

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARTIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM. - CIO.

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

No. 34]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1860.

Vol 27

Important Letter!

A very important letter of the Emperor Napoleon to the French ambassador at London has been published. We give the letter in full:

St. Cloud, 25th July, 1860.

My Dear Persigny—Affairs appear to me to be so complicated—thanks to the mis-trust everywhere excited since the war in Italy—that I write you in the hope that a conversation in perfect frankness with Lord Palmerston will remedy the existing evil. Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I inform a thing he will believe me. Well you can tell him from me in the most explicit manner, that since the peace of Villafranca I have had but one thought, one object—to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live in the best of terms with all my neighbors, and especially with England. I had renounced Savoy and Nice; the extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to re-some the desire to see reunited to France provinces essentially French. But it will be objected, "You wish for Peace, and you increase immorally the military forces of France." I deny the fact in every sense. My army and my fleet have in them nothing of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being adequate to our requirements, and the number of steamers does not nearly equal that of sailing ships deemed necessary in the time of King Louis Philippe.

I have 400,000 men under arms; but deduct from this amount 60,000 in Algeria, 60 at Rome, 5000 in China, 29,000 gendarmes, the sick, and the new conscripts, and you will see—what is the truth—that my regiments are of smaller effective strength than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the Army list has been made by the creation of the Imperial Guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire also to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing, for if foreigners have seen the light side of the last war, I myself close at hand have witnessed the effects and I wish to remedy them. Having said thus much, I have since Villafranca, neither done or even thought anything which could alarm any one. When Lavalete started for Constantinople, the instructions which I gave him were confined to this: "Use every effort to maintain the status quo; the interest of France is that Turkey should live as long as possible."

Now, then, occur the massacres in Syria, and it is asserted that I am very glad to find a new occasion of making a little war, or of playing a new part. Really, people give me credit for very little common sense. If I instantly proposed an expedition, it was because my feelings were those of the people which has put me at its head, and the intelligence from Syria transported me with indignation. My first thought nevertheless, was to come to an understanding with England. What other interest than that of humanity could induce me to send troops into that country? Could it be that the possession of it would increase my strength. Can I conceal from myself that Algeria, notwithstanding its future advantage, is a source of weakness to France which for 30 years has devoted to it the purest of its blood and its gold? I said it in 1852 at Bordeaux, and my opinion is still the same—I have great conquests to make, but only France. Her interior organization, her moral development, increase of her resources, have still immense progress to make. There is a field exists vast enough for my ambition and sufficient to satisfy it.

It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the subject of Central Italy, because I was bound by the peace of Villafranca. As to Southern Italy I am free from engagements and I ask no better than a concert with England on this point, as others; but in Heaven's name, let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts.

Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other. To sum up, this is my innermost thought: I desire that Italy should obtain peace, no matter how, but without foreign intervention and that my troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope. I could very much wish not to be obliged to undertake the Syrian expedition and in any case, not to undertake it alone, firstly, because it will be a great expense and secondly, because I fear that this intervention may involve the Eastern question, but on the other hand, I do not see how to resist public opinion in my country which will never understand that we can leave unpunished, not only the massacre of Christians, but the burning of our consulates, the insult to our flag, and the pillage of the monasteries which were under our protection.

I have told you all I think, without disguising or omitting anything. Make what use you think a fit use of my letter. Believe in my sincere friendship. NAPOLEON.

The London "Times."

The correspondent of the N. Y. Herald has been paying a visit to the office of the Monarch of the dailies, and writes home a long letter, from which we append a few extracts:

Upon presenting my card, I was introduced to a very gentlemanly man, who informed me that he had been connected with the paper for more than forty years, and who offered to show me the establishment. In this room the forms are all made up, the galley being brought down from the composing room and the one adjoining for that purpose. Here there were often left over sixty or seventy columns for which space cannot be found even in the immense sheet which is daily issued. The day before, two thousand advertisements were taken in at the office, which is alongside of this "finishing room," and is devoted exclusively to the reception of advertisements—and about 15,000 different ones go into the paper daily, making up from eight to ten pages of the sixteen printed. About 6 columns of these daily are advertisements of servants: waiting places. These are charged 18 pence each, and are limited to 3 lines, many of them being rewritten after coming to the office, and made to conform. No reduction in price made for any additional number of insertions. From here we went into an adjoining room where the "day compositors" were at work upon the second edition of the paper, which is printed at half past 12 o'clock, and contains in addition to the morning news, the letter of the Paris correspondent, and such foreign matter as arrives in the morning mail. There are 50 compositors in this department, who, after the evening edition is worked off, go to work upon the advertisements, while there are 74 compositors employed upon the night work, making in all 124. To correct their matter there are 24 proof readers, one half for the day and the other for the night.

