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Story.

THE REPUBLIC OF "LETTERS."

By an old Typo, in "Hand and Heart."
We are a body of twenty and six,
ranked in our orders of *font and nicks*;
Twenty stout consonants, gentlemen rare,
And six soft vowels, all ladies fair;
Linked with our sisters we move along,
In graceful prose, or liquid song;
But wanting them, we're a timeless race,
Like crusty old bachelors—out of place.

We are in order of twenty and six,
Laid in *cases* or ranged in *sticks*;
Prostrate and dumb, we are doomed to lie,
Like dead men's bones, in a heap of pie,
Till our sovereign, Min, who alone can give
The mandate to make our dry bones live,
Gives a magic *shook* and the word of command,
When rank and file on our feet we stand!

Shake us! and over the earth is heard
The trumpet song of the patriot bird;
Shake us again! and the living page
Unrolls each great historic age;
Another shake! and in gorgeous pall
Sweeps the drama past, with its splendid all;
Again! and the shadows of mental night
Are scoured by philosophy's touch of light.

Shake us again! and a tempest flies
On hurricane wing through the darkened skies;
Up get people, and down go thrones,
Crown and scepter, despot and drone;
But like the hurricane's sweeping blast
That clears the air when the tempest's past,
The unseen Worker's beneficent will
Brings future good from apparent ill.

Another shake all the earth alarms,
And the frantic nations rush to arms!
Tornado of blood like rivers flow,
And the sun looks down on a world of woe;
Another shake! and the Angel of Peace
Bids the sword be sheathed, and the discord cease;
And harvest waves over the bone-strewn plain,
While trade and commerce revive again.

'Twas the grandest shaking that shook the earth
When we to the Book of Books gave birth;
When saints and martyrs defied the rage
Of priestly pride in a darkened age;
Then Conscience, unfettered, proclaimed abroad
Her charter'd rights through the Word of God,
And the Printer baffled all monkish tricks
With his magical characters, twenty and six!

STORY OF THE EASTERN QUESTION, SIMPLY TOLD.

You ask me to tell you "all about the Turks and the Eastern Question," that everybody is talking about. I am afraid that would be rather a long story, but I think I might give you a few clear ideas on the subject.

Well, you must know that a hundred years ago or less, the leading axiom of European policy was the maintenance of the "balance of power"—that is, a sort of mutual arrangement for preventing one Power from preponderating over the rest. It is rather the fashion of modern writers to laugh at the notion, but there was a great deal of wisdom in it. It was a sort of national admission that each country, beyond its own selfish interests, owed a "duty towards its neighbor," and practically it rendered war less frequent than would have otherwise been the case. Under such a system, the continued existence of Turkey was of great consequence in preserving an equal balance of power among European States. It kept Russia from becoming a Mediterranean Power; kept Austria or Russia from getting possession of the mouths of the Danube; kept France on England from taking Syria or Egypt; and so on. But Russia was perhaps the Power which was most hampered by it, and accordingly it was she chiefly who stirred up and kept alive the result of the Greeks, whose independence struck the first serious blow that Turkey received; and since that the European Powers have, with different objects, always assumed a right to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey, under pretext of protecting the Christian inhabitants. This embarrassed the Turkish Government still further, for she was forced to introduce all sorts of administrative reforms on the European model, quite unguided to the character and habits of the people. Before this, in many of the Asiatic provinces, a sort of feudal government existed, under which the people were fairly well-treated and contented, each district being governed by its own local chief. But now, instead of this, each province is governed by a Pasha from Constantinople, whose only object is to fill his own pockets as

fast as possible; so that as a general rule, there is nothing but plundering and oppression in Europe, then, as you see, is partly to blame for this, and for many of the evils of the Turkish system of government it is, unfortunately, Christians who are responsible. When the Turks took Constantinople, being ignorant of the language of their new subjects, they were obliged to carry on the business of the government through interpreters, who were usually Greeks; and thus a sort of official caste grew up, nominally Christian, but practically quite unscrupulous and pliant; and even to this day they are the ready instruments if not the source of much of the iniquity that prevails. Of course there is great jealousy between the Christians and Mohammedans—I say Mohammedans here, and not Turks, because in most of the provinces of European Turkey the Mohammedans belong to the same races as their Christian neighbors.

