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En carissimum est optimum.—Cic.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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RUSSIAN AMERICA, AND THE BRITISH N. W. POSSESSIONS.

Comparatively few have any knowledge of the large tract of country possessed on this Continent by Russia. We have perused an interesting treatise on this subject from the facile pen of Mr. A. R. Roche, to whom the public are already under obligations for valuable information with regard to Anticosti, and from his paper we shall glean a few facts. Mr. Roche views the subject in relation to the present war; but upon this branch we will not at present enter, but confine our remarks to the general account of the territory in question. As already stated few have any conception of the importance of Russian America, which is separated from Canada by a distance of 2000 miles. With a coast upon the Pacific, says Mr. Roche, "of some 1500 miles in length, indented by numerous sounds and capacious harbors, and studded with many large islands of considerable resources, it extends about one thousand miles of that coast to a distance of nine hundred miles, and for the remaining five hundred to 300 miles; the latter being the portion in front of our possessions which it cuts off from the Pacific, while the peninsula of Alaska, about 50 miles in breadth, stretches out into the Pacific for upwards of 300 miles; the whole territory comprising a surface of 900,000 square miles." It is thus sixteen times the size of England.

A great portion of this vast region is covered with forests of valuable trees. Mr. Roche quotes at length many authorities with reference to the resources, extent and climate of the territory, and has evidently given the subject careful attention, while the peculiar views he urges are well deserving of attention. Sir John Richardson, says, the climate of Sitka is very much milder than that of Europe, on the same parallel,—the cold of winter being neither severe, nor of long continuance. In fact, both in soil and climate a great portion of Russian America borders upon the sea is not inferior to Europe in the same latitude, and is greatly superior to the eastern coast of America and Asia, whether lying in the same or in a much lower parallel. The territory is well watered by extensive rivers, and contains many large lakes. It carries on a large trade with China in furs, the Russian Fur company maintaining sixty establishments on the coast for the trade in fur and forest ivory. Sitka is the most important port. At it Sir Geo. Simpson found thirteen vessels taking in cargoes; "the bustle, in fact," said he, "was sufficient to have done credit to a third rate seaport in the civilized world." The territory produces valuable timber. Near the Columbia River trees have been observed from three to four hundred feet high. It also possesses valuable ores and minerals. Its fishing grounds are very important. It is evident, from a perusal of the facts so carefully brought together; that Russian America is a possession endowed with no inconsiderable resources, and one well meriting attention, as it is destined to occupy no mean position in the future of North America. Between Russian America and Canada lie the British portion of the Oregon Territory and the country intervening between that Territory and the Province line.

Beyond Lake Superior exists a country as valuable in natural resources as any part of Canada, and containing, at about 700 miles from the lake, the Red River Settlement, covering a space of 50,000 miles, and supporting a population of 10,000. It contains many large rivers,—the Saskatchewan, for instance, is navigable for 1000 miles. The country, from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg is adapted for colonization. Oak, elm, ash, beech, and maple grow abundantly, and both maize and wheat can be profitably grown in many parts. At the Red River wheat yields forty fold. Then, again, the valley of the Saskatchewan, about the centre of the continent, is very beautiful, and possesses of valuable capabilities. Then comes the British portion of Oregon and New Caledonia. New Caledonia adjoins the Russian territory. It is described, says a recent account, as very beautiful, abounding in fine forests, rivers and lakes. Upon the West side of the Rocky Mountains a still milder climate is observed.

Such are the vast tracts of country lying beyond Canada and including the Hudson's Bay domains, which are yet to be opened up and made available to enterprise industry. The day may come when passing up the Ottawa valley, a railway shall link the Atlantic with the Pacific and traverse these territories. The suggestions thrown out in the pamphlet in question, are well deserving of the attention of our statesmen. No one who views the position and resources of Canada, who estimates her vast capabilities, who reflects upon the wide extent of habitable territory beyond her, and who looks forward to the day when the Lower Provinces shall be confederated with her, into one grand associated group of British dependencies, but would be convinced that an inviting

future lies before our country. The day may not be far distant when the expansion of our population and its influx into the country beyond Lake Superior, will justify the establishment of a new Province, having the Red River as its *chef lieu*. While still others will be established in Vancouver's Island and the Oregon territory.

