

The World's Story

Russia

VOLUME TWENTY-TWO

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 22
Russia

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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RUSSIA

I

FOLK-TALES AND EARLY HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

OUR first knowledge of Russia comes from vague stories of a time when Finns lived in the north, Slavonians in the interior, and Scythians in the south. The Northmen were more civilized than these people, and, according to tradition, they were asked to come and rule the turbulent folk of Russia. In the year 862, a Northman named Rurik and his two brothers accepted the invitation. At the death of the brothers, Rurik became "Grand Prince." He chose Novgorod for his capital, and before the ninth century it had become a large and flourishing town.

In the tenth century Queen Olga reigned. She was the first Russian sovereign to embrace Christianity. Her grandson, Vladimir the Great (980–1015), followed her example and destroyed the idols.

In the thirteenth century, Jenghiz Khan and his Tartars swept down from the country lying north of the Chinese Empire upon the Polovtsi, who dwelt near the Sea of Azov. The Polovtsi appealed to the Russians, and the Russians came to their aid. Jenghiz Khan sent a messenger to say that he had no quarrel with Russia, but only with the Polovtsi. In the simple and direct fashion of the day, the Russians put the messenger to death. Then followed such warfare as Russia had never known. A vast horde of Tartars under Batui Khan swept over the land, deluging it with blood. The story of the invasions is told in a single sentence by an ancient chronicler — "The Mongols came, destroyed, burnt, slaughtered, plundered, and departed." Neither armies nor walled cities could withstand the torrent. It was the custom of the Tartars to estimate the number of their victims by collecting their right ears, and the sack of Moscow alone is said to have yielded 270,000 ears.

As a result of the Tartar invasion, commerce and government were swept away, and Russian civilization was set back more than two centuries behind that of the rest of Europe.

THE IMP AND THE CRUST

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

A POOR peasant set out one morning to plough, taking with him for his breakfast a crust of bread. He got his plough ready, wrapped the bread in his coat, put it under a bush, and set to work. After a while, when his horse was tired and he was hungry, the peasant fixed the plough, let the horse loose to graze, and went to get his coat and his breakfast.

He lifted the coat, but the bread was gone! He looked and looked, turned the coat over, shook it out — but the bread was gone. The peasant could not make this out at all.

"That's strange," thought he; "I saw no one, but all the same some one has been here and has taken the bread!"

It was an imp who had stolen the bread while the peasant was ploughing, and at that moment he was sitting behind the bush, waiting to hear the peasant swear and call upon the Devil.

The peasant was sorry to lose his breakfast, but, "It can't be helped," said he. "After all, I shan't die of hunger! No doubt whoever took the bread needed it. May it do him good!"

And he went to the well, had a drink of water, and rested a bit. Then he caught his horse, harnessed it, and began ploughing again.

The imp was crestfallen at not having made the peas-

ant sin, and he went to report what had happened to the Devil, his master.

He came to the Devil and told how he had taken the peasant's bread, and how the peasant instead of cursing had said, "May it do him good!"

The Devil was angry and replied: "If the man got the better of you, it was your own fault — you don't understand your business! If the peasants, and their wives after them, take to that sort of thing, it will be all up with us. The matter can't be left like that! Go back at once," said he, "and put things right. If in three years you don't get the better of that peasant, I'll have you ducked in holy water!"

The imp was frightened. He scampered back to earth, thinking how he could redeem his fault. He thought and thought, and at last he hit upon a good plan.

He turned himself into a laboring man, and went and took service with the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a marshy place. The peasant took his advice, and sowed in the marsh. The year turned out a very dry one, and the crops of the other peasants were all scorched by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew thick and tall and full-eared. Not only had he grain enough to last him for the whole year, but he had much left over besides.

The next year the imp advised the peasant to sow on the hill; and it turned out a wet summer. Other people's corn was beaten down and rotted and the ears did not fill; but the peasant's crop, up on the hill, was a fine one. He had more grain left over than before, so that he did not know what to do with it all.

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could mash

the grain and distil spirit from it; and the peasant made strong drink, and began to drink it himself and give it to his friends.

So the imp went to the Devil, his master, and boasted that he had made up for his failure. The Devil said that he would come and see for himself how the case stood.

He came to the peasant's house, and saw that the peasant had invited his well-to-do neighbors, and was treating them to drink. His wife was offering the drink to the guests, and as she handed it round she tumbled against the table and spilt a glassful.

The peasant was angry, and scolded his wife: "What do you mean? Do you think it's ditch-water that you must go pouring good stuff like that over the floor?"

The imp nudged the Devil, his master, with his elbow: "See," said he, "that's the man who did not grudge his last crust!"

The peasant, still railing at his wife, began to carry the drink round himself. Just then a poor peasant returning from work came in uninvited. He greeted the company, sat down, and saw that they were drinking. Tired with his day's work, he felt that he too would like a drop. He sat and sat, and his mouth kept watering, but the host instead of offering him any only muttered: "I can't find drink for every one who comes along."

This pleased the Devil: but the imp chuckled and said, "Wait a bit, there's more to come yet!"

The rich peasants drank, and their host drank, too. And they began to make false, oily speeches to one another.

The Devil listened and listened, and praised the imp.

"If," said he, "the drink makes them so foxy that

they begin to cheat each other, they will soon all be in our hands."

"Wait for what's coming," said the imp. "Let them have another glass all round. Now they are like foxes, wagging their tails and trying to get round one another; but presently you will see them like savage wolves."

The peasants had another glass each, and their talk became wilder and rougher. Instead of oily speeches, they began to abuse and snarl at one another. Soon they took to fighting, and punched one another's noses. And the host joined in the fight, and he too got well beaten.

The Devil looked on and was much pleased at all this.

"This is first-rate," said he.

But the imp replied: "Wait a bit — the best is yet to come. Wait till they have had a third glass. Now they are raging like wolves, but let them have one more glass, and they will be like swine."

The peasants had their third glass, and became quite like brutes. They muttered and shouted, not knowing why, and not listening to one another.

Then the party began to break up. Some went alone, some in twos, and some in threes, all staggering down the street. The host went out to speed his guests, but he fell on his nose into a puddle, smeared himself from top to toe, and lay there grunting like a hog.

This pleased the Devil still more.

"Well," said he, "you have hit on a first-rate drink, and have quite made up for your blunder about the bread. But now tell me how this drink is made. You must first have put in fox's blood: that was what made the peasants sly as foxes. Then, I suppose, you added wolf's blood: that is what made them fierce like wolves.

And you must have finished off with swine's blood, to make them behave like swine."

"No," said the imp, "that was not the way I did it. All I did was to see that the peasant had more corn than he needed. The blood of the beasts is always in man; but as long as he has only enough corn for his needs, it is kept in bounds. While that was the case, the peasant did not grudge his last crust. Butwhen he had corn leftover, he looked for ways of getting pleasure out of it. And I showed him a pleasure — drinking! And when he began to turn God's good gifts into spirits for his own pleasure, —the fox's, wolf's, and swine's blood in him all came out. If only he goes on drinking, he will always be a beast!"

The Devil praised the imp, forgave him his former blunder, and advanced him to a post of high honor.

THE STORY OF IRON AND THE POISON WATER

FROM THE KALEVALA

[THE Kalevala (land of heroes) is the national epic poem of Finland.

The Editor.]

THEN the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Thus addressed the sleeping iron:
"Thou most useful of the metals,
Thou art sleeping in the marshes,
Thou art hid in low conditions,
Where the wolf treads in the swamp-lands,
Where the bear sleeps in the thickets.
Hast thou thought and well considered,
What would be thy future station,
Should I place thee in the furnace,
Thus to make thee free and useful?"

Then was Iron sorely frightened,
Much distressed and full of horror,
When of Fire he heard the mention,
Mention of his fell destroyer.

Then again speaks Ilmarinen,
Thus the smith addresses Iron:
"Be not frightened, useful metal,
Surely Fire will not consume thee,
Will not burn his younger brother,

Will not harm his nearest kindred.
Come thou to my room and furnace,
Where the fire is freely burning,
Thou wilt live and grow and prosper,
Wilt become the swords of heroes,
Buckles for the belts of women."

Ere arose the star of evening,
Iron ore had left the marshes,
From the water-beds had risen,
Had been carried to the furnace,
In the fire the smith had laid it,
Laid it in his smelting furnace.
Ilmarinen starts the bellows,
Gives three motions of the handle,
And the iron flows in streamlets
From the forge of the magician,
Soon becomes like baker's leaven,
Soft as dough for bread of barley.
Then out-screamed the metal, Iron:
"Wondrous blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Take, O take me from thy furnace,
From this fire and cruel torture."

Ilmarinen thus made answer:
"I will take thee from my furnace,
Thou art but a little frightened,
Thou shalt be a mighty power,
Thou shalt slay the best of heroes,
Thou shalt wound thy dearest brother."

Straightway Iron made this promise,
Vowed and swore in strongest accents,

By the furnace, by the anvil,
By the tongs, and by the hammer,
These the words he vowed and uttered:
"Many trees that I can injure,
Can devour the hearts of mountains,
Shall not slay my nearest kindred,
Shall not kill the best of heroes,
Shall not wound my dearest brother;
Better live in civil freedom,
Happier would be my lifetime,
Should I serve my fellow-beings,
Serve as tools for their convenience,
Than as implements of warfare,
Slay my friends and nearest kindred,
Wound the children of my mother."

Now the master, Ilmarinen,
The renowned and skillful blacksmith,
From the fire removes the iron,
Places it upon the anvil,
Hammers well until it softens,
Hammers many fine utensils,
Hammers spears, and swords, and axes,
Hammers knives, and forks, and hatchets,
Hammers tools of all descriptions.

Many things the blacksmith needed,
Many things he could not fashion,
Could not make the tongue of iron
Could not hammer steel from iron,
Could not make the iron harden.
Well considered Ilmarinen,

Deeply thought and long reflected.
Then he gathered birchen ashes,
Steeped the ashes in the water,
Made a lye to harden iron,
Thus to form the steel most needful.
With his tongue he tests the mixture,
Weighs it long and well considers,
And the blacksmith speaks as follows:
"All this labor is for nothing,
Will not fashion steel from iron,
Will not make the soft ore harden."

Now a bee flies from the meadow,
Blue-wing coming from the flowers,
Flies about, then safely settles
Near the furnace of the smithy.

Thus the smith the bee addresses,
These the words of Ilmarinen:
"Little bee, thou tiny birdling,
Bring me honey on thy winglets,
On thy tongue, I pray thee, bring me
Sweetness from the fragrant meadows,
From the little cups of flowers,
From the tips of seven petals,
That we thus may aid the water
To produce the steel from iron."

Evil Hisi's bird, the hornet,
Heard these words of Ilmarinen,
Looking from the cottage gable,
Flying to the bark of birch trees,

While the iron bars were heating,
While the steel was being tempered;
Swiftly flew the stinging hornet,
Scattered all the Hisi horrors,
Brought the hissing of the serpent,
Brought the venom of the adder,
Brought the poison of the spider,
Brought the stings of all the insects,
Mixed them with the ore and water,
While the steel was being tempered.

Ilmarinen, skillful blacksmith,
First of all the iron-workers,
Thought the bee had surely brought him
Honey from the fragrant meadows,
From the little cups of flowers,
From the tips of seven petals,
And he spake the words that follow:
"Welcome, welcome, is thy coming,
Honeyed sweetness from the flowers
Thou has brought to aid the water,
Thus to form the steel from iron!"

Ilmarinen, ancient blacksmith,
Dipped the iron into water,
Water mixed with many poisons,
Thought it but the wild bee's honey;
Thus he formed the steel from iron.
When he plunged it into water,
Water mixed with many poisons,
When he placed it in the furnace,
Angry grew the hardened iron,

Broke the vow that he had taken,
Ate his words like dogs and devils,
Mercilessly cut his brother,
Madly raged against his kindred,
Caused the blood to flow in streamlets
From the wounds of man and hero.
This, the origin of iron,
And of steel of light blue color.

THE COUNTRY AND CUSTOMS OF THE SCYTHIANS

[Fifth century B.C.]

BY HERODOTUS

CONCERNING the Scythians and other nations that dwell in these parts there are some things worthy to be told.

All this country is in winter cold beyond measure. For eight months, indeed, the frost is such that a man can scarce bear it; and during this time if you pour water on the ground you cannot make mud; but if you light a fire you can make it. The sea is frozen, and the Scythians march across the ice and drive their wagons on it to that part of Asia which lieth over against them. The sea which they cross is the Cimmerian Bosphorus, being at the extremity of the Black Sea eastward. So is it for eight months of the year; and in the four that remain there is ofttimes frost. Nor is the winter such as is wont to be in other countries; for it raineth scarcely ever, but in summer it raineth continually. Also there is never heard thunder at this time, but in summer it is very grievous. The horses endure the cold, but the asses and the mules perish; but elsewhere asses and mules endure it—but horses if they stand still are mortified by frost. Perchance the cold is the cause why the oxen have not horns. To this agreeth what Homer saith in the "Wanderings of Ulysses" —

"Libya, where quickly grow the lambkin's horns."

For in lands where there is much heat horns ever grow

quickly. As to the mules, in Elis also, though it is not over cold, mules are never born. But the people of Elis say that this is by reason of a curse.

As to the feathers, whereof the Scythians affirm the air in the regions beyond them to be full, so that no man may pass through them, or even see them, the truth seems to be this. In the upper country snow falleth continually, but in summer less than in winter. Now, whosoever hath seen snow close at hand when it is falling quickly knoweth it to be like to feathers. And it is easily to be believed that by reason of the cold the northern part of this land cannot be inhabited.

Of the customs of the Scythians the greater part are not to be praised; but one thing they order in a fashion more admirable than do any other men; and this thing is of all human affairs the most important. If an enemy invade their country he shall never escape from it, nor shall he ever be able to come up with them unless they will. For they have neither cities nor forts, but they carry about their houses with them, and they are all archers, shooting from horseback, and they live not by tillage, but by cattle, and their dwellings are on wagons. Hence it has come to pass that no man can conquer them, or even so much as come near to them. For this manner of life the land wherein they dwell is suitable, and their rivers also are a help; for the land is plain and grassy and well watered, and the rivers that flow through it are well-nigh equal in number to the canals that are in Egypt.

They worship five Gods; first Vesta, honoring her beyond all others, and next Zeus and Earth (and Earth they call the wife of Zeus) and in the third place Apollo,

and the Heavenly Aphrodite, and Heracles, and Ares. These all the Scythians worship, and the Royal Scythians worship Poseidon. Images and altars and temples they make for Ares only.

They have but one manner of sacrificing. The beast is made to stand with its forefeet bound together. Then he that sacrificeth, standing behind the beast, pulleth the end of the rope wherewith it is bound— causing it to fall; and as it falleth, he calleth aloud the name of the god to whom he offereth the beast. Afterward he putteth a noose round its neck, and in the noose a small stick, the which he twisteth, and so strangleth the beast. But he lighteth no fire, nor useth consecration, nor poureth out libation; but so soon as it is strangled busies himself with the boiling of it. Now there is no wood in the land of Scythia, for which cause they use this method for the boiling of the flesh. First they flay the beast, and after strip off the flesh from the bones. This flesh they put into caldrons of the country, if they chance to have such; and these caldrons are like to the mixing bowls of the Arabs, but are larger by much; and under they burn the bones of the beast. But if they have no caldron, they put all the flesh of the best into the paunch, and mixing it with water, burn the bones as before. The bones burn excellently well, and the paunch easily holds all the flesh when it has been stripped off. And when the flesh is boiled, the sacrificer takes of the entrails and of the flesh and casts them on the earth before him; and this is their manner of offering.

But to Ares they offer sacrifice after another manner. In each district of the land, at the chief place of it, there is a temple of Ares; and the temple is of this fashion.

Fagots of brushwood are piled together in a heap, whereof the breadth is three furlongs, and the length three furlongs, but the height not so much. On this there is made a platform that is foursquare, and steep on every side save one only; but by this one a man may climb on the top. And on this they pile year by year one hundred and fifty wagons loads of brushwood, for the rains cause it to sink. In the midst of this platform is a sword of iron, made after an ancient fashion; and this sword is the image of Ares. And year by year they offer to this sword sheep and horses; and of the men whom they take captive in battle they choose one out of every hundred and sacrifice them, but after a different manner to the sacrificing of the beasts. They pour wine on the heads of the men, and slay them over a great vessel, and then taking the blood on to the platform, pour it over the sword that serveth for an image. This they do with the blood, but as to the dead bodies they cut from them the right shoulders down to the hand and throw them into the air. Afterward they slay the other victims, and so depart.

Swine they use never in sacrifice; nay, they will not so much as keep this beast in their country.

Concerning war they have these customs. The first man that a Scythian slays in battle he drinks of his blood; and he takes the heads of all he slays and carries them to the king. If he carry the head, then hath he a share of all the booty whatsoever may be taken, but if he carry it not, he hath no share. He flays the head in this manner. He makes a cut round about it above the ears, and shakes the skull out of the scalp. The scalp he cleanses with the bone of an ox, and when he has softened it with his hand, useth it for a napkin. The Scythians

hang these scalps upon their bridles and make much account of them; for he that hath most napkins of this sort is reckoned to be the bravest of his company. Some sew the scalps together for cloaks, and others make covers of them for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is very white and of a beautiful luster beyond all other skins. With the skulls they deal in this fashion, but not with all, but with the skulls of these only whom being alive they have most abhorred. The upper part, having been cut off above the eyebrows, they cover with a covering of leather, and use it for a drinking cup. And if a man be poor, this sufficeth him; but if he be rich, he addeth within a lining of gold. If a man have a quarrel with a kinsman, and overcome in a trial before the king, he dealeth with his skull in this fashion. And if he entertain strangers that are men of note, he will hand to them these cups, and tell how they were skulls of kinsmen that had a feud with him and were vanquished before the king.

Once in every year the chief man in each district mixeth a great bowl of wine; and all the Scythians thathave slain an enemy in battle drink of it; but they who have not done this taste not of the wine, but sit apart as men that are disgraced. Such as have slain very many enemies have two cups instead of one, and drink from both.

Among the Scythians are many soothsayers who use divination by bundles of rods which they loose, putting each wand by itself, and so prophesying. If the King of the Scythians fall sick, he sendeth for three soothsayers that are of the best repute. These use divination after the manner aforesaid; and for the most part they say that such and such a man hath sworn falsely by the

king's hearth, naming this or that citizen. (It is the custom of the Scythians to swear by the king's hearth when they would take a very great oath.) Then certain men lay hold on the man who is accused of having sworn falsely, and the soothsayers affirm that he has sworn falsely, by the king's hearth. But the man is very vehement in denying that he hath done any such thing. Whereupon the king sendeth for other soothsayers, twice as many in number as the former. If these, when they have used divination, find the man guilty of having sworn falsely, then they cut off his head forthwith, and the former soothsayers divide his possessions among themselves; but if the second company of soothsayers acquit him, then the king sendeth for others, and for others again. And if the greater part acquit him, then the former soothsayers must die. They fill a wagon with brushwood, and yoke oxen to it; and they bind the soothsayers hand and foot, and put gags in their mouths, and so cast them into the midst of the brushwood. Then they set fire under the wood, and cause the oxen to run, frightening them. Ofttimes the oxen are consumed with the soothsayers, but sometimes, if the pole chance to be burnt through, they are singed only, and so escape. If the king cause a man to be put to death, he slayeth all his male children also, but the female he suffereth to live.

The Scythians make oaths in this manner. They pour wine into a great bowl of earthenware, and after mingle with the wine the blood of them that swear the oath, making a scratch on their bodies with an awl or cutting them with a knife. Then they dip into the bowl a scimitar and arrows and a battle-axe and a javelin, and they say many prayers over it; and after this they that make

the covenant drink of the bowls, and their chief followers also.

The tombs of the kings are in the land of the Gerrhi. So soon as the king dies, they dig a grave, which is very great, and in shape foursquare. Then they embalm the dead body after their fashion, and covering it with wax, lay it in a wagon, and send it to the nation that is next to them. And this again sendeth it on to the next. And every man both of the royal tribe (from whom it cometh at the first) and of the other tribes to whom it is sent, doeth after this fashion. He cuts off a part of an ear, and crops his hair close, and cuts round about his arm, and wounds his forehead and his nose, and runs an arrow through his left hand. So they carry the dead body through the country, coming at last to the Gerrhi, where are the tombs of the kings. Here they lay it on a mattress in the grave, fixing spears round about it, and putting beams over it for a roof, which they thatch with twigs of osier. In the space round about the tomb (and this is very great), they bury one of the king's favorites, having first strangled her: also they bury his cupbearer, and his cook, and his groom, and his body-servant, and his messenger, and certain of his horses, and first-fruits of all his other possessions, and also cups of gold — for cups of silver and bronze they use not at all. After this they make over the grave a very great mound, striving with all their might to build it as high as may be.

When a year is passed they do after this fashion. They take the best of the king's servants, all of them being Scythians, and chosen for this office by the king, for they have no servants bought with money, and strangle

fifty of them, and fifty also of the best of his horses, and fill their bodies with chaff. Then they fix stakes in the ground, setting pairs of them, and on each pair half a wheel put archwise. On these arches they fasten the horses, and on the backs of the horses they set the young men; and for each horse and its rider there are bit and bridle. Then they range the fifty riders in a circle round about the tomb and so leave them.

When a man of the people dies his kinsfolk lay him in a wagon, and take him about to the houses of all his friends. These all entertain the company at a banquet, wherein they serve the dead man with meat even as they serve the others. For forty days they carry about the dead body and afterward bury it. And when the burial is finished, then they that have carried about the dead man, purify themselves after this fashion. They set three sticks in the earth inclined together; and on these they put cloth of wool as close together as may be, so making a tent. And in the tent they set a dish, and in the dish stones made red-hot, and they cast hempseed upon the stones. (Hemp groweth abundantly in this land of Scythia, and the people make garments of it that are very like to garments made of flax, so that a man must be skillful in such matters to distinguish them.) Then the Scythians creep under the tent; and the hempseed smoketh upon the stones, so that no bath could smoke more. The Scythians are delighted beyond measure, and shout for joy. This smoking serves them for a bath, for they never wash their bodies with water.

It is an abomination to the Scythians to use strange customs. This may be seen from what befell Anacharsis; for this man, having traveled over many lands, and

shown great wisdom whithersoever he went, came to Cyzicus, that is by the Hellespont, as he sailed homeward. Here he saw the people keeping a feast to the Great Mother very splendidly; and he vowed to the goddess that he also would keep a feast to her if he came safely to his home. And having come he performed his vow, but a certain Scythian saw him, and told the matter to King Saulius, who, when he saw how Anacharsis was behaving himself, shot him with an arrow and slew him.

THE VENGEANCE OF QUEEN OLGA

[About 945]

FROM THE CHRONICLE OF NESTOR

[ACCORDING to tradition, the tribe of the Drevlianes rebelled against Prince Igor, and were punished. They seized the first opportunity to murder him. His widow, Queen Olga, resolved upon revenge.

The Editor.]

WHEN Igor had been killed by the Drevlianes, and his wife Olga was at Kiev with her son, the young Svatoslav, the Drevlianes said, "We have killed the Russian prince; let us marry his widow to our own prince Mal, then we can take Svatoslav and do what we like with him." And the Drevlianes sent twenty of their bravest men by boat to Olga. They landed near the Boritchev — for at that time the water ran close to the foot of Kiev, and no one lived down in the valley, but everybody lived on the hill. Now, outside the town itself, and behind the temple of the Mother of God, was the palace of the dungeon, so called because it was built with a stone dungeon. And it was told Olga that the Drevlianes were come, and Olga called them to her, and said: "My good friends, what has brought you hither?" And they replied, "The Drevlianes have sent us to you, saying, 'We have killed your husband because he was like a wolf in the way he pillaged and ravaged our country, but our princes are good, and bring prosperity to the land of the Drevlianes. We pray you, therefore, to become the wife

of Mal, our prince.'" And Olga replied: "Your proposal pleases me; I cannot bring my husband to life again, but I wish to do you honor in the presence of my people. Return now to your vessel and do the grand; make a show of being proud and haughty. And when I send to fetch you to-morrow, say, 'We will not go to her on foot, neither will we go on horseback but will be carried into her presence in our own boat.' Then they will carry you seated in your own boat." And Olga caused a wide and deep pit to be dug in the court of the dungeon outside the town. The next day she sent messengers to fetch the ambassadors, but they replied as she had commanded them, and said, "We will not go on horseback, we will not go on foot. Carry us in our own boat." And Olga's servants replied, "We must do as you bid us, for our prince is dead, and our princess wishes to marry your prince." So they were carried in the boat, sitting up full of pride in their long robes. The people carried the boat to Olga's palace, and then threw them, boat and all, into the deep pit. Olga leaned over the edge and said, "How do you like the honor I have done you?" And they replied, "This is a worse death than we gave to Igor." And then she ordered that they should be buried alive. And it was done.

Then Olga sent messengers to the Drevlianes, saying, "Send me some of your great men, so that I may be brought to your prince in a fitting manner, or else the people of Kiev will never let me come." Then the Drevlianes picked out their greatest men — the governors of their country — and sent them to fetch Olga. When they arrived, Olga ordered a bath to be prepared for them, and she said, "When you have bathed you shall come into

my presence." So the bath was heated, and the Drevlianes went in and began to bathe themselves. Then the door was shut, and Olga gave orders that the bath should be made very hot, and they were all steamed to death.

Then Olga sent to the Drevlianes, and said, "See, I am now coming to you. Prepare plenty of hydromel in the town where you killed my husband. I wish to weep at his tomb, and perform funeral rites in his honor." So they gathered together a great quantity of hydromel, and Olga came, followed by a small escort, and taking off her fine robes, she advanced towards her husband's tomb; she wept over it, and ordered her servants to raise a great tumulus. When the rites were concluded, the Drevlianes sat down to drink, and Olga ordered her attendants to serve them. Then the Drevlianes said to Olga, "Where are the great men we sent to fetch you?" and she said, "They are coming presently:" and when the Drevlianes were quite intoxicated, she ordered her attendants to fall upon them and massacre them. And having given the order, she departed.

And Olga returned to Kiev, and prepared an army to go out against what was left of the Drevlianes. Then Olga and her son Svatoslav gathered together a large and valiant army, and they marched against the Drevlianes. After that, there was a great battle, and the Drevlianes fled and shut themselves up in their stronghold. Olga then attacked the town of Isk, for it was there that her husband had been killed; she advanced toward the town, and the Drevlianes having shut themselves up in it, defended themselves with great energy; for they knew what would be their fate if they surrendered. And Olga was before the town a whole year without being able to

take it. Then she thought of a plan. She sent messengers to the town saying, "On what are you relying? All your fortresses have surrendered and are paying tribute, the peasants are cultivating their fields, and you alone refuse to pay tribute; do you wish to die of hunger?" And the Drevlianes replied, "We will willingly pay you tribute, but what you want is to avenge your husband." And Olga said, "I have already avenged my husband, twice when you came to Kiev, and once when I performed the funeral rites in his honor. I have avenged him enough, but I wish to receive a small tribute from you, and when peace has been established I shall return home." The Drevlianes replied, "What do you want? We will gladly give you honey and skins." And Olga said, "I ask but one little thing of you; give me, according to the number of your houses, three pigeons and three sparrows for each house. I shall be satisfied with that, for I know that you have been impoverished by the siege." The delighted Drevlianes complied with Olga's request, and Olga said, "Now that you have been humbled before me and my son, go back to your town, and I shall go away to-morrow and return to Kiev."

Then the Drevlianes returned joyfully to their town, and the news they brought filled the townspeople with pleasure. And there was great rejoicing. Then Olga gave to each of her soldiers one of the pigeons and one of the sparrows. And she commanded each man to tie a little piece of bread dipped in sulphur to the wing of each bird, and the bread was to be wrapped in a little bit of cloth. And when it was getting dark Olga ordered the soldiers to let loose the pigeons and sparrows. The birds all flew back to their nests in the besieged town, the

pigeons to the pigeon-holes, and the sparrows to the eaves of the houses. Thus the dovecots, and the huts and the towers, and the stables were all set on fire, and not one escaped. It was impossible to extinguish the flames, because all the buildings were on fire at the same time. Then the people rushed out of the town in their despair, and Olga ordered her soldiers to take them captive. Some were put to death, others were reduced to slavery, and the remainder had to pay a heavy tribute. Two parts of the tribute were sent to Kiev, and one part to Olga's own town, Vychgorod; and Olga established laws and taxes in the land of the Drevlianes. You can to this day see some of her palaces and her hunting-grounds. And Olga returned to Kiev and stayed there a whole year. . . .

In the year 948 Olga visited Constantinople. The emperor at that time was Constantine, the son of Leo. The emperor saw that she was very beautiful and very clever. He admired her intelligence and liked to talk with her. "You are worthy to reign with me in this town," he said. Hearing these words, Olga said, "I am a pagan. If you wish me to be baptized, baptize me yourself, otherwise I refuse to be baptized." And the emperor baptized her, with the help of the patriarch. As soon as she had been baptized, Olga's mind became enlightened, and the patriarch instructed her in the faith, and gave her his blessing. She knelt with her head bent before him, and absorbed his instruction as a sponge absorbs water. They gave her in baptism the name of Helena, after the mother of Constantine the Great. After Olga had been baptized, the emperor said to her, "I wish to marry you." "What! you wish to

marry me after baptizing me and calling me your daughter?" she replied. "You know very well that such a thing would be contrary to the Christian law!" But the emperor replied, "Olga, you have deceived me." He then loaded her with presents, and she returned to Kiev.

VLADIMIR IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION

[About 988]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[VLADIMIR THE GREAT ruled Russia from 980 to 1015.
The Editor.]

VLADIMIR'S armies were ever on the move, and the cry of battle was never intermitted. On the southeast he extended his conquests to the Carpathian Mountains, where they skirt the plains of Hungary. In the northwest he extended his sway, by all the energies of fire and blood, even to the shores of the Baltic and to the Gulf of Finland.

Elated beyond measure by his victories, he attributed his success to the favor of his idol gods, and resolved to express his homage by offerings of human blood. He collected a number of handsome boys and beautiful girls, and drew lots to see which of them should be offered in sacrifice. The lot fell upon a fine boy from one of the Christian families. The frantic father interposed to save his child. But the agents of Vladimir fell fiercely upon them, and they both were slain and offered in sacrifice. Their names, Ivan and Feodor, are still preserved in the Russian Church as the first Christian martyrs of Kiev.

A few more years of violence and crime passed away, when Vladimir became the subject of that marvelous change which, nine hundred years before, had converted the persecuting Saul into the devoted apostle. The cir-

cumstances of his conversion are very peculiar, and are very minutely related by Nestor. Other recitals seem to give authenticity to the narrative. For some time Vladimir had evidently been in much anxiety respecting the doom which awaited him beyond the grave. He sent for the teachers of the different systems of religion, to explain to him the peculiarities of their faith. First came the Mohammedans from Bulgaria; then the Jews from Jerusalem; then the Christians from the Papal Church at Rome, and then Christians from the Greek Church at Constantinople. The Mohammedans and the Jews he rejected promptly; but was undecided respecting the claims of Rome and Constantinople. He then selected ten of the wisest men in his kingdom and sent them to visit Rome and Constantinople and report in which country divine worship was conducted in the manner most worthy of the Supreme Being. The ambassadors, returning to Kiev, reported warmly in favor of the Greek Church. Still the mind of Vladimir was oppressed with doubts. He assembled a number of the most virtuous nobles and asked their advice. The question was settled by the remark of one who said, "Had not the religion of the Greek Church been the best, the sainted Olga would not have accepted it."

This wonderful event is well authenticated; Nestor gives a recital of it in its minute details; and an old Greek manuscript, preserved in the royal library at Paris, records the visit of these ambassadors to Rome and Constantinople. Vladimir's conversion, however, seems, at this time, to have been intellectual rather than spiritual, a change in his policy of administration rather than a change of heart. Though this external change was a

boundless blessing to Russia, there is but little evidence that Vladimir then comprehended that moral renovation which the Gospel of Christ effects as its crowning glory. He saw the absurdity of paganism; he felt tortured by remorse; perhaps he felt in some degree the influence of the Gospel, which was even then faithfully preached in a few churches in idolatrous Kiev; and he wished to elevate Russia above the degradation of brutal idolatry.

He deemed it necessary that his renunciation of idolatry and adoption of Christianity should be accompanied with pomp which should produce a widespread impression upon Russia. He accordingly collected an immense army, descended the Dnieper in boats, sailed across the Black Sea, and entering the Gulf of Cherson, near Sevastopol, after several bloody battles took military possession of the Crimea. Thus victorious, he sent an embassage to the Emperors Basil and Constantine at Constantinople, that he wished the young Christian Princess Anne for his bride, and that if they did not promptly grant his request, he would march his army to attack the city.

The emperors, trembling before the approach of such a power, replied that they would not withhold from him the hand of the princess if he would first embrace Christianity. Vladimir of course consented to this, which was the great object he had in view; but demanded that the princess, who was a sister of the emperors, should first be sent to him. The unhappy maiden was overwhelmed with anguish at the reception of these tidings. She regarded the pagan Russians as ferocious savages; and to be compelled to marry their chief was to her a doom more dreadful than death.

But policy, which is the religion of cabinets, demanded the sacrifice. The princess, weeping in despair, was conducted, accompanied by the most distinguished ecclesiastics and nobles of the empire, to the camp of Vladimir, where she was received with the most gorgeous demonstrations of rejoicing. The whole army expressed their gratification by all the utterances of triumph. The ceremony of baptism was immediately performed in the church of St. Basil, in the city of Cherson, and then, at the same hour, the marriage rites with the princess were solemnized. Vladimir ordered a large church to be built at Kiev, taking with him some preachers of distinction; a communion service wrought in the most graceful proportions of Grecian art, and several exquisite specimens of statuary and sculpture, to inspire his subjects with a love for the beautiful.