The morning edition varies from sixty to 70,000 copies, and in order to save time in printing, and the expense of setting up an extra form, a duplicate of the original form is made here to be worked upon one press, while the original itself is on the other.

From this we went up into the press room where by this time the evening edition was being worked off upon two of Applegarth's eight cylinder vertical presses. This is certainly one of the most beautiful pieces of machinery I ever saw. Four pages of the circular forms are screwed on to an upright cylinder, which forms the centre of the huge machine, which in all its parts is about 30 feet in diameter. Then ranged around a platform above are eight pairs of rollers, which take the sheet, and conveying it to the cylinder, pass it round it, and then by means of rollers and tapes pass it directly under the feeding rollers, where it entered, and where the fly-boy sits to take it off. In this way eight sheets are turned off from the press each second and a half, amounting to twelve thousand five hundred an hour—the two presses in the morning; in two hours, printed fifty thousand sheets. These presses have been in operation since 1818, and have never been out of order but once, when a Prussian officer, who was examining one of them a little too minutely, had the cap of his cloak caught in the main cylinder, and would himself have followed it had he not retained sufficient presence of mind to unclasp his outer garments which he must have done with lightning-like quickness. There was no second edition of the Times that day, and the proprietors were subject to a little bill of repairs, amounting to £300. These machines cost £3000 each, and are superintended by the brother of the inventor. Each one requires sixteen men to feed and fly it.

The edition of the Times is all sold to newsmen, and the proprietors have nothing to do with furnishing subscribers with the paper. No mailing is done at the office, neither are the names of subscribers taken here. Should a person in America send a draft for the money to the London Times Office for a year's subscription, the order would be immediately handed over to a newsmen. The principal one of these in London is a man named Smith, who takes daily from the Times office seventy-four wagon loads—about twenty-eight thousand papers a day. He gets sixteen thousand of these at half past five in the morning, to send off to his agents and subscribers all over England and by the first train. About 19,000 only of this edition of the Times is circulated in London. Besides Smith there are about one hundred and fifty newsmen in London, who purchase and circulate the Times, and the town publication is usually delayed about 7 o'clock in the publishing room—each newsmen taking his turn to be served first, an alphabetical

list being made out. A served first one morning, by the next, and so on to the end of the list. The newsmen pay three pence each for the papers, and sell them for four pence. The newsmen order their papers the day before-hand, and no more are printed than they call for. The publishing office presents a very lively scene. The most spacious portion of it is in front of the counter, and here are two or three hundred boys waiting for their papers. They are counted from behind by a young man who counts three hundred a minute, and the boys fold them on tables in front.

A few statistics I am done with the mechanical department of the London Times. The receipts for the advertisements are about £250,000, or \$1,250,000 annually, and the receipts for the paper about the same.

The receipts for the sale of raw material of course amount to nothing, and there is an expense of about £100,000 a year required to carry on the establishment, leaving therefore a profit of £150,000 or \$750,000 per annum. 250 men are employed in the various departments from the editor down to the fly-boy. Twenty of these are Parliamentary reporters engaged in reporting the debates. These each take notes 15 minutes at a time, and then retire to the reporters' gallery to write them out, and four cabs are kept constantly running between the Times office and the house of Parliament, to bring the copy which these indefatigable workers furnish. But I am getting on to another branch of my subject, and shall leave the editorial characteristics of the office for a future letter.

Curious Revolutionary Verses.

The following ingenious composition many years ago appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper. Its author is unknown. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read, viz. in three different ways: 1. Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. 2. Then read the lines alternately, beginning with the first. 3. In the same manner read, beginning with the second line. By the first reading it will be observed that the revolutionary cause is deprecated, and by the others lauded:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds,
The din of wars alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds,
Both call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand,
Their ruin is at hand,
Who with the Congress join.
The nets of Parliament,
In them I much delight;
I hate their cursed intent,
Who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day,
They are my daily toast;
They soon will sneak away,
Who Independence boast.
Who non-resistance hold,
They have my hand and heart;
May they for slaves be sold,
Who act a Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute,
May daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute,
On Congress evermore.
To North, that British lord,
May honors still be done,
I wish a lull or cold,
To General Washington.