When these Provinces shall have been built up, it may be well conceived that in the words of Mr. Roche, "these Upper Provinces of the North West and the Saskatchewan country, the Lower Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island being joined to Canada, the whole confederated Provinces would ere long eclipse in importance all the other colonies of Great Britain, and become to her a mightier Empire in the West than India has ever been in the East." Such a view, however, some may regard it, is far from Utopian, and every lover of his country who has at heart her welfare, and who feels an interest in her future, will labor earnestly for its realization. The building up of such an empire is a "platform" which will dwarf the petty differences of local politicians, and as Haliburton says in his *Tablet*, after developing the extent of the British North American Colonies, and explaining their resources, "there are the bundle of sticks; all they want is to be well united."

We commend the paper of Mr. Roche to general perusal, and are convinced that, in its preparation he has done his adopted country good service. [Montreal Gazette.

"Blue" White Letter Paper.

The practice of bleaching the paper pulp had its origin in a singularly accidental circumstance, which not merely as an historical fact, but as forming an amusing anecdote, is perhaps worth mentioning. It occurred about the year 1790, at a paper-mill belonging to Bentshaw, whose wife, on the occasion in question, was superintending the washing of some fine linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powdered blue into the midst of some pulp in a forward state of preparation, and so great was the fear she entertained of the mischief she had done, seeing the blue amalgamating with the pulp, that allusion to it was studiously avoided; until, on Mr. Bentshaw's inquiring in great astonishment, what it was that had imparted the peculiar colour to the pulp, his wife, perceiving that no great damage had been done, took courage and at once disclosed the secret, for which she was afterwards rewarded in a remarkable manner by her husband, who, being naturally pleased with an advance of so much as four shillings per bundle, upon submitting the improved make to the London market, immediately purchased a costly scarlet cloak (somewhat more congenial to taste in those days, it is presumed than it would be now), which he carefully conveyed home, and presented with much satisfaction to the sharer of his joy.—Herring's Paper and Paper Making.

Saved by his Wife's Corpse.

A thrilling incident of the preservation of life is given in Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory. A Mr. Walters, a passenger on the steamer Anthony Wayne, was taking from Chicago back to Philadelphia, the remains of his fond and loving wife, to be buried among the relations and friends. During the trip, the ill-fated boat exploded all her boilers, killing nearly every one on board. Mr. W. was lifted several hundred in the air, and fell into the water almost lifeless. The night was dark and dreary, and in his frantic struggles to keep himself afloat, he accidentally struck against a box, to which he clung all night long with desperation. When daylight appeared, he discovered to his horror that the box which had saved his life contained the corpse of his wife.

A LADY'S OPINION.—The meanest and most contemptible of mankind may yet find some human advocate; and male coquetry have at least one defender. The poet Campbell says that he once heard a lady of distinguished beauty and rank, defend Sir Thomas Lawrence from the charge of having been guilty of paying attentions to ladies without intending to follow them up by an offer of his hand. A gentleman remarked that he thought Sir Thomas was highly blameworthy. "No," replied the lady, who was said to have been herself the temporary object of the great painter's attentions; "no not exactly—not so much to blame," said the lady, musingly.

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you astonish me. Not to blame for such conduct?"

"No not so much," was still the lady's musing response.

"Can you really madame," said the gentleman again, "defend such behaviour as a desertion?"

"Why sir," interrupted the lady, "I confess the truth, I am firmly of opinion that the majority of women would rather be courted and jilted, than not courted at all."

BOND AND FREE.

A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.—A few nights since there passed through this city, on the railroad, bound for Canada, a family of eight fugitive slaves. One of these—the leading spirit of the whole—was a woman of sixty years of age, a bold, courageous, prompt, and energetic woman. Two years ago she was living as a slave in the South. She was the mother of six children, all of whom she had seen torn from her arms when old enough to be useful, and sold away from her. One day she heard her master bargaining with a soul driver, who desired to purchase, for the far South, her grandson, a boy some fifteen years old. Stung to the quick by this design of stripping her of the last of her kindred, she instantly resolved on flight.

The same night she started with her boy for the North. Night after night they travelled by the north star—the only guide the helpless fugitive knows in making for the land of Freedom, and one that deceives him not, since it is fixed in the heavens. After long and painful wandering they arrived in Canada.

Here this heroic woman hired herself at wages. Two months ago with a purse well filled, she started back to the residence of her old master at the South. Here, alone, she concealed herself in woods and thickets, a fugitive from Freedom—cared for, however, by the trusty souls to whom she revealed the dangerous secret of her presence in the land of bondage. After remaining there some two weeks, she collected seven of her children, and grand-children, and started with them for the North. Long and slow and anxious was their journey. The same unerring star shone faithfully from above upon their midnight pathway. By day they lay by, concealed among the thickets of the country, through which they made a bee line for the North. No jail discouraged, no danger dismayed this heroic woman. Many times the party suffered to the verge of starvation. She cherished them onward—she was their only guide, their counselor and friend.