He accepted the Christian teachers as his guides, and devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to the work of persuading all his subjects to renounce their idol-worship and accept Christianity. Every measure was adopted to throw contempt upon paganism. The idols were collected and burned in huge bonfires. The sacred statue of Péroune, the most illustrious of the pagan gods, was dragged ignominiously through the streets, pelted with mud and scourged with whips, until at last, battered and defaced, it was dragged to the top of a precipice and tumbled headlong into the river, amidst the derision and hootings of the multitude.

Our zealous and new convert now issued a decree to all the people of Russia, rich and poor, lords and slaves, to repair to the river in the vicinity of Kiev to be baptized. At an appointed day the people assembled by

thousands on the banks of the Dnieper. Vladimir at length appeared, accompanied by a great number of Greek priests. The signal being given, the whole multitude, men, women, and children, waded slowly into the stream. Some boldly advanced out up to their necks in the water; others, more timid, ventured only waist deep. Fathers and mothers led their children by the hand. The priests, standing upon the shore, read the baptismal prayers, and chanted the praises of God, and then conferred the name of Christians upon these barbarians. The multitude then came up from the water.

Vladimir was in a transport of joy. His strange soul was not insensible to the sublimity of the hour and of the scene. Raising his eyes to heaven, he uttered the following prayer: —

"Creator of heaven and earth, extend thy blessing to these thy new children. May they know thee as the true God, and be strengthened by thee in the true religion. Come to my help against the temptations of the evil spirit, and I will praise thy name."

Thus, in the year 988, paganism was, by a blow, demolished in Russia, and nominal Christianity introduced throughout the whole realm. A Christian church was erected upon the spot where the statue of Péroune had stood. Architects were brought from Constantinople to build churches of stone in the highest artistic style. Missionaries were sent throughout the whole kingdom to instruct the people in the doctrines of Christianity, and to administer the rite of baptism. Nearly all the people readily received the new faith. Some, however, attached to the ancient idolatry, refused to abandon it. Vladimir, nobly recognizing the rights of conscience, re-

sorted to no measures of violence. The idolaters were left undisturbed save by the teachings of the missionaries. Thus for several generations idolatry held a lingering life in the remote sections of the empire. Schools were established for the instruction of the young, learned teachers from Greece secured, and books of Christian biography translated into the Russian tongue.

Vladimir had then ten sons. Three others were afterwards born to him. He divided his kingdom into ten provinces or states, over each of which he placed one of these sons as governor. On the frontiers of the empire he caused cities, strongly fortified, to be erected as safeguards against the invasion of remote barbarians. For several years Russia enjoyed peace with but trivial interruptions. The character of Vladimir every year wonderfully improved. Under his Christian teachers he acquired more and more of the Christian spirit, and that spirit was infused into all his public acts. He became the father of his people, and especially the friend and helper of the poor. The king was deeply impressed with the words of our Saviour, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and with the declaration of Solomon, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

In the excess of his zeal of benevolence he was disposed to forgive all criminals. Thus crime was greatly multiplied, and the very existence of the state became endangered. The clergy, in a body, remonstrated with him, assuring him that God had placed him upon the throne expressly that he might punish the wicked and thus protect the good. He felt the force of this reasoning, and instituted, though with much reluctance, a more rigorous government. War had been his passion. In this re-

spect also his whole nature seemed to be changed, and nothing but the most dire necessity could lead him to an appeal to arms. The Princess Anne appears to have been a sincere Christian, and to have exerted the most salutary influence upon the mind of her husband. In the midst of these great measures of reform, sudden sickness seized Vladimir in his palace, and he died, in the year 1015, so unexpectedly that he appointed no successor.

II

IN THE DAYS OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Tartars demanded the most complete submission to their sway, and they had the power to enforce their demands. The proud Russian princes must kneel before the Tartar khan. They must humbly beg him for either life or death, as he might elect. Whenever he chose to require it, they must make the dangerous and wearisome journey across Asia to prostrate themselves before him and assure him of their obedience and servility. Under this terrible discipline the quarrels between the little states of Russia ended, and by the fifteenth century the country was ready to present a united front to the oppressors. Taking advantage of dissensions among the Tartar leaders, Vladimir III, in 1480, delivered Russia from the servitude that she had endured for more than two hundred years.

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century, Ivan the Terrible came to the throne. As long as his wife lived, she and the priests restrained him from carrying out his cruel impulses; but after her death had given him freedom, he manifested a delight in the infliction of torture and murder that is probably without parallel in history. Among his many atrocities, he destroyed the city of Novgorod, and put to death, it is said, sixty thousand of the inhabitants. It was during his reign that, as the story goes, an outlaw named Yermak made conquests in Siberia, and gave the country to the czar in exchange for his own pardon.

Ivan's son, Feodor, was the last monarch of the House of Rurik, which had governed Russia for nearly eight centuries. His death was followed by a period of confusion, ended in 1613 by the elevation of the House of Romanoff, which has ever since held the throne.

HOW RUSSIA WAS FREED FROM THE TARTARS

[1480]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[In 1462, Ivan III, or Ivan the Great, was permitted by the Tartars to call himself ruler. But this independent young man of twenty-two refused to pay the tribute. Moreover, he and his troops appeared suddenly before Kazan, the Tartar capital, burned the city, and slew its Tartar inhabitants without mercy. Now came an event that interested all Europe, and this was the marriage of Ivan the Great to the niece of Constantine Palæologos, the last emperor of the Eastern Empire. She had fled to Rome, and the Pope offered her hand to Ivan. The Russians were delighted. Her journey to Moscow was a continued triumph. Magnificent entertainments were prepared for her at every stopping-place. The Pope had given her a rich dowry and had sent with her a large suite of the noblest of the Romans. This was in 1472. For nineteen years the Turks had ruled Constantinople. Now was the opportunity for the Greeks to escape from their control and become subjects of the husband of their own princess. Cultivated men, not only from Constantinople, but from the other countries to which they had fled, statesmen, artists, men of science and of literary acquirements, gladly followed the Princess Sophia to Russia, to the great advantage of that country.

This proud young bride of the prince was indignant at being in any way subservient to the Tartars. It is said that she often demanded, "How long am I to be their slave?" Their power over the land was coming to an end sooner than she supposed, and in a somewhat remarkable fashion.

The Editor.]

While affairs were moving thus prosperously in Russia

the horde upon the Volga was also recovering its energies; and a new khan, Akhmet, war-loving and inflated by the success which his sword had already achieved, resolved to bring Russia again into subjection. He accordingly, in the year 1480, sent an embassy, bearing an image of the khan as their credentials, to Moscow, to demand the tribute which of old had been paid to the Tartars. Ivan III was in no mood to receive the insult patiently. He admitted the embassage into the audience chamber of his palace. His nobles, in imposing array, were gathered around prepared for a scene such as was not unusual in those barbaric times. As soon as the ambassadors entered and were presented, the image of the khan was dashed to the floor, by the order of Ivan, and trampled under feet; and all the Mongol ambassadors, with the exception of one, were slain.

"Go," said Ivan sternly to him, "go to your master and tell him what you have seen; tell him that if he has the insolence again to trouble my repose, I will treat him as I have served his image and his ambassadors."

This emphatic declaration of war was followed on both sides by the mustering of armies. The horde was soon in motion, passing from the Volga to the Don in numbers which were represented to be as the sands of the sea. They rapidly and resistlessly ascended the valley of this river, marking their path by a swath of ruin many miles in width. The grand prince took the command of the Russian army in person, and rendezvoused his troops at Kalouga, thence stationing them along the northern banks of the Oka, to dispute the passage of that stream. All Russia was in a state of feverish excitement. One decisive battle would settle the question, whether the

invaders were to be driven in bloody rout out of the empire, or whether the whole kingdom was to be surrendered to devastation by savages as fierce and merciless as wolves.

About the middle of October the two armies met upon the opposite banks of the Oka, with only the waters of that narrow stream to separate them. Cannon and muskets were then just coming into use, but they were rude and feeble instruments compared with the power of such weapons at the present day. Swords, arrows, javelins, clubs, axes, battering-rams, and catapults, and the tramplings of horses were the engines of destruction which man then wielded most potently against his fellow-man. The quarrel was a very simple one. Some hundreds of thousands of Mongols had marched to the heart of Russia, leaving behind them a path of flame and blood nearly a thousand miles in length, that they might compel the Russians to pay them tribute. Some hundred thousand Russians had met them there, to resist even to death their insolent and oppressive demand.

The Tartars were far superior in numbers to the Russians, but Ivan had made such a skillful disposition of his troops that Akhmet could not cross the stream. For nearly a week the two armies fought from the opposite banks, throwing at each other bullets, balls, stones, arrows, and javelins. A few were wounded and some slain in this impotent warfare.

The Russians, were, however, very faint-hearted. It was evident that should the Tartars effect the passage of the river, the Russians, already demoralized by fear, would be speedily overpowered. The grand prince himself was so apprehensive as to the result that he sent one

of his nobles with rich presents to the khan and proposed terms of peace. Akhmet rejected the presents, and sent back the haughty reply: —

"I have come thus far to take vengeance upon Ivan; to punish him for neglecting for nine years to appear before me with tribute and in homage. Let him come penitently into my presence and kiss my stirrup, and then, perhaps, if my lords intercede for him, I may forgive him."

As soon as it was heard in Moscow that the grand prince was manifesting such timidity, the clergy sent to him a letter urging the vigorous defense of their country and of their religion. The letter was written by Vassian, the Archbishop of Moscow, and was signed, on behalf of the clergy, by several of the higher ecclesiastics. . . .

The closing paragraph of this letter was as follows: —

"I pray you, grand prince, do not censure me for my feeble words, for it is written, 'Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser.' So may it be. Receive our benediction, you and your children, all the nobles and chieftains, and all your brave warriors, children of Jesus Christ. Amen."

This letter, instead of giving the king offense, inspired him with new zeal and courage. He immediately abandoned all idea of peace. A fortnight had now passed in comparative inaction, the Russians and Tartars menacing each other from opposite sides of the stream. The cold month of November had now come, and a thin coating of ice began to spread over the surface of the stream. It was evident that Akhmet was only waiting for the river to be frozen over, and that, in a few days, he would be able to cross at any point. The grand prince, seeing that the decisive battle could not much longer be de-

ferred, ordered his troops, in the night, to make a change of position, that he might occupy the plains of Borosk as a field more favorable for his troops. But the Russian soldiers, still agitated by the fears which their sovereign had not been able to conceal, regarded this order as the signal for retreat. The panic spread from rank to rank, and, favored by the obscurity of the night, soon the whole host, in the wildest confusion, were in rapid flight. No efforts of the officers could arrest the dismay. Before the morning, the Russian camp was entirely deserted, and the fugitives were rushing, like an inundation, up the valley of the Moskva toward the imperial city.

But God did not desert Russia in this decisive hour. He appears to have heard and answered the prayers which had so incessantly ascended. In the Russian annals, their preservation is wholly attributed to the interposition of that God whose aid the bishops, the clergy, and Christian men and women in hundreds of churches had so earnestly implored. The Tartars, seeing, in the earliest dawn of the morning, the banks of the river entirely abandoned by the Russians, imagined that the flight was but a ruse of war, that ambuscades were prepared for them, and, remembering previous scenes of exterminating slaughter, they, also, were seized with a panic, and commenced a retreat. This movement itself increased the alarm. Terror spread rapidly. In an hour, the whole Tartar host, abandoning their tents and their baggage, were in tumultuous flight.

As the sun rose, an unprecedented spectacle was presented. Two immense armies were flying from each other in indescribable confusion and dismay, each actually frightened out of its wits, and no one pursuing either!

The Russians did not stop for a long breath until they attained the walls of Moscow. Akhmet, having reached the head waters of the Don, retreated rapidly down that stream, wreaking such vengeance as he could by the way, but not venturing to stop until he had reached his stronghold upon the banks of the Volga. Thus, singularly, providentially, terminated this last serious invasion of Russia by the Tartars. A Russian annalist, in attributing the glory of this well-authenticated event all to God, writes: "Shall men, vain and feeble, celebrate the terror of their arms? No! it is not to the might of earth's warriors, it is not to human wisdom that Russia owes her safety, but only to the goodness of God."

Ivan III, in the cathedrals of Moscow, offered long-continued praises to God for this victory, obtained without the effusion of blood. An annual festival was established in honor of this great event. Akhmet, with his troops disorganized and scattered, had hardly reached the Volga, ere he was attacked by a rival khan, who drove him some five hundred miles south to the shore of the Sea of Azov. Here his rival overtook him, killed him with his own hand, took his wives and his daughters captives, seized all his riches, and then, seeking friendly relations with Russia, sent word to Moscow that the great enemy of the grand prince was in his grave.

Thus terminated forever the sway of the Tartars over the Russians. For two hundred years, Russia had been held by the khans in slavery. Though the horde long continued to exist as a band of lawless and uncivilized men, often engaged in predatory excursions, no further attempts were made to exact either tribute or homage.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

[1533–1584]

BY FRANCES A. SHAW

THE government was now [1533] in the hands of a council of regency, with Prince Andrew Shuiski at its head. Shuiski and his associates were unprincipled, designing men, who in every way sought to corrupt and brutalize the young czarevitch, and thus render him incapable of reigning.

Terrible deeds of cruelty were enacted before his very eyes; and, if the lad chanced to show favor to any one around him, the life of that favored one was instantly in danger.

His guardians mocked at his better impulses, and applauded his crime. When he tortured young animals, or, in his furious drives around Moscow, trampled old people and little children under his horses' hoofs, they commended him as if he had done some brave and chivalrous deed. They treated his friends with the greatest indignity; and even he, the descendant of so long a line of sovereigns, was often the object of abuse and contumely. These men seemed to delight in visiting on this helpless heir to the throne the insults they had received from his mother the regent Helena.

Under such pupilage all that was good in Ivan's nature was repressed, all that was bad was stimulated and fostered. He reached his fourteenth year old in wickedness, and ripe for revolt against his tormentors and

oppressors. He declared that he would rule without the aid of a council, and, in a momentary fit of rage against Andrew Shuiski, ordered him to be thrown to his dogs.

"They have well deserved the repast," he said.

The order was obeyed, and by this horrible death the head of the powerful House of Shuiski expiated a life of violence and crime. But the Gluiski, another powerful family, now rose to ascendancy in the state, and exerted a no less baleful influence upon the czarevitch.

In his eighteenth year, after a minority of blood and horror, Ivan was crowned czar. His atrocities were so great that the long-suffering people at length, driven to desperation, fired Moscow in several places at dead of night.

Ivan awoke amid flame and smoke and the imprecations of the populace. At this very moment, one Sylvester, a monk who pretended to divine inspiration, appeared before the young czar with an open Gospel in one hand, and the other raised in the attitude of prophecy. He warned Ivan of the wrath of Heaven, which was even now visiting his evil deeds, adducing certain signs which had recently appeared in the sky as tokens of the anger of an offended God. Alexis Adashef, the one good man among all Ivan's evil counselors, seconded the monk in his efforts at reforming the czar; but their most powerful ally was Anastasia, Ivan's beautiful young bride, a princess of the Romanoff family, a woman of the most sweet and gentle disposition, and possessed of a mind superior to the age in which she lived.

Religious fervor and love combined wrought an entire change in Ivan's character. He became almost a fanatic in his new-born zeal: when he took the city of Kazan

from the Tartars, he changed the mosques into Christian temples, and compelled the khan to be baptized. He showed himself, also, a progressive sovereign, and sincerely desirous of the good of his people.

But the tiger in his nature was only slumbering, to awake ere long into tenfold fury. The beneficent influence of Anastasia and Adashef lasted thirteen years, and all the greatness and glory of Ivan's long reign of half a century are comprised within this brief period.

Anastasia died. Ivan, who was just recovering from an illness which is supposed to have partially crazed his brain, was haunted by an unjust suspicion that she had been poisoned, and sought to revenge her death on all his subjects. From this time, suspicion and terror constantly brooded over his darkened soul: he distrusted all who approached him, and lived in momentary fear of assassination.

The mad atrocities of his career after Anastasia's death can be explained only on the ground of insanity. These atrocities surpass belief, and form the most sickening page of Russian history. There those who have a taste for horrors can find them in full detail. In comparison with Ivan IV, justly called in Russian annals "Ivan the Terrible," Caligula and Nero become almost respectable.

One of his most stupendous crimes, and yet it was but one among many, was the destruction of Novgorod, the mother of Russian cities, — a commonwealth older than Florence, and much larger than the London of that day. It was a city rich in historic memories, and linked with the whole past of Russia, whose capital it had been six centuries before St. Petersburg rose on the banks of the

Neva. There may even now be found in the Kremlin a bronze group, typifying its reign of a thousand years.

A proud, a wealthy, a luxurious city, its walls embraced a circuit of fifty miles, and it contained four hundred thousand souls. This city, "Novgorod the Great," had offended Ivan by its love of liberty, its wealth and independence, but, above all, by its hatred of his rule, and its efforts to be taken under the protection of Sweden.

He swore that he would raze Novgorod, and sow its site with salt; and, invading it with an army of thirty thousand Tartars, he raged there for six weeks like an infuriated tiger. His orders to his soldiers were, "Burn, slay, give no quarter to old or young!" With his own hand he aided in the wholesale butchery. The streets ran blood, the river was choked with the bodies of the slain. His victims numbered sixty thousand. The greater part of the city was pillaged and burned. Novgorod never recovered from the catastrophe: it is now an obscure village.

Other smaller cities shared the same fate; and in Moscow, his own capital, he enacted scenes of horror too terrible for description. Often at the closing act of one of his greatest atrocities, he would say, piously lifting his eyes to heaven, "My dear people, I ask an interest in your prayers."

One of Ivan's martyrs was Philip Prior, a priest of great purity of heart and life, who had dared rebuke the crimes of the czar to his very face. The Greek Church has canonized Philip. His remains have been removed to Moscow; and on the day of his coronation every czar of Russia must kneel before his shrine, and kiss his feet.

"Ivan the Terrible" violated all law, human and di-

vine. In defiance of the strictest canons of his church, he had a plurality of wives. When already the husband of seven living wives, he aspired to the hand of Queen Elizabeth of England. As that obdurate maiden would not listen to his suit, he made a formal offer of his heart and hand to one of her ladies of honor, Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntington. But the Lady Mary, though at first dazzled with the prospect of a throne, concluded to decline the dangerous and doubtful honor; and nothing remained to the discomfited wooer but to soothe his lacerated affections by putting to death the ambassador through whom his matrimonial overtures to the English court had been made.

No sovereign has ever been so great an enigma to historians as Ivan IV. If he was mad, there was certainly method in his madness. To him Russia owes its complete deliverance from Tartar rule. His conquests were many and valuable, and in them all he supplanted the Crescent by the Cross. Although personally a coward, his arms proved more than a match for the Swedes and the Poles. He opened Russia to foreign trade, introduced printing, reformed the clergy, assembled a parliament to consult upon the common weal, and drew up a code of laws in many respects admirable. Always terrible to the rich and great, he was often a benefactor of the poor. It has been said that there were in Ivan two distinct beings, the great man and the wild beast.

"I am your God, as God is mine," was his common declaration to his subjects. He would walk about the streets of Moscow, ordering this one to be beaten, that one to be put to death. No age, sex, or condition was exempt from his fury. In a fit of frenzy he killed with a

single blow of his iron staff the only one of his three sons who was fit to rule, and he was ever after consumed by an undying regret: of remorse he was incapable. He died soon after, in 1584, having reigned fifty years, twenty-six of which were one unintermittent fever of fury and revenge.

"How could the people suffer such a monster to live and reign?" we ask, as we read the record of Ivan's appalling crimes; and we find our answer in the character of the Russian people. Nowhere is the sentiment of loyalty so deeply rooted as in Russia; nowhere is "that divinity which doth hedge a king" so sacred. The uneducated masses of Russia, even in our day, can imagine no limitation to the power of the czar. "I believe in God in heaven, and the czar on earth," is an article of the creed, which, even so late as the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, they taught their children.

Amid all the horrors enacted by Ivan, the people looked upon him as their anointed sovereign, God's vicegerent, who had power over life and death, who alone could preserve the purity of the national religion, and save millions of souls from endless perdition. When sometimes, in his frenzies of passion, he would threaten to leave his throne, they would most abjectly entreat him to remain, offering their lives as a sacrifice to his righteous anger, if such should be his sovereign will and pleasure.

The Russians of this period, though sunken in the deepest ignorance, imagined themselves the best informed people on earth; but among them astronomy, anatomy, and kindred sciences, were regarded as diabolical arts; the learning of their priests was confined mostly

to a little Latin and less Greek; their only mode of reckoning was by means of balls strung upon strings, and the skins of wild beasts had just ceased to be their current money. Reading and writing were occult mysteries confined to the learned few. . . .

The father in his thatched hut was as despotic as the czar on his throne; he had power over the lives of his children, he could sell them into slavery. Russian wives had less freedom than their Asiatic sisters, and were treated with great barbarity. Prisoners of war were slaves; insolvent debtors were given to their creditors; the poor man could sell himself to the rich man.

Slaves must imbibe the vices of their enslavers, and the Russian character of this day exhibits traces of its vile Tartar servitude. National pride and personal honor were crushed out of the Russian heart, and cunning and greed had usurped their place. With the Tartars came the knout and all sorts of corporal punishments. The manners and customs of the people were borrowed from the Greeks as well as the Tartars, and showed generally the worst traits of both. Every individual of a family was involved in the ruin of one of its members. To leave the country was rebellion and treason: there was no asylum from the all-prevailing despotism of the czar. Always in danger from civil war and outside invasion, the natural ferocity of both prince and people was aggravated by fear.

LIFE AT THE SETCH

[Fifteenth century]

BY NIKOLAI V. GOGOL

[THE Cossack officials, in spite of their wild, reckless life, regarded it as eminently proper to send their sons away to school for some years; but to admit that they had any remembrance of the education which they had received was looked upon as highly improper. The "Setch" was the great camp on the edge of the Tartar territory. The descendants of the Cossacks are highly valued in the Russian army, especially in skirmishing operations.

The Editor.]

"AH, turn round, son! How ridiculous you are! What sort of priest's cassock have you got on? Do all in the academy dress like this?"

With such words did old Bulba greet his two sons, who had been away for their education to the Royal Seminary in Kiev, and had just returned home to their father.

His sons had but just dismounted from their horses. They were a couple of stout lads who still looked askance, like youths recently released from the seminary. Their strong, healthy faces were covered with the first down, which had, as yet, never known a razor. They were very much disturbed by such a reception from their father, and stood motionless with their eyes fixed upon the earth.

"Stand still, stand still! let me have a good look at you," he continued, turning them round. "How long

your *svitkas* are! What *svitkas*! There never were such *svitkas* in the world before. Just run, one of you! I will see whether he will not get entangled in the skirts, and fall to the ground."

"Don't laugh, don't laugh, father!" said the eldest of them at length.

"See how touchy they are! Why should n't I laugh?"

"Because, although you are my father, if you laugh, by Heavens, I will beat you!"

"Ah, what kind of a son are you? — what, your father!" said Taras Bulba, retreating several paces in amazement.

"Yes, even my father, I don't stop to consider persons when an insult is in question."

"So you want to fight me? — with your fists?"

"Any way."

"Well, let it be with fists," said Taras Bulba, stripping up his sleeves! "I'll see what sort of a man you are with your fists."

And the father and son, in place of a pleasant meeting after long separation, began to administer to each other heavy blows in the ribs, on the back and chest, now retreating and looking at each other, now attacking afresh.

"Look, good people! the old man has gone mad! He has lost his senses completely!" screamed their pale, ugly, good mother, who was standing on the threshold, and had not yet succeeded in embracing her darling children. "The children have come home; we have not seen them for over a year; and now he has taken some strange freak, — he's pommeling them."

"Yes, he fights well," said Bulba, pausing; "well, by

Heavens!" he continued, rather as if excusing himself, — "yes, although he has never tried before. He will be a good Cossack! Now, welcome, son! embrace me"; and the father and son began to kiss each other. "Good little son! See that you beat every one as you pommeled me; don't let any one escape. Nevertheless, your garment is ridiculous. What rope is this, hanging here? — And you, lout, why are you standing there with your hands hanging?" said he, turning to the youngest. "Why don't you fight me? you son of a dog!"

"What an idea!" said the mother, who had managed in the mean time to embrace the youngest. "Who ever heard of a man's own children beating their father? That's enough for the present; the child is young, he has had a long journey, he is tired." (The child was over twenty, and about six feet high.) "He ought to rest, and eat something; and he sets him to fighting!"

"Eh, I see you are a scribbler," said Bulba. "Don't listen to your mother, little son; she is a woman, she knows nothing. What sort of petting do you need? Your petting is a clear field and a good horse, that's your petting! And do you see this sword? —that's your mother! All the rest they stuff your heads with is rubbish; the academy, books, A B C books, philosophy, and all that, I spit upon it all!" Here Bulba added a word which is not used in print. "But I'll tell you what is best: I'll take you to Zaporozhe [the Cossack country beyond the falls of the Dnieper] this very week. There's science for you! There's your school; there alone will you acquire sense."

"And are they only to remain at home a week?" said the thin old mother sadly, with tears in her eyes. "The

poor boys will have no chance to go about, no chance to get acquainted with the home where they were born; there will be no chance for me to get a look at them."

"Enough, you've howled enough, old woman! A Cossack is not born to run around after women. You would like to hide them both under your petticoat, and sit upon them as a hen sits on eggs. Go, go, and let us have everything there is on the table in a trice. We don't want any *pampushke*, honey-cakes, poppy-cakes, or any other messes; bring us a whole sheep; give us a goat, mead forty years old, and as much *gorilka* [corn-brandy] as possible, not with raisins and all sorts of stuff, but plain, flaming *gorilka*, which foams and hisses like mad."

Bulba led his sons into the principal room of the cabin; and two handsome female servants in coin necklaces, who were arranging the apartment, ran out quickly. They were evidently frightened at the arrival of the young men, who did not care to be familiar with any one; or else they merely wanted to maintain their female custom of screaming, and rushing headlong at the sight of a man, and then screening their lively shame for a long time with their sleeves. The cabin was furnished according to the fashion of that period, — concerning which vivid hints remain only in the songs and lyrics, which are no longer sung in the Ukraine by aged blind men, with gentle tinkle of the *bandoura*, to the people thronging round them, — according to the taste of that warlike and troublous time, when the leagues and battles began to occur in the Ukraine after the union. All was clean, smeared with colored clay. On the walls hung sabers, *nagaiki* [hunting-whips], nets for birds, fish-

nets and guns, cleverly carved powderhorns, gilded bits for horses, and tether-ropes with silver plates. The window was small, with round, dull panes, through which it was impossible to see except by raising the one movable pane. Around the windows and doors were red bands. On shelves in the corner stood jugs, bottles, and flasks of green and blue glass, carved silver cups, and gilded glasses of various makes, — Venetian, Turkish, Circassian, — which had arrived in Bulba's cabin by various roads, at third and fourth hand, a thing which was quite common in those bold days. There were birch benches all around the room, a huge table under the images in the front corner, and a wide oven, all covered with party-colored patterns, and projections, and depressions, with spaces between it and the wall. All this was very familiar to our two young men, who came home every year during the dogdays, because they had no horses, and because it was not customary to permit the students to ride on horseback. All they had was *tchubui* [long locks of hair on the temples], which every Cossack who bore weapons could pull. It was only at the end of their course that Bulba sent them, from his stud, a couple of young stallions.

Bulba, on the occasion of his sons' arrival, ordered all the *sotniks* [captains of hundreds], and all the officers of the band who were of any consequence, to be summoned; and when two of them arrived with the Osaul [under-*hetman*, or chief] Dmitro Tovkatch, his old comrade, he immediately presented his sons, saying, "See what fine young fellows they are: I shall send them to the Setch shortly." The guests congratulated Bulba, and both the young men, and told them they would do well, and

that there was no better knowledge for a young man than a knowledge of that Zaporozhian Setch.

"Now, brothers, seat yourselves, each where he likes best at the table; now, my sons. First of all, let's drink *gorilka*." So spoke Bulba. "God bless you: Welcome, sons; you Ostap, and you Andríi. God grant that you may always be successful in war, that you may conquer the Mussulmans and the Turks and the Tartars; and when the Poles undertake any expedition against our faith, then may you beat the Poles. Now clink your glasses — how now? Is the *gorilka* good? What's *gorilka* in Latin? Come, my son, the Latins were stupid: they did not know there was such a thing in the world as *gorilka*. What was the name of the man who wrote Latin rhymes? I don't know much about reading and writing, so I don't know quite. Was it Horace?"

"What a dad!" thought the eldest son Ostap. "The old dog knows everything, but he always pretends the contrary."

"I don't believe the archimancrite allowed you so much as a smell of *gorilka*," continued Taras. "Confess, my little sons, they beat you well with fresh birch twigs, on your backs, and all over your Cossack bodies; and perhaps, when you became too sensible, they beat you with whips. And not on Saturday only, I fancy, but on Wednesday and Thursday."

"What is past, father, must not be recalled: it is done with."

"Let them try it now," said Andríi. "Let anybody just touch me, let any Tartar expose himself now, and he'll learn what a Cossack's sword is like!"

"Good, my son! by Heavens, good! And when it

comes to that I'll go with you; by Heavens, I'll go! What should I wait here for? To become a buckwheat-reaper and housekeeper, to look after the sheep and swine, and go around with my wife? Away with them! I am a Cossack; I'll have none of them! What's left but war! I'll go with you to Zaporozhe to carouse; I'll go, by Heavens!" And old Bulba grew warm by degrees; and, finally, quite angry, rose from the table, and, assuming a dignified attitude, stamped his foot. "We will go to-morrow! Why delay? What enemy can we besiege here? What is this hut to us? What do we want of all this? What are pots to us?" So saying, he began to knock the pots and flasks, and to throw them about.

The poor old woman, well used to such capers from her husband, looked sadly on from her seat on the wall-bench. She did not dare to say anything; but when she heard the decision which was so terrible for her, she could not refrain from tears. She looked at her children, from whom so speedy a separation was threatened; and it is impossible to describe the full force of her speechless grief, which seemed to quiver in her eyes, and on her lips convulsively pressed together.

Bulba was terribly headstrong. He was one of the characters which could only exist in that fierce fifteenth century, in that half-nomadic corner of Europe, when the whole of southern, original Russia, deserted by its princes, was laid waste, burned to the quick by pitiless troops of Mongolian robbers; when men deprived of house and home were brave here; when, amid conflagrations, in sight of threatening neighbors and eternal fear, they settled down, and grew accustomed to looking them straight in the face, and trained themselves not to

know that there was such a thing as fear in the world; when the ancient, peaceable Slav spirit was seized with warlike flame, and the Cossack state was instituted, — a free, wild feast of Russian nature, — and when all the river-banks, fords, and suitable places were populated by Cossacks, whose number no man knew, and whose bold comrades had a right to reply to the Sultan inquiring how many they were, "Who knows? We are scattered all over the steppes: wherever there is a hillock, there is a Cossack." It was, in fact, a most remarkable exhibition of Russian strength; dire necessity forced it from the bosom of the people. In place of the original provinces, petty towns filled with huntsmen and whippers-in, in place of the warring and bartering petty princes in cities, there arose great colonies, *kuréns* [Cossack villages], and districts, bound together by a common danger, and hatred towards the heathen robbers. The whole story is well known, how their incessant fighting and restless life saved Europe from the merciless hordes which threatened to overwhelm her. The Polish kings, finding themselves sovereigns in place of the provincial princes, over these extensive lands, though they were distant and feeble, yet understood the significance of the Cossacks, and the advantages of this warlike, untrammeled life. They encouraged them, and flattered this disposition of mind. Under their distant rule, the *hetmans*, chosen from among the Cossacks themselves, redistributed the districts and villages into regiments and uniform districts. It was not a regularly recruited army, no one saw it; but in case of war and general uprising, it required a week, and no more, for every man to appear on horseback, fully armed, receiv-

ing only one ducat from the king; and in two weeks such an army had assembled as no recruiting officers would ever have been able to collect. When the expedition was ended, the army dispersed among fields and meadows, and the fords of the Dnieper; each man fished, traded, brewed his beer, and was a free Cossack. Their foreign contemporaries rightly marveled at their wonderful qualities. There was no trade which the Cossack did not know: he could distill brandy, make a *telega* [peasant's wagon], make powder, do blacksmith's and locksmith's work, in addition to committing wild excesses, drinking and carousing as only a Russian can, — all this he was equal to. Besides the registered Cossacks, who considered themselves bound to appear in time of war, it was possible to collect at any time, in case of dire need, a whole army of volunteers. All that was required was for the *osaul* to traverse all the market places and squares of the villages and hamlets, and shout at the top of his voice, standing in his *telega*, "Hey! ye distillers and beer-brewers! ye have brewed enough beer, and lolled on your ovens, and fed your fat bodies with flour, long enough! Rise, win glory and knightly honor! Ye ploughmen, reapers of buckwheat, tenders of sheep, danglers after women, enough of following the plough, and dirtying your yellow shoes in the earth, and courting women, and wasting your knightly strength! The hour has come to win glory for the Cossacks!" And these words were like sparks falling on dry wood. The husbandman broke his plough; the brewers and distillers threw away their casks, and destroyed their barrels; the mechanic and merchant sent their trade and their shop to the devil, broke the pots and everything

else in their houses, and mounted their horses. In short, the Russian character here received a broad, deep development, and a powerful expression.

