

OLD AND NEW RUSSIA.

A Brief History of its Political and Social Growth, in Connection With the Rise of the Romanoffs.

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It is unnecessary in the scope of these articles to further consider the history of Russia until the beginning of the period of the Crimean war, when signs of internal life and agitation began to be manifest; and the vast hive of people began to show signs of national consciousness and individual power.

From Peter to Nicholas it was more a work of developing internal cohesiveness rather than an individual political life, by cementing with a common religious bond, and a common national sympathy, the discordant social elements from which the nation was created. With some important exceptions, the influence of the czars had been exerted in the effort to stimulate individualism, and to introduce the activity and civilized methods of Western Europe, and to educate the people into a newer life. There was little fertility of the soil for the development of individualism, as we have seen, from the peculiar communistic formation of the masses of Russian society, and the efforts to implant its growth have proceeded from no impulse from within, but from a creation of circumstances from without too artificial in their nature to affect the masses. The nobility and the families of government officials and those of the merchant class were superficially educated, and the educational influences were almost solely French, and French literature of the past century is exactly of that nature to mislead a people like the Russian.

With the student class, which as a class has during the last twenty years amounted to more than three hundred thousand, has grown the agitation known as Nihilism, and has gradually spread the idealism of Western civilization through the masses of the cities, where the *Artel* has furnished the nucleus of organization for the extension of political "heresies," as new ideas and new methods are usually termed. These ideas have spread of late through the peasant class, who, since the Russian army has been reorganized on the Prussian plan, have become a living part of both the empire and army.

Nihilism is not, as has been so generally believed, a distinct political system, but an agglomeration of all the elements which are opposed to the present government, and shade from believers in constitutional monarchy to communists of the most radical type. The fact that it is destructive in all its tendencies does not result so much from the tenets of the sect—which really has no settled beliefs—as from the fact that the czarism has opposed itself so violently to all change, that the change, when it came, as it inevitably would, was equally as violent in its manifestation; and the secret character and splendor of the order existed in the *Artel* before the period of change and unsettlement came.

The ideas of Western Europe, with all their newness and splendor, meet with a ready response from the Russian masses, owing to the fact that Pan Hellenism and Pan Slavism have both been so zealously fostered by the government that it is affecting the entire character of the people. They have had held before them the history and example of the heroic Greek as a heritage which was their's by right, and through the medium of Western literature they perceive they are far from their ideal, and the idea of liberty which is taught everywhere in the lessons of their own experience and in the national *esprit* of Pan Slavism; they are making protest in the only way a protest is possible in Russia. How the government has perverted the growth of Western ideas, the following excerpt on the student life will show, and no better reason for the present condition of Russia can be given or required.

The crimes entered against them in the books of the "Third Section" are, verbatim, as follows:—They had become "suspected," but of what or in what degree there was no attempt at proof. They "had not denounced" comrades proved guilty of receiving forbidden pamphlets; they had been "insubordinate" to school inspectors, or had received more than the permitted quantum of bad marks for Latin. Official reports say that only 1,098 cases come under the above mentioned category; but sad and well founded rumors say that 10,000 such arrests took place some three years ago on the occasion of the political trial of the "193." Up to the present moment, out of the official 193 only 115 have been set at liberty, and thirty out of that number allowed to continue their university career, no grounds, legal or illegal, being found to forbid their doing so. Russian Commissioners work slowly; questions and answers come and go but slowly between St. Petersburg, Arkangel, or Eastern Siberia; and yet many among the remaining 1,581 are given signs of life; newspapers are keeping them before the public; they themselves are writing home carefully worded letters and are hoping as it were against hope. In the cheerless region of Arkangel—of which the aborigines say, "God made Russia but the devil made Arkangel"—there are more than two hundred of those banished ones, men and women, all young, all poor, most of them sent without trial, few among them knowing even of what they were accused.

The personality of the czar has little to do with the state of things above described. It is the natural outgrowth of a system which, from the czar to the humblest servant of the crown has no political responsibility. Private spies by one official over another are at the bottom of much of this persecution, and Russian officialism is so honey-combed with official corruption and official irresponsibility

that the head seldom knows of what is passing on beneath him. The system was wisely administered by the late czar, but his wisdom could not undo the abuses which centuries had inured it with. It was a result of peculiar conditions, which are now almost gone, and must soon crumble into Nihilism, (nothing). Whether from out of the ruins the Romanoffs will build another political fabric or remain buried under it, no one can guess. But that the day of ruin is not far off every one believes.

Judge Hunt's First Official Order.

The following interesting selections are made from Judge Hunt's first official order, lately issued as Secretary of the Navy:

3. Before proceeding on a voyage the commanders of all ships in the service of the United States are hereby required to weigh anchors and promptly forward weight of same to this department.