Worn down with the hardship of this perilous journey, with garments torn to shreds and fluttering in the breeze with shoes worn into fragments, without hats or bonnets, this heroine conducted her party to the home of a friend. Word was immediately passed round among some of the good souls who dwell there as the salt of the earth, that eight fugitives were concealed in a garret, and desperate of the means of further progress. The word was followed by the deed. All necessary means were instantly provided for their safe transmission to the North, and the train which passed through this city on the same night, carried the whole party towards the home of their leader, in Canada, where they have by this time undoubtedly arrived.

We doubt if a similar instance of devotion to friends and kindred is on record. It required a daring mind to even conceive the idea of going back to the scene of bondage, and encountering the hazard of discovery in the lion's den. But nothing short of that heroism which under other circumstances has made men immortal, was needed to put into execution an enterprise so full of difficulty and danger. Such spirits are not only deserving to be free, but are fitted to enjoy the largest liberty.—[Trenton State Gaz.

PROMISING YOUTHS.—A celebrated clergyman was spending a Sunday at Greenport, R.I., not long since, and of course preached a sermon. Returning from church, he passed a number of specimens of "Young America," amusing themselves with marbles, rather intimately mixed with fancy swearing. "My boy," said the Rev. Gentleman to an interesting youth of eight years, "my boy, I am quite frightened." "Are you?" answered Bantons, quite naively, "why the deuce don't you run then?"

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather thick and fast around him—when sickness falls heavy on his heart—when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, or offer reason why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt or move them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, by none to sustain him in his adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his friendship was not lavished on you for naught.

Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make one happy. The good, the kind, the affectionate, and virtuous see and feel this heavenly principle, for heavenly it is; it is the fruit gathered from a sacred germ implanted by heaven in man's bosom. And true fidelity has its reward. It may be slighted by some, overlooked by others,

but pure minded men cultivate and cherish fond and undying love for it.

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with the most vivid flashes from the darkest cloud, so does fidelity proceed from a heart susceptible to the calls of deepest melancholy, and shows itself brightest and sturdiest in the adversity of a friend.—[Mirror of the Times.

A CONVENIENT GUN.

Dr. Colton, the associate of Dr. Baynton, showed us an "Air Gun" yesterday, which to us was a great curiosity. It has the appearance of any ordinary cane, though rather large. The upper portion has an air chamber, and when charged with air by a little force pump, will drive fifteen separate shots before reloading.

The lower half of the cane forms the barrel, easily loaded with ball like an ordinary rifle. The piece is cocked by means of a short wrench. Balls are driven with such force, as to pass through an inch board at every shot. Dr. C. says, he can shoot squirrels from the tops of the highest trees in the forest. He made several excellent shots in our office—hitting a cent at a distance of thirty feet. At length one of our "Jours" proposed to stand at a distance of forty feet, with a pipe in his mouth, and allow the Doctor to shoot off the bowl. Dr. Colton accepted the proposal, and knocked the bowl into a thousand pieces, leaving the stem whole.

One would feel safer with this gun pointed at him by a skillful marksman, than to risk one of Tell's arrows, so precise is its aim and execution.—[Portland State of Maine.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

Cicero tells a story of two Arcadians, who, traveling together, came to Megara, a city of Greece, between Athens and Corinth, where one of them lodged in a friend's house, and the other at an inn. After supper the person who lodged at the private house went to bed, and falling asleep, dreamed that his friend at the inn appeared to him, and begged his assistance, because the innkeeper was going to kill him. The man immediately got out of bed, much frightened at the dream; but, recovering himself and falling asleep again, his friend appeared to him a second time, and desired that, as he would not assist him in time, he would take care at least not to let his death go unpunished, that the innkeeper having murdered him had thrown his body into a cart, and covered it with dung; he therefore begged that he would be at the city gate in the morning before the cart was out. Struck with this new dream, he went early to the gate, saw the cart, and asked the driver what was in it; the driver immediately fled, the dead body was taken out of the cart, and the innkeeper apprehended and executed.

THE FIRST PAPER MILL IN ENGLAND.