Taras Bulba and his sons had been in the Setch about a week. Ostap and Andríi occupied themselves but little with the school of war. The Setch was not fond of troubling itself with warlike exercises, and wasting time. The young generation grew up, and learned these by experience alone, in the very heat of battles, which were therefore incessant. The Cossacks thought it a nuisance to fill up the intervals of this instruction with any sort of drill, except perhaps shooting at a mark, and on rare occasions with horse-racing and wild-beast hunts on the steppes and in the forests. All the rest of the time was devoted to revelry, — a sign of the wide diffusion of moral liberty. All the Setch presented an unusual scene: it was one unbroken revel; a ball noisily begun, which had lost its end. Some busied themselves with trades, others kept little shops and traded; but the majority caroused from morning till night — if the wherewithal jingled in their pockets, and if the booty they had captured had not passed into the hands of the shopkeepers and pot-house keepers. This universal revelry had something fascinating about it. It was not an assembly of topers, who drank to drown sorrow, but it was simply a wild revelry of joy. Every one who came thither forgot everything, abandoned everything which had hitherto interested him. He, so to speak, spit on all his past, and gave himself recklessly up to freedom and the good fellowship of men of the same stamp as himself, — idlers having neither relatives nor home nor family

nothing except the free sky, and the eternal revel of their souls. This gave rise to that wild gayety which could not have come from any other source. The tales and talk among the assembled crowd, which reposed lazily on the ground, were often so droll, and breathed such power of vivid narration, that it required all the nonchalance of a Zaporozhetz to retain his immovable expression, without even a twitch of the mustache, — a sharp trait which to this day distinguishes the southern Russian from his brethren. It was drunken, noisy mirth; but there was no black ale-house, where a man forgets himself in darkly seducing merriment: it was a dense throng of schoolboys.

The only difference was that, instead of sitting under the pointer and worn-out doctrines of a teacher, they practiced racing upon five thousand horses; instead of the field where they played ball, they had the boundless, untrammeled border-lands; and at the sight of them the Tartar showed his alert head, and the Turk gazed grimly in his green turban. The difference was that, instead of their forced companionship of school, they themselves deserted their fathers and mothers, and fled from their homes; that here were those about whose neck a rope had already been wound, and who, instead of pale death, had seen life, and life in all its intensity; that here were those who, from generous habits, could never keep a kopeck in their pockets; that here were those who had hitherto regarded a ducat as wealth, whose pockets, thanks to the Jew revenue-farmers, could have been turned wrong side out without any danger of anything falling from them. Here all were students who would not endure the academic rod, and had not carried away

a single letter from the schools; but with them were also some who knew about Horace, Cicero, and the Roman Republic. There were many of them officers who afterwards distinguished themselves in the king's armies; and there were numerous and clever partisans, who cherished a magnanimous conviction that it was of no consequence where they fought, so long as they fought, because it was a disgrace to an honorable man to live without fighting. There were many who had come to the Setch for the sake of being able to say afterwards that they had been in the Setch, and were therefore steeled warriors. But who was not there? This strange republic was a necessary outgrowth of that epoch. Lovers of a warlike life, of golden beakers and rich brocades, of ducats and gold pieces, could always find employment there. The lovers of women alone could find nothing there, for no woman dared show herself even in the suburbs of the Setch.

It seemed exceedingly strange to Ostap and Andríi, that, though a crowd of people had come to the Setch with them, yet not a soul inquired, "Whence come these men?" "Who are they?" and "What are their names?" They had come thither as though returning to their own homes whence they had departed only an hour before. The newcomer merely presented himself to the *koschevoi*, who generally said, "Welcome! Do you believe in Christ?"—"I do," replied the new arrival.—"And do you believe in the Holy Trinity?"—"I do."—"And you go to church?"—"I do."—"Now cross yourself." The newcomer crossed himself. "Very good," replied the *koschevoi;* "enter the *kurên*, where you are acquainted." This concluded the ceremony. And all the Setch prayed

in one church, and were willing to defend it to their last drop of blood, although they would not hear to fasting or abstinence. Jews, Armenians, and Tartars alone, inspired by strong avarice, took the liberty of living and trading in the suburbs; for the Zaporozhtzi never cared for trade, and paid whatever money their hand chanced to grasp in their pockets. Moreover, the lot of these gain-loving traders was pitiable in the extreme. They resembled people who had settled at the foot of Vesuvius; for when the Zaporozhtzi lacked money, then the bold adventurers broke down their booths, and took everything gratis. The Setch consisted of over sixty *kurêns*, which greatly resembled separate, independent republics, but still more a school or seminary of children, always ready for anything. No one had any occupation; no one retained anything for himself; everything was in the hands of the ataman of the *kurên*, who, on that account, generally went by the name of *father*. In his hands were deposited the money, clothes, all the provisions, oatmeal, groats, even the firewood. They gave him money to take care of. Quarrels in the *kurên* among its inhabitants were not infrequent; in that case they proceeded at once to blows. The inhabitants of the *kurên* swarmed upon the square, and beat each other's ribs in with their fists, until one side had finally gained the upper hand, when the revelry began. Such was the Setch.

THE FALSE CZAR

[1605]

BY FRANCES A. SHAW

[FROM the coming of Rurik, in the ninth century, his descendants had been the rulers of Russia. The last of them in the male line was a little boy of ten years, named Dmitri. In 1591, he was found murdered, and it was believed that Boris, the next heir to the throne, was the guilty man. Boris became czar, but he was savage and cruel and was hated by his people.

The Editor.]

A REPORT spread among the people that it was a peasant child, and not the czarevitch, who had been murdered; that Dmitri was still living in Poland.

The rise and fall of this false Dmitri forms one of the most romantic episodes of Russian history. His real name was Gregory Otrepief; and he was a young monk who could both read and write. These accomplishments, rare at that day, had won him a place in the service of a Polish prince who passed much time at the court of the czar. It is related, we know not how truly, that this prince one day gave his secretary a box on the ear, and that the youth immediately burst into tears, saying, "If you knew who I am, you would not treat me so." He then told a very plausible story, declaring that he was Dmitri, the true heir to the Russian throne. The story seems not to have made much impression upon the Polish prince at the time, but he afterwards espoused the impostor's cause.

From some old servants of the Czarina Mary, Otrepief learned many particulars in the life of the murdered czarevitch. He also ascertained the names and titles of the officers who had been attached to the boy's person, and by some means obtained possession of a seal bearing Dmitri's initials, and a cross set with diamonds, said to have been his baptismal gift.

Having well studied and prepared his part, he begged permission to retire to his cloister. When asked how he could leave the court, where, with his talent and learning, a brilliant future might be in store for him, he replied, laughing, "By remaining here I should become a bishop, at the highest; but I mean to be czar of Russia."

This frequent declaration having reached the ears of Boris, he gave orders to have the crazy monk sent to a remote cloister, and thought no more about him. Otrepief set out under the escort of two monks, whom on the journey he won over to his side, persuading them to accompany him to Lithuania, where the czar had many open enemies. Whenever they tarried for the night at a wayside monastery, Otrepief would write on the wall, "I am Dmitri, son of Ivan IV. Although believed to be dead, I escaped from my assassins. When I am upon my father's throne, I will recompense the generous men who now show me hospitality."

Far and near the people caught up the tidings that the true heir was yet alive. The young monk was now twenty-two, — the age Dmitri would have been, if living. Those who had known the Czar Ivan in his youth fancied that Otrepief resembled him in form and feature, while his dark complexion and reddish hair were those of the Czarina Mary. Like Dmitri, he had one arm lon-

ger than the other, and two warts on the face, — one on the forehead, the other under the right eye. These marks of identity, together with the royal seal and the diamond cross, were regarded as ample proof that the young man was not an impostor.

Many believed in the genuineness of his claims; and very many, at heart incredulous, espoused his cause from motives of policy, or hatred to Boris Godunof. The Jesuits became his most zealous supporters, and the Pope's nuncio promised the aid of the sovereign pontiff, if Otrepief would promise, when he became czar, to further the interest of the Latin Church. Hatred to Russia alone would have made Sigismund, King of Poland, a willing ally of the impostor, had there not been other and stronger reasons for espousing his cause. The Cossacks of the Don flocked to the pretender's standard. The Ukraine declared for him, and he soon raised an army of fifteen thousand men, with which he appeared on the Russian frontier. Boris had already sent a force of fifty thousand against him. After some fruitless skirmishing, the decisive battle was fought on the 20th of January, 1605.

Just before entering the fight, Dmitri stood in front of his army, and prayed fervently, committing his righteous cause to the God of battles. He then addressed his soldiers, so exciting their enthusiasm by his glowing eloquence, that all resolved to conquer, or die with their leader. The issue of the contest was for a long time doubtful; but the impostor remained master of the field.

So profound a policy seemed to dictate all his actions that many supposed him to have been a close student of Machiavelli. For reasons best known to himself, he was

in no haste to enter Moscow and seize the crown, that glittering prize which for three years had been the sole object of his dreams, and which was now just within his grasp.

In a manifesto issued soon after his victory, he said, "Let Boris Godunof descend from the throne he has usurped, and in the solitude of the cloister seek to make his peace with Heaven. In that case I will forgive his crimes, and assure him of my protection."

Boris well knew that the Czarevitch Dmitri had been murdered by his express command; but, tortured by remorse for his many crimes, he fancied that the avenger of blood was upon his track. The phantom of his youthful victim was ever before his diseased imagination: he believed that the son of Ivan IV had really risen from his grave, and headed the victorious army that was about to enter Moscow and drive him from his throne.

The autocrat trembled with fear; but he gave no outward sign. His court, one of the most splendid in Europe, remained gorgeous as ever: he still sat at the council board, and directed the affairs of the empire.

All this time he was plotting suicide; but he resolved to die as he had lived, — a sovereign. Just after rising from a splendid banquet, given to some distinguished foreigners in the "gilded hall" of his palace, he was taken alarmingly ill, and in two hours expired. None doubted that his death was caused by poison, administered by his own hand.

His son Feodor, a youth of sixteen, whom he had named as his successor, reigned just six weeks, and then, with his mother and sister Xenia, was cast into prison. Dmitri (for so we must call him) treated the royal cap-

tives with respect and kindness; but six years after, in the next reign, Feodor was strangled.

On the 20th of June, 1605, the impostor made his triumphal entry into Moscow, and was crowned in the palace of the czars. The people were wild with joy: this Dmitri, whoever he might be, had found a way to all their hearts. Possessed of a commanding and agreeable person and a persuasive eloquence, he was gracious and affable in manner, and yet dignified as became a sovereign. The brilliancy of his intellect seemed equaled only by the goodness of his heart.

Just after his coronation, the false Dmitri, in sight of an admiring multitude, knelt in tears before the tomb of Ivan IV, and, kissing the stone with well-feigned transport, cried, "O father: thy orphan reigns; and this he owes to thy holy prayers." His emotion was contagious. All wept with him.

The opening of his reign was auspicious. He surprised his ministers by his thorough acquaintance with the empire, its wants and resources, by his prodigious memory, and his rare executive ability. He set about reforming abuses, and showed himself a man who would have neither favorite nor master. On both public and private occasions he laid aside the usual solemn etiquette of the czars, and was always easy of approach. Every Sunday and Wednesday he appeared at the threshold of his palace to listen to the grievances of the people, and receive their petitions with his own hand. The good of his subjects appeared to be the one great wish of his heart.

He was so humane and moderate in the use of victory, that those who believed him an impostor began to wish

he had really been born to the purple. "I have sworn not to shed Christian blood," he said; "and I will keep my oath. There are two ways of governing an empire, — by tyranny and by generosity. I choose the latter. I will not be a tyrant."

Dmitri had been a month in Moscow, and, to the great surprise of all, he had not yet seen his mother. At last it became noised abroad that the royal nun was about to quit the convent where Boris Godunof had compelled her to retire; that she was advancing to Moscow. Dmitri went out to meet her, and, in a sumptuous tent which had been erected at Toininsk, he welcomed the widow of Ivan IV. They were for a little time alone, probably arranging the part they were to act; then they came out of the tent, and embraced with every token of the liveliest affection. Dmitri had said to the czarina, "You can have in me a good son or a severe master"; and here, in the presence of all the people, she acknowledged the impostor as her son.

The young czar led his alleged mother to the carriage which was to convey her to Moscow, and walked beside it bareheaded the greater portion of the way. He assigned her apartments in the Kremlin until he could have a magnificent palace built for her, and allowed her a household and a revenue befitting the mother of the czar. He visited her every day, and treated her with the most undoubted respect and affection; even consulting her upon affairs of state, and joining her name with his in the ukases he issued. The most incredulous began to believe that this was really the czarina's son.

The new czar still devoted himself with patient assiduity to the affairs of his empire, forming many schemes

for reform at home, and aggrandizement abroad. But his popularity was on the wane. His attachment to the Poles (the hereditary enemies of Russia), his preference for the Latin Church, his open contempt for Russian ignorance and for Russian manners, proved most disastrous to him, and at length wrought his ruin.

During his stay in Poland, Otrepief had fallen in love with Marina, the young and beautiful daughter of the Palatine of Sendomir, and the father had given his consent to the marriage after the youthful wooer should become czar.

The czar summoned his betrothed to Moscow. She came, attended by her parents and relatives and a numerous Polish retinue. On the 18th of May, 1606, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The Poles of the bride's retinue, however, bore themselves in the most arrogant and insulting manner towards the Russians, and the old, undying animosity was kindled anew.

A sullen discontent reigned among the people. The czar had already surrounded himself with Polish counselors and favorites; he had derided the old Russian traditions and customs, and, though nominally an adherent of the Greek Church, was more than suspected of being a Papist at heart. But the greatest sin of all was this marriage with an unbaptized woman, — the Greek Church baptizes only by immersion, — a Polish heretic.

Discontent rose to fury, when some evil-minded individuals circulated a report that the czar's bodyguard, all Polish soldiers, in order to terrify the Russians with the power of the new sovereign, were about to begin an indiscriminate massacre among the populace. The clergy went from house to house, calling on all true sons

of the Church to rise and avenge the insults their faith had received from the heretic Dmitri and his Polish allies.

Prince Vassili Shuiski was the leader of the rebellion. He had before headed a conspiracy against the new czar, and had been sentenced to Siberia. But Dmitri with his usual good-nature had pardoned his bitterest and most powerful enemy, and even given him a place in the councils of the empire.

At daybreak on the 24th of May, the whole city was in open rebellion. Dmitri was warned of his danger, but he would not listen. "I hold Moscow and the empire in the hollow of my hand," he said, and laughed at the fears of the officers of the guard.

"Orthodox Christians," shouted Shuiski, "death to the heretic!" The great bell was rung, and the three thousand bells of Moscow answered it. The houses where the Poles lodged had been marked with chalk; and the Russians, bursting open the doors, began to massacre the slumbering inmates.

The palace of the czar was stormed by an armed mob, shouting, "Death to the impostor!" Dmitri seized a sword, and defended himself with great bravery. He is said to have slain several of the conspirators with his own hand. The guards, also, defended their master to the last, many losing their lives in a vain effort to save him. Finding resistance useless, Dmitri at length leaped from a back window of the palace, and in the fall broke his leg. Fainting with pain, he was seized by the infuriated mob, his groans being answered only by jeers and insults. He was not put to death at once, as his assassins wished to prolong his sufferings. His imperial robes

were torn from him, and he was invested with the caftan of a pastry-cook.

"Look at the czar of all the Russias!" shouted the mob; "he has now put on the dress which best befits him."

"Dog," cried one of the nobles, "tell us who you are and whence you come."

Dmitri replied firmly and distinctly, —

"Every one of you knows that I am your czar, the legitimate son of Ivan IV."

"Monk Otrepief," said Prince Shuiski, "confess yourself an impostor, that God, before whom you are shortly to appear, may have mercy on your soul."

"I am the Czar Dmitri," replied Otrepief, still unwavering. "This is not the first time that rebellious subjects, led astray by traitors, have dared lay hands on the sacred person of their sovereign; but such crimes never go unpunished."

And with this falsehood on his lips he died, shot through the heart by a Russian merchant named Valuief, who, forcing his way through the mob, cried, "Why talk so long with this accursed heretic? This is the way I'll shrive the Polish piper!"

Otrepief's death was the signal for a general massacre of the Poles. "Down with the Pope! death to the heretics!" was the cry. For six hours the streets of Moscow ran blood, and more than a thousand Poles were slain. Marina and her father, concealed by some friendly Russians, escaped amid the general confusion; but they were afterwards imprisoned, and kept in close confinement for years. After a life of many vicissitudes, Marina ended her days in prison.

The body of the impostor was burned, and his ashes were scattered to the four winds. But new Dmitris were to rise from those ashes. Rumors that Dmitri was not dead, that he had escaped the tumult, that the mutilated body exhibited as his to the populace was not that of the czar, became rife in the land. Four swift horses were missing from the imperial stables, and it was currently reported that three horsemen in Russian costume, but speaking Polish, had been ferried across the Okra. One of them had given the ferryman six ducats, saying: "You have ferried the czar: when he returns to Moscow with a Polish army, he will not fail to requite the service." Encouraged by the success of the first impostor, several other pretenders to the throne appeared, each claiming to be the true Dmitri. All were in time silenced, though not without much bloodshed.

THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

[In the center of Moscow, on the bank of the Moskva River, is a hill about one hundred feet in height. On this hill an area of nearly one hundred acres is inclosed by a high wall of stone. This is the Kremlin or fort, the ancient citadel of the town. It has been built and rebuilt, but the present walls are said to have been raised in 1492. Within these walls are towers, cathedrals, monasteries, convents, palaces, an immensely valuable library, a treasury, and one of the largest arsenals in the world.

The Editor.]

Proceeding down the square to its southern extremity, we halt at last before the most astonishing structure our eyes have ever beheld. What is it? — a church, a pavilion, or an immense toy? All the colors of the rainbow, all the forms and combinations which straight and curved lines can produce, are here compounded. It seems to be the product of some architectural kaleidoscope, in which the most incongruous things assume a certain order and system, for surely such another bewildering pile does not exist. It is not beautiful, for beauty requires at least a suggestion of symmetry, and here the idea of proportion or adaptation is wholly lost. Neither is the effect offensive, because the maze of colors in which red, green, and gold predominate, attracts and cajoles the eye. The purposed incongruity of the building is seen in its minutest details, and where there is an accidental

resemblance in form, it is balanced by a difference in color.

This is the Cathedral of St. Basil, built during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who is said to have been so charmed with the work that he caused the eyes of the architect to be blinded, to prevent him from ever building another such. The same story, however, is told of various buildings, clocks, and pieces of mechanism, in Europe, and is doubtless false. Examining the cathedral more closely, we find it to be an agglomeration of towers, no two of which are alike, either in height, shape, or any other particular. Some are round, some square, some hexagonal, some octagonal: one ends in a pyramidal spire, another in a cone, and others in bulging domes of the most fantastic patterns — twisted in spiral bands of yellow and green like an ancient Moslem turban, vertically ribbed with green and silver, checkered with squares of blue and gold covered with knobbed scales, like a pine-cone, or with overlapping leaves of crimson, purple, gold, and green. Between the bases of these towers galleries are introduced, which, again, differ in style and ornament as much as the towers themselves. The interior walls are covered with a grotesque maze of painting, consisting of flower-pots, thistles, roses, vines, birds, beasts, and scroll-work, twined together in inextricable confusion, as we often see in Byzantine capitals and friezes.

The interior of the cathedral is no less curious than the outside. Every tower incloses a chapel, so that twelve or fifteen saints here have their shrines under one roof, yet enjoy the tapers, the incense, and the prayers of their worshipers in private, no one interfering with

the other. The chapels, owing to their narrow bases and great height, resemble flues. Their sides are covered with sacred frescoes, and all manner of ornamental painting on a golden ground; and as you look up the diminishing shaft, the colossal face of Christ, the Virgin, or the protecting Saint, stares down upon you from the hollow of the capping dome. The central tower is one hundred and twenty feet high, while the diameter of the chapel inside it cannot be more than thirty feet at the base. I cannot better describe this singular structure than by calling it the "Apotheosis of Chimneys."

Let us now turn back a few steps, and pass through the Kremlin wall by the *Spass Vorota*, or Gate of the Redeemer. Over the hollow arch hangs a picture of the Saviour, which looks with benignity upon the Russians, but breathes fire and thunder upon their foes. The Tartars, so says tradition, have been driven back again and again from this gate by miraculous resistance, and, though the French entered at last, all their attempts to blow it up were in vain. The other entrance, the Gate of St. Nicholas, has also its picture, but of lesser sanctity. Here the French succeeded in cracking the arch, as far as the picture-frame, where the rent suddenly stopped. No man dare pass through the Gate of the Redeemer without uncovering his head — not even the emperor. The common Russians commence at twenty paces off, and very few of them pass through the Red Square, on their way to and from the Moskva, without turning towards the Gate, bowing, and crossing themselves. This is not the only shrine in Moscow whose holiness irridiates a wide circle around it. I have frequently seen men performing their devotions in the

market place or the middle of the street, and, by following the direction of their eyes, have discovered, at a considerable distance, the object of reverence.

At last we tread the paved court of the Kremlin. Before us rises the tower of Ivan Velili, whose massive, sturdy walls seem to groan under their load of monster bells. Beyond it are the Cathedral of St. Michael, the Church of the Assumption, and the ancient church of the czars, all crowded with tiaras of gilded domes. To the right rises another cluster of dark-blue, pear-shaped domes, over the House of the Holy Synod, while the new Palace (Granovitaya Palata), with its heavy French front and wings, above which

> "The light aërial gallery, golden-railed,
> Burns like a fringe of fire,"

fills up the background. The Tartar towers of the Kremlin wall shoot up, on our left, from under the edge of the platform whereon we stand, and away and beyond them glitters the southern part of the wonderful city — a vast semicircle of red, green, and gold. I know not when this picture is most beautiful — when it blinds you in the glare of sunshine, when the shadows of clouds soften its piercing colors, and extinguish half its reflected fires, when evening wraps it in a violet mist, repainting it with sober tints, or when it lies pale and gray, yet sprinkled with points of silver light, under the midnight moon.

At the foot of the tower stands on a granite pedestal the *Czar Kolokol*, or Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne in 1730, but was broken seven years afterward, through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over twenty-one feet in height, twenty-two feet

in diameter at the bottom, weighs one hundred and twenty tons, and the estimated value of the gold, silver, and copper contained in it is $1,500,000. In one of the lower stories of the tower hangs another bell cast more than a century before the Czar Kolokol, and weighing sixty-four tons. Its iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertions of three men. It is only rung thrice a year, and when it speaks, all other bells are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon. In the other stories hang at least forty or fifty bells, varying in weight from thirty-six tons to a thousand pounds; some of them are one third silver. When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russia where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of the act of worship, and therefore no heterodox tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to preach false doctrine to half the city.

The Empress Anne seems to have had a fondness for monster castings. Turning to the right into an adjoining courtyard, we beheld a tremendous piece of artillery, familiarly known as the "pocket-piece" of this czarina. The diameter of the bore is three feet, but it is evident that the gun never could have been used. It was no doubt made for show, from the bronze of captured cannon. In the same court are arranged the spoils of 1812, consisting of nearly a thousand cannon, French and German. They are mostly small fieldpieces,

and hence make but little display, in spite of their number. The Turkish and Persian guns, some of which are highly ornamented, occupy the opposite side of the court, and are much the finest of all the trophies here.

We will now enter the churches in the palace court. They are but of modern dimensions, and very plain, outwardly, except in their crowns of far-shining golden domes. Undoubtedly they were once painted in the style of the Cathedral of St. Basil, but the rainbow frescoes are now covered with a uniform coat of whitewash. One is therefore all the more dazzled by the pomp and glare of the interior. The walls, the five domes, resting on four tall pillars at their intersections, the pillars themselves, everything but the floor, is covered with a coating of flashing gold; the *ikonostast*, or screen before the Holy of Holies, is of gilded silver and rises to the roof; the altars are of massive silver, and the shrine-pictures are set in a blaze of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. A multitude of saints are painted on the walls, and seem to float in a golden sky. And not saints alone, but — strange to say — classic philosophers and historians. Thucydides and Plutarch, in company with Sts. Anthony and Jerome! There are said to be twenty-three hundred figures in this church, which is much more than the number of worshipers who can find place within it. I have been there on Sunday, when it was thronged, and really there was less diversity of visage, costume, and character among the pictures above than among the human beings below. It was a wonderful crowd! I could have picked out the representatives of fifty nations and the facial stamp of three centuries. The singing was sublime. The choir was unseen, behind the silver screen, and the

sweetness and purity of the boy sopranos swelled and sank like a chorus of angels heard through the fitful gust of a storm. Devotional music nowhere receives such glorious expression as in the Russian churches.

The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, but a few paces distant from that of the Assumption, resembles it in its internal structure. It is more dimly lighted, however, the gold is not so glaring, and, in place of the army of saints, there are large frescoes of Heaven, Hell, Judgment, etc. On the floor, arranged in rows, are the sarcophagi of the early czars, from Ivan I to Alexis, father of Peter the Great. They are covered with dusty, mouldering palls of cloth or velvet, each one inscribed with his name. In the middle of the church in a splendid coffin, is the body of a boy seven or eight years of age, which is universally believed to be that of the young Dmitri, the last prince of the race of Rurik, who was put to death by Boris Gudonof. The lid of the coffin is open, and on the inner side is a portrait of the boy, in a frame of massive gold studded with jewels. The body is wrapped in cloth of gold, and a cushion covers the face. The attendant priest was about to remove this cushion, when our guide whispered to me, "You are expected to kiss the forehead," and I turned away. These relics are ranked among the holiest in Moscow, and are most devoutly worshiped, although it is by no means certain that they belong to the true Dmitri.

Close at hand is the House of the Holy Synod, and as we are accompanied by our obliging consul, Colonel Claxton, to whom all doors are open, we are admitted into the sanctuary, where are preserved the robes worn by Russian patriarchs during the last six hundred years,

as well as the silver jars containing the sacred oil, used for solemn sacraments throughout the whole empire. The robes are of the heaviest silk, inwoven with gold and silver thread, and so sown with jewels that they would stand stiff upright with their own richness. The patriarchs seem to have had an especial fondness for pearls, of which, in some instances, the embroidered figures are entirely composed. In strong contrast to these dazzling vestments are the coarse brown hat and mantle of the Patriarch Nichon. The holy oil is preserved in thirty-three jars, which, as well as the larger vessels used in preparing it, are of massive silver. About two gallons a year are necessary to supply Russia. The council hall of the Holy Synod is in the same building. It is evidently the ancient place of assembly — a long low room, with sacred frescoes on a golden ground, and raised seats along the wall for the principal personages.

Let us now turn from the sacred to the secular sights of the Kremlin, although some of the latter are not less sacred, to Russian eyes. The palace doors open to the special permit presented by Colonel Claxton, and we ascend the broad, noble staircase. The plain exterior of the building gives no hint of the splendors within. I have seen all the palaces of Europe (with the exception of the Escurial), but I cannot recall one in which the highest possible magnificence is so subservient to good taste, as here. Inlaid floors, of such beautiful design and such precious wood, that you tread upon them with regret; capitals, cornices, and ceiling-soffits of gold; walls overlaid with fluted silk; giant candelabra of silver and malachite, and the soft gleam of many-tinted marbles, combine to make this a truly imperial residence.

The grand hall of St. George, all in white and gold, is literally incrusted with ornamented carved-work; that of St. Alexander Nevsky is sumptuous in blue and gold; of St. Vladimir in crimson and gold; while in that of St. Elizabeth, the walls are not only overlaid with gold, and the furniture of massive silver, but in the center of every door is a Maltese cross, formed of the largest diamonds! The eye does not tire of this unwonted splendor, nor does it seem difficult to dwell even in such dazzling halls. In a lower story is the banqueting-hall, hung with crimson velvet, studded with golden eagles. Here the emperor feasts with his nobles on the day of his coronation — the only occasion on which it is used.

III
PETER THE GREAT

HISTORICAL NOTE

UNDER the House of Romanoff, Russia grew steadily in power and greatly extended her territory at the expense of Poland and Turkey. In 1689, Peter the Great, one of the most remarkable rulers in history, came to the throne. His ambition was to raise Russia from her depths of ignorance and Oriental conservatism to an equal position with the greatest Powers of Europe. To do this it was first of all necessary to find out how things were done in other countries, and to obtain first-hand knowledge. Peter, in 1697, appointed a council to administer the empire, and set out on a tour of Europe. He came back fired with enthusiasm for Western civilization, and proceeded to put his theories into practice. Nothing was too great for his attention and nothing too small. He reorganized the army and church, reformed the calendar, built a new capitol at St. Petersburg, encouraged commerce, instituted improved methods of education and taxation, besides promulgating a host of edicts regulating the most trivial matters of dress, manners, etc.

In foreign affairs he was no less energetic. The first need of Russia was a seaport, and soon after coming to the throne he had wrested Azov on the Black Sea from the Turks. Most of all, however, he longed for a seaport on the Baltic from which he was shut off by the territory of Sweden. In 1700 he declared war against that country, and after nine years of almost constant defeat at the hands of Charles XII, the Swedish king, had taught him and his soldiers the art of warfare, he lured that impetuous monarch into the depths of Russia, annihilated his army at Poltava, and gained his long-sought foothold on the Baltic.

At the time of his death, in 1724, Peter the Great had extended the Russian Empire from Finland to the Caspian Sea and created a new power in European politics.

A MORNING WITH PETER THE GREAT

[Early in the eighteenth century]

BY DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI

PETER had got up early. "The very devils have n't had time to snore," grumbled the sleepy orderly who had to light the stoves. A gloomy November morning was looking in through the window. By the light of a tallow candle end, in a night-cap, dressing-gown, and craftsman's leather apron, the czar was sitting at his lathe turning a candelabrum of ivory for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in gratitude for the benefit he had derived from the Martial water during his illness. Then he started carving out of birch-wood a little Bacchus with grapes for the lid of a goblet. He worked with as much zeal as if his livelihood depended upon it.

At 4.30 A.M. in came his private secretary, Makaroff. The czar took his place at a walnut-wood desk — so high that the chin of a man of medium height was but level with it, and began to dictate decrees to the different colleges or departments, which were being established in Russia on the advice of Leibnitz, "following the example and precedent of other civilized empires."

"As in a clock, one wheel sets the other in motion," said the philosopher to the czar, "so in the great administrative machine one college ought to work another, and if everything is harmoniously organized in exact proportions, then the hands of the state clock will invariably point to happy hours for your whole country."

Peter loved mechanics, and the thought of converting the government into a machine delighted him. Yet what seemed so simple in theory, proved far otherwise in practice.

The Russian people neither understood nor liked the idea of colleges, and mockingly called them *kaleki*, which means cripples. The czar had invited learned foreigners "versed in law." They worked through the medium of interpreters. This, however, did not answer. Young Russian clerks were then dispatched to Königsberg, "to learn the German language and thereby facilitate the working of the colleges," and supervisors were sent with them to prevent them from idling. But the supervisors idled with the supervised. The czar published a decree: "All colleges are obliged to draw up regulations for their work on the Swedish model. If some of the points in the Swedish regulation are inapplicable, or are unsuited to the conditions of this empire, the same should be altered at discretion." But judgment was sadly lacking, and the czar felt that the new institutions would prove as inefficient as the old ones. "It is all in vain," he thought, "until the direct good, the supreme patriotic interest of the empire is realized — a thing that can't be expected for another hundred years, at least."

The orderly announced a Foreign Office translator, Koslovsky. A young man came in, haggard, pale, and consumptive-looking. Peter rummaged among his papers and gave to him a manuscript corrected and marked with pencil notes on the margin; it was a treatise on mechanics.

"It is badly translated. It must be done over again!"

"Your Majesty," stuttered Koslovsky in fear and trembling, "the author himself has written the book in very involved language. More mindful of the subtlety of his philosophical style than of the benefit people could derive from the book, he is abbreviated and abstruse. For my part with my dull brain I cannot possibly follow him."

The czar patiently instructed.

"There is no need to translate literally, but, having ascertained the meaning clothe it in language which can best convey it, employing only what is necessary for presenting the main ideas. To try and retain the style is not necessary. Your matter should be useful and not written for effect, without any superfluous words which only waste time and distract the reader's attention. Avoid the highflown Slavonic style, and write the plain Russian speech. Do not use high-sounding words, but the language of the Foreign Office. Write as you speak, simply. Do you understand me?"

"Quite so, Your Majesty," answered the translator, with the precision of a soldier; yet he hung his head with as melancholy an air as if he remembered the fate of his predecessor, Boris Wolkoff, also a translator to the Foreign Office, who in despair over a French book on gardening, "Le Jardin de Quintiny," and afraid of the czar's wrath, opened his veins, and perished.

"Well, go; God be with you! Put all your heart in the work! And also tell Avramoff that the type in the new books is fatter and not so clean as in the older ones. The types of letters 'B' and 'P' must be altered; they are too broad. The binding also is defective, especially as he binds the pages together too tightly; the books won't

close. He should sew them at the hinges more loosely and give them more space at the back."

When Koslovsky left him, Peter remembered the dreams of Leibnitz about a general Russian encyclopædia — the quintessence of sciences, such as was not yet in existence; a Petersburg Academy, the college of learned administrators with the czar at their head; a future Russia, which, having surpassed Europe in knowledge, would act as lighthouse of the world.

"That bread will be long in baking," thought Peter with a bitter smile. "Before we can begin to teach Europe we must ourselves learn to speak Russian, write, print, bind, and make paper."

He dictated an ukase: "In all towns and villages all bits of rags and linen should be carefully collected and sent to the chief office in Petersburg, where fourpence per pood[1] will be paid for them."

These rags were intended for the paper factories.

Then followed the ukase about the melting of fat, the right way of plaiting bast shoes, and the dressing of hides for boot leather: "Inasmuch as the hide commonly used for shoe leather is exceedingly unfit for wear, being dressed with tar, which does not prevent it from rotting, nor from letting water in in damp weather, it would be more expedient to dress the same with train oil."

He glanced at his slate, which, together with a piece of pencil, hung at the head of his bed; he used to note on it any thought which occurred to him during the night. That night he had jotted down: "Where should manure be deposited? Don't forget Persia — mats."

[1] Thirty-six pounds.

He made Makaroff read out the Ambassador Volinsky's letter concerning Persia.

"The present monarch here is such a fool that it would be difficult to find his equal even among simple peasant folk, much less among the crowned heads. His power will not last long. Although our present war with the Swedes may hinder us, yet, nevertheless, seeing the feeble resources of this country as I do, I deem it possible to annex a major part of Persia simply with a small force. There could not possibly be a more favorable time than the present."

In his answer to Volinsky, Peter ordered him to send merchants down the river Amu-Daria in order to discover a waterway to India, and to draw a map describing it: at the same time to prepare a letter to the Grand Mogul — the Dalai Lama of Tibet. (A road to India, an alliance between Europe and Asia, was an old dream of Peter's.)