Unfortunately, the Christians are not united among themselves. They belong to different races, as well as to different Churches, some of which hate each other worse than they hate the Turks. The greater number of these Christians belong to the Greek Church, which causes them to look to the Czar as their head, though the most enlightened classes are usually other than they used to be of Russian advances; others, again, are more or less subject to the Pope of Rome, and these appear to have got orders not to join in the insurrection; accordingly, some of them have remained neutral, while others are fighting on the Turkish side. There is often, too, little sympathy between the bishops and their people, for the former enjoy various privileges at the hand of the Turks which makes them indisposed to rebel. All this has made it easier for the Turks to keep their Christian subjects in order. Indeed, one of their chief home difficulties is due to the jealousy felt by the Mohammedans of Slav race towards the Constantinople Turks.

The population of Turkey is composed, independently of its religious sects, of several very different races, most of them hardy, brave, and fierce; and far behind the rest of Europe in civilization. Of these the Slavs are the most important, not only from their numbers, but also from their relationship to the inhabitants of the surrounding countries. They are the latest arrival in Europe or the various races of the great family to which we belong, and all the northern provinces of Turkey, from the Black Sea to the Austrian frontier, are peopled by them. There is a good deal of sentiment talked among the Slavs about unity and "South Slav Movement" (*Pan slav all*, in Greek); and it seems that although these southern Slavs have no desire to become Russian subjects, yet Russia likes the idea of being the head and mistress of the Slav race, who being comparatively young in their civilization, and with all the vigor which youth gives a nation, believe they have a great future before them. And in this perhaps they may be right, for they are some eighty millions in number; that is more than the population of France and England together.

You know that the Turks belong to different families of mankind from that to which we and all the great European as well as the higher Indian races belong, but they have an in-born faculty for command and for ruling, as the history of the Mogul Empire in India testifies, for the Moguls were all Turks. The Turkish race in Europe have certainly in this respect degenerated, and no doubt there has been a great deal of oppression and misgovernment; but the political question is, What can the Turks—I mean the Turkish Government—now do? The feelings on both sides are so embittered, that neither creed would submit to the other; so that where the population is mixed, if the Turks did not keep down the Christians, the Christians would keep down the Turks. In Serbia, which was a few years ago a Turkish province, but has now a Prince of its own, in nominal dependence only on Turkey, there was a considerable Mohammedan population. But since Serbia became independent, they have ceased to exist. That is what the Mohammedan population know they have to expect if the Christians in Bosnia and Herzegovina get the upper hand. You will perhaps ask why some of the neighbors don't step in? Simply because each one is jealous of the other, and distrustful. We, and Austria and Germany, are all jealous of Russia, where the popular desire has long pointed to the possession of Constantinople. It may be said, Why should it matter to us? Our only rivalry with Russia is in India. Well, it is precisely for the sake of India that we are interested.

In the first place, you must remember that in the eyes of the Mohammedan world the Sultan of Turkey is a sacred personage—the

head of their religion—and his overthrow by Russia would make a profound sensation among our Mohammedan subjects and neighbors in Asia; and secondly, the possession of the Dardanelles by Russia would more or less endanger our road to India. This road must always lie through the Mediterranean; the only power, therefore, that could molest us on that road are the Mediterranean Powers—namely, Spain, France, and Italy. But it would be a very serious matter if Russia, our great Eastern rival besides, were added to these. This is by far the most important reason, from our point of view, against allowing Constantinople and the Dardanelles to fall into the hands of Russia. There are outlying provinces of Turkey also, such as the country watered by the Euphrates (through which will some day run the most direct route to India), and, above all, Egypt, which we could never see in the hands of any European Power.

To Austria, the seizure of Turkey by Russia would perhaps be more immediately serious, because no doubt Roumania, where the mouths of the Danube lie, would follow the fate of Turkey; and the possession by Russia of the mouths of the Danube, the natural outlet for her commerce, would be a great blow to Austria, and the question, for Austria, is complicated in another way. The northern provinces of Turkey, adjacent to her territories, are peopled by the Slav race, to which the Russians also belong. But Austria, too, counts a number of the Slav tribes among her population, and it would increase their loyalty (which is not very strong now) to see a great united Slav Power by their side which they were not allowed to join. You know how Austria is made up of a number of races, all violently jealous of each other. Until twenty-five years ago the Germans were supreme in the Empire, and had it all their own way. Then the Magyars, the dominant race in Hungary, having discovered that they were strong enough, refused to be ruled by Vienna any longer, and rebelled. (Take note that they had always bullied the Slavs, who were subject to them, much more than they had been bullied by the Germans, and yet all the "Liberals" in Europe supported them enthusiastically, the name of Austria being at that time the symbol of all that was despotic.) Well, the German party in self-defence stirred up their Slav subjects from Croatia, Dalmatia, &c., against their Magyar subjects, and defeated them for the time, with the help of Russia, who lent a hand, partly perhaps as a matter of Slav sentiment, but more from a dislike to rebellion in the abstract.

