease.

Yes; when those eyes have lost their fire,  
And time has blanch'd this aged cheek,  
When all those varied tints retire,  
Which health and beauty now bespeak,  
Still as thy sun of life declines,  
I'll higher prize the parting ray,  
Which glides thine eye, than that which shines  
In splendor at meridian day.

### TO EMMA.

Dear is the breeze of summer even,  
Dear to the poor is the hope of heaven;  
Dear is the tear in woman's eye,  
And dear the sigh of sympathy,  
Dear to the poet is the hour  
Of sacred peace in lonely tower;  
Dear to the wanderer's weary eye  
The glimmering light of cottage night;  
And dear to him who ploughs the main,  
The hope to see his home again;  
But dearer to my heart than these,  
Is yon abode of health and ease,  
Where Emma, loveliest of the fair,  
With dimpled cheeks and auburn hair,  
Resides;—with her I'd gladly dwell  
In desert drear or gloomy cell,  
And think myself as richly blest,  
As if of India's wealth possess;  
For her I'd tempt the raging deep,  
Or climb the mountain's rugged steep;  
Nor should a single murmur rise,  
Though doomed beneath the wintry skies,  
O'er forests drear and dark to roam  
Without a shelter, friend or home.

### THE INFANT'S DEATH.

Strow with bright flowers that early grave,  
The bright and beautiful lies there;  
Our Father hand the blossom gave,  
And early took it to his care.

The gardener from his rose howers,  
The fair and dowy blossom pulls;  
Our Father from amidst his flowers,  
The sweetest from his bosom culls.

We need not mourn its softer fair,  
The pillow of his love,  
My dearest friendship's offerings are,  
In those fair realms above.

Go early seek loves sacred dress,  
That when we come to die,  
O'er the bright hopes of heaven possessed,  
We peacefully may lie.

The first time this serpent was issued in a concert, at which Handel was in the habit of presiding, he was so disgusted at the powerful hoarseness of its tones, that he called out in a rage, 'What be that?' On being informed that it was an instrument called a serpent,

O, he replied, de serpent! aye, but it be not de serpent vat seduce Eve!

## THE HUMORIST.

Long time ago there resided in one of our eastern cities, a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes—a maiden lady, of over sixty, and immensely rich. All of a sudden she resolved into matrimony. The origin of this girlish fancy may perhaps be found set down in Cupid's Diary; to your informant it is only known that she took said fancy; and carried it out, by honoring with her fortune and hand a gentleman of twenty-five. The happy man was portionless but handsome and distinguished, bearing as much resemblance to his fair dame as a dashing young Anarchy to a voice wretch of 'Life-everlasting' hung on a grave cross, at *Pere la Chaise*. The venerable bride was proud, as well as fond of her youthful lord; began to dress in a juvenile style, and went much into society—trotting out, and showing off her fine prize, upon all occasions. One day, as she was standing at her dressing glass, arranging one of those locks, to whose mysterious darkness the art of the *friseur* was the key, she turned her rogued face to her beloved, and said, tenderly:—

My dear, for your sake, I wish I were twenty years younger.

By no means, my love, he replied, smiling blandly; for my sake, I wish you were twenty years older.

An exchange relates the following:—An acquaintance of ours tells a story about an eccentric friend, who came to the city was invited to stop with him at his residence, instead of going to the hotel. He accordingly came with his baggage, and the carman was just leaving, when he suddenly inquired?—

What place is that, opposite?

A porter house.

Who lives this side of you?

An apothecary.

And who the other?

An undertaker.

Stop, stop, carman! take this trunk on a gain. A grog shop in front, an apothecary on one side, and an undertaker—I rather think there must be a grave yard in the rear by way of symmetry! Good bye, neighbor. And he disappeared in a jiffy.

## A SNAKE STORY, AND A GOOD ONE.

An incident occurred on our way to Cincinnati, via Pittsburgh, which created great merriment in the party, at the expense of our friend H. One night, after relaxing our limbs at one of the many stations on the route, we discovered that two very mysterious looking strangers were added to our company. Dressed in the garb of back-woodsmen, with their rifles by their sides, their appearance excited the most unpleasant reflections, to us who had never traveled; which together with the inconvenience of twelve inside, suggested the idea of chartering another coach. This plan was strongly advocated by H., who declared he would not proceed with such 'highwaymen,' but after an effectual attempt to procure any other conveyance, we resigned ourselves to the force of circumstances, and wrapped our robes about us, preparing for the departure. H. reluctantly took the seat between the strangers, when he discovered they had a box of rather strange dimensions, of which they took special care, and by a remark which was made, apparently not designed for our ear, we learned it contained snakes.