Some twenty years ago, a Russian church had been erected in Pekin, in honor of St. Sophia, — the wisdom of God.

"Le czar peut unir la Chine à l'Europe!" prophesied Leibnitz. "The czar's conquests in Persia will lay the foundation of an empire greater than that of the Romans," the foreign diplomats warned their sovereigns. "The czar, like another Alexander, strives to conquer the world," said the sultan.

Peter reached down from a shelf, and unfolded a map of the globe which he had once drawn himself while musing on Russia's destiny. With the words Europe on the west, Asia towards the south, and on the space between the headland Tchoukotsk and the Niemen, and across

from Archangel down to Astrakhan the word RUSSIA appeared in the same-sized letters as EUROPE and ASIA. "They are all mistaken in calling Russia 'an empire'; it is half the world."

But the next moment, with his usual pliable will power, he turned sharply from musings to business, from the grandiose to the petty. He began to dictate ukases as to a fit place for the deposit of manure; on the substitution of hair sacks for sacks of matting in which to carry biscuits to the galleys; and barrels, or linen bags, for grain and salt, — "mats should on no account be used"; on the saving of lead bullets used at practice-firing; the preservation of forests; "the prohibition of hollowed-out trunks for coffins," which were to be made of planks. "N.B. England to be written to for a model."

Then he turned over the pages of his notebook to ascertain whether anything of importance had been forgotten. The first page bore the inscription: "In Gottes Namen" — "In the Lord's name." Then followed various notes and memoranda: sometimes two or three words indicated a long train of thought —

"Of a certain discovery which will help to find out various mysteries in nature."

"Clever experiments: how to extinguish earth oil with vitriol." "How to boil hemp in saltpeter water." "Buy the secret of making German sausages."

"Draw up a concise catechism for the peasants, and have it read in churches for their instruction."

"Exposed foundling infants are to be educated."

"Whaling to be organized."

"The fall of the Greek Monarchy was caused by contempt of warfare."

"Order French Gazettes to be sent."

"Engage foreign comedians at high pay."

"Russian proverbs. A Russian lexicon."

"Chemical secrets for testing ore."

"If it be true that laws of nature are rational, why then do animals devour one another? and why do we cause them so much suffering?"

"Present and past judgments against atheists."

"Compose a prayer for the soldiers: Great, Eternal, Holy God, etc."

The journal of Peter recalls the diary of Leonardo da Vinci.

At six in the morning he began to dress. Pulling on his stockings he noticed a hole; he sat down, got a needle and a ball of wool, and began darning. Ruminating about a road to India in the footsteps of Alexander of Macedonia, he darned his stockings.

Then he had some anisette brandy, with a cracknel; lit his pipe; went out of the palace, and drove in a cabriolet with a lantern (for it was yet dark) to the Admiralty.

The Admiralty pinnacle glowed dimly through the fog, reflecting the flames of fifteen dockyard furnaces. Out of the gloom there rose the black outline of a monstrous skeleton; the hull of a new ship. Cables lay coiled like gigantic serpents. Pulleys squeaked, hammers sounded, iron rattled, pitch was boiling. In the red glare men flitted to and fro like shadows. The dockyard resembled the forges of hell.

Peter went hither, thither, inspecting everything.

He verified in the gun department the entry of the caliber of cast cannon balls and shells which were piled in pyramids, under shelter — to prevent the rust eating

them; whether the flint-locks and barrels of the muskets had been filled with fat; whether the ukase concerning cannon had been carried out: "It must be ascertained with the help of a mirror whether the inside of the barrel was quite smooth, or whether the handles to the muzzle had formed flaws and bulgings; should any such flaws have occurred their depth must be measured."

He could tell by the smell the different qualities of walrus fat; tested by handling the weight of sailcloth, and whether its lightness were due to the fine texture, or to flimsiness. He talked with the foremen as to equals.

"The boards must be planed to fit tightly. Choose well-seasoned wood; for should it be caulked before it is quite dry, then it will not only shrink, but also bulge out in the water and compress the caulk."

"The oak should be young; with a bluish, and never a reddish hue. Made of such oak, the vessel will be as hard as iron, even a bullet could not pierce it farther than two inches."

In the hemp stores, he took handfuls from the bales, and, holding the hemp between his knees, carefully examined, shook and tested it like an expert. "Ship cables for mooring are of great consequence; they ought to be made of the very best and strongest hemp. When the cable is trustworthy, the vessel is safe; if faulty, vessel and crew are doomed."

On all sides the czar was heard rating the agents and contractors: —

"I see that during my absence the work has gone sidelong, like a crab, at snail's speed."

"I shall be obliged to bring you to order by demand-

ing from you extra work, and by a merciless infliction of corporal punishment."

"Just wait a bit, I will give you a keepsake, which you won't forget till next spring!"

He cut short lengthy speeches. One day, when a distinguished foreigner elaborated some unessential detail, he spat in his face, reviled him obscenely, and turned away.

To a clerk who cheated, he remarked, "I will score on your back the figures you failed to put on paper."

To a petition for raising the stipend of the Admiralty Councilors, he answered: —

"Nonsense! they are more anxious to fill their pockets than to render good service."

When he learned that several of the vessels belonging to the galley-fleet had been supplied with rotten salt beef, so that the soldiers during five weeks had to content themselves with stale smelts and water, which caused a thousand men to fall ill, and be unfit for work, his anger passed all bounds. He almost struck an old captain who had distinguished himself in the Yaqut engagement.

"Should you do such an idiotic thing again, don't lament being dishonored in your old age! Why should such important business, a thousand times more valuable than your head, be transacted with such carelessness? Probably you seldom read the Military Regulations. The officers of the galleys in question will be hanged, and you almost deserve as much for your gross neglect." But he dropped his raised hand and mastered his wrath.

"I should never have expected this from you," he

added in an undertone; but such rebuke was in his tone that the guilty one would have preferred a blow.

"Now take care," said Peter, "that such cruelty shall not recur; for in God's sight it is the greatest of sins. I have recently heard that here in the Petersburg dockyards, last year, the working men were utterly neglected, especially the sick, and that even dead bodies were allowed to remain lying about the streets, which is revolting not only to Christians, but even to barbarians. I cannot understand this lack of compassion. They are not cattle, but Christian souls, for which we shall have to answer before God."

HOW ST. PETERSBURG WAS BUILT

[1703]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

THE city of Petersburg was founded on the 22d of May, 1703, on a desert and marshy spot of ground, in the sixtieth degree of latitude. The first building was a fort, which now stands in the center of the city. Though Peter was involved in all the hurry and confusion of war, he devoted himself with marvelous energy to the work of rearing an imperial city upon the bogs and swamps of the Neva. It required the merciless vigor of despotism to accomplish such an enterprise. Workmen were marched by thousands from Kazan, from Astrakhan, from the Ukraine, to assist in building the city. No difficulties, no obstacles were allowed to impede the work. The czar had a low hut, built of plank, just sufficient to shelter him from the weather, where he superintended the operations. This hut is still preserved as one of the curiosities of St. Petersburg. In less than a year, thirty thousand houses were reared, and these were all crowded by the many thousands Peter had ordered to the rising city, from all parts of the empire. Death had made terrible ravages among them; but the remote provinces furnished an abundant supply to fill the places of the dead. Exposure, toil, and the insalubrity of the marshy ground, consigned one hundred thousand to the grave during this first year.

The morass had to be drained, and the ground raised

by bringing earth from a distance. Wheelbarrows were not in use there, and the laborers conveyed the earth in baskets, bags, and even in the skirts of their clothes, scooping it up with their hands and with wooden paddles. The czar always manifested great respect for the outward observances of religion, and was constant in his attendance upon divine service. As we have mentioned, the first building the czar erected was a fort, the second was a church, the third a hotel. In the mean time private individuals were busily employed, by thousands, in putting up shops and houses. The city of Amsterdam was essentially the model upon which St. Petersburg was built. The wharves, the canals, the bridges, and the rectangular streets lined with trees were arranged by architects brought from the Dutch metropolis. When Charles XII was informed of the rapid progress the czar was making in building a city on the banks of the Neva, he said: —

"Let him amuse himself as he thinks fit in building his city. I shall soon find time to take it away from him and to put his wooden houses in a blaze."

Five months had not passed away, from the commencement of operations upon these vast morasses at the mouth of the Neva, ere, one day, it was reported to the czar that a large ship under Dutch colors was in full sail entering the harbor. Peter was overjoyed at this realization of the dearest wish of his heart. With ardor he set off to meet the welcome stranger. He found that the ship had been sent by one of his old friends at Zaandam. The cargo consisted of salt, wine, and provisions generally. The cargo was landed free from all duties, and was speedily sold to the great profit of the owners. To pro-

tect his capital, Peter immediately commenced his defenses at Cronstadt, about thirty miles down the bay. From that hour until this, Russia has been at work upon those fortifications.

A SUPPOSED LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT

[1715]

BY MAURICE BARING

ST. PETERSBURG, July, 1715.

ALTHOUGH it is almost six weeks ago that I arrived at St. Petersburg, I have not until this moment had leisure to write you my impressions. And now before I impart these to you I must advert to a conversation which I had in Berlin with X——, who, as you know, spent many years in Russia, before the accession of the present czar, and who is an eminent Russian scholar. He assured me that in entering the Russian service at the present moment I was doing a foolish and perilous thing. Russia, he said, was on the eve of a grave crisis, which might very probably lead to the dismemberment of the nation. This was owing to the character of the present sovereign. The czar was inspired with inordinate ambition and blind obstinacy; he was, moreover, pursued by a demon of restlessness, and a desire to change and reform everything that was old. This love of improvement was no doubt in itself a laudable ambition; yet in view of the peculiar circumstances of the case, the ignorance of the great mass of Russians, the fundamental conservatism of the educated class, the deficiency and the inadequacy of all necessary material and instruments, the designs of the czar were akin to madness.

He was attempting to make bricks without straw, and

this could only have one result — the disruption of the kingdom of Russia and the consequent rise of a large and powerful Poland. Poland would once again reduce Russia to servitude, and all civilized Europe would once more be revolted by the spectacle of civil and religious tyranny. Moreover, a powerful Poland was, as far as all European countries were concerned, far less to be desired than a powerful Russia. I will comment on these remarks in due time. At present I must resume my narrative.

On arriving at St. Petersburg I went straight to the Summer Palace. I was told that the czar had gone to Cronstadt. He had left orders that I was to follow him thither as soon as I arrived, in a snow [1] which was waiting to convey the Dutch minister. It was a fine, sultry day when we started from St. Petersburg. I was much impressed by the sight of the city, which possesses already many thousands of houses and some fine churches and palaces. We started with a fair wind, but soon a storm arose, and our condition was the more perilous owing to the lack of experience of the captain and the mate. The Dutch minister was prostrated with seasickness, and upon his asking whether there was any chance of escape, — and he seemed, such were his pains, to hope for a negative answer, — the captain, who was facing the emergency by doing nothing at all, kept on repeating in a soothing voice the word *Nichevo* (which means "All is well"); "we shall arrive." All seemed to be very far from well. The mate, when consulted, folded his hands together and said, *Bog Znaet*, which means, "God knows." At last, after two days and three nights, which we spent without fire or provisions, we arrived

[1] A square-rigged vessel.

at Cronstadt. We were forthwith bidden to the czar's pleasure-house, Peterhof, on the coast of Ingria, whither a fair wind took us without further mishap.

We were at once taken into the czar's presence. Anything less like the state and formal etiquette of Paris, Berlin, or Madrid, it would be difficult to imagine. To speak of the simplicity of the czar would be to understate my meaning. He seemed to be divested not only of the formality of sovereigns, but of the ordinary convention and reserve which unwittingly hang over every human being like a cloak. He greeted us as if he had known us all his life, and as if he were continuing a conversation but lately interrupted. His dress, — which was dark, plain, and sober, — his demeanor, his manner, were not only free from all trace of pomp, but would have struck one as simple in a common sailor. And yet the overwhelming mastery and intelligence and power of the man were instantly apparent in the swiftness of his look and the stamp of his countenance. It was clear from the first moment that he was a man who went straight to the point and had the knack of eliminating and casting aside the unessential and the superfluous with the quick decision with which a skillful gardener removes dead flowers from a tree with his garden knife.

This was evident when speaking of the concern he had felt for us owing to the storm. The Dutch minister launched out into a diffuse narrative. The czar at once seized on the essential fact that the skipper was incapable and deftly changed the subject, keeping the garrulous minister charmed all the while. He welcomed me to Russia and said that he had been awaiting my arrival with impatience, as he had much work for me to do.

"But we will talk of that later," he said; "at present you must be hungry."

We then followed him into another room, where we were presented to the czarina. The czarina, who is of humble origin, has that peculiar grace, that intangible beauty and charm, which baffle verbal description and cause the painter to burn his canvas. She is the embodiment of spontaneous and untaught refinement, and her manner, like that art which consists in concealing all art, proceeds from the certain instinct which bids her make the right gestures and say the right word without either effort or forethought.

We proceeded to dinner, which was served punctually at noon. The first course consisted of many cold meats, followed by a second hot course, and then by a third course of fruits. During dinner we were all of us plied with Tokay wine. His Majesty himself partook of it freely, but forbore drinking too much; but we by the end of the meal could scarcely stand, and the Dutch minister was obliged, nevertheless, to empty a bowl holding a full quart of brandy which he received at the czarina's hand. The result was that he rolled under the table, and was carried away by two men to a quiet place where he could sleep.

The czar laughed and talked without ceasing, and asked many pertinent questions concerning England and Scotland, and was thoroughly posted in all the latest news. Talking of the Stuarts, he said they would never return, because, apart from their talent for mismanagement, the English people did not feel strongly enough on the subject to make a rising in their favor, however popular such a restoration would be if it could

be effected by a *Deus ex machina*. The Stuarts, he said, had always had the people on their side and the oligarchy against them. He blamed the English people with regard to Ireland, saying the English had neither annihilated the Irish nor made them happy. He compared this to the action of the Poles in Russia in the past, and pointed to the result.

After dinner I retired to sleep, but at four o'clock we were awakened and brought back to the czar's presence. He gave us each a hatchet and orders to follow him. He led us into a wood of young trees, where he marked a walk of a hundred yards to be cut to the seashore. He fell to work, and we (there were seven of us) followed (the Dutch minister found such a work in his half-dazed condition hard); and in three hours' time the path was cut. At supper, to which we were bidden, more Tokay was consumed, and the czar joked with the Dutch minister about the violent exercise he had caused him to take. We retired early, but about eight the next morning, I was bidden to court to partake of breakfast, which consisted, instead of coffee or tea, of large cups of brandy and pickled cucumbers.

After dinner we were taken on board the czar's vessel. The czarina and her ladies sought the cabin, but the czar remained with us in the open air, laughing and joking. A strong wind was blowing, which in two hours became a gale, and the czar himself took the helm and showed the utmost skill in working a ship, as well as huge strength of body. After being tossed about for seven hours, we at last reached the port of Cronstadt, where the czar left us with the words: "Good-night, gentlemen; I fear I have carried the jest too far."

The next day I returned to St. Petersburg, and was lodged in the Summer Palace so as to be near the czar. The czar sent for me early in the morning and discoursed for two hours on various buildings he wished me to design. He went into every detail, and soon showed me that he was as skilled an architect as he was a sailor. He also talked on various other subjects, including theology, mechanics, music, painting, the English navy, and the German army. England, he said, was his model as far as the navy was concerned, Germany for the army, and France for architecture. At the same time he was not disposed slavishly to follow any particular models, and force on his people those details of any system which might not be in concord with the genius of the Russian character. It is undeniable that the Germans have far the best system of military discipline, he said, but it would be quite impossible to get Russian soldiers to act with the mathematical precision of the Prussians.

"I adopt the system as far as I can, and adapt it to my material. That is why I get as many Scotch officers as I can, and English architects, because it is difficult to make a Frenchman understand that Russia is n't France, and that a Russian workman must work in his own way."

I had not been in St. Petersburg long before I realized that X——'s forebodings are baseless. He is right in saying that the czar is ambitious. He is right in saying that he is actuated by restlessness, if by restlessness he means a ceaseless and indefatigable energy. He is right in saying that the czar's materials are bad and scanty and that the czar thus had to make bricks without straw. He is right in saying that the Russians are fun-

damentally conservative and regard all reforms with distrust.

But what he has not realized is this, that a man of genius can make bricks without straw. The czar has proved it. He has built St. Petersburg on a marsh. He has built a fleet and organized an army. He has made palaces, schools, academies, factories, and dock-yards, and he has inspired others with his fever for work. Like all great workers he never gives one an impression of hurry. He seems always to have leisure to see whom he wants, to have his say out, and to indulge in recreation when he feels so inclined. He rises every morning at four o'clock. From eleven to twelve he receives petitions from all ranks of his subjects, who have access to him during that hour. He dines at twelve o'clock. At one he sleeps for an hour; the afternoon and evening he spends in diversions, and at ten he goes to bed.

He seems to delight in finding out a project which appears to be impossible, and in achieving it forthwith. No scheme is too large for him to devise, and no detail of it too small for him to attend to. He has the gift of discovering any useful scrap of knowledge either in men or books. At his balls and entertainments, which he now gives at the Summer Palace, or, on extraordinary occasions, at the Senate House, all degrees of persons are invited. Different tables are arranged in separate rooms for the clergy, the officers of the army, those of the navy, the merchants, the shipbuilders, the foreign skippers. After dinner the czar goes from room to room and talks to everybody, especially with the masters of foreign trading vessels. The Dutch and English skippers treat

him with familiarity, and call him by no other name than Skipper Peter, which delights him, and the whole time he marks down any points which interest him, in a notebook.

In conversing with these men, various in rank and condition, he never appears to be courting popularity, or to be ingeniously fencing with subjects of which he is ignorant. On the contrary, he makes it manifest that he is talking on a subject because it interests him and because he is thoroughly acquainted with it. And any man who is an expert at any trade or profession cannot converse with him for a few moments without realizing that he knows what he is talking about and that his knowledge is the result of practical experience. He has a hatred of baseless theory, a contempt for convention, and an insatiable passion for fact and reality. He has no respect for inherited rank or for the glory of lineage; merit is to him the only rank. He will at a moment's notice, should he think it necessary, degrade a nobleman into a peasant or make a pastry-cook into a minister. Indeed, he has done this in the case of Prince Menzikoff.

It is useless to pretend that he is as popular with the Russian people as he is with foreigners. Many of the ignorant peasantry regard him as the Antichrist, and they worship his utterly worthless son, the czarevitch, because they consider that he respects and embodies their ancient customs. In spite of this there is no danger that what the czar has accomplished will be overturned in the immediate future. He has done something which cannot be undone, like putting salt into a pudding. Moreover, his genius and his versatility, his extraordinarily varied talents, are based on a soundness of judg-

ment, a level-headedness and a sanity of instinct which, while they lead him to do things which are seemingly impossible, justify him, in that success is achieved, and prevent him from undertaking what, owing either to the backwardness of the population or the temper of popular feeling, would in reality and of necessity end in failure. He knows exactly where to draw the line. In a speech he made to the Senate some time ago he said that the ancient seat of all sciences was Greece, whence they were expelled and dispersed over Europe and hindered from penetrating further than into Poland. The transmigration of sciences was like the circulation of the blood, and he prognosticated that they would some time or other quit their abode in western Europe and settle for some centuries in Russia, and afterwards perhaps return to their original home in Greece. In the mean time he recommended to their practice the Latin saying, *Ora et labora.*[1]

Now what the czar has already achieved is that he has made such a circulation possible. He has broken down the barrier which was between Russia and western Europe, and let into the great veins of his country a new drop of blood which nothing can either expel or destroy.

[1] Pray and work.

IV

FROM CATHERINE THE GREAT TO THE INVASION OF NAPOLEON

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE only son of Peter the Great had died in prison as the result of opposing his father's reforms, and for thirty-seven years after Peter's death the Russian crown was the football for contending factions. In 1762, Peter III was dethroned and murdered after a six months' reign, and his wife, the chief conspirator, ascended the throne as Catherine II, afterwards known as Catherine the Great. For thirty-four years Russia was ruled by this remarkable woman, and prospered greatly. Literature and art, commerce and industry were encouraged, and the victories of her armies greatly extended the boundaries of the country. On the other hand, she was unscrupulous, revengeful, and blood-thirsty. It was during her reign, and owing in a large degree to her persistence, that Poland was first divided.

In 1801, Catherine's son, Paul I, was assassinated and Alexander I ascended the throne. He abolished punishment by torture, and sought in every way in his power to do what was for the good of his people. He was one of the chief figures in the era of Napoleon and took a prominent part in the campaigns of 1805 and 1807 against the French. The defeat of the Russians at Friedland led to the famous meeting between Napoleon and Alexander on a raft in the Niemen River. The peace that was here concluded lasted until 1812, when Napoleon declared war and made his memorable expedition into the heart of Russia, reaching Moscow only to find it turn to ashes in his grasp.

A DAY WITH CATHERINE THE GREAT

[1794]

BY ADRIAN MOYSEEVICH GRIBOVSKI

THE empress's time and occupations were arranged in the following manner: She rose at seven, and was busy writing in her cabinet until nine (her last work was on the Senate Regulations). She once remarked in her conversation that she could not live a day without writing something. During that time she drank one cup of coffee, without cream. At nine o'clock she passed into the sleeping-room, where almost in the entrance from the boudoir she seated herself in a chair near the wall. Before her stood a table that slanted towards her and also to the opposite direction where there was also a chair. She then generally wore a sleeping-gown, or capote, of white gros de Tours, and on her head a white crêpe bonnet which was poised a little towards the left. In spite of her sixty-five years, the empress's face was still fresh, her hands beautiful, her teeth all well preserved, so that she spoke distinctly, without lisping, only a little masculinely. She read with eyeglasses and a magnifying glass. Having once been called in with my reports, I found her reading in this way. She smiled and said to me, "You, no doubt, do not need this apparatus! How old are you?" And when I said, "Twenty-six," she added: "But we have, in our long service to the empire, dulled our vision, and now we are of necessity compelled to use glasses." It appeared to me that "we" was used by her not as an expression of majesty, but in the ordinary sense.

Upon another occasion she handed me an autograph note which contained some references for her Senate Regulations for verification, and said: "Laugh not at my Russian orthography. I will tell you why I have not succeeded in mastering it. When I came here, I applied myself diligently to the study of Russian. When my aunt, Elizabeth Petrovna, heard of this, she told my court mistress that I ought not to be taught any more, — that I was clever enough anyway. Thus, I could learn Russian only from books, without a teacher, and that is the cause of my insufficient knowledge of orthography." However, the empress spoke quite correct Russian, and was fond of using simple native words, of which she knew a great number. "I am very happy," she said to me, "that you know the order of the Chancery. You will be the first executor of my Regulations before the Senate. But I caution you that the Chancery of the Senate has overpowered the Senate, and that I wish to free it from the Chancery. For any unjust decisions, my punishment for the Senate shall be: let them be ashamed!" I remarked that not only the Senate, but also other bureaus that are guided by the General Réglement, are hampered in the transaction of their business by great inconveniences and difficulties that demand correction. "I should like very much to see those inconveniences and difficulties of which you speak to me in such strong terms. The General Réglement is one of the best institutions of Peter the Great." Later on, I presented to Her Highness my notes upon the General Réglement, which I read to her almost every afternoon of her residence in Tsarskoe Selo in 1796, and which were honored by her undivided august approval. (These notes must

be deposited with other affairs in the Archives of the Foreign College.)

After occupying her seat, of which I spoke above, the empress rang a bell, and the valet of the day, who constantly remained outside the door, entered, and, having received his order, called in the persons. At that time of the day, the chief master of police and the secretary of state waited daily in the boudoir; at eleven o'clock there arrived Count Bezborodko; for the other officers certain days in the week were set apart; for the vice-chancellor, governor, government procurator of the government of St. Petersburg, Saturday; for the procurator-general, Monday and Thursday; Wednesday, for the superior procurator of the synod and master general of requests; Thursday, for the commander-in-chief of St. Petersburg. But in important and urgent cases, all these officers could come any other time to report.

The first one to be called in to the empress was the chief master of police, Brigadier Glazov. He made a verbal report on the safety of the capital and other occurrences, and presented a note, written at the office irregularly and badly on a sheet of paper, containing the names of arrivals and departures on the previous day of people of all conditions who had taken the trouble to announce their names at the toll-house, for the sentinels stopped no one at the toll-house, nor inquired anything of them, — in fact there existed then no toll-gates; anybody received a passport from the governor at any time he asked for it, and without any pay, and could leave the city whenever he wished: for this reason the list of arrivals and departures never could be very long. After the chief master of police left, the secretaries of state

who had any business had themselves announced by the valet, and were let in one by one. I was one of them. Upon entering the sleeping-room, I observed the following ceremony: I made a low obeisance to the empress, to which she responded with a nod of her head, and smilingly gave me her hand, which I took and kissed, and I felt the pressure of my own hand; then she commanded me to take a seat. Having seated myself on the chair opposite, I placed my papers on the slanting table and began to read. I suppose the other reporting officers acted in the same way, when they entered the room of the empress, and that they met with the same reception.

About eleven o'clock the other officers arrived with their reports, as mentioned above, and sometimes there came Field-Marshal Count Suvorov Rymnikski, who then, after the conquest of Poland, resided at St. Petersburg. When he entered, he first prostrated himself three times before the image of the Holy Virgin of Kazan, which stood in the corner, to the right of the door, and before which there burned an undying lamp; then he turned to the empress, prostrated himself once before her, though she tried to keep him from it, and, taking him by the hand, lifted him and said: "Mercy! Alexander Vasilevich, are you not ashamed to act like that?" But the hero worshiped her, and regarded it as his sacred duty to express his devotion to her in that manner. The empress gave him her hand, which he kissed as a relic, and asked him to seat himself on the chair opposite her; two minutes later she dismissed him. They used to tell that Count Bezborodko and a few others prostrated themselves in the same way before her, but not before the Holy Virgin.

At these audiences in the Winter and Tauric Palaces, the military officers wore uniforms, with their swords and shoes, but boots on holidays; civil officers wore during week-days simple French coats, but on holidays gala dresses; but at Tsarskoe Selo, both the military and civilians wore dress-coats on week-days, and only on holidays the former put on uniforms, and the latter French coats with their swords.

The empress was busy until noon, after which her old hair-dresser, Kozlov, dressed her hair in her interior boudoir. She wore her hair low and very simple; it was done up in the old fashion, with small locks behind her ears. Then she went into the boudoir, where we all waited for her; our society was then increased by four spinsters who came to serve the empress at her toilet. One of them passed some ice to the empress, who rubbed her face with it, probably in order to show that she did not like any other washes; another pinned a crêpe ornament in her hair, and the two sisters Zvyerev handed her the pins. This toilet lasted not more than ten minutes, and during that time the empress conversed with some one of the persons present. Having bid the company good-bye, the empress returned with her maids into the sleeping-room, where she dressed herself for dinner, with their aid and with the aid of Marya Savishna, while we all went home. On week-days the empress wore simple silk dresses, which were all made almost according to the same pattern, and which were known as Moldavian; the upper garment was usually of lilac or grayish color, and without her decorations, — her lower garment white; on holidays she wore a brocade gown, with three decorations — the crosses of St. Andrew, St. George, and St.

Vladimir; and sometimes she put on all the sashes that belong to these decorations, and a small crown; she wore not very high-heeled shoes.

Her dinner was set for two o'clock. The ordinary dinner of the empress did not last more than an hour. She was very abstemious in her food: she never breakfasted, and at dinner she tasted with moderation of not more than three or four courses; she drank only a glass of Rhine or Hungarian wine; she never ate supper.

After dinner all the guests immediately departed. The empress was left alone: in summer she sometimes took a nap, but in winter never. She sometimes listened, until the evening assembly, to the foreign mail which arrived twice a week; sometimes she read a book, or made cameo imprints on paper; this she did during the reading of her mail by P. A., or Count Markov, or Popov; but the latter was rarely invited to read, on account of his poor pronunciation of French, though he was nearly always present in the secretary's room. At six o'clock there assembled the aforementioned persons, and others of the empress's acquaintance whom she specially designated, in order to pass the evening hours. On Hermitage Days, which were generally on Thursdays, there was a performance, to which many ladies and gentlemen were invited; after the performance they all went home. On other days, the reception was in the empress's apartments. She played rocambole or whist, generally with P. A., E. V. Chertkov, and Count Strogonov; there were also card-tables for the other guests. At ten o'clock the empress retired to her inner apartments; at eleven she was in bed, and in all the rooms reigned a deep silence.

BORODINO

[1812]

BY ALEXANDER SERGEYEVITCH PUSHKIN

[THE Czar Alexander was an exceedingly wise commander. Why should he fight a losing battle with Napoleon when cold and hunger were the allies of Russia? So he reasoned, and, instead of risking the fate of his throne in one great engagement, he slowly retreated, occasionally making a show of battle, and so tempting Napoleon to follow, — on, on, into the very heart of an enemy's country. And as the czar retreated, he tore up roads, burnt bridges and villages and cities, and removed every mouthful of food and fodder far beyond the reach of the invader. In spite of the advice of his marshals, Napoleon pushed on, sure of food and shelter within the walls of Moscow. The plans of the czar were well made; cold and hunger would drive his enemies away, but at the expense of his capital. He determined to make one grand effort to prevent the French from entering Moscow. At the little village of Borodino he halted, and there three hundred thousand men fought from early dawn until nightfall, with fearful slaughter. The Russians were obliged to retire, and Napoleon pressed on.

Pushkin was born in 1799, and when he was only eighteen his work had already won him a place in Russian literature. He lived up to his early promise, and became Russia's greatest poet.

The Editor.]

ALL night beside our guns we lay,
Nor tent nor fire was there;
Our arms we whetted for the fray,
And prayed our whispered prayer.

The tempest raged till morning red;
I, while a gun-car propped my head,
  Spoke in my comrade's ear:
"Brother, hear'st thou how fierce and fast,
Like freedom's war song, yon wild blast?"
But wrapt in dreams of years long past,
  My comrade did not hear.

The drums beat loud — the mist-cloud dun
  'Gan eastward lighter grow,
And launched from unexpected gun
  Came greeting from the foe.
Then spake our chief before our line;
"Moscow 's behind us, children mine!
  Moscow we die to shield;
'T was thus our brethren did the deed!"
And one and all we vowed to bleed;
And well that promise did we heed
  On Borodino's field.

I shudder at the thought — ah, me!
  Poltava, Rymnik — there
In hope of glory battled we,
  But here in grim despair.
We closed our ranks without a sound,
Guns thundered, bullets whistled round;
I crossed myself — when nigh
My comrade fell, all bleeding red;
I panted to avenge the dead,
And from my leveled gun the lead
  With deadly aim did fly.

BORODINO

"March forward, march!" No more I know
Of what befell that day;
Six times we yielded to the foe,
Six times the foe gave way;
And shadowy banners waved above,
And shadowy foes against us strove,
And fire through smoke did rain;
Full on the guns the horsemen broke,
The wearied arm refused its stroke,
And rushing balls their fight did choke
In hills of gory slain.

There dead and living mingled lay,
The cold night gathered round,
And all who yet survived the fray
In deepest gloom were drowned;
The roaring cannon ceased to boom,
But guns that beat amid the gloom
Showed where the foe withdrew.
How welcome was the morning red!
"Now, God be praised!" I only said,
For shivering on a couch of dead
I lay the long night through.

There, in death's sleep our bravest lay,
Beneath the fatal shade;
How gallant and how stanch that day!
Alas! that could not aid.
But ever in the roll of Fame,
Above Poltava's, Rymnik's name
Rings Borodino's praise.

RUSSIA

Sooner the Prophet's tongue shall lie,
Sooner shall fade Heaven's shining eye,
Than from our Northern memory
  Shall time that field erase.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

BY LOUIS ADOLPH THIERS

On the morning of the 15th of September, Napoleon entered Moscow at the head of his invincible legions, but passed through a deserted city; and his soldiers were now for the first time on entering a capital the sole witnesses of their own glory. Their feelings on the occasion were sad ones. As soon as Napoleon had reached the Kremlin, he hastened to ascend the lofty tower of the great Ivan, and to survey from its elevation the magnificent city he had conquered. The Moskva flowed at his feet, traversing the capital with numerous windings. Thousands of black-plumaged birds, crows and ravens, as numerous in those regions as are the pigeons in Venice around the palaces and churches, gave to the great city a singular aspect which contrasted strongly with the splendor of its brilliant colors. A sullen silence, broken only by the tramp of the cavalry, had replaced that populous life which during the very previous evening had rendered the city one of the most animated in the world. . . .

The French army hoped to enjoy comfort in Moscow, to obtain, probably, peace by means of its possession, and at least good winter cantonments, in case the war should be prolonged. But on the afternoon they had entered, columns of flame arose from a vast building containing vast quantities of spirit, and just as our soldiers had almost succeeded in mastering the fire in this spot,

a violent conflagration suddenly burst forth in a collection of buildings called the Bazaar, situated to the northeast of the Kremlin, and containing the richest magazines, abounding in stores of the exquisite tissues of India and Persia, the rarities of Europe, colonial produce, and precious wines. The troops of the guard immediately hastened up and attempted to subdue the flames, but their energetic efforts were unfortunately unsuccessful, and the immense riches of the establishment fell a prey to the fire, with the exception of some portions which our men were able to snatch from the devouring element. This fresh accident was again attributed to natural causes, and considered as easily explicable in the tumult of an evacuation.

