

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

Evangelium est optimum. — Cic.

[12. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.]

No. 41

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1858.

[Vol. 25.]

## Cultivation of the Soil by Steam.

From recent experiments in England it would seem that the practicability of cultivating the soil by steam has been successfully tested. The Royal Agricultural Society recently offered prizes for a steam plough that could be used by practical farmers in turning up the soil. The prize of \$500 was awarded to the plough patented by a Mr. Fowler. The Council conferred on Mr. Howard, another patentee, a medal of honor for his steam cultivator. It is now merely a question with farmers whether it will pay them to employ steam in tillage. The judges reported that twenty of these cultivators have been successfully worked by tenant farmers. The daily working expenses of Fowler's machine they estimated at £2 6s. On the light land, work done per day of ten hours, including stoppages, was 7½ acres; the soil being moved by four ploughs, 6 in. deep, by 3 feet 4 in. wide. On the heavy land the work of ten hours amounted to five acres, the same furrows being taken as before. It was then tried with two treading ploughs, the width being 20 inches, the furrows from 12 to 14 inches deep, and the quantity of work done was 2½ acres. Here we see the increased cost of deep ploughing. The estimate of the judges for the light land was 7s. 2d. per acre, for the heavy land 9s. 2d. per acre, and for treading, 18s. 4d. per acre. On light land the work could not have been done by horse power for less than 8s. per acre, and on the heavy land 12s. 6d. per acre. The treading ploughing could not have been done by horse power at all; it must have been done by manual labor at the cost of £1 10s. 4d. per acre. Thus, for ordinary ploughing, steam power as a present applied, saves one fourth of the cost, but its real value consists in enabling the land to be deeply ploughed, at a moderate cost, and in a way hitherto only used for market gardening.

## Ingenious System of Counterfeiting by a Turkish Lady.

Allusion was recently made in our foreign news to a lady, a supposed American, who was recently arrested at Constantinople on account of the suspiciously large amount of baggage she carried, and who was found to have in her trunk an immense quantity of Turkish bills. It turns out that this woman was not an American, but a Moldavian, named Schemi, and that she visited New York last summer, where she procured her false money to be printed by William L. S. Harrison of that city. At the instance of the Turkish Consul, Major Tiemann, ordered on Thursday the arrest of this printer, at whose establishment piles of similar counterfeit bills were found—the refuse of the entire impression. He readily admitted having executed this work, but it was evident that he was entirely unaware of the true character of the job. Mrs. Schemi employed him under the name of Mrs. Zaimen, and informed him that the bills he was to print were merely labels. He had not the slightest suspicion they were of any other value. Mr. Harrison has, however, been held to bail in the sum of \$4000, and his workmen have been detained as witnesses.

The counterfeit is pronounced perfect by Turks who have seen it. It is the only paper currency in Turkey, and being without date or number would undoubtedly have passed without question.

The bill is on imperial green paper, a color held sacred in Turkey, which the Government alone is permitted to use. On the top and sides are the following words in Turkish—

“To be paid to the bearer, without interest, twenty piastres.”  
—At the top of the note is the Sultan's toga, surrounded by which is a quotation from the Koran. Underneath are the words: “Twenty piastres, paper money, to be used in the place of gold at the Bank of Constantinople.”

At the base of the note is the seal of the mint, and on the back the seal of the Minister of the Treasury. The toga is considered sacred, and is guarded by the three highest officials of the mint, whose sole duty it is to watch it.

Until recently the penalty for uttering base money in Turkey was death. It is now imprisonment.—*Boston Courier.*

## Books and Bags.

Mr. Lever tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass-word at the battle of Pontenoy, at the same time the great Saxe was marshal. “The pass-word is Saxe; now don't forget it Pat,” said the colonel. “Saxe; faith and I won't. Wasn't the father a miller?” “Who goes there?” cried the colonel, after he had arrived at the pass. “I looked as confidential as possible, and was answered as usual: ‘Bog, for honor.’”