But the Hungarians had a great feeling for "King," and so at last they compromised the matter; and Germans and Magyars agreed to divide the power between them, as an "Austro-Hungarian" monarchy, leaving the poor Slavs who were avowed from the arrangement, out in the cold. However, they are represented in the general parliament, and are not badly off. Indeed, in such a system it is necessary to keep all parties in fairly good humour, and not to make any of them desperate. But now you see Austria's difficulty as regards Turkey. If the Slav provinces now in revolt were allowed to form themselves into an independent State, they being Slavs, this would excite the Austrian Slavs, and make them wish to join this new Slav State. Russia has very kindly suggested that Austria should step in and keep order for the present; but she has got no money to spare, and is besides not very desirous to act as policeman, and make herself unpopular among those said Slavs. Perhaps you will think that the Slavs are an European nuisance—many people do think so.

Well, then, you would think that Germany could not much care what happened in that corner of Europe, but Germany, I am afraid, is developing a quarrelsome disposition now that she is so big and strong, and having made Father Rhine quite safe, is beginning to romance about Father Danube. If Vienna is to join the German Empire, which they are already talking about at Berlin, of course the command of the Danube becomes of practical importance. It was probably not a mere accident that made a young Prussian Prince walk into Roumania one fine day some ten years ago, and get chosen as sovereign. Roumania, you must know, is composed of two Turkish provinces—Moldavia and Wallachia—and is in the same position as Serbia—i. e., under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey, independent practically, only not allowed to carry on direct relations with foreign countries. Roumania is chiefly of importance owing to her position on the Danube. But you cannot be surprised that Germany is jealous of Russia, they being such near neighbors, and having subjects of dispute to settle with each other, such as the possession by Russia of the German Baltic provinces, which, may,

I suppose, be fought out some day, since even in eighteen hundred years of Christianity the nations have not learned any less stupid way of settling their disputes.

I may as well tell you here about these so-called "German" provinces of Russia. The bulk of the population is not German, and never was, but Finnish. In heathen days they were conquered and converted by the knights of Teutonic order, with not much more tenderness, probably, than a Mohammedan conqueror would have shown. The descendants of those knights who never mingled with the people, are still the aristocracy of the country, and have long held a prominent position in Russian society, enjoying a great proportion of the highest offices in the Empire. But the native (Slav) Russians do not like this, and are now putting a stop to it—causing some blister at Berlin, which is perhaps natural, but hardly reasonable.

As for what poor France may think about the whole question, hardly any takes the trouble to ask; but I am afraid the way she chiefly looks at it is with the hope that in the general scrimmage she may get back her lost territory; and whatever alliances she may form, it will be with that as her chief object. Her principal interest in Turkey, latterly, had been about Syria, partly from reminiscences of Napoleon's attempt to take Syria away from Turkey; partly from a confused idea that, "as eldest daughter of the Church," it was her duty to protect the Christians and the "holy places" at Jerusalem, though, of course, the Latin Church was really as much an interloper at Jerusalem as the Greek Church would be at Rome. A dispute between France and Russia about these "holy places" was one of the causes of the Crimean War. But all that part of French policy is for the present at an end. And, now, I am afraid if I give you any more Turkey to day you will not be able to digest it.

"SOMEBODY CAN'T GET IN."—At eight o'clock yesterday morning the proprietor of a small saloon on Beaubien street put down the curtains, locked the door, and was walking off when he was hailed by a policeman. The saloonist crossed the street to the officer and said, "Dat black is glosed up for von week." "What's the matter?" asked the officer. "Well I can't stand such feelings around." In de first place, a man comes in and says, "Well, Dilden is elected," and he kicks over the chairs. "Pooty soon comes anudder man in and he says, 'Hooray! Hayes has got 'em now!' and he kicks over a dable. Anudder man in a little while comes in and says, 'Nobady is elected any more!' and he pinks some glasses. Shud like dot has it been for a week, and I am clean discouraged. If somepdy says Dilden is elected, I pelief dot; if somepdy says Hayes is elected, I pelief dot; if somepdy says nobpdy is elected, I feels like dis country vhas going to some dogs right away." "Yes it does bother one," consoled the officer. Tell all der poya dot I have glosed up for returns, and dot somepdy can't get in," replied the man and he turned his face homeward.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Two or Hix."—The following story comes from the City of Dublin.—A barber was waited on one morning by a nice young gentleman who desired the hair-dresser's lowest terms per week for keeping his comely caput in condition. A moderate sum was named and accepted. Thereafter the new customer appeared regularly every day for a "close shave," with frequent additions of shampooing and hair-cutting, and often twice a day. In short, the barber marvelled much at the rapidity with which this young man's beard and hair grew; and the mystery was only solved after a considerable lapse of time, when on day "two of him" came into the shop at once for a shave. The original customer who made the bargain had a twin brother so exactly like him in personal appearance that one couldn't tell 'tween from which," and the two had been getting the attention of the tonsor for the price paid for one.