—[Historical Magazine]

GOODYEAR, THE INDIA RUBBER PATENT.—The Scientific American thus speaks of the struggles of Charles Goodyear—whose death has recently been announced—to introduce the use of rubber fabrics:

We presume that the story of this eventful life will be made public in some more formal mode by the friends of his family, and we will not attempt to fully trace the progress of his inventions. It was in 1834 that Mr. Goodyear turned his attention to the manufacture of India rubber. There is a mystery about this tropical gum which gave it a strange charm in his imagination. It was not an article of commerce, but appeared from time to time only as a rare curiosity brought from foreign lands. The savages who possessed it kept the mode of its manufacture a profound secret. It was found only under the burning sun of the equator, in the gloomy swamps of the unexplored Amazon, or the jungles of Asia and Africa. Its nature was as mysterious as its origin; the chemists who examined it were baffled in their attempts to make it of practical use. Ingenious men abroad and at home had attempted to solve the mystery, but all had failed. That it was of immense value in the arts, to supply a thousand wants of civilized life was obvious to all, but the elu-

sive gum kept its own mysterious secret, and there was no clue to the discovery.

To discover the secret and solve the problem became the dream of Charles Goodyear's life. The difficulties and failures which he encountered only made it more dear to him; his associates abandoned the pursuit in despair; his friends one after another left him, but he only clung the closer to his cherished faith. In one of the contests by which pirates of his invention sought to rob him of his rights, the veil was half withdrawn from the life of the inventor, and a few details of the privations which he endured were given. He was in such extreme poverty that his bed was sold from under him; he was so poor that he could not buy an ounce of tea on credit. In the dead of winter there was no food in his house, and no fuel for fire. This was not the struggle of a few months only but it was the story of years for it was not till 1844, after ten years of toil that he perfected and patented his discovery. His labor, however, did not cease, and even to the hour of his death he was devoted to the favorite pursuit upon which he lavished the immense sums which he received from his patents. His life was subject to the strangest vicissitudes. He went from a poor debtor's prison to a palace in Paris. The man who was an object of cold contempt in an obscure village on account of his poverty received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor Napoleon, as a reward of his genius. In Europe as well as America his name was honored, and his merits appreciated, but to the hour of his death he was the same enthusiastic and patient inventor.

[From the New-Brunswickian.]

"The Banquet Hall Deserted."

MR. EMERSON.—The banquet hall passed away. The heir to the most permanent throne, and to the strongest and greatest dominions in the universe, is now being honored by other Colonists, rising in lands greater in area—and associated with older and more historical traditions, but not more ardently attached to the Queen, the Prince, and to British connexion.

It may not be amiss, now that the bullition of enthusiastic loyalty has passed away, although the enduring principle itself exists stronger than ever, to take a cursory retrospect of the more remarkable events which have attracted our notice during the brief sojourn of our Royal visitor. What strikes us most forcibly naturally consists of those characteristics of a personal nature, and in the exhibition of which the department of the Prince forms a striking contrast with the ordinary bearing of our provincial magnates, social and political. Our illustrious guest possesses great advantages of birth, education, and companionship, beside the benefits of travel and enlightened observation; and what do we discover as the natural result? Neither more nor less than the most engaging suavity of manner, perfect ease, dignity, self-possession, with no attempt to conceal the desire of being agreeable to all.

What a useful lesson should these facts afford to certain persons, who are to be found in this Province; I mean that class who are commonly known and appreciated as the "Cushy aristocracy." They for the most part consist of individuals "born of poor but honest parents," and who "by hard work, tight bargains, and chance enterprise have asked and scraped together" a moderate competency; sadly defective in mental culture they cannot appreciate any of the adornments of life, and are therefore never subjected to the expense of preparing them,—thus the natural bent of such people, (and "what is bred in the bone, &c.") urges them to hold on to what they have got, and to catch what they can. Like all little minded folk, they remind us of the cabbage, which no sooner attains rotundity of proportion than it vigorously throws out its broad, horizontal leaves in order to hide the ground from which it sprang.