## Value of Reading in “Olden Times.”

In the days of Jack Cade few could read except those who were actually in orders, or educated for that purpose; so that if a person was arraigned before a temporal judge for a crime, the punishment thereof was death, he might pray his clergy; that was to have a Latin Bible in a black Gothic character delivered to him; and if he could read a passage where the judge appointed, which was generally in the Psalms, the ordinary, or his deputy, who stood near, said, *legit ut clericus*; that is, he could read like a clerk or scholar, and the criminal was acquitted as being a man of learning, who might therefore be useful to the public; if, however, he could not read, he suffered death. This privilege was granted in all offences, except high treason and sacrilege, until after the year 1530; and it was carried to such an extent, that if a criminal was condemned at one assize, because he could not read, and was reprimanded to the subsequent assize, he might again claim this benefit, either at that time, or even under the gallows tree, and if he could then read, he was pardoned, of which there was an instance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—[Shakespeare a Lawyer.]

## Doing a Yankee.

Sir Allan McNab was once travelling by steamer, and as luck would have it, was obliged to occupy a state room with a full-blooded Yankee. In the morning, while Sir Allan was dressing, he saw his companion making thorough researches into his (Sir Allan's) dressing-case. Having completed his examination, he proceeded coolly to select the tooth-brush and therewith to bestow on his long yellow fangs, an energetic scrubbing. When Jonathan had concluded the old Scotchman gravely set the basin on the floor, scooped one foot well, and taking the tooth-brush applied it vigorously to his toes and toe-nails. “You dirty fellow,” exclaimed the Yankee, “what the mischief are you doing that for?” “Oh,” said Sir Allan coolly, “that's the brush I always do that with.”

## CHIPPINGS.

Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman who hurried to see himself in Print, “Be advised by me young man; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window.”

A formal fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: “How are you, my dear?” “Very well, I thank you,” she replied. “The visitor then added, ‘Now my dear, you should ask me how I am.’”

The child simply and honestly replied, “I don't want to know.”

A family named Mackerel have recently come into possession by chancery in Great Britain, of an estate valued at £1,000,000 left by one Salmon, who died without an heir. The Lord Chancellor decided that as there were no more Salmons, the largest family of Mackerels should inherit the fortune.

The following is a true copy of a sign upon an academy for teaching, in one of the Western States:—“Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers, Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls.”

A person boyed by a squinting man, who persisted in asking him about his broken leg, replied it is quite crooked—as you see.”

Why are a young lady's affections always doubtful? Because they mis-givings.

## A Youngster Boot-Black.

A comical affair occurred at the South Ferry the other day. A worthy, middle-aged citizen responded to the pathetic appeal of one of the youthful fraternity of street boot-blacks, by submitting his calf-skins to the very intimate acquaintance of brushes and blacking; and at the same time he continued reading a long article on city politics.

When one boot was polished, the other took its place. Deep in the science of political economy our friend unconsciously placed and replaced his feet several times, until at last the whole editorial was finished, when he demanded the change.

“Forty-two cents, sir.”

“Forty-two cents? Why, you young rascal, what do you mean; sixpence is the regular charge.”

“That's so, easy enough, but I've blacked your boots seven times, and I always want a sixpence a go.”

A look at the grinning faces of the surrounding spectators convinced the ex-Admiral that the joke was cheap at twice the money, and so he paid over.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Friday, a man named Flynn, employed on the Railroad, perceived as a train was approaching that a slab lay on the track, and fearing that it might throw the train off the track, he ran to remove it. Unfortunately he slipped and fell, and before he could recover himself, the train

was upon him. The poor man was so mangled that he died before the clergyman, summoned in all haste, arrived at the place. He leaves a wife and child, we are told, and surely the Government will do something to save from want the family of a man who in their service lost his life in the endeavour to save the lives of others.

One of the men employed in removing the little ticket house from the Portland Bridge Station was struck by a piece of wood, and had his leg broken.—[Freeman.]

## AUTUMN.

[Original.]

Autumn has come again,  
With spotted mantle bright,  
Laden with fruits and yellow grain,  
The farmers to rejoice.

Behold the waving grain,  
Before the sickles fall;  
The reapers are upon the plain,  
Prepared to cut it all.

I love the autumn days,  
With sere and yellow leaves,  
When farmers' teams on golden drays,  
Bring home the laden sheaves.

Behold the orchards now,  
Laden with luscious fruits;  
The farmers fill their cellars, too,  
With rich and wholesome roots.

O 'tis a happy time  
In every farmer's cot;  
Yes, harken to the joyous rhyme,  
The harvest home is brought.

The autumn may look drear,  
To hundreds in our land,  
It always brings abundant cheer  
To those who till the land.