During the night of the 15th of September, however, a sudden change came over the scene; for then, as though every species of misfortune were to fall at the same moment on the ancient Muscovite capital, the equinoctial gales suddenly arose with the extreme violence usual to the season, and in countries where widespread plains offer no resistance to the storm. This wind, blowing first from the east, carried the fire to the west into the streets comprised between the Iwer and Smolensk routes, which were the most beautiful and the richest in all Moscow. Within some hours the fire, spreading with fearful rapidity, and throwing out long arrows of flame, spread to the other westward quarters. And soon rockets were observed in the air, and wretches were seized in the act of spreading the conflagration. Interrogated under threat of instant death, they revealed the frightful secret, the order given by Count Rostopchin for the burning of the city of Moscow as though it had been a

simple village on the Moscow route. This information filled the whole army with consternation. Napoleon ordered that military commissions should be formed in each quarter of the city for the purpose of judging, shooting, and hanging, incendiaries taken in the act; and that all the available troops should be employed in extinguishing the flames. Immediate recourse was had to the pumps, but it was found they had been removed; and this latter circumstance would have proved, if indeed any doubt on the matter had remained, the terrible determination with which Moscow had been given to the flames.

In the mean time, the wind, increasing in violence every moment, rendered the efforts of the whole army ineffectual, and suddenly changing, with the abruptness due to equinoctial gales, from the east to the northwest, it carried the torrent of flame into quarters which the hands of the incendiaries had not yet been able to fire. And after having blown during some hours from the northwest, the wind once more changed its direction and blew from the southwest, as though it had a cruel pleasure in spreading ruin and death over the unhappy city, or rather, over our army. By this change of the wind to the southwest the Kremlin was placed in extreme peril. More than four hundred ammunition wagons were in the court of the Kremlin, and the arsenal contained some four hundred thousand pounds of powder. There was imminent danger, therefore, that Napoleon with his guard, and the palace of the czars, might be blown up into the air.

The officers who surrounded him, and the artillerymen, who knew that his death would be their own,

thronged about him with entreaties that he would retire from so dangerous a position. The peril was most threatening; and even the old artillerymen of the guard, although accustomed to such cannonades as that of Borodino, almost lost their *sang-froid*. General Lariboisière at length approached Napoleon, and with the authority he had by virtue of his age and his devotion, entreated that the troops might be permitted to save themselves without having their embarrassment increased by the excitement caused by the presence of their emperor. Several officers, moreover, who had been sent into the adjacent quarters to make inquiries, reported that it was scarcely possible to traverse the burning streets, and that to depart immediately was the only means of escaping from being buried under the ruins of the doomed city.

Napoleon, therefore, followed by some of his lieutenants, descended from the Kremlin to the quay of the Moskva, where he found his horses ready for him, and had much difficulty in threading the streets, which, towards the northwest, in which direction he proceeded, were already in flames. The terrified army set out from Moscow; the divisions of Prince Eugene and Marshal Ney fell back upon the Zwenigarod and St. Petersburg roads. Those of Marshal Davoust fell back upon the Smolensk route, and with the exception of the guard which was left around the Kremlin, to dispute its possession with the flames, our troops drew back in horror from before the fire, which, after flaming up to heaven, darted back towards them as though it wished to devour them. The few inhabitants who had remained in Moscow, and had hitherto lain concealed in their dwellings,

now fled, carrying away such of their possessions as they valued most highly, uttering lamentable cries of distress, and, in many instances, falling victims to the brigands whom Rostopchin had let loose, and who now exulted in the midst of the conflagration, as the genius of evil in the midst of chaos.

As a final misfortune, the wind changed on the following day from southwest to direct west, and then the torrents of flame were carried towards the eastern quarters of the city, the streets Messnitskaia and Bassmanaia, and the Summer Palace. As the conflagration reached its terrible height, frightful crashes were heard every moment; roofs crushing inwards, and stately façades crumbling headlong into the streets, as their supports became consumed in the flames. The sky was scarcely visible through the thick cloud of smoke which overshadowed it, and the sun was only apparent as a blood-red globe. For three successive days, the 16th, 17th, and the 18th of September, this terrific scene continued, and in unabated intensity.

At length, after having devoured four fifths of the city, the fire ceased, gradually quenched by the rain, which, as is usually the case, succeeded the violence of the equinoctial gales. As the flames subsided, only the specter, as it were, of what had once been a magnificent city was visible; and, indeed, the Kremlin and about a fifth part of the city were alone saved; their preservation being chiefly due to the exertions of the Imperial Guard.

THE CROSSING OF THE BERESINA RIVER

[1812]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

THE river Beresina flows rapidly along its channel a few miles beyond Borisoff. The retreating Russians had destroyed the bridge. Upon the opposite bank of the river they had planted very formidable batteries. Napoleon remained two days at Borisoff refreshing his troops. On the 25th, a variety of movements were made to deceive the enemy as to the point at which he intended to cross the river. In the mean time, with secrecy, arrangements were made for constructing a bridge where a dense forest would conceal their operations from view. The Russians, in vast numbers, occupied the adjacent heights. The French troops were secreted all day in the woods, ready to commence the construction of the bridge the moment night should come. Hardly had the winter's sun gone down behind the frozen hills ere they sprang to their work. No fire could be allowed. They worked through the long and dark night, many of them often up to their necks in water, and struggling against immense masses of ice, which were floated down by the stream. The tires of the wheels were wrenched off for cramp-irons, and cottages were torn down for timber.

Napoleon superintended the work in person, toiling with the rest. He uttered not a word which could indicate any want of confidence in this desperate adventure. He was surrounded by three armies, constituting a mass

of one hundred and fifty thousand men. "In this situation," says the Russian historian Boutourlin, "the most perilous in which he had ever found himself, the great captain was in no way inferior to himself. Without allowing himself to be dismayed by the imminence of his danger, he dared to measure it with the eye of genius, and still found resources when a general less skillful and less determined would not even have suspected its possibility."

The French generals deemed the passage of the river utterly impracticable. Rapp, Mortier, and Ney declared that, if escape were now effected, they should forever after believe in the emperor's protecting star. Even Murat, constitutionally bold and reckless as he was, declared that it was time to relinquish all thoughts of rescuing any but the emperor, on whose fate the salvation of France depended. The soldiers in the ranks expressed similar fears and desires. Some Polish officers volunteered to extricate Napoleon by guiding him through obscure paths in the forest to the frontiers of Prussia. Poniatowski, who commanded the Polish division, offered to pledge his life for the success of the enterprise; but Napoleon promptly rejected the suggestion as implying a cowardly and dishonorable flight. He would not forsake the army in this hour of its greatest peril.

"Napoleon," says Segur, "at once rejected this project as infamous, as being a cowardly flight; he was indignant that any one should dare to think for a moment that he would abandon his army so long as it was in danger. He was, however, not at all displeased with Murat, either because that prince, in making the proposition, had afforded him an opportunity of showing his

firmness, or, what is more probable, because he saw in it nothing but a mark of devotion, and because in the eyes of a sovereign, the first quality is attachment to his person."

At last the day faintly dawned in the east. The Russian watch-fires began to pale. Napoleon, by the movements of the preceding day, had effectually deceived his foes. The bewildered Russian admiral consequently commenced withdrawing his forces from Studzianca just as Napoleon commenced concentrating his army there. The French generals, who were anxiously, with their glasses, peering through the dusk of the morning to the opposite heights, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Russians rapidly retreating. The Russians had received orders to hasten to a point some eighteen miles down the river, where the admiral was convinced, by the false demonstrations of Napoleon, that the French intended to attempt the passage.

Oudinot and Rapp hastened to the emperor with the joyful tidings. Napoleon exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the admiral!" A squadron of horsemen swam, on their skeleton steeds, through the icy waves, and took possession of the opposite bank. The bridge was soon finished, and two light rafts were constructed. The passage of the troops was now urged with the utmost rapidity. In the course of a few hours the engineers succeeded in constructing another bridge for the transportation of the baggage and the cannon. During the whole of that bleak winter's day, and of the succeeding night, the French army, with its encumbering multitude of stragglers, were crowding across these narrow defiles. In the mean time the Russians began to return. They planted

their batteries upon the adjacent heights, and swept the bridge with a storm of cannon balls. Early in the morning of the 27th, the foe had accumulated in such numbers as to be prepared to make a simultaneous attack upon the French on both sides of the river. Napoleon had crossed with the advanced guard. On attaining the right bank of the river, he exclaimed, "My star still reigns!"

An awful conflict now ensued. The Russians were impelled by the confidence of success; the French were nerved by the energies of despair. In the midst of this demoniac scene of horror, mutilation, and blood, a fearful tempest arose, howling through the dark forests, and sweeping with hurricane fury over the embattling hosts. One of the frail bridges broke beneath the weight of artillery, baggage, and troops with which it was burdened. A vast and frenzied crowd were struggling at the heads of the bridges. Cannon balls ploughed through the living, tortured mass. They trampled upon each other. Multitudes were crowded into the stream, and with shrieks which pierced through the thunders of the battle, sank beneath the floating ice. The genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. It is the testimony alike of friend and foe, that no other man could have accomplished what he accomplished in the awful passage of the Beresina.

Undismayed by the terrific scene and by the magnitude of his peril, he calmly studied all his chances, and, with his feeble band, completely thwarted and overthrew his multitudinous foes. It is difficult to ascertain the precise numbers in this engagement. According to Segur, who is perhaps the best authority to whom we can refer,

Napoleon had but twenty-seven thousand fighting men, and these were exhausted, half famished, and miserably clothed and armed. There were also forty thousand stragglers and wounded embarrassing his movements and claiming his care. Sixty thousand Russians, well fed and perfectly armed, surrounded him. General Wittgenstein, with forty thousand effective men, marched upon the portion of the army which had not yet crossed the stream. Marshal Victor, with but six thousand men, baffled all his efforts, and for hours held this vast force at bay. Admiral Tchitchagoff, with twenty thousand men, attacked the columns which had crossed. Ney, with eight thousand troops, plunged into the dense mass of foes, drove them before him, and took six thousand prisoners.

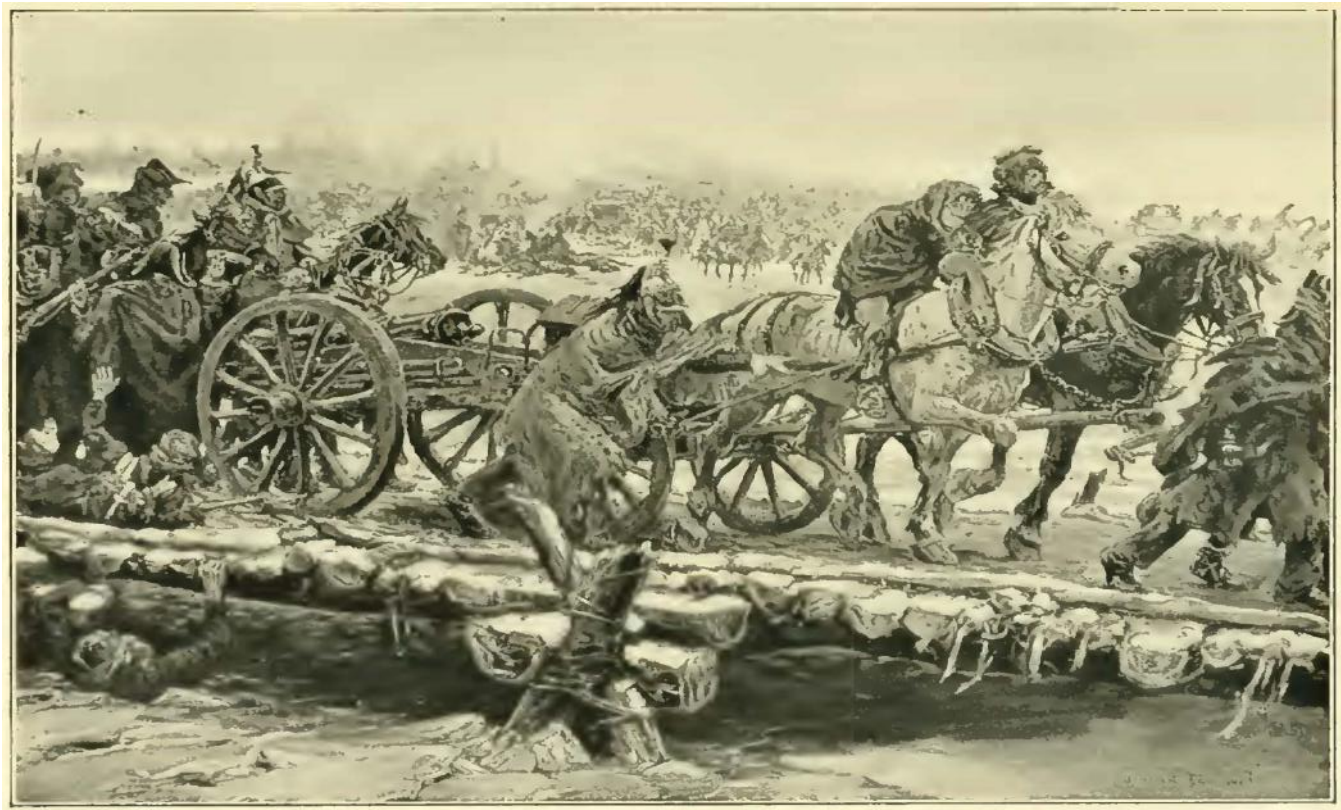
Through all these awful hours the engineers worked in preserving and repairing the bridges, with coolness which no perils could disturb. The darkness of the night put no end to the conflict. The Russians trained their guns to bear upon the confused mass of men, horses, and wagons crowding and overwhelming the bridges.

In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, a little boat, carrying a mother and her two children, was overturned by the floating ice. A soldier plunged from the bridge into the river, and, by great exertions, saved the youngest of the two children. The poor little thing, in tones of despair, kept crying for its mother. The tender-hearted soldier was heard endeavoring to soothe it, saying, "Do not cry. I will not abandon you. You shall want for nothing. I will be your father."

Women were in the midst of the stream, struggling against the floating ice, with their children in their

arms; and when the mother was completely submerged in the cold flood, her stiffened arms were seen still holding her child above the waves. Across this bridge the soldiers bore tenderly the orphan child which Marshal Ney had saved at Smolensk.

Many persons were crushed and ground to pieces by the rush of heavy carriages. Bands of soldiers cleared their way across the bridge, through the encumbering crowd, with their bayonets and their swords. The wounded and the dead were trampled miserably under their feet. Night came, cold, dark, and dreary, and did but increase these awful calamities. Everything was covered with snow. The black mass of men, horses, and carriages, traversing this white surface, enabled the Russian artillerymen, from the heights which they occupied, unerringly to direct their fire. The howling of the tempest, the gloom of midnight, the incessant flash and roar of artillery, the sweep of cannon balls through the dense mass, and the frightful explosion of shells, the whistling of bullets, the vociferations and shouts of the soldiers, the shrieks of the wounded and despairing, and the wild hurrahs of the Cossacks, presented one of the most appalling scenes which demoniac war has ever exhibited. The record alone one would think enough to appall the most selfish and merciless lover of military glory. At last Victor, having protected the passage of all the regular troops, led his valiant corps across, and set fire to the bridges. The number lost on this occasion has never been ascertained. When the ice melted in the spring, twelve thousand dead bodies were dragged from the river.



PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA

BY J. H. VAN PAPENDRECHT

THE condition of Napoleon's army in the retreat from Moscow has been thus described by Headley:—

"The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snowdrifts, and lay down by thousands to die. Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army struggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns, while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked coldly and dimly down through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet-note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions."

Such was the condition of the French army when it approached the banks of the Beresina River at the end of November, 1812. The Russians had destroyed the bridges, and new ones had to be built. The feeble lines began to cross, many of them unarmed, many sick or wounded. Then came a fierce bombardment by the Russian artillery. Panic followed, and it is estimated that more than ten thousand French were lost, and about fifteen thousand taken prisoners.

V
POLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE history of Poland has never been a happy one. In the thirteenth century the country had been so overpowered by the Mongols that it almost ceased to exist. Moreover, it was divided and subdivided into little independent states, and among these there were frequent disagreements which prevented anything like unity. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Poland, under the rule of Sigismund the Great, was at her best, and the kingdom stretched from the Baltic Sea to the Dniester River. Its western boundary was about ninety miles east of Berlin, and its eastern a hundred and fifty miles west of Moscow. Toward the end of this century the monarchy was made elective and an exceedingly impractical constitution was formed. Wars with other nations and struggles between the Crown and the Polish nobles followed. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, a war with Turkey took place, and in spite of the valor of the brilliant leader Sobieski, Poland had to yield to humiliating terms of peace.

In the eighteenth century Russia began to interfere in Polish affairs. War soon came about. The result was the First Partition, in 1772, by which Russia, Prussia, and Austria gained wide areas of land. Poland awoke to her danger, but even the victories of Kosciusko and his brave troops could not prevail against the power and the bribes of the Russians. In 1793, a Second Partition was made. Two years later, the unhappy country ceased to be a state, for at the Third Partition all that was left fell into the hands of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Napoleon promised the restoration of the kingdom, but accomplished little. Out of the "Duchy of Warsaw," which he founded, a new kingdom of Poland was created by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. This was under Russian rule, and struggles for freedom made up the history of the country until 1864, when it was subdued by the vastly superior power of Russia. Four years later, it ceased to have a separate existence and was incorporated with Russia.

THE SURRENDER OF KAMENYETZ[1]

[1672]

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

[IN 1672, a defensive war against the Turks was going on. The renowned general, John Sobieski, won numerous brilliant victories, but was forced to surrender the important town of Kamenetz in Podolia. Two years later, Sobieski was appointed king under the title of John III.

The Editor.]

IN the castle they expected some great effort on the part of the Turks. In fact, about sunrise there was heard such a loud and mighty hammering along the left side of the castle as never before. Evidently the Turks were hurrying with a new mine, the largest of all. Strong detachments of troops were guarding that work from a distance. Swarms began to move in the trenches. From the multitude of colored banners with which the field on the side of Dlujek had bloomed as with flowers, it was known that the vizier was coming to direct the storm in person. New cannon were brought to the intrenchments by Janizaries, countless throngs of whom covered the new castle, taking refuge in its fosses and ruins, so as to be in readiness for a hand-to-hand struggle.

As has been said, the castle was the first to begin the converse with cannon, and so effectually that a momentary panic rose in the trenches. But the bimbashes rallied the Janizaries in the twinkle of an eye; at the same

[1] From *Pan Michael*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1893, by Jeremiah Curtin.

time all the Turkish cannon raised their voices. Bombs, balls, and grapeshot were flying; at the heads of the besieged flew rubbish, bricks, plaster; smoke was mingled with dust, the heat of fire with the heat of the sun. Breath was failing in men's breasts; sight left their eyes. The roar of guns, the bursting of bombs, the biting of cannon balls on the rocks, the uproar of the Turks, the cries of the defenders, formed one terrible concert which was accompanied by the echoes of the cliffs. The castle was covered with missiles; the town, the gates, all the bastions were covered. But the castle defended itself with rage; it answered thunders with thunders, shook, flashed, smoked, roared, vomited fire, death, and destruction, as if Jove's anger had borne it away, — as if it had forgotten itself amid flames; as if it wished to drown the Turkish thunders and sink in the earth, or else triumph.

In the castle, amid flying balls, fire, dust, and smoke, the little knight rushed from cannon to cannon, from one wall to another, from corner to corner; he was like a destroying flame. He seemed to double and treble himself: he was everywhere. He encouraged; he shouted. When a gunner fell, he took his place, and, rousing confidence in men, ran again to some other spot. His fire was communicated to the soldiers. They believed that this was the last storm, after which would come peace and glory; faith in victory filled their breasts. Their hearts grew firm and resolute; the madness of battle seized their minds. Shouts and challenges issued every moment from their throats. Such rage seized some that they went over the wall to close outside with the Janizaries hand to hand.

The Janizaries, under cover of smoke, went twice to the breach in dense masses; and twice they fell back in disorder after they had covered the ground with their bodies. About midday the volunteer and irregular Janizaries were sent to aid them; but the less trained crowds, though pushed from behind with darts, only howled with dreadful voices, and did not wish to go against the castle. The kaimakan came; that did no good. Every moment threatened disorder, bordering on panic. At last the men were withdrawn; and the guns alone worked unceasingly as before, hurling thunder after thunder, lightning after lightning.

Whole hours were spent in this manner. The sun had passed the zenith, and rayless, red, and smoky, as if veiled by haze, looked at that struggle. About three o'clock in the afternoon the roar of guns gained such force that in the castle the loudest words shouted in the ear were not audible. The air in the castle became as hot as in a stove. The water which they poured on the cannon turned into steam, mixing with the smoke and hiding the light; but the guns thundered on.

Just after three o'clock, the largest Turkish culverines were broken. Some "Our Fathers" later, the mortar standing near them burst, struck by a long shot. Gunners perished like flies. Every moment it became more evident that that irrepressible castle was gaining in the struggle, that it would roar down the Turkish thunder, and utter the last word of victory.

The Turkish fire began to weaken gradually.

"The end will come!" shouted Volodyovski, with all his might, in Ketling's ear. He wished his friend to hear those words amid the roar.

"So I think," answered Ketling. "To last till to-morrow, or longer?"

"Perhaps longer. Victory is with us to-day."

"And through us. We must think of that new mine."

The Turkish fire was weakening still more.

"Keep up the cannonade!" cried Volodyovski. And he sprang among the gunners. "Fire, men!" cried he, "till the last Turkish gun is silent! To the glory of God, and the Most Holy Lady: To the glory of the Commonwealth!"

The soldiers, seeing that the storm was nearing its end, gave forth a loud shout, and with the greater enthusiasm fired at the Turkish trenches.

"We'll play an evening kindya for you, dog brothers," cried many voices.

Suddenly something wonderful took place. All the Turkish guns ceased at once, as if some one had cut them off with a knife. At the same time, the musketry fire of the Janizaries ceased in the new castle. The old castle thundered for a time yet; but at last the officers began to look at one another, and inquire, —

"What is this? What has happened?"

Ketling, alarmed somewhat, ceased firing also.

"Maybe there is a mine under us which will be exploded right away," said one of the officers.

Volodyovski pierced the man with a threatening glance, and said, "The mine is not ready; and even if it were, only the left side of the castle could be blown up by it, and we will defend ourselves in the ruins while there is breath in our nostrils. Do you understand?"

Silence followed, unbroken by a shot from the trenches or the town. After thunders from which the walls and

the earth had been quivering, there was something solemn in that silence, but something ominous also. The eyes of each were intent on the trenches; but through the clouds of smoke nothing was visible. Suddenly the measured blows of hammers were heard on the left side.

"I told you that they are only making the mine," said Pan Michael. "Sergeant, take twenty men and examine for me the new castle," commanded he, turning to Lusnia.

Lusnia obeyed quickly, took twenty men, and vanished in a moment beyond the breach. Silence followed again, broken only by groans here and there, or the gasp of the dying, and the pounding of hammers. They waited rather long. At last the sergeant returned.

"Pan Commandant," he said, "there is not a living soul in the new castle."

Volodyovski looked with amazement at Ketling. "Have they raised the siege already, or what? Nothing can be seen through the smoke."

But the smoke, blown by the wind, became thin, and at last its veil was broken above the town. At the same moment a voice, shrill and terrible, began to shout from the bastion, —

"Over the gates are white flags! We are surrendering!"

Hearing this, the soldiers and officers turned toward the town. Terrible amazement was reflected on their faces; the words died on the lips of all; and through the strips of smoke they were gazing toward the town. But in the town, on the Russian and Polish gates, white flags were really waving. Farther on they saw one on the bastion of Batory.

The face of the little knight became as white as those flags waving in the wind.

"Ketling, do you see?" whispered he, turning to his friend.

Ketling's face was pale also. "I see," replied he.

And they looked into each other's eyes for some time, uttering with them everything which two soldiers like them, without fear or reproach, had to say, — soldiers who never in life had broken their word, and who had sworn before the altar to die rather than surrender the castle. And now, after such a defense, after a struggle which recalled the days of Zbaraj, after a storm which had been repulsed, and after a victory, they were commanded to break their oath, to surrender the castle, and live.

As, not long before, hostile balls were flying over the castle, so now hostile thoughts were flying in a throng through their heads. And sorrow simply measureless pressed their hearts, — sorrow for two loved ones, sorrow for life and happiness; hence they looked at each other as if demented, as if dead, and at times they turned glances full of despair toward the town, as if wishing to be sure that their eyes were not deceiving them, — to be sure that the last hour had struck.

At that time horses' hoofs sounded from the direction of the town; and after a time Horaim, the attendant of the starosta, rushed up to them.

"An order to the commandant!" cried he, reining in his horse.

Volodyovski took the order, read it in silence, and after a time, amid silence as of the grave, said to the officers, —

"Gracious gentlemen, commissioners have crossed

the river in a boat, and have gone to Dlujek to sign conditions. After a time they will come here. Before evening we must withdraw the troops from the castle, and raise a white flag without delay."

No one answered a word. Nothing was heard but quick breathing.

At last Kvasibrotski said, "We must raise the white flag. I will muster the men."

Here and there the words of command were heard. The soldiers began to take their places in ranks, and shoulder arms. The clatter of muskets and the measured tread roused echoes in the silent castle.

Ketling pushed up to Pan Michael. "Is it time?" inquired he.

"Wait for the commissioners; let us hear the conditions! Besides, I will go down myself."

"No, I will go! I know the places better; I know the position of everything."

"The commissioners are returning! The commissioners are returning!"

The three unhappy envoys appeared in the castle after a certain time. They were Grushetski, judge of Podolia, the chamberlain Revuski, and Pan Myslishevski, banneret of Chernigoff. They came gloomily, with drooping heads; on their shoulders were gleaming caftans of gold brocade, which they had received as gifts from the vizier.

Volodyovski was waiting for them, resting against a gun turned toward Dlujek. The gun was hot yet, and steaming. All three greeted him in silence.

"What are the conditions?" asked he.

"The town will not be plundered; life and property

are assured to the inhabitants. Whoever does not choose to remain has the right to withdraw and betake himself to whatever place may please him."

"And Kamenyetz?"

The commissioners dropped their heads: "Goes to the sultan forever."

The commissioners took their way, not toward the bridge, for throngs of people had blocked the road, but toward the southern gate at the side. When they had descended, they sat in the boat which was to go to the Polish gate. In the low place lying along the river between the cliffs, the Janizaries began to appear. Greater and greater streams of people flowed from the town, and occupied the place opposite the old bridge. Many wished to run to the castle; but the outgoing regiments restrained them, at command of the little knight.

When Volodyovski had mustered the troops, he called Pan Mushalski and said to him, —

"Old friend, do me one more service. Go this moment to my wife, and tell her from me —" Here the voice stuck in the throat of the little knight for a while. "And say to her from me —" He halted again, and then added quickly, "This life is nothing!"

The bowman departed. After him the troops went out gradually. Pan Michael mounted his horse and watched over the march. The castle was evacuated slowly, because of the rubbish and fragments which blocked the way.

Ketling approached the little knight. "I will go down," said he, setting his teeth.

"Go! but delay till the troops have marched out. Go!"

Here they seized each other in an embrace which lasted some time. The eyes of both were gleaming with an uncommon radiance. Ketling rushed away at last toward the vaults.

Pan Michael took the helmet from his head. He looked awhile yet on the ruin, on that field of his glory, on the rubbish, the corpses, the fragments of walls, on the breastwork, on the guns; then raising his eyes, he began to pray. His last words were, "Grant her, O Lord, to endure this patiently; give her peace!"

Ah! Ketling hastened, not waiting even till the troops had marched out; for at that moment the bastions quivered, an awful roar rent the air, bastions, towers, walls, horses, guns, living men, corpses, masses of earth, all torn upward with a flame, and mixed, pounded together, as it were, into one dreadful cartridge, flew toward the sky.

Thus died Volodyovski, the Hector of Kamenyetz, the first soldier of the Commonwealth.

In the monastery of St. Stanislav stood a lofty catafalque in the center of the church; it was surrounded with gleaming tapers, and on it lay Pan Volodyovski in two coffins, one of lead and one of wood. The lids had been fastened, and the funeral service was just ending.

It was the heartfelt wish of the widow that the body should rest in Hreptyoff; but since all Podolia was in the hands of the enemy, it was decided to bury it temporarily in Stanislav, for to that place the "exiles" of Kamenyetz had been sent under a Turkish convoy, and there delivered to the troops of the hetman.

All the bells in the monastery were ringing. The

church was filled with a throng of nobles and soldiers, who wished to look for the last time at the coffin of the Hector of Kamenyetz, and the first cavalier of the Commonwealth. It was whispered that the hetman himself was to come to the funeral; but as he had not appeared so far, and as at any moment the Tartars might come in a chambul, it was determined not to defer the ceremony.

Old soldiers, friends or subordinates of the deceased, stood in a circle around the catafalque. Among others were present Pan Mushalski, the bowman, Pan Motovidlo, Pan Snitko, Pan Hromyka, Pan Nyenashinyets, Pan Novoveski, and many others, former officers of the stanitsa. By a marvelous fortune, no man was lacking of those who had sat on the evening benches around the hearth at Hreptyoff, all had brought their heads safely out of that war, except the man who was their leader and model. That good and just knight, terrible to the enemy, loving to his own; that swordsman above swordsmen, with the heart of a dove, — lay there high among the tapers, in glory immeasurable, but in the silence of death. Hearts hardened through war were crushed with sorrow at that sight; yellow gleams from the tapers shone on the stern, suffering faces of warriors, and were reflected in glittering points in the tears dropping down from their eyelids.

Within the circle of soldiers lay Basia, in the form of a cross, on the floor, and near her Zagloba, old, broken, decrepit, and trembling. She had followed on foot from Kamenyetz the hearse bearing that most precious coffin, and now the moment had come when it was necessary to give that coffin to the earth. Walking the whole way, insensible, as if not belonging to this world, and now at the

catafalque, she repeated with unconscious lips, "This life is nothing!" She repeated it because that beloved one had commanded her, for that was the last message which he had sent her; but in that repetition and in those expressions were mere sounds, without substance, without truth, without meaning and solace. No; "This life is nothing" meant merely regret, darkness, despair, torpor, merely misfortune incurable, life beaten and broken, — an erroneous announcement that there was nothing above her, neither mercy nor hope; that there was merely a desert, and it will be a desert which God alone can fill when He sends death.

They rang the bells; at the great altar Mass was at its end. At last thundered the deep voice of the priest, as if calling from the abyss: "*Requiescat in pace!*" A feverish quiver shook Basia, and in her unconscious head rose one thought alone, "Now, now, they will take him from me!" But that was not yet the end of the ceremony. The knights had prepared many speeches to be spoken at the lowering of the coffin; meanwhile Father Kaminski ascended the pulpit, — the same who had been in Hreptyoff frequently, and who in time of Basia's illness had prepared her for death.

People in the church began to spit and cough, as is usual before preaching; then they were quiet, and all eyes were turned to the pulpit. The rattling of a drum was heard on the pulpit.

The hearers were astonished. Father Kaminski beat the drum as if for alarm; he stopped suddenly, and a deathlike silence followed. Then the drum was heard a second and a third time; suddenly the priest threw the drumsticks to the floor of the church, and called, —

"Pan Colonel Volodyovski!"

A spasmodic scream from Basia answered him. It became simply terrible in the church. Pan Zagloba rose, and aided by Mushalski bore out the fainting woman.

Meanwhile the priest continued: "In God's name, Pan Volodyovski, they are beating the alarm: there is war, the enemy is in the land! — and do you not spring up, seize your saber, mount your horse? Have you forgotten your former virtue? Do you leave us alone with sorrow, with alarm?"

The breasts of the knights rose; and a universal weeping broke out in the church, and broke out several times again, when the priest lauded the virtue, the love of country, and the bravery of the dead man. His own words carried the preacher away. His face became pale; his forehead was covered with sweat; his voice trembled. Sorrow for the little knight carried him away, sorrow for Kamenyetz, sorrow for the Commonwealth, ruined by the hands of the followers of the Crescent; and finally he finished his eulogy with this prayer: —

"O Lord, they will turn churches into mosques, and chant the Koran in places where till this time the Gospel has been chanted. Thou hast cast us down, O Lord; Thou has turned Thy face from us, and given us into the power of the foul Turk. Inscrutable are Thy decrees; but who, O Lord, will resist the Turk now? What armies will war with him on the boundaries? Thou, from whom nothing in the world is concealed, — Thou knowest best that there is nothing superior to our cavalry! What cavalry can move for Thee, O Lord, as ours can? Wilt Thou set aside defenders behind whose shoulders all Christendom might glorify Thy name? O kind Father, do not

desert us! Show us Thy mercy ! Send us a defender! Send a crusher of the foul Mohammedan! Let him come hither; let him stand among us; let him raise our fallen hearts! Send him, O Lord!"

At that moment the people gave way at the door; and into the church walked the hetman, Pan Sobieski. The eyes of all were turned to him; a quiver shook the people; and he went with clatter of spurs to the catafalque, lordly, mighty, with the face of a Cæsar. An escort of iron cavalry followed him.

"Salvator!" cried the priest, in prophetic ecstasy.

Sobieski knelt at the catafalque, and prayed for the soul of Volodyovski.

POLAND OR RUSSIA?

[1793]

BY JANE PORTER

[THE little kingdom of Poland was surrounded by three strong enemies, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all bent upon its overthrow and the absorption of its lands into their own territories. This was finally accomplished.

In 1791, Poland accepted a new constitution. Russia had agreed to uphold the former constitution, and now invaded the country. The leader of the opposition to Russia was Kosciusko, a Pole of noble birth. When a young man, he offered his services to the colonies in the American Revolution, and was made an aide-de-camp to Washington.

The Editor.]

THE little army of the palatine passed by the battle-field of Chelm, crossed the Bug into the plains of Volhinia, and impatiently counted the leagues over those vast tracts until it reached the borders of Kiovia.

When the column at the head of which Thaddeus was stationed descended the heights of Lininy, and the broad camp of his countrymen burst upon his sight, his heart heaved with an emotion quite new to him. He beheld with admiration the regular disposition of the intrenchments, the long intersected tented streets, and the warlike appearance of the soldiers, whom he could descry, even at that distance, by the beams of a bright evening sun which shone upon their arms.

In half an hour his troops descended into the plain, where, meeting those of the palatine and General But-

zou, the three columns again united, and Thaddeus joined his grandfather in the van.

"My lord," cried he, as they met, "can I behold such a sight and despair of the freedom of Poland!"