7. Commissioned officers, while on duty, are hereby forbid wearing belaying pins in their shirt bosoms.

9. The spinning of main and mizzen tops is hereby prohibited.

12. Commanders of all vessels in the service on entering port must at once forward three sample bottles to this department.

17. No sailor or marine in the service of the United States will hereafter be required to heave the log. The ship's log will, in every instance, be split and sawed by machinery and carefully stowed away under the boiler.

23. Commanders of all vessels will hereafter be held to strict account for the waist of their ships while in the service.

27. The attention of all warrant officer is directed to the better preservation of their respective ship's rigging. Hereafter the stewardess upon every vessel will be held responsible for the sheets and no free sheets will be allowed.

35. All rude sports, such as boxing the compass are hereby prohibited.

52. The further employment in the service of watch dogs or dog watches (*sic*) is hereby prohibited.

73. The further use of holy stones is hereby interdicted in deference to popular religious sentiment.

84. The presence of females on board ship being deemed inimical to the service, no officer or foremost hand will hereafter be allowed to take his Kit on board.

102. Officers in active service are hereby forbidden to wear corsets or stays, such as back-stays, or bob-stays, etc.

119. All requisitions for tacks, whether larboard or starboard tacks, must be made directly to the Chandlery Bureau.

216. All requisitions for yard arms must be made to the Ordnance Bureau.

297. Pursers on board of vessels in service will hereafter keep a correct record of deaths and berths occurring on board.

307. Hereafter no captain will be allowed the use of a gig except on shore.

313. Commanders of all vessels in the service will at once report to this department whether the decks in use upon their respective crafts are full decks or euche decks.

329. On and after this date no game chickens or cooking mains will be allowed upon any ships in the service, and the cock pits will be at once closed.

Baby is Dead.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line, copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in coffined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half worn—dainty garments—shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound, show covered in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch, in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it can not harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those whom our careless pen stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.—*Telegraph Operator.*

Carnival Privileges.

A famous legendary personage in Cologne, and, indeed, in all Germany, says a foreign letter, is Marshal Tunn von Dux, commander-in-chief of the Star guard. Now, the Star guard was the ancient municipal militia,

which took its name from the Eleven Stars, which—together with three stars, a virgin and a peasant—still occupy the four departments of the city escutcheon.

The Star guard has passed away, but happy are the living mortals who, on the Monday of Rose, enjoy the right of resurrecting the tradition and donning the uniforms of those terrible lansquenets—terrible especially to the fair sex.

From Saturday evening until the dawn of Shrove Tuesday they are allowed to do almost whatever they please. Their most enviable privilege is that of kissing every young and pretty lady they meet on their way. Husbands and fathers, brothers and lovers may form a rampart with their bodies in vain to protect the besieged fair ones; it is no use. As soon as Marshal Tunn von Dux, from the height of his battle steed, has discovered a fortress of this kind bidding defiance to his brave followers, he orders a charge, and the invincible Stars rush to the assault with an intrepidity worthy of heroic ages. Against force there is no possible resistance, and after the most comical of struggles, when the masculine defenders have been put to flight in the midst of uproarious laughter the fair ones themselves are assaulted with mitrailleuse volleys of flowers, and finally taken prisoners. This captivity, at once joyous and terrible, lasts until each captor has taken himself a delightful ransom from the lips of the unfortunate victims.

Another Good Boy.

A Detroit grocer the other day was hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner and give him a chance at his own noonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from the door and run, and I run after him and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes sir."

"And good boys should always be rewarded and encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward someone. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled a little chuck as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy, with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out!"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.—*Free Press.*

Joyful Impulses.

Exuberant animal spirits, says the London *Telegraph*, have seldom proved so baneful a gift to their possessor as in the case of a young Australian artisan and German extraction, whose patriotic and loyal interest in the marriage of the heir presumptive to the German throne prompted him to travel all the way from Sidney to Berlin in order to take part in the popular rejoicings with which that auspicious event was celebrated last month. This light-hearted enthusiast was joyfully promenading Linden avenue on the Friday afternoon before the wedding, inspecting with lively interest the preparations for Princess Vittoria's state entry into the capital, when suddenly he espied a German maiden of extraordinary beauty tripping towards him with elfin grace. In the fulness of his heart he clasped this type of Teutonic loveliness to his manly bosom, and imprinted a patriot kiss upon her lips. The blushing maiden instantly gave him in charge, and he was led away to the Molkenmarkt, where, interrogated as to his motive for embracing a daughter of the city without the least provocation, he pleaded that "his joyful impulses had outstepped his discretion, and irrepressibly stimulated him to salute an incorporate ideal of German maidenhood." This extenuating allegation, which might have melted a heart of stone, produced no visible effect upon the Prussian polizei-lieutenant, who forthwith sent the youthful Australian to prison for five days. When he was released, all the festivities he had traveled twelve thousand miles to participate in were over and done with.

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