October, 1858. J. B. C.

—In the pursuit of knowledge lies our only active road to real happiness.

—A LOVER'S CONUNDRUM.—Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

—“Is that clock right over there?” asked a visitor. “Right over there; certainly, ‘taint nowhere else.”

—“Can you return my love, dearest Julia?” “Certainly, sir. I do not want it, I'm sure.”

—“You don't seem to know how to take me,” said a vulgar fellow to a gentleman he insulted. “Yes, I do,” said the gentleman, taking him by the nose.

—Lovers, whose only desire is to take long and romantic walks beneath the moon, are not long in discovering, after marriage, that they cannot subsist on moonshine.

## FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

The Scientific American, noticing the various articles displayed at the Fair, thus refers to a

## GLASS-STEAM ENGINE.

The lovers of unique and novel art applied to engineering, cannot but be surprised with the exhibition of a glass beam steam engine, working away with the utmost precision and beauty of movement. This curiosity is on exhibition in the South gallery, and is the first working steam engine made of glass ever brought before the public, we believe. The different parts are of various colored glass, and the ornaments and finish, would paralyze all the works of iron to imitate. The very crank pin, and every journal in it is of glass, and the ingenuity and skill displayed in its production, are of no ordinary character. All the parts were informed, were spun by hand, by the blowpipe and a spirit lamp. There are several glass spinners conducting their operations adjacent to this engine. This business seems to be on the increase, as one of the ornamental and curious arts.

The Machine Department is not in full operation, nor are the arrangements all completed.

The Refreshment Department, which has hitherto been much neglected, is this year very admirably provided with all the necessary eatables and drinkables, under the competent management of Mr. Trevelwell.

## AN ENGLISH GIRL'S ENCOUNTER WITH A BURGLAR.

In a detached cottage at Trickenham, says an English paper, has resided for some time an elderly maiden lady in very delicate health, whose establishment consists merely of a cook and housemaid. On the 14th, ult., however, there were only the housemaid and her sick mistress in the house. At about half past nine in the evening, the housemaid, whose name is Ann Reiford, who is a remarkably fine handsome young woman, twenty-two years of age, went into her mistress's bedroom to inquire if any

thing was wanted before retiring to rest. On opening the door she was startled by seeing a lad, not more than eighteen, standing over her mistress as she lay in her bed, apparently in the act of striking her with a bludgeon. Without hesitating she immediately rushed upon him seized him, closing so rapidly with him that he was unable to use his bludgeon. A desperate and long protracted struggle ensued, the poor invalid lady awaiting the issue with intense anxiety.

At length the brave girl succeeded in overpowering her antagonist, and kneeling upon him as he lay upon his back on the floor she held him down and called to her mistress to bring her a piece of cord, with which she firmly secured the hands of her captive, who was then locked up, in spite of his entreaties for mercy, in a strong cupboard, and shortly afterwards was delivered up to the police, to whom he was well known. The lady stated that she was asleep, when he awoke her, and, raising his stick, demanded her keys. She was dreadfully frightened, and was on the point of delivering them up, when her servant entered the room. The maid afterwards received a handsome present from her mistress.

## European Intelligence.

### IMPORTANT FROM INDIA.

The Steamer City of Baltimore arrived off Cape Race at 9 a. m. on Friday, having left Liverpool on the 29th ult., with 100 passengers.

Steamer Africa arrived at Liverpool on the 26th.

Corn dull and declined 1s. Flour unchanged.

Provisions dull.

Consols 98½.

Atlantic Telegraph £315 to £325.

Gwalior rebels were defeated on the 17th of August, with 700 killed. British loss trifling.

Port of Pooree, after thirty hours' shelling surrendered to General Napier.

On the 24th a brilliant victory was obtained by 550 police over 4000 rebels.

Three Bengal Regiments have been re-armed.

Panjab, Bombay, and Madras tranquil.

The controversy between Whitehouse and the Telegraph Directors continues in the newspapers.

Liverpool Commercial Association have recommended that corn, flour, and meal be sold by a uniform standard of 100 lbs. weight.

Insaidie Russe announces that it is in contemplation to unite Europe with America by telegraph across Russian possessions.

Prince Napoleon has gone to Warsaw to invite the Emperor Alexander to Paris.