Sobieski made no reply, but giving him one of those expressive looks of approbation which immediately makes its way to the soul, commanded the troops to advance with greater speed. In a few minutes they reached the outworks of the camp, and entered the lines. The eager eyes of Thaddeus wandered from object to object. Thrilling with that delight with which youth beholds wonders, and anticipates more, he stopped with the rest of the party before a tent, which General Butzou informed him belonged to the commander-in-chief. They were met in the vestibule by a hussar officer of a most commanding appearance. Sobieski and he having accosted each other with mutual congratulations, the palatine turned to Thaddeus, and presenting him to his friend, said with a smile: —

"Here, my dear Kosciusko, this young man is my grandson; he is called Thaddeus Sobieski, and I trust that he will not disgrace either of our names!"

Kosciusko embraced the young count, and with a hearty pressure of his hand replied: "Thaddeus, if you resemble your grandfather, you can never forget that the only king of Poland who equaled our patriotic Stanislaus was a Sobieski; and as becomes his descendant, you will not spare your best blood in the service of your country."

As Kosciusko finished speaking, an aide-de-camp came forward to lead the party into the room of audience. Prince Poniatowski welcomed the palatine and his suite

with the most lively expressions of pleasure. He gave Thaddeus, whose figure and manner instantly charmed him, many flattering assurances of friendship, and promised that he would appoint him to the first post of honor which should offer. After detaining the palatine and his grandson half an hour, His Highness withdrew, and they rejoined Kosciusko, who conducted them to the quarter where the Masovian soldiers had already pitched their tents.

The officers who supped with Sobieski left him at an early hour, that he might retire to rest; but Thaddeus was neither able nor inclined to benefit by their consideration. He lay down on his mattress, shut his eyes, and tried to sleep; but the attempt was without success. In vain he turned from side to side: in vain he attempted to restrict his thoughts to one thing at once: his imagination was so roused by anticipating the scenes in which he was to become an actor that he found it impossible even to lie still. His spirits being quite awake, he determined to rise, and to walk himself drowsy.

Seeing his grandfather sound asleep, he got up and dressed himself quietly; then stealing gently from the marquée, he gave the word in a low whisper to the guard at the door, and proceeded down the lines. The pitying moon seemed to stand in the heavens, watching the awakening of those heroes who the next day might sleep to rise no more. Another time, and in another mood, such might have been his reflections; but now he pursued his walk with different thoughts: no meditations but those of pleasure possessed his breast. He looked on the moon with transport; he beheld the light of that beautiful planet, trailing its long stream of glory across the

intrenchments. He perceived a solitary candle here and there glimmering through the curtained entrance of the tents, and thought that their inmates were probably longing with the same anxiety as himself for the morning's dawn.

Thaddeus walked slowly on, sometimes pausing at the lonely footfall of the sentinel, or answering with a start to the sudden challenge for the parole; then lingering at the door of some of these canvas dwellings, he offered up a prayer for the brave inhabitant who, like himself, had quitted the endearments of home to expose his life on this spot, a bulwark of liberty. Thaddeus knew not what it was to be a soldier by profession; he had no idea of making war a trade, by which a man may acquire subsistence, and perhaps wealth; he had but one motive for appearing in the field, and one for leaving it — to repel invasion and to establish peace. The first energy of his mind was a desire to maintain the rights of his country; it had been inculcated into him when an infant; it had been the subject of his morning thoughts and nightly dreams; it was now the passion which beat in every artery of his heart. Yet he knew no honor in slaughter: his glory lay in defense; and when that was accomplished, his sword would return to its scabbard, unstained by the blood of a vanquished or invaded people. On these principles, he was at this hour full of enthusiasm; a glow of triumph flitted over his cheek, for he had felt the indulgences of his mother's palace, had left her maternal arms, to take upon him the toils of war, and risk an existence just blown into enjoyment. A noble satisfaction rose in his mind; and with all the animation which an inexperienced and raised fancy imparts to that

age when boyhood breaks into man, his soul grasped at every show of creation with the confidence of belief. Pressing the saber which he held in his hand to his lips, he half-uttered, "Never shall this sword leave my arm but at the command of mercy, or when death deprives my nerves of their strength."

Morning was tingeing the hills which bound the eastern horizon of Winnica before Thaddeus found that his pelisse was wet with dew, and that he ought to return to his tent. Hardly had he laid his head upon the pillow, and "lulled his senses in forgetfulness," when he was disturbed by the drum beating to arms. He opened his eyes, and seeing the palatine out of bed, he sprang from his own, and eagerly inquired the cause of his alarm.

"Only follow me directly," answered his grandfather, and quitted the tent.

While Thaddeus was putting on his clothes, and buckling on his arms with a trembling eagerness which almost defeated his haste, an aide-de-camp of the prince entered. He brought information that an advanced guard of the Russians had attacked a Polish outpost, under the command of Colonel Lonza, and that His Highness had ordered a detachment from the palatine's brigade to march to its relief. Before Thaddeus could reply, Sobieski sent to apprise his grandson that the prince had appointed him to accompany the troops which were turning out to resist the enemy.

Thaddeus heard this message with delight; yet fearful in what manner the event might answer the expectations which this wished distinction declared, he issued from his tent like a youthful Mars — or rather like the Spartan Isadas — trembling at the dazzling effects of his

temerity, and hiding his valor and his blushes beneath the waving plumes of his helmet. Kosciusko, who was to head the party, observed this modesty with pleasure, and shaking him warmly by the hand, said, "Go, Thaddeus; take your station on the left flank; I shall require your fresh spirits to lead the charge I intend to make, and to insure its success." Thaddeus bowed to these encouraging words, and took his place according to order.

Everything being ready, the detachment quitted the camp, and dashing through the dews of a sweet morning (for it was yet May) in a few hours arrived in view of the Russian battalions. Lonza, who, from the only redoubt now in his possession, caught a glimpse of this welcome reinforcement, rallied his few remaining men, and by the time that Kosciusko came up, contrived to join him in the van. The fight recommenced. Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, in full gallop bore down upon the enemy's right flank. They received the charge with firmness; but their young adversary, perceiving that extraordinary means were necessary to make the desired effect, calling on his men to follow him, put spurs to his horse and rushed into the thickest of the battle. His soldiers did not shrink; they pressed on, mowing down the foremost ranks, while he, by a lucky stroke of his saber, disabled the sword-arm of the Russian standard-bearer and seized the colors. His own troops seeing the standard in his hand, with one accord, in loud and repeated cries, shouted victory. Part of the reserve of the enemy, alarmed at this outcry, gave ground, and retreating with precipitation, was soon followed by some of the rear ranks of the center, to which Kosciusko

had penetrated, while its commander, after a short but desperate resistance, was slain. The left flank next gave way, and though holding a brave stand at intervals, at length fairly turned about and fled across the country.

The conquerors, elated with so sudden a success, put their horses on full speed, and without order or attention pursued the fugitives until they were lost amid the trees of a distant wood. Kosciusko called on his men to halt, but he called in vain; they continued their career, animating each other, and with redoubled shouts drowned the voice of Thaddeus, who was galloping forward repeating the command. At the entrance of the wood they were stopped by a few Russian stragglers, who had formed themselves into a body. These men withstood the first onset of the Poles with considerable steadiness; but after a short skirmish they fled, or, perhaps, seemed to fly, a second time, and took refuge in the bushes, where, still regardless of orders, their enemies followed. Kosciusko, foreseeing the consequence of this rashness, ordered Thaddeus to dismount a part of his squadron, and march after these headstrong men into the forest. He came up with them on the edge of a heathy tract of land, just as they were closing in with a band of the enemy's arquebusiers, who, having kept up a quick running fire as they retreated, had drawn their pursuers thus far into the thickets. Heedless of anything but giving their enemy a complete defeat, the Polanders went on, never looking to the left nor to the right, till at once they found themselves encompassed by two thousand Muscovite horse, several battalions of chasseurs, and in front of fourteen pieces of cannon, which this dreadful ambuscade opened upon them.

Thaddeus threw himself into the midst of his countrymen, and taking the place of their unfortunate conductor, who had been killed in the first sweep of the artillery, prepared the men for a desperate stand. He gave his orders with intrepid coolness — though under a shower of musketry and a cannonade which carried death in every round — that they should draw off toward the flank of the battery. He thought not of himself; and in a few minutes the scattered soldiers were consolidated into a close body, squared with pikemen, who stood like a grove of pines in a day of tempest, only moving their heads and arms. Many of the Russian horse impaled themselves on the sides of this little phalanx, which they vainly attempted to shake, although the ordnance was rapidly weakening its strength. File after file the men were swept down, their bodies making a horrid rampart for their resolute brothers in arms, who, however, rendered desperate, at last threw away their most cumbrous accouterments, and crying to their leader, "Freedom or death!" followed him sword in hand, and bearing like a torrent upon the enemy's ranks, cut their way through the forest. The Russians, exasperated that their prey should not only escape, but escape by such dauntless valor, hung closely on their rear, goading them with musketry, while they (like a wounded lion closely pressed by the hunters retreats, yet stands proudly at bay) gradually retired toward the camp with a backward step, their faces toward the foe.

Meanwhile the Palatine Sobieski, anxious for the fate of the day, mounted the dike, and looked eagerly around for the arrival of some messenger from the little army. As the wind blew strongly from the south, a cloud of dust

precluded his view; but from the approach of firing and the clash of arms, he was led to fear that his friends had been defeated, and were retreating toward the camp. He instantly quitted the lines to call out a reinforcement; but before he could advance, Kosciusko and his squadron on the full charge appeared in flank of the enemy, who suddenly halted, and wheeling round, left the harassed Polanders to enter the trenches unmolested.

THE DIVISION OF POLAND

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

[THE last seven lines of the poem refer to Napoleon's wars, and in particular to his campaign of the Vistula, against Russia and Prussia. This ended in the terrible battle of Friedland, wherein his enemies lost twenty-five thousand men.

The Editor.]

UPON Earth's lap there lay a pleasant land,
With mountain, wood, and river beautified,
And city-dotted. For the pleasant land
The icy North and burning South did battle
Whose it should be; and so it lay between them
Unclaimed, unowned, like the shining spoils
Under crossed lances of contending chiefs;
Or liker April days whose morn in sunshine
And evening storm. Its never failing fields
Strong men and sturdy robed in vest of green,
And when the year was older took their payment
In grain of gold. Its ever smiling homes
True wives and comely daughters tenanted,
Round the most holy altar of the hearth
Moving like holy ministers. To them
Sorrow and pain, envy and hate, came never;
Only the mild-eyed kind consoler, Death,
Called them from happy life to happier,
Where eyes are shining that can have no tears,
And brows are beaming that can never frown,
And lips are breathing love that cannot lie.

RUSSIA

There went a whisper of their happiness
Over the blue pines of the eastern woods,
Up to the icy crags where Russia's eagle
Sat lean and famine-withered. So he turned
With the hot hunger flashing in his eye,
And listened: presently upon the rock
He whet his beak, and plumed his ragged feathers,
And rose with terrible and savage clang
Into the frightened air, — nor rose alone,
But at the sound the golden beak of Prussia
And the two-headed bird of Austria
Came swooping up, and o'er the happy land
Held bloody carnival; for each one tore
A bleeding fragment from his proper beak,
As of a kid caught straying and alone.
So there went up a cry from earth to heaven,
And pale-eyed nations asked, "Is there a God?"
But other blood than Polish blood hath dyed
Green Vistulato red, and there hath come
In these last days a dreader Nemesis, —
One who hath spoiled the spoiler, and for blood
Asked blood, — for shattered throne hath shattered
thrones,
So that the nations have forgot their fears,
And cry exulting, "Yea, there is a God!"



THE REVOLT IN WARSAW

1861

BY JOSEPH NICHOLAS ROBERT-FLEURY

(*French painter*, 1792–1890)

MANY and fierce — and fruitless — have been the struggles of the Poles for liberty. The illustration represents a scene in Warsaw in the conflict of 1861. The central figures of the picture are those of two monks, the leaders of the people. They hold aloft a cross, the banner and the only weapon of the rebels. Behind them is a great crowd of folk of all ages and all ranks, some of the women with babies in their arms. At the extreme left stand the closely drawn lines of the Russian infantry. Their guns are leveled, and they are firing upon the defenseless, unresisting people. The smoke of their fire rises between them and the cross. Men lie dead upon the ground. One of the monks has been struck by a ball, and his hand is slipping from the staff. A little to the right of the center, partly hidden by the smoke, stands the column of Sigismund the Great, former ruler of Poland. Behind it are the Cossacks, sitting on their horses, awaiting results.

The czar had manifested some desire to make concessions to his Polish subjects, but it was now determined to take a course which should at a single blow reduce the revolutionists to helplessness. A conscription was suddenly attempted which should carry away from their land the younger men, who were the moving spirits in the opposition to Russia. Then the country, indeed, rose in defiance of even the Russian power. Europe sympathized with the Poles, but the Russians paid no attention to remonstrance, and this rebellion, like the preceding ones, was soon crushed. A terrible retribution of execution and exile to Siberia followed. Russian Poland was no longer allowed to have a separate government; but even to this day the Poles refuse to give up their nationality or their language.

VI
SIBERIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the sixteenth century, a Russian family named Strogonoff carried on a large trade in eastern Russia, and finally sent an expedition into Siberia. The leader was a daring outlaw called Yermak. This expedition was so successful that Yermak was pardoned. Russia had now, in 1582, a new empire of vast extent. Explorations continued, forts, trading-posts, and villages were built, and Russian rule gradually extended to the Pacific. In 1858, by the Convention of Aigun, the Amur was made the boundary between Siberia and China.

For many years Siberia was used as a place of exile for Russian convicts and it is estimated that 865,000 persons were transported to that country between 1801 and 1899. In 1900 it was decreed that henceforward Siberia should be used for political offenders only.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad was begun in 1891 and completed in 1902 at a cost of $172,525,000. The main terminus of this railway is Vladivostok, which, since the loss of Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese War, has been the chief Siberian port. The construction of the railway has had a marvelous effect upon the commercial development of the land. Business is rapidly increasing, and this vast territory, one and one-half times as large as the United States exclusive of Alaska, seems destined to be one of the greatest farming and mining countries of the twentieth century.

THE CONQUEST OF SIBERIA

[1579–1584]

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

At the time of the Czar Ivan the Terrible, the Strogonoffs were rich merchants, and lived in Perm, on the river Kama.

They had heard that on the river Kama, for a hundred and forty versts[1] around, there was rich land; the soil had not been ploughed for a century; the black forest for a century had not been felled. In the forests were many wild animals, and along the river were lakes full of fish, and no one lived in this land except wandering Tartars.

So the Strogonoffs wrote a letter to the czar: —

"Grant us this land, and we ourselves will found cities, and we will gather men together and establish them, and we will not allow the Tartars to pass through it."

The czar consented, and granted them the land. The Strogonoffs sent out agents to collect people. And there came to them many people who were out of work. The Strogonoffs assigned lands and forest to all who came, gave cattle to each, and agreed not to tax them during their lives, and only required of them that if it were necessary they should go to fight the Tartars.

Thus this land was settled with a Russian population.

Twenty years passed. The Strogonoff merchants grew richer and richer, and this territory of one hundred and forty versts became too small for them. They wanted

[1] A verst is not quite two thirds of a mile.

still more land. Now there were lofty mountains a hundred versts distant, the Urals, and they heard that beyond these Urals was excellent land. The ruler of this land, which was boundless, was a petty Siberian prince named Kuchum.

In former times Kuchum had given his allegiance to the Russian czar, but since then he had revolted, and he was threatening to destroy the Strogonoff colonies.

And again the Strogonoffs wrote to the czar: —

"You granted us land, and we have brought it under your sway; now the thievish little Czar Kuchum has revolted from you, and he wants to take this land away and destroy us. Bid us take the territory that lies beyond the Ural Mountains; we will conquer Kuchum and bring all his land under your sway."

The czar consented, and replied: —

"If you have the power, get possession of Kuchum's land. But do not take many men away from Russia."

As soon as the Strogonoffs received this message from the czar, they sent their agents to collect still more people. And they gave them orders above all to get Cossacks from the Volga and the Don.

Now at this time there were many Cossacks wandering along the Volga and the Don. They formed bands numbering two hundred, three hundred, or six hundred men, elected their *atamans*, or leaders, and sailed up and down in *bateaux*, seizing and plundering merchant boats, and wintering in a stronghold on the banks.

The Strogonoffs' agent came to the Volga and began to make inquiries: —

"Who are the most famous Cossacks here?"

And it was said in reply: —

"There are many Cossacks. And they make life unendurable. There is Mishka the Circassian, there is Sarui-Azman . . . but there is no one uglier than Yermak Timofeytch, the *ataman*. He has an army of a thousand men, and not only the people and the merchants fear him, but even the czar's army dares not engage with him."

And the agents went to the *ataman* Yermak, and tried to persuade him to take service with the Strogonoffs. Yermak received the agents, listened to their words, and agreed to come with his army about the time of the Assumption.

At the time of the Feast of the Assumption six hundred Cossacks, with their *ataman*, Yermak, the son of Timofey came to the Strogonoffs. At first Strogonoff sent them out against the neighboring Tartars. The Cossacks defeated them. Then, when there was nothing further to do, the Cossacks began to wander about and pillage. Strogonoff summoned Yermak, and said: —

"I am not going to keep you any longer, if you act so lawlessly."

And Yermak replied: —

"I myself am sorry. But it is not so easy to manage my men; they are wild fellows. Give us something to do."

And Strogonoff said: —

"Go beyond the Urals, and fight with Kuchum and master his land. Even the czar will reward you."

And he read to Yermak the czar's missive, and Yermak was delighted; he called together his Cossacks, and said: —

"You scandalize me before the master here. You are always up to some lawlessness. If you don't behave, he

will dismiss you, and then where will you go? On the Volga the czar has a great army; they will take you prisoners, and it will go hard with you on account of the deeds that you have done. But if you find it dull here, we must find some work for you to do."

And he showed them the czar's missive permitting Strogonoff to conquer the land beyond the Urals. The Cossacks talked it over and agreed to go.

Yermak returned to Strogonoff, and the two began to consult together how best to make the expedition.

They decided how many *bateaux* would be needed; how much grain, powder, lead; how many cattle, fire-arms; how many Tartar prisoners for interpreters; how many German gunsmiths.

Strogonoff said to himself: —

"Though this is going to cost me dear, still I must give him all he asks, or otherwise they will settle down here and ruin me."

So Strogonoff agreed, got everything together, and fitted out Yermak and his Cossacks.

On the 10th of September, Yermak and his Cossacks started to row up the river Chusovaya in thirty-two *bateaux*, each *bateau* carrying a score of men.

For four days they rowed upstream and entered the Silver River. This was as far as they could go by boat.

They made inquiries of the interpreters, and learned that they would be obliged to go from that point over the mountains, two hundred versts by land, and then they would come to other rivers.

The Cossacks disembarked here; they built a city and unloaded all their belongings, and they threw aside their *bateaux*, and constructed carts, loaded them up,

and set out on their journey across the mountains. The whole region was forest, and no one lived there.

For ten days they went across the country, and reached the Zharovnys River. There again they halted, and set to work to build *bateaux*. After they were built they started on their journey down the river. They sailed down for five days, and reached regions still more delightful, — fields, forests, lakes. And there was abundance of fish and game, and the game was not afraid of them.

They sailed down one day more, and sailed into the Tura River.

There on the Tura River they began to fall in with inhabitants, and saw Tartar towns.

Yermak sent some Cossacks to investigate one town, bidding them find out what kind of a town it was, and whether it had many defenders.

Twenty men went on this expedition; they threw all the Tartars into a panic, and captured the whole town, and captured all their cattle. Some of the Tartars they killed, and some they took as prisoners.

Yermak, through an interpreter, asked the Tartars what people they were, and under whose sway they lived.

The Tartars replied that they belonged to the czardom of Siberia, and their czar was Kuchum.

Yermak let the Tartars go, except three of the most intelligent, whom he retained to act as guides.

They sailed farther. The farther they sailed, the bigger grew the river all the time, and the country grew bigger and better.

And they kept encountering more and more people.

But the inhabitants were not powerful, and the Cossacks captured all the towns along the river. In one town they made a great number of Tartars prisoners, and one person of authority, an old Tartar.

They began to ask the Tartar who he was. And he said: "I am Tauzik, and I am a servant of my Czar Kuchum, and I am his head man in this city."

Yermak proceeded to ask Tauzik about his czar. "Was his city of Sibir far distant? Had Kuchum a large army? Had he great wealth?"

Tauzik told him all about it.

"Kuchum is the very first czar in all the world. His city of Sibir is the biggest city in the world. In this city," said he, "there are as many men and cattle as there are stars in the sky. The Czar Kuchum's army is beyond number; all the other czars banded together could not vanquish him."

And Yermak said: —

"We Russians have come here to vanquish your Czar Kuchum, and to take his city, and to bring him under the sway of the Russian czar. And we have a great army. Those who have come with me are only the vanguard, but those who follow us in *bateaux* are beyond number, and they all have guns. And our guns will shoot through a tree, and are not like your bows and arrows. Just look here!"

And Yermak shot at a tree and split it, and the Cossacks from all sides began to fire off their guns.

Tauzik fell on his knees with fright, and Yermak said to him: —

"Now do you hasten to your Czar Kuchum and tell him what you have seen. Let him submit to us; but if

he does not submit, then we will bring him to destruction."

And he let Tauzik go.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They entered into the great river Tobol, and all the time they were drawing nearer and nearer to the city of Sibir. They came to the mouth of the little river Babasan, and behold! on the bank stands a town, and around the town are many Tartars.

An interpreter was sent to the Tartars to inquire who these men were. The interpreter came back with the answer: —

"This army has been collected by Kuchum. And the general who commands the army is Kuchum's own son-in-law, Mametkul. He sent me, and commanded me to say to you, 'Go back, or else he will cut you in pieces.'"

Yermak collected his Cossacks, went on shore, and began to fire at the Tartars. As soon as the Tartars heard the noise of the firing, they fled. The Cossacks set out in pursuit of them, and some they killed, and some they captured. Mametkul himself barely escaped.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They came out upon a broad, swift river, the Irtish. They sailed down this river a whole day; and they arrived at a handsome town, and there they stopped.

The Cossacks marched against the town. As soon as they reached it, the Tartars began to shoot arrows at them, and they wounded three Cossacks.

Yermak sent his interpreter to say to the Tartars: —

"Give up your city, or else we will cut you in pieces."

The interpreter returned, saying: —

"Here lives Kuchum's servant, Atik Murza Kachara. He has a great army, and he declares that he will not surrender the town."

Yermak gathered his Cossacks, and said: —

"Now, boys, if we do not take this town, the Tartars will hold us back and will not let us pass. And, therefore, the more speedily we inspire them with fear, the better it will be for us. All of you come on! Fling yourselves on them all at once!"

And thus they did.

There were many Tartars there, and brave fellows! As the Cossacks rushed forward, the Tartars began to shoot with their bows. They overwhelmed the Cossacks with their arrows. Some of them they killed, and others they wounded. And the Cossacks were filled with fury, and rushed against the Tartars, and all whom they fell upon they killed.

In this town the Cossacks found many treasures, cattle, rugs, many furs, and much mead. After they had buried the dead and rested, they took their plunder and went on.

They had not sailed very far when, behold! on the bank there stood something like a city, and there was an army that seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see; and the whole army was surrounded by a ditch, and the ditch was protected by a palisade.

The Cossacks came to a pause. They began to feel dubious. Yermak called a council.

"Well, boys, what shall be done?"

The Cossacks were disheartened. Some said: —

"We must sail by." Others said: —

"We must go back."

And they grew desperate, and blamed Yermak, saying: —

"Why did you bring us hither? Already they have killed so many of us, and wounded still more, and here we shall all perish."

And they began to shed tears.

And Yermak said to his *sub-ataman*, Ivan Koltso: —

"Well, now, Vanya, what do you think about it?"

And Koltso replied: —

"What do I think about it? If we are not killed to-day, then we shall be to-morrow, and if not to-morrow, then we shall die ingloriously in our beds. My advice is, leap on shore and make straight for the Tartars — and God will decide."

And Yermak exclaimed: —

"Ai! brave fellow, Vanya! That is what we must do! Ekh! you boys! You are n't Cossacks, but old women! Of course, it was to catch sturgeon and to scare Tartar women; simply for that that I brought you hither. Don't you yourselves see? If we go back, we shall be killed! If we row by, we shall be killed! If we stay here, we shall be killed! Where, then, shall we betake ourselves? First labor, then rest! Boys, you are like a healthy mare that my father had. When she was going downhill she would draw, and on level ground she would draw; but when it came to going uphill, she would balk and back and try to find something easier. Then my father took a stake, beat her and beat her with the stake. And the mare jumped around, and kicked and tipped over the cart. Then father took her out of the thills and put her through the mill. Now, if she had pulled, she would not have got the thrashing. So it is with you, boys. There's

only one thing left for us, — to go straight for the Tartars." . . .

The Cossacks laughed, and said: —

"It is plain that you are wiser than we are, Timofeytch. We fools have no right to give advice. Take us wherever you wish. We can't die twice, but we must die once."

And Yermak said: —

"Now, listen, boys. This is the way that we must do it. They have n't yet seen the whole of us. We will divide ourselves into three bands. Those in the middle will march straight at them, and the other two divisions will make a flank movement to the right and left. Now when the middle division begins to engage them, they will think that we are all there — they will come out. And then we will give it to them from the flanks. That's the way, boys. And if we beat these, there will be nothing left to fear. We shall be czars ourselves."

That was the way they did.

As soon as the middle division went forward under Yermak, the Tartars began to yell and rushed out. Then the wings joined battle, the right under Ivan Koltso, the left under the *ataman*, Meshcheryak.

The Tartars were panic-stricken, and took to their heels. The Cossacks slaughtered them. And no one at all dared to oppose Yermak any longer. And thus they made their entrance into the very city of Sibir. And there Yermak took up his abode exactly as if he had been czar.

The neighboring princes began to come to Yermak with salutations, and the Tartars came back and began to settle down in Sibir. Kuchum and his son-in-law,

however, dared not make a direct attack on Yermak, but wandered round and round, and laid their plans to capture him.

In the spring, at the time for the freshets, some Tartars came to Yermak, saying: —

"Mametkul is coming against you again, and he has collected a great army, and is now on the Vagaya River."

Yermak hastened over rivers, swamps, streams, and forests, crept up with his Cossacks, fell on Mametkul, and killed many of the Tartars, and took Mametkul himself prisoner and brought him back to Sibir. And now there remained few Tartars who were not subdued, and that summer Yermak marched against those that would not submit, and on the Irtish and on the Obi Rivers Yermak brought so much land under subjection that you could not go around it in two months.

After he had conquered all this land, he sent a messenger to the Strogonoffs with a letter, in which he said: —

"I have taken Kuchum's city, and have Mametkul in captivity, and I have brought all the people round about under my sway. But it has cost me many Cossacks. Send us people, so that we may be more lively. And the wealth in this land is limitless in extent."

And he sent also costly furs, — foxskins and martens and sable.

After this two years passed. Yermak still held Sibir, but no reinforcements arrived from Russia, and Yermak's Russian forces were growing small.

One time the Tartar Kachara sent a messenger to Yermak, saying: —

"We have submitted to your sway, but the Nogay are harassing us; let some of your braves come to our aid.

We will conquer the Nogay together. And we give you our oath that we will do no manner of harm to your braves."

Yermak had faith in their oath, and he sent to them Ivan Koltso with forty men. As soon as these forty men came to them, the Tartars fell on them and killed them; and this still further reduced the Cossacks.

Another time some Bokhara traders sent word to Yermak that they were on their way with merchandise which they wished to give him in his city of Sibir, but that Kuchum and his army were in their way, and would not let them pass.

Yermak took fifty men and went out to clear the road for the Bokharians. But when he reached the Irtish River he did not find any merchants. So they prepared to bivouac there.

The night was dark and rainy. No sooner had the Cossacks lain down for the night, than the Tartars rushed in from every side, threw themselves on the sleeping Cossacks, and began to hew them down. Yermak leaped up and began to fight. He was wounded in the arm by a knife. Then he ran to the river and threw himself into it — the Tartars after him. He was already in the water. But he was never seen again, and his body was never found, and no one knows how he died.

YERMAK

A FOLK-SONG

On the glorious steppes of Saratov,
Below the city of Saratov,
And above the city of Kamyshin,
The Cossacks, the free people, assembled;
They collected, the brothers, in a ring;
The Cossacks of the Don, the Greben, and the Yaik;
Their hetman was Yermak, the son of Timofey;
Their captain was Asbashka, the son of Lavrenti.
They planned a little plan.
"The summer, the warm summer is going,
And the cold winter approaches, my brothers.
Where, brothers, shall we spend the winter?
If we go to the Yaik, it is a terrible passage;
If we go to the Volga, we shall be considered robbers;
If we go to the city of Kazan, there is the czar —
The Czar Ivan Vasilevich, the Terrible.
There he has great forces."

"There, Yermak, thou wilt be hanged,
And we Cossacks shall be captured
And shut up in strong prisons."

Yermak, the son of Timofey, takes up his speech: —
"Pay attention, brothers, pay attention,

And listen to me — Yermak!
Let us spend the winter in Astrakhan;
And when the fair Spring reveals herself,
Then, brothers, let us go on a foray;
Let us earn our wine before the terrible czar!

. . . . . .

"Ha, brothers, my brave hetmans!
Make for yourselves boats,
Make the rowlocks of fir,
Make the oars of pine!
By the help of God we will go, brothers;
Let us pass the steep mountains,
Let us reach the infidel kingdom,
Let us conquer the Siberian kingdom, —
That will please the czar, our master.
I will myself go to the White Czar,
I shall put on a sable cloak,
I shall make my submission to the White Czar."

"Oh! thou art our hope, orthodox czar;
Do not order me to be executed, but bid me say my say,
Since I am Yermak, the son of Timofey!
I am the robber hetman of the Don;
'T was I went over the blue sea,
Over the blue sea, the Caspian;
And it was I who destroyed the ships;
And now, our hope, our orthodox czar,
I bring you my traitorous head,
And with it I bring the empire of Siberia."

And the orthodox czar spoke;
He spoke — the terrible Ivan Vasilevich:
"Ha! thou art Yermak, the son of Timofey,
Thou art the hetman of the warriors of the Don.
I pardon you and your band,
I pardon you for your trusty service,
And I give you the glorious gentle Don as an inheritance."

HOW PARDON WAS WON FOR AN EXILE

[1808]

BY MADAME SOPHIE RISTEAU COTTIN

[In 1808, a young girl made a journey of twenty-four hundred miles alone and on foot to beg the czar to pardon her father, who had been exiled to Siberia. With this for a foundation, Madame Cottin wrote her famous story of "Elizabeth." The extract given pictures the heroine on her arrival at Moscow, which occurs just at the time of the coronation of the czar. Smoloff is the son of the governor of Siberia, who has shown Elizabeth and her parents all the favor that he dared. Rossi is an innkeeper who has given her shelter.

The Editor.]

On the morrow, as soon as the thunder of the artillery, the beating of the drums, and the loud acclamations of the people announced the dawn of the joyful day, Elizabeth, habited in a dress lent to her by her kind hostess, and leaning upon the arm of Rossi, joined the crowd which followed the procession to the large Church of the Assumption, where the coronation was to be performed.

More than a thousand tapers illuminated the holy temple, which was decorated in all the splendor of Eastern magnificence. Upon a dazzling throne, beneath a canopy of rich velvet, were seated the emperor and his youthful consort, habited in sumptuous dresses, which, displaying to advantage the beauty of their forms, gave to their appearance an air almost celestial. Kneeling

before her august spouse, the empress received from his hand the imperial diadem, and encircled her brow with this pledge of their eternal union. Opposite to the royal pair, and in the sacred chair of truth, was the venerable Plato, the Patriarch of Moscow; who, in a discourse at once pathetic and sublime, recalled to the youthful mind of Alexander the great duties annexed to royalty, and the awful responsibility imposed upon his elevated station, in return for the pomp that environed it, and the power with which it was invested. Amidst the assemblage of nations which thronged the cathedral, he pointed out to him the hunters of Kamchatka, bringing tribute of skins from the Aleutian Islands, which border on America; the merchants of Archangel, loaded with rich commodities which their vessels had brought from every quarter of the globe; the Samoyeds, a rude and unpolished people, who came from the mouth of the Yenisei, a country condemned to the rigors of an eternal winter, where the beauteous flower of the spring and the rich produce of harvest are alike unknown; and the natives of Astrakhan, whose fertile fields yield melons, figs, and grapes of exquisite flavor: he showed him, lastly, the inhabitants of the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas, and of the great Tartary, which, bounded by Persia, China, and the Empire of the Moguls, extending from the extremity of the western hemisphere to that of the east, occupies nearly half the globe. "Sovereign of the most extensive empire of the earth," said he, "you who are this day about to take the awful oath of presiding over the destinies of a state which includes a fifth part of the known world; bear it ever in remembrance that you have to answer at the tribunal of Divine Justice for

the fate of millions of your fellow-creatures; and that an injustice, through your neglect, done to the meanest among them, must be accounted for at the final day of retribution." At these words the heart of the young emperor appeared to be sensibly affected: but there was one among the auditors, whose heart was not less affected than his; that of the supplicant who was come to solicit the remission of a father's sentence.