The following letter was received at the Executive mansion the other day:
Ulysses S. Grant—Hon. Sir:
As I'm only a farmer's daughter,
And you are a President grand,
It's more than likely we shall never meet
'This side of 'The Happy Land.'
So I wish to make a little request,
'Tis sent with a girlish laugh;
Will you please to favor me, kind sir,
With the President's autograph?
IDA ELDRIDGE.
CAMBRIDGE, Washington Co., N. Y.
She got it.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD ON BELIEF OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Principal Caird, D. D., preached in the South Parish Church, Greenock, recently, the building being densely crowded. Taking for his text the words "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," the preacher at the outset referred briefly to the forms of moral and mental slavery, including prejudice, narrow-mindedness, and hereditary belief of the generally accepted Bible truths. Some people, he said, took their belief of Bible truths from their ministers, from public opinion, conventional associations &c. Others founded their belief in the Bible because of the miracles and prophecies recorded by the book, and also to a great extent from their having been taught that it was a sacred oracular testimony. He made bold to say that his belief in the Bible was not founded on any of these reasons. There were a good many people to whom that statement might seem half blasphemous—people who said, Here is a book the inspiration of which has been proven by miracles and prophecies wrought, and every word in which they would implicitly believe. Here are certain doctrines which inspired prophets and teachers have transmitted to the world, and these people held that it was for them to believe humbly and reverently, and take these teachings on trust. Now, however humble and reverent such language was, he (Dr. Caird) made bold to say that it was not the language of belief. Was that the deepest and truest which believed the Bible to be God's word because wonderful miracles had been wrought in support of it? No, it was not; but the true belief was of self-inspirational consciousness, under the influence of which a person could say he knew and felt it to be the truth, and though heaven and earth should be brought together to disprove it his faith would remain unshaken. To believe the Bible inspired because people may have been taught so, was a shallow second-hand belief. The humility of intelligence was nobler than the humility of ignorance, and there might be too much humility in the blind acceptance of an oracular book. But when he found that such a book satisfied all the cravings of his heart, and shed a light on the deepest problems of man's existence, he rendered it an intelligent homage superior to that of ignorant trust or blind belief.

A VICTIM OF THE FREEDMAN'S BANK.—"I ain't wet in dis year, boss," said a venerable darkey to a gentleman from whom he had solicited 10 cents' "ter gitt de ole nigger a dram." "I ain't wet in dis year," cause I see dey's gwine ter take de common fun General Grant. I ain't foolin' wid politics no how. De me I woid de woe money I los' in dat Freedman Bank. Dey wuz just a milkin' me right long."

"Why didn't you make a fuss about it?" queried the gentleman.
"Lor boss! Wat de reezen do pullet don't cackle when de nigger comes 'long an' lift him offen de roos?"
The gentleman could not faw the conundrum.

A SNAKE!—A Chicago grocer and his family took dinner with one of his patrons a few days since. "This is very nice chicken," observed the grocer, as he discussed a piece of the leading dish on the table. "Very nice spring chicken, I should judge." "That shows what kind of a judge you are," broke in the irrepressible youngster of the household. "Mother says that chicken is the toughest old rooster she saw in all her born days, an' she bought it from you too!" The rest of the meal passed off in silence, but soon after the guests had gone away an atmospheric disturbance arose in that house which shook it from roof to foundation.—*Chicago Journal.*

"What do you think of the present jury system?" inquired a man of an old Chicago ex-Judge the other evening. "Think?" echoed the old man in disgust. "Why, I think it is getting so that if a man should plead guilty of murder, and try to get hung, the jury would, somehow or other, manage to acquit him."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Whomver to himself hath said,
I will a family paper take,
Both for my own and children's sake?
If such there be, let him repent
And have this paper to him sent
—*Freehold Democrat.*

A Scotchman went to a lawyer once for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, ave, ser!" replied he. "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth. Ye can put the lies into it yourself."

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