Unlike the Prince these cod-fish aristocracy are repulsive in manner, supercilious, overbearing and haughty, mistaking impudence for dignity, and excessive vulgarity in language for gentlemanly ease in social conversation. Such a people should derive a lesson from what was observed in the Son of our Queen; and in order to induce them to take this course, I shall conclude with a short anecdote, which is related of Coleridge, a man of great learning and of the keenest observation.

A widowed lady of title married her footman; the fortunate husband possessed a good deal of address—for a footman—but no power of conversation. He luckily advised with Coleridge, who visited the house of his former mistress. Dress in a full suit of black, wear a white choker, and say nothing—was the earnest recommendation.

—[Observer.]

A wag says that a Miss is, now-a-days, in circumference, "as good as a mile."

Science versus Empiricism.

It is doubtful if in the whole range of language there be a question which admits of such an infinity of answers as, "what are the benefits which science confers upon us, and how does it render the powers of nature the servants of man?" Each member of that radiant system above, forever hidden from the naked eye in the far-receding immensities of space, hurries down responsive to the telescopic call. The microscope brings to us from a single ocean drop a myriad of respondents, who from the unaided powers of vision are impenetrably curtailed. One benefit which we derive from these functions of the telescope and microscope, did they perform no more important ones, is that in thus extending our view to limits otherwise unattainable, even were they not to confer any practical advantage upon us,—they spread out new fields in which to let reveal unbounded admiration of a Power which can thus form

"A mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing."

Wherever civilisation has taken up her abode, even though it be a plain one, the beneficial effects of modern science present on every side most expressive answers to the same interrogation; not confining themselves to the perception of one sense alone, but compelling the recognition of all. When thus interrogated, every electric telegraph would in disdain spread such a question thro' the length and breadth of the land ere scarcely breathed; every "iron horse" would utter an indignant snort,—every steamboat would give a shriller whistle,—every gas-chimney would send forth a denser volume. 'T would be an endless task to go on thus enumerating the various receptions which such an interrogatory would meet, and the unfeigned responses it would call forth; at every step the way would seem to thicken, and to lead us farther from our more immediate purpose, which is to show what are the effects of a subject, or the thorough knowledge of a subject obtained from principles firmly established and continually confirmed,—in contradistinction to those produced by empiricism, that arbitrary knowledge which is gained by personal experience alone, and which consequently is subject to so many fallacies arising from narrowness of observation and every kind of change. The principles of true science are conclusions founded upon purely philosophical experiments borne out by the accumulated and concurrent testimony of men in every clime; ever ready to be tested anew, and patent to all. On the other hand those of empiricism are vague and unsatisfactory; based upon no general rules, they are the results of individual experience, and must therefore be influenced by the restrictions of time and place which are almost infinite.

Perhaps we can allude no better illustration of this contrast than is afforded by the modern physician and the contemporary quack. The former, acting upon the well recognised principles of his science, and thoroughly acquainted with their workings, encounters disease, and applies his remedies after a careful consideration of the peculiar type with which he may have to deal—of the constitution of his patient—and of the influence which climate is likely to exert in the matter; he awaits the result with watchful care, ready at every turn to change his mode of treatment and adopt that which seems best suited to the altered course of affairs. The latter, mayhap with oceansolling between him and the recipient of his preparations, regardless of every circumstance which to the former is a subject of minute attention and careful study, indifferent as to the cause, the nature, or effect of the disease—whether it be a violent epidemic or a slight indisposition—with a self-sufficiency and arrogance unequalled, prescribes a sovereign balm, a panacea for "all the ills that flesh is heir to." The one labors with the purpose of promoting the true interests of his fellow-men, of attaining a respectable position in his profession,—and of gaining an honorable competency; the other, actuated by no such worthy motives, under the semblance of benefiting humanity by the invention of a cure-all, seeks only to enrich himself, and multiply his ill-gotten wealth, too often at the expense of his fellow-being's health, the greatest boon which God has bestowed upon him.

This is no fancy sketch, nor offspring of an overreached imagination, nor yet the subject-matter of a day dream; but it is one of those unbending realities which the world outrides upon, as in common, everyday life; and is an instance of credulity in this "cool, calculating world," which, to an educated mind, seems unaccountable.

A London alderman was heard to remark that he didn't "kill much mind living upon hashies during Lent, but that as for the sackcloth, he'd only take the first half of it.