At the moment when Alexander began to pronounce the solemn oath which was to bind him to devote his future life to the happiness of his people, the enraptured Elizabeth imagined she heard the voice of mercy requiring him to break the chains of every unfortunate being within his dominions. Unable any longer to command her feelings, and, aided by a supernatural strength, she pierced the crowd, and, forcing a passage through the lines of the soldiers, rushed towards the throne, exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy!" The vehemence of her supplication interrupted the ceremony, and occasioned so much confusion that the guards advanced, and, notwithstanding her entreaties and the efforts of Jacques, dragged her out of the church. The emperor, however, would not, on so glorious a day, be invocated in vain. He ordered one of the officers of his suite to inquire what it was that the petitioner wanted. The officer obeyed; he quitted the church in haste, and heard the imploring accent of the agonized supplicant, still endeavoring to prevail with the soldiers to allow her to return. He started, quickened his pace, saw who it was, recognized the daughter of the exile, and exclaimed, "It is she, it is Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth turned: she could hardly give credit to so much happiness; could scarcely believe that Smoloff was

there to save her father. Yet it was his voice, his features; she could not be mistaken. Joy deprived her of utterance, and she stretched her arms towards him, as to a messenger sent from Heaven to her relief. He rushed forward, seized her hand, and in his turn, began to doubt the testimony of his senses. "Elizabeth," he exclaimed, "is it indeed you? or do I behold a vision from heaven? Speak, whence do you come?" — "From Tobolsk." — "From Tobolsk! and have you traveled hither, alone, and on foot?" — "Yes," she exclaimed, "I came to entreat pardon for my father, and they force me from the presence of the emperor." — "I will reconduct you to his presence," interrupted the transported Smoloff; "I will present you to him: he will not resist your supplications: your prayer will be granted." Smoloff then dispersed the soldiers, and led Elizabeth back towards the church. The imperial procession was at that instant issuing from the great gate of the cathedral. As soon as the monarch appeared, Smoloff, holding Elizabeth by the hand, forced a passage through the guards, and threw himself with her at the emperor's feet. "Sire," he cried, "vouchsafe to listen to the voice of suffering virtue; behold the daughter of the unfortunate Stanislaus Potowsky; she has come from the deserts of Ischim, where her parents have for twelve years languished in exile. She has had no guide nor protector, has performed the journey on foot, begging her bread, and braving scorn and misery, snow and tempests, every danger and every fatigue, to implore of Your Majesty forgiveness for her father." Elizabeth raised her clasped hands towards heaven, repeating the last words, "Forgiveness for my father!"

A clamor of admiration arose from the crowd! The emperor himself joined in it; and deeply rooted as his prejudices had been against Stanislaus Potowsky, in an instant they were totally effaced. He could not hesitate to believe that the father of a daughter so virtuous must be innocent of the crimes alleged against him; but, had it been otherwise, Alexander would not have withheld forgiveness. "The pardon is granted," said he; "your father is free." Elizabeth heard no more; at the word pardon, joy overpowered her, and she fell senseless into the arms of Smoloff. In this state she was carried, through an immense crowd, who opened a passage, shouting with joyful acclamations of approbation at the transcendent virtue of the heroine, and the clemency of the monarch, and was conveyed back to the house of the benevolent Rossi. . . .

Several days elapsed before the deed of pardon could be drawn up and signed. Previously to its final accomplishment it was requisite to inquire into the causes of Potowsky's condemnation; and the investigation proved so favorable to the noble Polander that equity alone would have authorized the emperor to break the chains of the illustrious patriot. But he had listened to the dictates of clemency before he knew what those of justice required; an act of generosity which those whom he thus nobly pardoned never forgot.

One morning Smoloff called on Elizabeth at an earlier hour than he had before presumed to visit her, and presented to her a parchment with the imperial seal. "Behold," said he, "the mandate in which the emperor commands my father to restore liberty to yours." Elizabeth seized the parchment and, pressing it to her

lips, bathed it with tears. "This is not all," continued Smoloff, "our magnanimous sovereign performs a noble action in a manner worthy of himself. He restores to your father his dignities, his rank, his property: all those honors which elevate man in the estimation of his fellows, but which can never elevate Elizabeth. The courier who is to convey the order to Tobolsk departs to-morrow, and I have obtained permission to accompany him." — "And may not I also accompany him?" eagerly interrupted Elizabeth. "Unquestionably," resumed Smoloff, "and from your lips only your father must learn that he is free. Presuming upon my knowledge of your sentiments, I told the emperor that it was your wish to be yourself the bearer of the joyful intelligence. He approved the design, and charged me with the commission of informing you that you have leave to depart to-morrow in one of his carriages, attended by two female domestics; and he has sent a purse of two thousand rubles to defray the expenses of your journey."

ON THE MARCH TO SIBERIA

[Nineteenth century]

BY BARONESS M. DE PACKH

No 316 was branded on my bundle. I no longer had a name and my identity received even less consideration than is usually bestowed upon animals, for they are always designated by a name, never by a number.

Our march to the mines was a continued succession of blows, curses, and hardships of every imaginable nature. Many of my fellow convicts succumbed to them, and fell by the way, being left there to die and be devoured by the wolves.

A train of convicts on their way to the wilds of Siberia is a most distressing sight to witness. To describe it properly one must write words of fire with a sword dipped in blood. Pen and ink, and cold type seem too pale, too poor, too inadequate in every way to give a true account of that fearful journey.

The convicts being weighed down by the heavy chain and ball can make little progress, and the march is slow and laborious, every step of the way being marked by bloodshed and suffering. Four persons, chained to each other, walk abreast, the first and last in the row dragging the heavy iron balls behind them. They are put on the prisoners to prevent their escape, it is said. Such an assertion is too absurd to be credited, however, for no one would be foolhardy enough to try to escape in that land of snow and desolation, where numbers prove the

only safeguard against the ravenous wolves that infest the country. No, the ball and chain are merely accessories which add a little more torture to the convict's lot. They are intended as punishment, a constant reminder of the weight of the master's heavy hand, a daily, hourly irritation of flesh and spirit.

Soldiers walk beside the line of weary, footsore travelers, carrying the whip which for centuries has made Russia infamous — the knout, a long heavy stick, to which are fastened from five to twenty strips of rawhide, the end of each thong interwoven with iron or heavy wire. The soldiers use them on their helpless victims just as in some countries farmers use fly whips to keep insects from annoying horses and oxen. With this difference — every blow from the knout raises great welts on the flesh, and draws blood, and the blows are bestowed, not for cause, but simply out of wanton cruelty and a fiendish delight in torturing.

The weakest of the prisoners are generally placed in the first row. If they stumble and fall, those beside them are expected to aid and hold them up. If, after being thoroughly knouted, and given a short rest, they are still unable to stagger along, they are put in the carts which form part of the convoy, and carried on with the bundles and provisions.

The carts are used more frequently for the fainting women than for the weary man. Women! Yes, many of them, often women of high rank and birth, aristocrats from head to foot, accustomed to being shielded from every hardship, used to every luxury money could obtain, ignorant of every sphere of life but that surrounded by wealth, love, and influence. While to any

woman that march to Siberia is an awful thing, yet to the delicately bred the association with real criminals, the daily contact with the vile and degraded beings who deserve punishment for crimes and atrocities really committed, are by far the greatest hardships of all.

A study of the faces in a convict gang shows the gamut of human passion written in deep lines upon each countenance. One sees the sullen, degraded criminal, born and bred in depravity, and the haughty, educated, sensitive aristocrat, reared in luxury and affluence. Few seem to ask your compassion, although one cannot restrain one's heart from pitying all. Some rave and curse, but the knout is applied to women as well as to men, and it soon hushes the openly rebellious into bearing the inevitable with obstinate gloom and enforced submission. They quickly learn that the best policy is to be as submissive as possible. The more the poor unfortunates bend their backs, the less trouble they give to their keepers, officers, and underlings, the better they fare.

These servants of the mighty czar are a lazy, overbearing, cruel lot of vagabonds, who treat the outcast with the same scorn and severity they themselves receive from their superiors. It is their duty to bring so many heads alive to designated places and to account for the lost as being dead. Before leaving a poor wretch on the way, the officer in charge assures himself of the utter uselessness of attempting to take the worn-out prisoner farther. Only when absolutely beyond human aid is she or he left to the mercy of the fierce and hungry wolves. It is an impossibility for any one to escape from the line. It would be madness to make the attempt. In

the breast of every convict lives the hope of escape. He imagines that if once away from his tormentors some miracle would transport him to safety. His desire to evade the life before him makes him sometimes forget chain, hunger, the knout, and all his sufferings of mind and body. But he never tries to get away, knowing the futility of an attempt, and the terrible punishment he would receive when caught and returned to the gang.

My fellow prisoner was, as I have said, a great, big, burly creature, sullen and gloomy. We were allowed to talk in an undertone as long as it pleased our keepers to permit us this privilege, and it was he who gave me the sulky and most ungracious advice, "to keep still and make the best of a bad bargain."

My thoughts were a chaos. All I knew was that my soul was filled with revengeful rage. The remembrance of my parents, my love, my home, brought pain and misery. Every sweet recollection vanished behind a blood-red cloud. As the days passed, my temper did not improve; and under the hardships we had to endure, I often wondered that I had not become insane.

The roads were bad, the chains grew heavier, the food was not fit for a dog, and long marches in snow and ice ended only with the close of each day. At night we were huddled around a fire, rolled up in our blankets, left to our maddening self-reproaches and thoughts. When sleep spread its merciful wings over us, our chain-bruised bodies were too weary to let wakefulness remind us of our misery. But as time heals all wounds, so does surrounding suffering help us to forget ourselves. After a week I commenced to take an interest in my associates. We were about forty in number. The women

would be driven out of the wagons and forced to walk for hours at a time every day. There were eight of them, all political felons. They had no balls to drag, but were chained to one another. The weakest were marched in front, but always a stronger chained with a weaker; for support, it was said, but really to lighten the keeper's task. It soon told upon the stronger one.

Many kindnesses I have witnessed among those poor wretches. I have seen them pick up a half-fainting and bleeding form and carry it a long distance. I have seen them receive the blows from the horrible knout by putting their own bodies in the way, to spare the weaker exile the stroke. I have seen them share their miserable meal, their scanty ration of water, with the more needy. I have myself received kindnesses, which solely enabled me to live, to carry out my revenge. And it was the little touches of human nature at its best that kept us from sinking to the level of our keepers. In being kind and considerate to each other we kept alive the spark of good that had not quite been beaten and kicked out of us by our brutal guards.



A KIRGHIS WARRIOR

BY VASILI VASILEVICH VERESHCHAGIN

(*Russia.* 1842–1904)

THE Kirghis are a nomadic tribe who make their abode between European Russia and Western China. Their houses are semicircular tents made by stretching red cloth or felt over a light wooden framework. So expert are they in the management of these that in half an hour they can pitch a tent, arrange their furnishings, and be as much at home as if they had dwelt in the place for a year. The ground within the tent is usually covered with a felt carpet, and there is a wooden bedstead, and a chest which holds the wardrobe of the family. There must be leather bottles for kumis, of course, with a tea service, and a few utensils for cooking. These are all that the Kirghis think necessary for comfort.

These people are short and squat, with swarthy complexion and small black eyes. Their faces are broad and flat, but their hands and feet are small and well formed. Their clothing consists of flowing robes or chapans of velvet, silk, cotton, or felt, the number varying according to the season. Over the chapan they wear pantaloons of generous size, made of either silk or wool. Their boots are of black or red leather, and their high, pointed caps are of white felt. The Kirghis warrior fastens on his girdle of silk or leather, sticks into it his knife and tobacco pouch, and goes forth ready to meet the world.

In order to get his material at first hand, Vereshchagin, painter of this picture, traveled extensively in the East, served with the Russian Army in the Turkish campaign in 1877, saw the Chino-Japanese War, and was with the American army in the Philippines and the Russian troops in Manchuria. He was aboard the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk when she sank in the harbor of Port Arthur, and went down with the vessel.

IN A TARTAR TENT

[About 1909]

BY LINDON BATES, JR.

A PIERCING wind, searching and paralyzing, meets the tarantass beyond the crest at the southern border of the forest: it is Gobi's compliments to Baikal, the salute of the great desert to the great lake. The horses stumble through the drifted snow, scarcely able to walk. The driver, blinded, half-frozen, keeps to the general direction of the obliterated trail. Barely one verst an hour is made, until, under the shelter of the bald white range of hills, the road reappears and the wind is warded off.

A rolling plain between the heights is the next stretch of the way. The afternoon sun, dimly bright, creeps haloed through the lightly falling snow. Deep in the mist appears a dark moving mass. It grows, focuses, and takes shape into a shaggy beast of burden, and camel after camel emerges from the haze, loaded with square bales of tea.

"Ask if there is shelter near," you shout to the muffled head of the interpreter.

"I will ask," he replies. Then to the caravan leader: "*Sein oh!*" he cries in greeting.

The foremost camel stares stonily as its Mongol driver twitches the piece of wood which pierces its upper lip, and the whole train stops.

"*Gir orhum beine?*"

"*Ti, ti, orhum beine!*" comes the answer. "It is close at hand."

Forward the caravan slowly paces, each camel turning his head to stare as he passes out into the mist again. One of them has left a fleck of blood in each print of his broad spongy foot which the driver will cobble with leather at the next halt. Along their trail you drive southward. The mist is clearing as you rise, and the sun shines down on the snow which has crystalized in little shafts an inch high. These spear-shaped slivers have a brightness and a sheen of extraordinary brilliance, and like prisms show all the colors of the rainbow. They cast a gleam, as might a mirror, a hundred yards away. It is as if upon the great white mantle had been thrown haphazard treasuries in rubies and emeralds and diamonds and opals, — myriad ever growing rivals of Dresden regalias. The sun goes down with its necromancy. Beyond, the soft blanket enfolds the rolling hills. It drapes the rocks and weaves drooping festoons about the barren mountain-sides.

"*Mongol yurta!*" calls André, turning to point out with his whip the low dome-shaped hut, black against the darkening sky. On its unknown occupant we are to billet ourselves, sheltered by the rule of nomad hospitality. As the tarantass nears the wattled corral, the watchful ravens stir from their perches. The picketed camels turn out to stare. A gaunt black hound stalks out, with mane erect and ominous growls.

"*Nohoi,*" cries out Alexsimevich, to the inhabitants of the hut; then adds to you, "Very bad dogs! It is a Mongol proverb: 'If you are near a dog, you are near a bite.'"

IN A TARTAR TENT

Beneath an osier-built lean-to, a woman is milking a sheep, with a lamb to encourage the flow. She calls a guttural order to the dog, which slinks back. Then she comes to the wattled fence, while the sheep which had been getting milked escapes to a far corner of the yard. The woman's head is curiously framed by a triangular red hat, and silver hair-plates, which hold out like wings her black tresses. The shoulders of her magenta dress are padded up into epaulets two inches high. She is girded with a sash.

"*Sein oh!*" says Alexsimevich.

"*Sein!*" she answers, and opens the gateway to the inclosure around the hut.

André drives in among the sheep and cows, and you climb lumberingly down with cold-stiffened limbs. André puts his whip upon the felt roof, for it is a deadly breach of etiquette to bring it into the house.

"You go in," said Alexsimevich.

It is like entering a kennel, this struggle through the narrow aperture, muffled to the eyes in double furs and awkward felt boots. As you straighten up after the crawl through the entrance, a red glare from the fire just in front meets the gaze. Stinging smoke grips the throat; you choke in pain. It blinds the smarting eyes. You gasp and stagger. Then some one takes your hand and pulls you violently down on a low couch to the left, where in course of time breath and sight return. There is no chimney, nor stack for the fire of the brazier, which stands in the center of the hut. One can see the open sky through the three-foot hole above. The smoke, finding its way toward this aperture, works along the sloping wooden poles which form the framework of the felt-

covered tent, filling the whole upper section with its blinding fumes. To stand is to smother. Sitting, the head comes below the smoke-line.

With recovered vision, one can look around within the hut. The couch of refuge, raised some six inches above the floor, is the bed by night, the sitting-place by day. Against the wall at the left hand, and directly opposite the door, is a box-like cupboard, along whose top are ranged pictures of grotesque Buddhist gods, before whom are little brass cups full of offerings, millet or oil, in which is standing a burning wick. Beside the door is a shelf loaded with fire-blackened pots and kettles. Branches of birch for fuel are thrown beneath. On the far side of the room, three black lambs, fenced off by a wicker barricade, are huddled together, quietly sleeping.

Seated beside the fire close by is the girl of nineteen who has just saved you from asphyxiation. The long fur-lined working-dress, common to all ages and sexes of Mongols, is buttoned on her left side with bright brass buttons, and is belted in with a sash. She has not the padded shoulder-humps, nor the spreading hair arrangement, which gave to her mother, who welcomed us, so weird an appearance.

Her complexion is swarthy like an Indian's, not the chalky Chinese yellow, and she has red cheeks and full red lips. Her eyes are large and black. The rest of the party have stayed a moment outside to ask about hay and water. You have made this solitary and awkward entrance. The girl has no more notion than a bird who the strange man of another nation may be, who has stumbled into her home. But it does not trouble her in

the least. For a moment she looks you over calmly, with a smile of amused curiosity, rolling and wringing with her fingers a lambskin which she is softening. Then composedly she bids you the Mongol welcome, "*Sein oh !*" and holds out her hand. Her grip is as firm and frank as a Siberian's.

Now Alexsimevich comes tumbling through the door, and next André. Both are used to these huts, and artistically stoop below the smoke-line. All our impedimenta — blankets, furs, pots, kettles, bread-bag, rifles — are heaped in a mound within the space between the couch and the tethered lambs. The girl has not stirred from her work.

"They are friends of yours, then, Alexsimevich?" you ask.

"No, no, I never saw them," he answers. "Any one may take shelter in any *yurta* in Mongolia."

A small head suddenly makes its appearance from the pile of rugs on the sofa opposite on the women's side of the tent. There emerges, naked save for a bronze square-holed Chinese *cash* fastened around her neck, a little slant-eyed three-year-old. The water in the small cups offered to the *dokchits* has long been ice, and one has full need of one's inner fur coat and cap in the hut, where the entrance, opening with every visitor, sends a draft of air, forty degrees below zero, through from the door to the open hole which serves as chimney. And still this tot can step out naked and not even seem to feel it.

"The child's name?" asks Alexsimevich.

"Turunga," replies the girl.

"And your own?"

"Sibilina," she says, and smiles.

Turunga carefully inspects you, and solemnly accepts a lump of sugar, which she knows what to do with, even if it is a rare luxury offered to gods. She sits down, in an evidently accustomed spot on the warm felt before the brazier, to play with the scissor-like fire-tongs, carefully putting back the red coals that have fallen out on the earthen platform.

The tarantass driver, having piled up your impedimenta, excavates from its midst the bag of rye-bread, which he sets to thaw. He gets next the little bag of *pelmenes*, the meat-balls covered with dough-paste which you carry frozen hard. The mother comes in from under the *yurta's* flap, and, placing a blackened basin over the brazier, puts into it a little water and scours diligently with a bundle of birch-twigs. She brushes out this water on the earthen floor near the entrance. This is the picketed lambs' especial territory, to which the felt rugs before the couches and the altar do not extend. A big bag of snow which she has brought from outside is opened and the chunks are piled into the basin, where, while one watches, it melts down into water.

"*Boutzela! boutzela!*" she cries soon, holding a lighted sliver over the basin to see it by: "it boils." Into the Mongol's pot go our *pelmenes*, to brew for a few moments. An accidentally trenchant description of Siberian *pelmenes* was given on the quaintly worded French bill of fare in the hotel at Irkutsk: "Meat hashed in bullets of dough." They come out, however, a combination of hot soup and dumplings, very welcome after the long cold day's drive across the plains, the frozen marsh, and the rolling hills. The wooden Chinese bowls from the bazaar at Troitzkosavsk are filled now with our hostess's

big ladle, and the application of warmth inwardly gradually thaws the outlying regions of the body.

But there is trouble in camp. Turunga is moved by the peculiar passions of her sex and her age, curiosity and hunger. It does not matter in the least that she has home-made *pelmenes* every two or three days — she wants these particular meat-balls. The little mouth begins to pucker and the eyes to screw up. No amount of knee-riding by the mother takes the place of the *pelmenes*. We fill a heaping ladleful and André furnishes his own bowl. The mother receives it, holding out both her hands cup-fashion as is the etiquette, and Turunga is satisfied.

The mother looks kindly to the stranger and smiles at André, then throws more sticks of the precious firewood on the embers. André has caught, likewise, the not unadmiring glance of the young maid. The girl who waits in Troitzkosavsk is not the only one who appreciates our six-foot Siberian hunter.

The dog barks in the yard, but without the menace which hailed us, and the crunch of a horse's hoofs sounds on the frozen ground outside. The flap opens, with its rush of freezing air. Stooping, there enters a typical Mongolian, squat of figure, round of head, with broad sunbrowned face and a short queue of black hair. He wears a funnel-shaped hat, magenta-colored, and is enveloped in a long *shuba*, with brass buttons down one side like a fencer's jacket. About his waist is a sash with jingling knives and pouches. He is the head of the family, come in from herding his horses. He turns back the long fur-lined cuffs which have protected his gloveless hands, and stretches out both his arms for you to place

your hands over his. It is the man's ceremony of welcome. Then he produces a little porcelain snuff-bottle. This must be received in the palm of the right hand with a bow. It is to be utilized, and passed back. If the herder is out of snuff, the bottle is offered just the same and you must appreciatively pretend to take a pinch. Such is etiquette.

The soup is gone now; the pot, cleaned out for the tea, is again on the boil and leaves are thrown in. André has borrowed a hatchet from his host, and has chopped off a piece of milk, which goes in as well.

It is in order to ask the new arrival, Subadar Jay, to pass his wooden cup for some of the beverage. He takes it and the lump of sugar without a word of thanks. The Mongol language has no expression to signify gratitude. Silence does not, however, mean that he does not appreciate. The dozen pieces of Mongol sandal-sole bread which he gives you later are worth two bricks of tea in open market, and this current medium of exchange — caravan-brought tea — is worth sixty kopecks the brick. No small gift, this bread, to an interloping stranger who is brewing tea by his fire, and camping unasked on his bed. A Tibet-schooled lama knows the Buddhist maxim, "Only accomplish good deed, ask no reward." But the unlettered Mongol layman knows its practice.

Little Turunga has played naked before the fire long enough now; she is caught up; her reluctant feet are put into the boots with pointed upturned toes, and her body into a miniature sheepskin "daily," such as her mother and father wear. The little girl is as smiling and shy and coquettish as any child of white skin and complex clothes.

"Will you sell Turunga for a brick of tea?"

"No, no," says the mother, gathering the little one quickly up into her arms, while the rest of the family smile at the offer and her solicitude. "No, no, not even for ten bricks!"

Everybody laughs, Turunga with the rest, in a child's instinctive knowledge that she is the center of admiring attraction.

Far more petting than the Russian babies get is lavished on the little Mongols. Perhaps the much smaller families (only two or three children to a hut) allow more attention per capita. The mother hands Turunga over to her father, — unheard of in Siberia, — and he plays with the child, giving her pieces of sheep's tail to eat from his mouth, answering her prattle or baby-talk and endless questions. At night, about eight o'clock, the mother takes the child to the couch and they both go to sleep, Turunga cuddled warmly under her mother's *shuba*.

Meanwhile we men sit cross-legged by the fire and talk of many things, — of the pasturage for the sheep, of the snow on the road, of the beauty of the housewife's silver head-plates, of water and roads, of whether or not the Mongol *dokchits* on the altar are like the Gobi wolves that hate Chinese.

It is interesting to note how some of the words used (few, however) have a familiar sound — although there is said to be no common ancestry with the Indo-Germanic tongues; perhaps it is only the instinctive sound-imitation which makes the Mongol baby cry "Mamma" to its mother, as does the child in Chita and in Chicago. "Mine," for instance, is *mina;* "thine" is *tenei*. A horse or mare is *mari*. The word for "it is," "they are," is

beine, a fairly respectable form of the verb "to be" in Chaucer's English.

The grammar is delightfully simple. In the vernacular there is no bothering about singular or plural. "One hut" is *niger gir;* "two huts," *hayur gir*. "Milk" is *su;* and apparently the word for "water" was formed from it — *ou su*. If one wants to know whether it is time to throw in the meat-balls, he says, "*Ou su boutzela?*" with a rising inflection ("Water boils?") and the answer is, "*Boutzela*." The "moon" and a "month" are *sara*, and the years go in cycles of twelve. If one wants to compliment the host on the excellence of the sandal-shaped bread which he hands out, loaded with gray chalky cheese (*hourut*), one says, "Bread good be" (*Boba sein beine*); this gives him great pleasure.

Some of the written numbers are somewhat like ours: 2 and 3 are nearly the same, but they have fallen forward on their faces; 6 has an extra tail. When the teapot overturns, they say "*Harlab!*" to relieve their feelings. There is no word for "so good," "farewell," or "much obliged." These are just squeezed into the heartiness of the final "good" (*sein*). So when one leaves, he holds out both arms, palms up, for the host to put his own upon, and says loudly, "*Sein oh!*" A not unbarren amusement is to study out one's own derivation for some much-explained words. *Tamerlane* is often given as meaning "the lame." Why does it not rather come from *temur* (iron) and mean "man of iron," as the ruler of the Khalka tribe was called Altan Khan, the golden king? The Amur River has *khara-muren* (black water) usually given as its derivative root. Why not the Mongol word *amur*, which means simply "quiet"?

IN A TARTAR TENT

In the hut to-night, while we are comparing mother tongues, the brazier-fire has burned to red brands. The girl reaches into a basket beside the door for pieces of dried camel-dung, and puts them on, that the embers may be fed and live through the night. These *argols* do not smoke; she may close the chimney-hole with the flap of felt, and the hut will be kept somewhat warm through the night. The Mongols prepare for sleep: they take off their boots, and slip their arms from the sleeves of their fur *shubas*, in which they roll themselves up as we in our blankets. But how hardened they are to the cold: a naked arm will project and the robes become loose, but they do not wake.

We keep on all our inner clothing, and roll ourselves about with skins until we are great cocoons. André gives a good-night look to his horses; then he, too, lies down. With our heads beside the altar of the gods, we sleep, in the Mongol's *gir*.

VII
A CORONATION AND THREE WARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the nineteenth century Russia slowly but steadily increased her territory in Europe and in Asia. In 1853, Czar Nicholas I made war upon the Turks. France, England, and Sardinia interfered, and a fierce struggle took place in the Crimea, marked by the fall of Sebastopol in 1855. Alexander II ascended the throne in the same year. His reign will be ever memorable for the emancipation of the twenty million Russian serfs. In 1877, the Turkish abuse of Christians and the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria aroused the Powers to demand a reform. This reform Alexander undertook to enforce, and in 1877 he declared war against Turkey. In this war Russia was successful, but the fruits of her victories were greatly lessened by the other nations of Europe, who refused to allow the balance of power to be disturbed by so great gains to Russia.

The reign of Alexander II was marked by a vast expansion of Russian territory in Asia. In spite of the reforms he inaugurated, discontent was rife, and in 1881 the czar fell a victim to a nihilist's bomb.

Meanwhile Russian expansion went forward. The Trans-Siberian Railway, begun in 1891 during the reign of Alexander III, was completed in the reign of his son, Nicholas II, the present czar. A naval base was established at Port Arthur, Manchuria was occupied by Russian troops, and Russia's dream of supremacy on the Pacific seemed in a fair way to be fulfilled. Japan saw with alarm her own visions of supremacy fading before Russian aggression, and prepared for war, which at length broke out in 1904. Russia had expected an easy victory, but the splendid organization of the Japanese army and navy and the immense distance that separated Russia from the seat of warfare were handicaps too great to be overcome, and Japan was steadily successful on both land and sea. By the treaty of peace negotiated at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and signed on September 5, 1905, largely as the result of the persistent efforts of the American President, Theodore Roosevelt, Russia ceded Port Arthur and adjacent territory to Japan, promised to evacuate Manchuria, and recognized the paramount influence of Japan in Korea.

THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER II

[1855]

BY COUNT VON MOLTKE

[In 1855 Alexander II was crowned Emperor of Russia. Count von Moltke was one of the gentlemen chosen by the German Emperor to attend the German Crown Prince to Russia to witness the festivities.

The Editor.]

The sky favored the celebration of the day by the finest weather. At seven in the morning the city was already deserted, for the crowd had flowed to the Kremlin, whose gates were still closed; they opened to us at eight o'clock.

We found in Their Majesties' antechamber an army of gold-embroidered chamberlains, the high court functionaries with their eight-foot-long golden maces, and all the ladies in the national dress. The color of the *manteaux* is different at different courts — scarlet with gold, silver, blue, amaranth, etc., so that even with the uniform cut there is an agreeable variety in the colors. The headdress is ornamented according to the wealth and taste of the individual — with gold, diamonds, stones, or pearls.

The only chair was occupied in turn by several very old ladies, who had been standing since seven o'clock, and, from their rich toilets, may have been dressing since four.

At nine o'clock the doors of the imperial rooms were opened; the flock of the chamberlains set itself in mo-

tion; the empress-mother appeared, supported by her two youngest sons. She wore a close crown entirely of diamonds, an ermine mantle of gold material, the train of which was borne by six chamberlains, and which was fastened by a magnificent diamond chain. The slight figure, the cameo profile, the majestic carriage of the illustrious woman, the joyful seriousness of her features, called forth the unconscious admiration of every one. On the previous evening she had assembled all her children and blessed them. She was followed by the hereditary grand duke, the grand dukes and grand duchesses, Prince Frederic William, Prince Frederic of the Netherlands, Alexander of Hesse, and the other royal princes, then their suites, and after us the ladies. The procession passed through the halls of Alexander, Vladimir, and George, which together make a length of about five hundred feet. On the left paraded the Palace Grenadiers, the Chevalier Guards, the Cuirassiers, with shining breastplates, deputations from the other cavalry and infantry regiments — all with standards and flags and bright arms. To the right were all the officers.

Upon the Krasnoi Krytzow, the great outside steps, covered with scarlet cloth that leads from the old Palace of the Czars into the Court of Relics, a baldachin of gold brocade was awaiting the empress. It was supported by eight poles borne by chamberlains and adjutant-generals. It was a beautiful sight in the sun.

Behind the troops stood the bearded populace, with heads uncovered, close together, but without crowding.

The court is surrounded by three principal churches — the Ascension, Archangel, and Annunciation churches; then of Ivan Veliki and a high railing. The tribunes

for the spectators rose nearly to the height of the building, where were seated ladies and gentlemen in their best clothes. All the innumerable bells of Moscow were ringing; but the roaring of the great Wetschewoi (the giant bell of Novgorod), the clashing of the trumpets, and the endless rejoicings of the multitude inside and outside of the court, prevented us from hearing them. The noise of the cannons alone penetrated through the hubbub.

When we reached the bottom of the stairs, I was enabled to turn and get a view of the beautiful procession of ladies descending. When we reached the Uspenski Sabor, we found the diplomatic corps assembled, and took our standing-places on the tribune prepared for us, which rose upon three sides of the cathedral. The fourth side is occupied by the *ikonostase*, behind which the altar is situated. Opposite to this was the throne on a carpeted platform, with two seats under a magnificent baldachin. The empress-mother took a seat especially arranged for her to the right of the throne. The princes stood up on the left.

The church, as I have mentioned before, is small, only able to accommodate a limited number of spectators, and there was perfect order. The sun shone brightly through the windows, and was reflected by the gilding that covered all the walls and pillars up to the dome. So it was bright, and I was near enough to see all the principal transactions.

Then the regalia were brought in by the highest military and civil officials — the imperial banner with the double-eagle of Byzantium, the great seal (a great steel plate without any other ornament), the sword of the

Empire, the coronation robes of both Their Majesties, the imperial globe with a cross belt of great diamonds (Severin served it upon a *drap-d'or* cushion), the scepter with the well-known great Lazaref diamond — which stands second in size only to the Kohinoor (mountain of light), the Prince Regent, and perhaps one or two others — and, finally, the two crowns. The large one of the emperor is formed by a bow from front to back of diamonds, and trimmed with a row of very great pearls. The bow has a cross in which is a ruby of inestimable value. This stone is an inch long, about half an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, but irregular and not cut. From the band around the head rise on either side two covers which fasten on to the bow, so that one sees nothing of the velvet cap that is inside. The band and the sides are entirely of diamonds, of considerable size and the finest water. It glitters with every color in the sun. The empress's crown is similar, but smaller, and it did not seem easy to keep it on the top of her head, where it was fastened with diamond hairpins.

Now the cross was carried from the church toward the approaching emperor, and the Metropolite of Moscow sprinkled his path with holy water. Their Majesties bowed three times toward the gate of the sanctuary, and then took their seats upon the throne; the high church dignitaries filled the space from the throne to the middle door of the *ikonostase;* and the choir struck up the psalm "*Misericordiam.*" I have already written you of the affecting beauty of the Russian church songs, executed by male voices without instrumental accompaniment. They are very old, and have been collected from the East, and differ widely from the poor hymns of the Prot-

estant and from the opera-music of the Catholic Church. The singers are extraordinarily trained, and one hears almost incredible bass voices, which echo with imposing strength from the firm walls and domes of this limited space.

Since Peter I incorporated the patriarchal power, the metropolite is the highest priest of this great empire, at this time the handsome but already decrepit old Philaretes, who crowned the Emperor Nicholas. It is of great importance for a high priest to have a strong bass voice: the voice of the old metropolite could scarcely be heard, when he requested the emperor to say the creed. As soon as this was done, the emperor was invested with the coronation mantle, consisting of the richest gold brocade lined with ermine. He bowed his head, and remained in this position while the metropolite laid his hands on his head and gave two long benedictions. Then the emperor called for the crown, placed it himself upon his head, took the scepter in his right hand, the imperial globe in his left, and seated himself upon the throne. Thereupon the empress stood before him and knelt down. The emperor takes the crown from his head and touches the empress with it, after which she is also invested with mantle and crown, and seats herself on the throne to the left of her spouse.

It was beautiful to see the intense interest with which the stately old empress-mother followed all the ceremonies. Meanwhile her youngest son was always at her side, supported her, wrapped the ermine about her that she might not take cold. The wife of a North American diplomat fainted near me, the Grand Duchess Hèlene fell into the grand duke's arms, but the old mother of the

emperor remained steady. Then she arose and firmly ascended the steps of the throne, the glittering crown upon her head and her gold brocaded mantle trailing behind her. Before all the world she embraced her first-born son and blessed him. The emperor kissed her hands. Then followed the grand dukes and princes with low bows; the emperor embraced them. Meanwhile the "*Domine salvum fac imperatorem*" was sung, all the church-bells were ringing, and hundreds of cannon made the windows tremble. All present bowed low three times. Then the monarch divests himself of the imperial robes, descends from the throne, and kneels to pray. After he has risen, all present kneel or bow their heads to pray for the welfare of the new emperor.