The first Paper Mill is commonly attributed to Sir John Spilman, a German, who established one in 1583 at Dordrecht, for which the honor of knighthood was afterwards conferred upon him by Queen Elizabeth, who was also pleased to grant him a licence for the sole gathering for ten years of all rags, &c. necessary for the making of such paper. It is, however, quite certain, that paper-mills were in existence here long before Spilman's time. Shakspeare, in the second part of his play of Henry the Sixth, the plot of which appears laid at least a century previously, refers to a paper mill. In fact, he introduces it as an additional weight to the charge which Jack Cade is made to bring against Lord Say. "Thou hast thou traitorously corrupted," says he, "the youth of the realm in creating a grammar school, and whereas, before, our fathers had no books but the score and tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill."

BIRMINGHAM.

If you write a letter, look at your desk, your inkstand, your steel pen, your penholder, your wafer stamp, your seal, your candlestick, or taper stand, and think how far Birmingham has been concerned in them. If a lady, seated at her work, would gossip a little about her work trinkets, the needles, pins, thimble, bodkin, piercer, crochet, and knitting needles—all would tell of Birmingham, or some few instances of Sheffield or Redditch. If you walk abroad and rain befall you, ask who made the metal work of your umbrella. If you ride on horseback, think where the bridle bit, the stirrups, and the buckles came from. In short, do anything, go anywhere, buy, beg, borrow, make, alter, eat, drink, walk, ride, look, hear, touch—you cannot shake off Birmingham for many minutes together.

A PETRIFIED INDIAN.—While engaged in excavating recently upon the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad, near Schlesenger, Iowa, the workmen came upon the petrified remains of an Indian, and with the remains some singular relics of the often times. The body was perfect, not having suffered by decay. His height, at the present time, would be considered gigantic, measuring seven feet two inches. On his breast was a plate of copper, on which were engraved numerous hieroglyphics, the meaning of which can hardly be imagined. But there they are, a record of past. Could these be read, they might, perhaps, unveil some of the mystery that hangs like a dark cloud over the history of the red man. An arrow of considerable strength, and considerable strength, and curious construction was also found with him, and especially invite the attention of antiquaries.

The Great Benefit of the Country.

A regular Cockney says:—"There is certainly one decided advantage that a person derives from living in the country; and that is, it enables him to wear out his old clothes and boots, and to put on such worn out shabby things generally as he never could think of wearing in town."

An Exacting Husband.

Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen, when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this, he summoned his young wife to his bedside, and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and, goading with tender emotion upon his weeping wife, said:—"My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called on to make?"

Horrid ideas of suitors, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, she gasped for an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed.

Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice:—"My beloved wife, the pining request I have to make of you is, that when I am gone, (here the poor woman sobbed and cried most vehemently,) when I am in my cold grave—(Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair.)—when I am no longer a heavy burden and a tie on you—(Oh, for Heaven's sake! howled Mrs. W.)—what am I to do? I command you my dear young wife—(yes, yes, love, sobbed Mrs. W.)—on pain of incurring my malediction—(yes, dear, groaned the horror-stricken wife,) never to marry an old man again!" Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and, in the most fervent manner, promised that she never would—and that faithful woman kept her word for life.

Mrs. PARTINGTON AND THE CITY ELECTOR.—So they have denominated Dr. Shurtless, said Mrs. Partington, as she heard of the selection of Dr. Shurtless by the Know Nothings. She had known the doctor for many years, and had admired his excellence as a man, and his ability as a physician. "Well, he is a good man, and I dare say the city will become better by a change of doctors, if he is elected. I hope he will give it a good purgatory, and work of all its corruption, for heaven knows it needs it bad enough. I wonder what doctor they will have next if he don't do good—Dr. Barker, I guess; he that gives his patients the *syllabus omnibus decem*, as they call it, and cures 'em by hellbells and deadly nightshade, done up in sugar-plums." The noise of an omnibus rendered her remarks inaudible, but her mouth kept on moving like a wheel from its own impetus, after the belt of the engine had been removed, while she was trying to list a nervous dog's tail in the crook of his hawk's foot. [Post.

To what color does flagging change boys? It makes him yell. Oh!—it makes him yell. There is a man down in Alabama so called, that he does not pay any poll-tax—his head being considered to be out of the country.

Sam. said one little urchin to another, does your schoolmaster give you any rewards, or merit? I s'pose he does, was the rejoinder, he gives me a lickin' every day, and says, I merit two.

A boarding school miss being unwell, she uttered to say she was listless, so the complaint of being listless. These are the days of refinement.

Scene in a restaurant.—Waiter, if you call this bread bring me a bucket. I want something solid.

A lady addresses in the Glasgow Herald that she wants a gentleman for breakfast and tea. The cannibal had been least of all.