H. supposing the hunters had some enormous specimens of the rattlesnake designed for exhibition at Cincinnati, made some anxious inquiries as to their being properly secured, &c., to which, having received evasive and very unsatisfactory replies, his fancy pictured the most unpleasant associations, and the most terrible results.

The idea that he should find himself encircled within the folds of so venomous and disgusting a reptile, was horrible—the darkness of the night gave power to his imagination, and the acts of his life—the fire side he had left—the friends with whom he had parted; perhaps for the last time, mingled in strange confusion with prescriptions, panaceas and loathsome death.

Often he resolved to make known to his drowsy party, his fearful misgiving, but the fear that we should not sympathize in his intense anxiety, and that his apprehensions would be answered with a laugh, deterred him.

At length overpowered by fatigue, and the nearness of the scene, he fell asleep—but the same horrible dream pursued him, and as the 'brake' was applied in descending the mountain, and as its hissing sound broke upon his ears, he awoke appalled with the idea that his worst fears were fully realized, and in the frenzy of despair, he sprang from his seat, and at the top of his lungs, cried out 'Stranger! stranger! your d—d snakes are loose.' Aroused from our drowsiness by this sudden outburst, and divining the cause, we burst out in the most moderate laughter at the joke, as well as the ridiculous position which H. had assumed, to be safe from the attack of his supposed enemy. And although

after full explanation, H. enjoyed the joke, yet no powers of persuasion could induce him to continue his journey with the Hossiers, and their box of specie.

A WARM WISH.—A poor widow woman was relating to a neighbor, how fond her husband was of having a good fire—how busy he would make himself, in fixing it so it would burn, &c. Ah, poor dear man, said she, I hope he's gone where they keep good fires.

An old gentleman, whose character was unimpeached and unimpeachable, for some slight cause was challenged by a dissolute young Hossier, who was determined that the old gentleman should give him honorable satisfaction. The old gentleman very good humoredly refused to fight, and the fellow threatened to Gazette him as a coward.

Well go a-head—I had rather fill twenty newspapers than one coffin.

I do not wish any thing against the individual in question, said a very polite gentleman, but I would merely remark, on the language of the poet, that to him, truth is stranger, stranger than fiction.

Why are the Bar-rooms of Boston now like Purgatory?

Because they are the places of departed spirits.

What tree does a lovers parting hug most resembles?

The Cy-Press.

Why is charity like punishment?

Because it is better to give than receive.

Cool.—Admiral Howe, when a Captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night, by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. If that be the case, said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, we shall soon hear another report of the matter. The lieutenant fled back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, You need not, sir, be afraid; the fire is extinguished.—Afraid! exclaimed Howe, what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life, and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, Pray how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.—The last use to which the Soliloquy of Hamlet has been subjected, by way of parody, we find in one of the newspapers. There is humor in it, and we apprehend, more truth than poetry, to some who have been shaking in their boots for fear of a requisition. Here goes the soliloquy:—

To go to Texas, or not to go—than am the question! Whether it are better to stay at home and bore these ere ills whot we has got, or take up arms agin a lot of Mexicans and Ingines, and by fighting 'em kill 'em. To fight!—to fire!—'aint nothing more, nor hardly but in that fight of ourn, what bullets may come, when we shuffled off a shot too, must bil us consider on't. Aye, there's where it rubs. Rather guess we won't go on the whole.

GENTLEMEN. Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, different, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behaviour is pleasant and graceful. Where he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with the pleasure of reflection, he rejoices to see the gayeties of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import. To appear only to be a gentleman, and it shadow will bring upon you contempt, be a gentleman, and its honors will remain after you are dead.

Death caused through Dissection.—It will be in the recollection of our readers that the late Harvey Leach, the celebrated Gnome Fly and Man Monkey, left orders, that after his decease his body should be given to Mr. Liston, of University College Hospital, for disposal. Mr. Liston handed the body over to his most intimate friend and companion, Mr. Potter, for dissection—who, whilst engaged in his labour, pricked his finger with the lancet. This caused little care beyond placing his hand in a sling for a day or two; but on the third day Mr. Potter was attacked with fever—abscesses formed on his hand which extended up the muscles of his arm, and over his chest, causing great agony; death eventually put a period to his sufferings, and on Saturday his remains were interred in the Kensal Green Cemetery.—*London paper.*

HAPPINESS.—All other blessings in these world are incomplete without content. With it we are happy; without it we can never be so.