The King of Prussia has not abdicated—he gives his brother the Regency, which the Prince of Prussia accepts. King can assume full powers if he regain his physical and mental health. Regent meanwhile to be intermitted.

The Telegraph between St. Petersburg and Moscow is to be extended to the frontiers of China.

Duke of Malakoff to be married when the Emperor returns from Chalons.

Havre, Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne are to be put in a state of defence.

A port of refuge is to be constructed between Brest and Cherbourg.

## An Arab Horse.

A Bedouin, named Jabal, possessed a mare of great celebrity. Hassan Pasha, then Governor of Damascus, wished to buy the animal, and repeatedly made the owner the most liberal offers, which Jabal steadily refused. The pasha then had recourse to threats, but with no better success.

At length, one Gafar, a Bedouin of another tribe, presented himself to the pasha, and asked what he would give the man who would make him master of Jabal's mare? “I will fill his horse's nose bag with gold,” replied Hassan.

The result of this interview having gone abroad, Jabal became more watchful than ever, and always secured his mare at night with an iron chain, one end of which was fastened to her fetlock, whilst the other, after passing through the tent cloth, was attached to a picket driven in the ground under the felt that served him and his wife for a bed.

But one midnight, Gafar crept silently into the tent, and succeeded in loosening the chain. Just before starting off with his prize, he caught up Jabal's lance and poking with the butt-end, cried out, “I am Gafar; I have stolen your noble mare, and will give you notice in time.”

This warning was in accordance with the customs of the desert, for to rob a hostile tribe is considered an honorable exploit, and the man who accomplishes it is deemed

of all the glory that may flow from the deed.

Poor Jabal, when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then mounting his brother's pasha, a companion by some of the tribe, he pursued the robber for four hours.

The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's, but was not equal to her; nevertheless, he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point of overtaking the robber, when Jabal shouted to him, “Pinch her right ear and give her a touch of the heel.” Gafar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit hopeless.

The pinch in the ear and the touch with the heel were the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed.

Jabal's companions were amazed and indignant at his strange conduct. “O thou father of a jackass,” they cried, “thou hast enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel!” But he silenced their upbraidings by saying, “I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me suffer it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved faster than mine? I have, at least, this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match.”—J. S. Stacy's Art of Horse-taming.

ALTERNATIVE.—The subtle chemical vital affinities are ever at work for the waste or renovation of the tissues. THE PERUVIAN SYRUP, with its chemical element iron, presents to the laboratory of life an agent ever active, and can never be absent without derangement of the vital functions. In this slow and alternative process, it is truly a renovating and life-giving medicine.

## AN UNFORTUNATE PAGE.

During an assembly of the Diet, in Dresden, August the 6th, several of the principal members to an entertainment, Champagne was of course not wanting; a page stole a bottle of it, and put it in his coat-pocket. Being incessantly employed, he was unhappily not able to put his bottle in a place of security; but his constant motion having caused the wine to ferment, just as he was standing behind the king, it exploded; the cork flew up to the ceiling and the champagne rushed out of the pocket in the direction of the king's wig, and bathed it so effectually that the wine ran in streams from the curls. One part of the company were frightened, while another part could scarcely refrain from laughter. The page more dead than alive threw himself at the king's feet, and his majesty immediately sent the puffer away, not from his service, but for a dry wig, advising him at the same time never to carry bottles with such liquor so long about him.

## MONARCH AND MINOR.

One of the officers of his guard was mimicking him (the Emperor Paul) in the place for the entertainment of his comrades, when the door opened and the Czar entered. The officers were about to stop the performer, but his majesty made them a sign not to do so, and advancing unperceived by the young man, he crossed his arms to him and ordered him to go on. The officer, with perfect self-command, continued, saying, “Lieutenant, you deserve to be degraded, but being decency itself, I not only pardon you, but promote you to captain.” This was said in the Czar's way, who then exclaimed, “Be it so,” and walked away.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections.

If petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly double in extent.

The city of New-York consumes ten thousand dollars a day in cigars, and only eight thousand five hundred in bread.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution—enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

WIT AND JUDGMENT.—Wit is to be used, judgment is to be used. The first makes the brighter flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

Misfortunes are moral blunders, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

—Here you little rascal, walk up here and give an account of yourself—where have you been?”

—After the girls in the street, and I was a boy?”

—No sir; but mother did.”

—If you see, you better go to bed.”