No mortal man has such power in his hands as the absolute monarch of the tenth part of all the inhabitants of the earth, whose scepter reaches over four quarters of the globe, and who rules over Christians and Jews, Mussulmans, and pagans. Why should one not pray to God heartily to enlighten the man whose will is law to sixty millions of people, whose word commands from the Chinese wall to the Weichsel, from the Arctic Ocean to Mount Ararat; for whose call a half-million soldiers wait, and who has just given peace to Europe? May he be successful in the innumerable conquests still to be made in the interior of this great empire, and may he always remain a strong supporter of lawful regulations!

Now followed the "*Te Deum*" and the long mass after the Greek ritual.

At the close of the mass, the emperor descends the steps of the throne without ornaments or arms, and enters the sanctuary through the czar's gate, where he

receives the communion exactly as the priests. The empress receives it afterward outside of the door. Then follows the anointment with oil on the forehead, eyelids, lips, ears, breast, and hands, by the Metropolite of Moscow, from a costly vessel. The Bishops of Novgorod and Moscow wipe off the traces. Their Majesties take their seat again on the throne, and resume their crowns, robes, and the great diamond chain of the Alexander Nevsky Order. From this moment they are the anointed of the Lord, and the ceremony is over.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS

[1861]

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AGAIN, sweet bells of the Russias,
  Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
O Czar of the North, Alexander,
  Thy justice to those that were least
Now girds thee with strength of the victor,
  And makes thee the lord of the East!

It was midnight on the Finland,
  And, o'er the wastes of snow,
From the crystal lamp of winter
  The lamps of God hung low.
A sea of ice was the Neva,
  In the white light of the stars,
And it locked its arms in silence
  Round the city of the czars.

The palace was mantled in shadow,
  And, dark in the starlit space,
The monolith rose before it
  From its battle-trophied base.
And the cross that crowned the column
  Seemed reaching to the stars,

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS

O'er the white street, wrapped in silence,
Round the palace of the czars.

The chapel's mullioned windows
Are flushed with a sullen light;
Who comes to the sacred altar
In the silence of the night?
What prince with a deep heart-burden
Approaches the altar's stair,
To take the wine and the wafer,
And bow for the help of prayer?

'T is the czar, whose word in the morning
Shall make the Russias free,
From the Neva to the Ural,
From the Steppe to the winter sea;
Who speaks, and a thousand steeples
Ring freedom to every man, —
From the serf on the white Ladoga
To the fisher of Astrakhan.

O faith in Eternal Power!
O faith in Eternal Love!
O faith that looked up to heaven
The promise of ages to prove!
The cross and the crown gleam above him;
He raises his brow from prayer,
The cross of humanity's martyr
Or crown of the hero to wear.

Slept the serf on the Neva and Volga,
Slept the fisher of Astrakhan,

Nor dreamed that the bells of the morning
  Would ring in his rights as a man.
He saw not night's crystal gates open
  To hosts singing carols on high,
He knew not a Bethlehem glory
  Would break with the morn in the sky!

The morn set its jewels of rubies
  In the snows of the turret and spire,
And shone the far sea of the Finland
  A sea of glass mingled with fire.
The Old Guard encircled the place
  With questioning look on each cheek,
And waited the word that the ukase
  To the zone-girdled empire should speak.

The voice of the Russias has spoken;
  Each serf in the Russias is free!
Ring, bells, on the Neva and Volga,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian Sea!
O Czar of the North, Alexander,
  Thy justice to those that were least
Shall gird thee with strength of the victor,
  Shall make thee the lord of the East.

Again, sweet bells of the Russias,
  Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
Thy triumphs of peace, Alexander,
  Outshine all thy triumphs of war,
And thou at God's altar wert grander
  Than throned as the conquering czar!

THE TAKING OF THE VILLAGE

[An incident of the war of 1877 with Turkey]

BY VSYEVOLOD MIKHAILOVITCH GARSHIN

[WENTZEL is drawn as a stern disciplinarian, so savage in his punishments as to be hated by his men. The author hints that they have half-planned to shoot him in the confusion of the battle.

The Editor.]

BEYOND the rising ground which we had to cross were the Turks. We reached the summit of the hill, and a broad stretch of broken ground, gradually sloping downwards, spread out before us, covered here with wheat and maize fields, there, with huge thickets of elms and medlar trees. In two posts shone white minarets; but the villages to which they belonged were hidden behind green hillocks. It was the right-hand village that we were to seize. Beyond it, on the horizon, was a barely visible white band; it was the highroad which our Cossacks had just returned from occupying. Soon the whole scene was hidden from our eyes, for we entered a dense thicket, broken here and there by little glades.

I cannot distinctly remember the beginning of the battle. When we came out on to the open ground at the hilltop, where our companies, emerging from the bushes, and forming into a long chain, were plainly visible to the Turks, we heard the sudden thunder of a cannon shot. They had rifed a grenade at us. Our men started, and all eyes turned to the already fading cloudlet of white

smoke creeping down the hillside. At that moment the sharp whizzing sound of the approaching missile made every one shrink back. It seemed to fly right over our heads, then struck into the ground close beside the company which was marching behind us. I remember the hollow sound of the explosion and the piteous cry that followed. A fragment of the grenade had torn off the leg of a sergeant. This I heard afterwards; but, at the time, I could not understand the cry; my ear received the sound mechanically, and that was all. Everything was swallowed up in that vague feeling, which no words can express, that seizes upon a man the first time he goes under fire. It is said that every one is afraid in battle; that every truthful and modest man, if asked whether he is afraid, will answer "Yes." But this fear was not the physical terror which takes possession of a man when he meets a robber in a lonely lane by night; it was a full, distinct consciousness of the closeness, the inevitableness of death. And, strange as the words sound, this consciousness neither held our men back nor made them think of flight, but led them on. There was no awakening of bloodthirsty instincts, no desire to press forwards in order to kill any one, but an irresistible desire to press forwards at any cost; and the thought in our minds of what we had to do was not — "We must kill," but, rather, "We must die."

We had to cross an open glade, and the Turks took the opportunity to fire several shots at us. Between us and them was now only one large thicket, sloping gradually upwards to the village. We entered into the brushwood, and all grew still.

It was difficult walking; the tall, often thorny, bushes

grew close together, and we had to get round them or force a passage through them. The company of riflemen, which was in front of us, had split up into a chain, and the men softly called to one another every now and then in order not to get separated. Our company, for the present, kept together. Deep silence reigned in the wood.

Suddenly the first rifle shot rang out, not very loud, like the sound of a woodcutter's axe. The Turks began to fire at random in our direction. The balls whistled high in the air in varying notes, and flew noisily through the bushes, tearing off boughs as they passed, but touching no one. The sounds of the breaking boughs grew more and more frequent, till they blended in one continuous crash. We could no longer hear the whistling and hissing of individual balls, the whole air hissed and whistled. We pressed hastily forwards; all near me were unhurt, and I myself was unhurt. This surprised me greatly.

The thicket broke off suddenly, and a deep ravine with a brook ran across the way. We stopped for a moment to rest and drink water.

At this spot the companies were separated, in order that they might fall upon the Turkish forces from both flanks; our company was left in the ravine, as a reserve. The riflemen were to go straight on, and, passing through the bushes, force their way into the village. The Turkish volleys were still crashing, as frequently as before, but louder.

Wentzel, on reaching the top of the ravine on the opposite side, drew up his forces into form. He said something to the men, which I did not catch.

"We'll do our best," answered the voices of the riflemen.

I looked up at him; he was pale, and, I thought, sad, but fairly calm. Catching sight of Ivan Platonych and Stebellov he waved his handkerchief to them, and then turned his eyes to our company, evidently looking for something. I guessed that he wanted to take leave of me, and stood up that he might see me. He smiled, nodded to me several times, and commanded his company to form into a chain. The men separated to right and left in groups of four, drew out into a long chain and, in one moment disappeared among the bushes; all except one man, who suddenly drew himself up violently, flung up his hands and dropped heavily on the ground. Two of our men ran out of the ravine and brought in the body.

Half an hour passed in weary suspense.

The battle grew hotter. The sounds of the volleys became more and more frequent, and then melted into one terrific roar. The cannon began to thunder on the right flank. Bloodstained men, walking or crawling, came out of the bushes; at first there were only a few of them, but with every moment their number increased. Our men helped them down into the ravine, gave them water, and laid them down to wait till the ambulance people should come with litters. A rifleman, with one hand torn into rags, and a face livid with pain and loss of blood, came without any help, but groaning and rolling his eyes fearfully, and sat down by the brook. Our men bound his arm up and laid him on a cloak; the bleeding stopped. He was shaking with fever; his lips were quivering, and he burst out sobbing convulsively, with a nervous catching of the breath.

"Mates. . . mates! . . . Oh, my lads!"

"Many killed?"

"Oh, so many — so many!"

"Is the commander hurt?"

"Not yet. If it were n't for him they'd have driven us back. Ours will win . . . they'll win with him," said the wounded man faintly. "He led us up three times, and they drove us back. Now he's charged again . . . the fourth time. . . . They're in the bivouac . . . their cartridges. . . . Oh . . . it's just raining bullets! . . . No!" he cried out with sudden fierceness, half rising and gesticulating with his wounded hand; "you shan't get off so! . . . You shan't!"

The man rolled his eyes frantically, shrieked out a horrible, brutal oath, and fell back insensible.

Lukin appeared at the top of the ravine.

"Ivan Platonych!" he shouted in a voice not like his own; "bring up your men."

Smoke, thundering crashes, moans, a frenzied "Hurrah!" . . . the stench of blood and powder . . . Strange, unknown, white-faced people wrapped in smoke . . . A horrible, inhuman butchery . . . God be thanked that such moments are remembered but dimly, as through a mist!

When we came up, Wentzel was leading what remained of his company for a fifth charge against the Turkish hail of bullets. That time the riflemen succeeded in forcing their way into the village. Not many of the Turks defending the spot had time to escape. The second company of riflemen lost, during two hours' fighting, *fifty-two* out of a little over a hundred; our com-

pany, which took only a small part in the action, had few losses.

We did not remain in occupation of the position gained, although the Turks were completely routed. When our general saw battalion after battalion, with masses of cavalry and long trains of cannon, come out upon the highroad, he was horror-stricken at their numbers. Evidently the Turks had not known what forces we had, as we were hidden by the bushes; had they guessed that a mere fourteen battalions had driven them from the deep-cut roads, gullies, and high fences surrounding the village, they would have come back and crushed us. Their numbers were three times greater than ours.

By evening we were back again at our old quarters. Ivan Platonych called me in to tea.

"Have you seen Wentzel?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"Go into his tent and make him come here, will you? The man's breaking his heart. 'Fifty-two! Fifty-two!' that's all we can get out of him. Do go to him."

Wentzel's tent was dimly lighted up by one scrap of candle. He was crouching down in a corner, with his head laid on an old box, and sobbing bitterly.

THE CAPTURE OF A REDOUBT

[An incident of the war of 1877 with Turkey]

BY VASILI VASILEVICH VERESHCHAGIN

[THE Grivitsa Redoubt was one of the fortifications of Plevna. At this place the Russians were repulsed, but later were successful.

The Editor.]

THE two were exchanging remarks in regard to the intended action, as they rode up the hill, when suddenly there was a cry from behind, "Make way, make way!"

The two officers had barely time to put spurs into their horses and spring aside into the bush, when the czar, seated in a carriage drawn by four black horses, dashed by at a rapid trot. He returned their salute graciously, and quickly disappeared along with his suite.

On the top of the hill there were preparations for divine service; the altar had been erected in a large green tent, and Vladimir gazed upon the scene with deep interest. The emperor and the commander-in-chief were saying their prayers at the entrance of this tent, standing out in relief against the somber background of Plevna and the other forts; behind those two were the most distinguished persons of the army, with a great following of younger officers, and stretching farther still behind these knelt the remainder absorbed in prayer.

The voice of the priest was borne to his ears mingled with the rattling of small arms and the thundering of the big guns; he besought the Almighty to send down

victory; the heavens are of the same color as lead. The rain persists; suddenly in the center of the line is heard a terrific noise of musketry, which arrests the attention of every one. How could this happen, and why so soon? Every one knew that according to the dispositions made, the battle was not to begin until three o'clock; apparently there had been some misunderstanding. The commander-in-chief called an adjutant and ordered him to ride over and find out the reason of this untimely shooting.

After the service there was a luncheon, at which the czar drank the health of his brave army — a toast which was greeted by all present with a loud shout of hurrah.

The battle-field lay blanketed under a white mist, caused by the smoke from innumerable rifles and pieces of artillery; for a time also one could notice smaller bits of smoke from the distant Turkish batteries on the left wing, but soon these also disappeared, and nothing was heard but shouts: *Hurrah, hurrah,* and *Allah, Allah!* sounds that were taken up by thousands upon thousands of voices — the signal that the butchery was going on. The commander-in-chief presented Vladimir to the czar, in order that he might report upon what he had seen in his ride to the Danube.

As he was retiring from the czar's presence, with his hand to his cap, he was arrested by the cordial greeting, "Why, my good fellow-countryman, how are you?" and his hands were seized in the affectionate grasp of the dear old Prince Suvoroff; for the family of Vladimir were also landed proprietors in the district of Novgorod, where the prince was born.

"Bless me, what an age since we have been together!"

The elder officer kissed the younger one repeatedly. He then began to tell him about Verkhovtseff, whom he knew. "A good sort; he is an excellent soldier, and sets a good example everywhere; but the fellow will not allow himself to get well; he has three wounds, but will not bandage them; the surgeon is wretched; he is an odd fish, but a thorough good fellow, and with it all would you believe that he is nothing but a scribbler?"

Immediately afterwards, his patron, Count A., who had also been standing near, greeted Vladimir, —

"Well, what news of your father?"

Vladimir gave him the affectionate greeting of his family, and the latest news.

"Only recently I had news, but he scarcely mentions you; however, reading between the lines, I see that he and your mother are much concerned about you."

Vladimir blushed, and smiled his acknowledgments. Prince Charles of Roumania, who was also at headquarters, honored him with a few words, spoke about the regiments he had seen in the field, and matters of cognate interest.

Two other generals of great influence, whom Vladimir had met at the house of Count A., shook hands cordially with him and made a few jovial remarks.

All eyes were therefore directed at Vladimir, when he returned to his comrades after having been so conspicuously noticed by the principal people at headquarters. Good will and envy were blended in the emotions he inspired; those who had already greeted him, now hastened to give him still more cordial welcome. Those who had not seen him yesterday nearly smothered him with their affectionate embraces.

The czar sat motionless upon his camp-chair; close to him and rather behind him sat on a similar chair the commander-in-chief; behind these, in two rows, the senior officers of his suite, the Generals Milyutin, Count Adlerberg, Prince Suvoroff, and others; here also was the Prince of Roumania; several of the suite seated themselves on the damp grass; all kept their glasses in constant use, and only rarely were remarks exchanged. The grand duke stood up to salute a portion of the army, consisting of reserves; the soldiers answered cheerily, "Long life to Your Imperial Majesty."

"You look like good fighters," shouted His Majesty to them.

"We are happy to serve Your Majesty."

From the point occupied by the headquarters it was not possible to see either the Roumanians or the Russian regiments of the right wing. They were attacking the fortifications of Grivitsa. Prince Charles of Roumania rode down with his officers to where he could see Grivitsa; behind them strode the old Skobeleff, with several officers, amongst whom was Vladimir. They scattered themselves in the bush, where off and on a shell exploded; they could observe distinctly the operations of the right wing, which was moving forward to the attack in a snaky line. At one time the line broke into pieces, at another it closed up once more, sometimes the inequality of the country, combined with the artillery fire, made great gaps, which closed up as the line proceeded.

Shouts of hurrah arose, and one could readily feel that this great line had a heart and that this heart was beating.

But what has happened to the works of Grivitsa?

They had remained silent so long during the bombardment of the previous day that many had been deceived on that account. Yesterday it was reported as quite certain that there was a complete want of ammunition and guns — and now suddenly the whole of that fortified place is belching forth shot and shell with deadly fury; obviously they had determined not to waste their ammunition; every moment showed a white puff of smoke there, followed by a bursting shell in the ranks of our regiments. A shell would fall; a little cloud of smoke would rise; all sprang to one side in frightened expectation that it would burst. A score of men were knocked over, some were merely stunned, and again ran forward to join the storming column; of those who were wounded by the fragments, some were able to raise themselves, and, by the aid of their rifles, drag themselves to the rear, where they found shelter; the other wounded had to wait until the ambulance men came with their stretchers.

Vladimir could see distinctly how the Roumanian regiments moved out into the open beyond the works; they advanced with loud cries. Some, with conspicuous bravery, sprang into the ditches, and even attempted to climb up the parapet; but the great mass of them did not follow. They sought shelter in the ditch, shouted and screamed, but did not go forward. The slightest movement of the head or hand brought death or serious wound, for the bullets poured down like hail.

"And so that is the way fortresses are stormed," thought Vladimir to himself. He saw this sort of thing for the first time, and felt a species of disillusion. Everything was so terribly simple and human; not at all as it had been described and as he had imagined it. And yet

he could not help congratulating himself that he had not been forced to take part in the storming of the Grivitsa, and to lead troops over this inhospitable ground which was furrowed by the furious cannonade.

He sees a few human forms standing out like black specks against the sky as a background; They are leaping out of the ditch and moving backward, some slowly, others more quickly; then followed a mass of humanity, crawling out of the big ditch for all the world like a swarm of ants. They were scrabbling with their hands and their feet, and when barely erect, rushed away down the hill to where the danger was less. The enemy follow them with their rifle shots, as rapidly as they can load. Vladimir could at first make nothing of all this; he understood it only when a loud voice near him shouted, "We are beaten." Again he thought to himself, "And so this is what is meant by being beaten; how very simple it all is; not at all according to current accounts."

He turned instinctively to Prince Charles of Roumania.

His Highness was so excited that his legs trembled beneath him.

"My horse! my horse! I must ride over there immediately; quick—bring me my horse," he commanded, jerking the words out rapidly.

"How very much excited your prince is," remarked one of our officers to the Roumanian colonel after the prince had gone.

"He knows that a retreat will be a bad thing for him," answered the colonel, without removing the field glass from his eye; "they would drive him out of Roumania."

Our regiments were literally buried under the weight of shells, and also were forced to retire without having carried the breastworks of the fortification. The heights on this side were very slippery, and our soldiers were completely exposed to the Turks.

"Shoot as you please!"

The columns moved evidently more slowly, the ranks were broken by the fire of the enemy, and, what was of more importance still, they could not quickly enough form again; the shouts of hurrah weakened; they became intermittent; in fact, they soon ceased to encourage, they acted rather as a warning. Some retired, but the greater mass stood undecided, and kept on shouting; shells fell in the midst of them and exploded with frightful effect, knocked down many soldiers, and finally sapped away their courage; all now beat a retreat, the cool heads more slowly, the frightened ones ran with all their might.

The czar soon made his appearance with his suite; the Turks, however, noticed the group immediately, and shot twice with such precision that the commander-in-chief begged His Majesty not to expose his life any further, but to retire.

About five o'clock Vladimir noticed below him on the left a horseman wearing a hat with a tremendous brim; when the smoke cleared away for a moment he was seen to dismount and come nearer; he proved to be Lieutenant Greene, the military *attaché* of the United States; he had just come from the battle-field, and reported that in that portion of the army everything had been defeated, the soldiers had retreated, worn out bodily and morally, and there was no hope to be held out that they could

again be led against the enemy with success. The forces at disposal were completely inadequate for the taking of the works, which were tremendously fortified, to say nothing of the slopes being smooth and very slippery.

He was begged to ride on and report what he had seen to His Majesty. It was now getting dark, the rattling of the small arms diminished, and the artillery also slackened. The czar left the field with his suite, the commander-in-chief decided to spend the night here in order to be near the battle-field. The firing from Grivitsa, by the way, lasted longer than that at other points.

Night came on, the fine, persistent rain fell, fires were lighted at only a few points, there was very little talk, still less laughing or joking. From the commander-in-chief down, all did their best to pass the night as well as they could; they made use of wagons and carts of every description, some even having to sleep underneath them.

Vladimir entered the wagon of Colonel Assenkan, and considered himself very lucky in the prospect of keeping warm and having a night's rest; but the gallant colonel, who up to this moment had held his peace, now commenced in a thin, piping tone, to render airs from "Traviata" and "Trovatore" — it was not the impulse of the nightingale which made the colonel tuneful at this hour. It was rather a desire to dissipate the impression of their sad situation. Vladimir, however, much as he tried, could not get to sleep. Finally, when his host had composed himself, he slipped unobserved out of the wagon and joined some officers and Cossacks at a neighboring camp fire, for he was convinced that for that night, at least, he could enjoy no sleep.

He gazed at the group lighted up by the camp fire, and thought unconsciously what a group for a painter.

Seats were improvised from all sorts of things; here a saddle, there a cloak, there a bunch of wood destined for the fire; most of them, however, lay on the grass. Those who were not reclining stood up with their faces or their backs to the fire, their legs stretched apart. There was some subdued laughing and chaffing, but pains were taken not to awaken the commander-in-chief, who lay asleep in his wagon not far off.

Suddenly a voice fell upon the ears of Vladimir — a sharp and loud one. He recognized that of General Timur.

"Your Highness."

"What do you wish?"

"The Grivitsa redoubt is taken."

COALING AT SEA

[1905]

BY COMMANDER VLADIMIR SEMENOFF, OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN NAVY

[COMMANDER SEMENOFF was on the Suvoroff, a vessel of the Russian fleet that rounded the Cape of Good Hope in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–05.

The Editor.]

ON November 12, at 8 P.M., we arrived at Dakar. Colliers were awaiting us here; still, we were not able to commence coaling at once, although we were in the territory of our good allies. No sooner had we anchored than the captain of the port came off to see the admiral, but not — alas! — to welcome us and to offer us his assistance, but to propose that we should leave again at once. He informed us that Japan had protested against belligerent warships, on their way to the seat of war, being permitted to coal in neutral ports; that England had energetically supported this protest; and that the French Government had apparently *not* decided to reject this new principle in international law. At least he had orders to find some way out of this difficulty, to select and indicate to us some spot for coaling outside territorial waters, but in any case not to permit this operation to be commenced, without having previously arrived at an understanding with Paris. Personally, he placed himself entirely at our disposal, and in this he was evidently quite sincere. (This was very much like the

reception accorded to the Diana at Saigon: the warmest welcome on the part of the local authorities and cold reserve on the part of the home government.) The governor promised assistance of all kinds, offered to send us not only fresh provisions, but, if necessary, workmen — only we were to go.

Where to? To the Cape Verde Islands, for instance? There the depth of water made it possible to anchor outside territorial waters, that is, beyond three miles from the coast.

We who had just come in from sea knew very well what a swell we should find there. Under these conditions coaling was not to be thought of.

The admiral stated categorically that since coaling in the open sea was impossible, and sailing without coaling was equally impossible, the prohibition to coal in Dakar roads was equivalent to a demand for the disarming of any of the vessels belonging to one of the belligerents which might enter a neutral port; that this, however, was contrary to all declarations of neutrality. This brought things to a head.

Telegrams flew to St. Petersburg and to Paris.

In the afternoon it was announced that the negotiations were taking a favorable turn for us; we therefore took advantage of the great distance between our anchorage and the French settlement on shore, from where one could not "see clearly" what was going on in the squadron, hauled the colliers alongside, and started coaling.

The reception we met with at Vigo, and again here, in the port of an allied power, forced us to consider very

seriously what should be done as regarded the voyage of the squadron round the Cape of Good Hope. Our next stop was to be at Libreville, a French colony, forty miles north of the Equator, situated at the mouth of the Gaboon River, in which water was plentiful. If we entered it, we were as snug as in any secure port, but, unfortunately, the French local authorities had definite orders, according to information received thence, not to allow us to enter the river at all.

At the same time it was pointed out that the depth of water at a distance of over three miles from the shore (that is, outside territorial waters) was generally from ten to twelve fathoms, and that if we were to anchor there (that is, in the open sea), we should not only not be prevented from coaling, but would receive every possible assistance. That was truly French — and amiable; at the same time, it did not commit them to anything. It was just as if one said to a hungry man sitting under an apple tree: "I have no right to pick even *one* apple for you, but if one should drop off, eat it by all means; I would even peel it for you."

It must, however, be pointed out that November is the month of the most variable weather at Libreville. Calms predominate, but from time to time there are violent storms, with lightning and thunder (tornadoes), which in strength are hardly inferior to the West Indian hurricanes, and which, though they do not last so long as these, are more frequent. Apart from the danger of the tornado itself, a heavy swell continues for a long time afterwards. In short, coaling "at sea," near the Gaboon, could in no way be looked upon as a certainty.

The next stop (one thousand and odd miles south

of Gaboon) was to be in Great Fish Bay — a very large bay, which offers perfect protection against the prevailing winds and the swell. Neither on the shores of the bay, nor for hundreds of miles around, is there a tree, or a bush, or a single fresh-water spring — nothing but sand. Without doubt, one could not imagine a better place for our squadron, hunted out of every port. But in our days no "no man's land" can be found anywhere on the globe, and this desert belongs officially to the Portuguese. If an English squadron were to appear in the bay, bringing a Portuguese official, from the neighboring town of Benguela, and he were to request us to leave, then, in case we declined, the English were undoubtedly entitled to place their forces at his disposal for action against us, as we should be transgressing the neutrality rules which had recently been formulated. How would this end? — It does not pay to foretell the future. Come what may, this place, also, could hardly be thought of for coaling purposes.

On the entire west coast of Africa, there was only one spot on which we counted with certainty: Angra Pequeña, seven hundred and odd miles south of Great Fish Bay, the only harbor of the German colony on that coast. When it is considered that our coal was delivered to us by the steamers of the Hamburg-America Line, we were surely entitled to count upon not meeting with any obstacles there (and in this we were not deceived).

After that, Madagascar. *Ni plus, ni moins*, as all other anchorages which were suitable for our purposes belonged to the English, whilst Delagoa Bay, which had been thought of when the route was being planned, belonged to Portugal, which came to the same thing.

The possibility of coaling at sea — in the regions of the southwest trades, southeast trades, and the westerly gales — was of course out of the question. The point to be decided therefore was: Should we turn back, or continue with the prospects of having to fill up the new battleships, with, say, twenty-four hundred tons of coal each, as against the normal stowage of eleven hundred? Now the Technical Committee had found that these ships, which already drew two and one-half feet more than was intended, gave cause for anxiety when their bunkers were filled up to extreme stowage, and had informed the admiral accordingly. In consequence of this communication the admiral had issued on October 14 a general memorandum, in which it was laid down that "to insure a safe metacentric height, the following was to be observed by the ships concerned: (1) To avoid stowing liquids in the free spaces in such a manner that these would be able to move when the ship rolled; thus, for instance, boiler water should be used up in rotation, that is, no water was to be taken out of one compartment, until the preceding one was empty. (2) All objects of any considerable weight were to be securely lashed. (3) Coal was to be used in such a manner, that, as it was taken out of the lower bunkers, a like amount was to be moved down from the upper to the lower bunkers. (4) In heavy weather all ports and other openings in the ship's side were to be closed."

I beg pardon of my "shore-going" readers for citing this order, which can hardly be either interesting or even intelligible to them, but which speaks volumes for those familiar with the sea.

Thus the question to be decided, put bluntly, was:

"Either turn back, for there is nothing to be had here, or risk capsizing."

Turn back — easier said than done. How was such a thing conceivable, since "the whole of Russia was looking upon us with confidence and in firm hope."

Here the enormous difference which exists between a general commanding an army, and an admiral commanding a fleet showed itself clearly. In the case of the former there cannot, under any circumstances, be any question of his personal bravery. If he were to declare that he did not consider himself justified in sending the troops confided to his care to certain destruction, one could accuse him of anything one pleased, but never of personal cowardice. With the admiral it is just the opposite. He is on board his flagship, on which the adversary concentrates his fire, in the very center of the danger, he is the first to risk his skin. If he were to say that he did not want to lead his squadron to certain destruction, it would always be possible (whether rightly or wrongly is another question) to hurl at his head the terrible words: "You are afraid!"

Now judge for yourselves; when Russia was in this mood, when it "looked with confidence and in firm hope on the Second Squadron," would it have been possible for the officer commanding this squadron to have spoken of turning back? And so he decided to go ahead, and disregarding the warning of the Technical Committee, to fill up the ships with coal — as it was expressed in the mess — not only "up to the neck, but over the ears."

At Dakar the battleships of the Borodino type were ordered to take on board twenty-two hundred tons of coal, which meant that not only the belt deck or flats,

but the main deck as well had to be used as stowage places. The admiral signed and issued a general memorandum, drafted by the constructor on the staff, in which the manner of carrying out this unusual operation was laid down very precisely, and all precautionary measures, which were considered necessary, both in taking on board and in using up this "deck cargo" were prescribed.

The constructor on the staff, P—— (an excellent messmate, who enjoyed universal sympathy), was extremely busy, went from ship to ship, and finally assembled the other constructors for a consultation on board the Suvoroff.

"Well, and what do *you* think of it?"

"If there is no help for it, then we must manage it somehow," he said.

"Shall we capsize?"

"No, at least probably not, if the maindeck ports keep out the water. Let us hope we shan't get a strong head wind, for then things will be very bad for us. When the maindeck ports no longer hold and the water pours in — then good-bye."

During the night of November 12–13, the governor received instructions from Paris to permit us to coal, but only on condition that the operation was to be completed in twenty-four hours. As a matter of course, this period commenced with the moment of receiving this decision; that was 4 A.M.

November 13 was the first day of our "coal troubles." We afterwards went through many such days, but this first one was especially heavy.

In Dakar, as in the tropics generally, all signs of life

cease between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. The government offices are closed; the shops do not sell anything; the troops do not leave their barracks; the European workmen interrupt their work; every one not only seeks protection in the shade against the sun's scorching rays, but endeavors to move as little as possible in the shade, as every movement produces profuse perspiration. These rules were observed by people who, to a certain degree at least, had become acclimatized and accustomed to this life; but for us there were none of these conveniences. For us rapid coaling was one of the first conditions of life; every one took part in this, beginning with the captain; the ship's company worked in two watches, night and day. In a flat calm, and with the thermometer never under 90° F., the Suvoroff was completely smothered in a cloud of coal dust for twenty-nine hours on end. The sun's rays by day, those of the electric light by night, could hardly penetrate this black fog. From the bottom of the colliers' holds the sun had the appearance of a blood-red spot. Blacker than niggers, streaming with perspiration, lumps of cotton-waste between their teeth (it was necessary to breathe through the cotton-waste to avoid getting the coal dust into the lungs), officers and men were at work in this hell. And nowhere could one hear the slightest grumbling, not even a hint that after all there was some limit to human endurance. Extraordinary-looking creatures — black and streaming with moisture — ran up to the bridge every now and then, "only for one minute, for a breath of fresh air," quickly asked the signalman: "How are we getting on? How much was it for the last hour? Are we ahead of the others?" and disappeared again below at once.

And what went on in the closed-in coal-bunkers, where the coal had to be stowed, as it shot down from above? Where the temperature was 115° F.? Where the strongest and healthiest could not stand it for more than fifteen or twenty minutes! No one inquired. It was necessary, there was no help for it. The work was kept at boiling point. It happened every now and then that one of the workers could no longer keep on his legs. He was then quickly carried out, the fire hose turned on him, and when he had recovered his breath, he returned to complete his task.

VIII
LIFE IN MODERN RUSSIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

ONE sixth of the land surface of the world, a territory nearly three times as large as the United States exclusive of Alaska, is ruled over by the Czar of Russia. This territory contains a population of about 150,000,000.

During recent years Russia has been greatly disturbed within her own boundaries. The Russian persecutions of the Jews and the numerous massacres of these people have aroused the wrath and indignation of the world. The Government's determination to repress the ever growing desire of the people for political freedom has led to the imprisonment, exile, and execution of thousands of men and women, many of them young students. The most rigorous attempts at repression have only served to increase the discontent; the agitators, deprived of the right of speech, have fallen back on assassination, and many high officials have fallen victims to the "Terrorists." Strikes have prevailed, and when on "Red Sunday," in 1905, the strikers attempted to march to the Winter Palace and submit their grievances to the czar himself, they were fired upon by the imperial troops. All Russia seethed with discontent, and the czar and his advisers, thoroughly alarmed, conceded the right of the people to have some voice in their own government by the creation of a douma, or parliament. When brought to the test of use, the rights granted by the Government were found to be hedged about with so many restrictions as to render them of little value. Nevertheless, some degree of freedom has been obtained.

THE RACES ON THE NEVA RIVER[1]

[1870]

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

We came down upon the ice by a broad wooden slope, between the bronze lions of the quay, whose pedestals, when the river is open, mark the landing-place.

On the day which I am describing, the sky had not that keen, intense color which it assumes when the cold reaches zero. An immense canopy of cloud of a very soft and fine pearl gray, holding snow suspended, hung over the city [St. Petersburg], and seemed to rest upon the towers and spires as upon pillars of gold. This quiet and neutral tint set off to unusual advantage the buildings with their delicate coloring relieved by fillets of silvery snow. In front we saw across the river, looking like a valley half filled by avalanches, the columns of red granite ornamented with prows of ships, which stand near the classic exchange. At the point of the island which divides the Neva into two streams, the needle of the fortress raised its aspiring golden point, rendered yet more vivid by the gray tint of the sky.

The course — with its board stands, and its track marked out by ropes attached to stakes set in the ice, and by artificial hedges of fir branches — stretched diagonally across the river. The crowd of people and carriages is immense. Privileged persons occupied the

[1] From Gautier's *A Winter in Russia*, by permission of Henry Holt and Company.

stands, if it be a privilege to remain stationary in the cold in an open gallery! Around the track are crowded, two or three deep, sledges, troikas, open carriages, and even simple telegas, and other vehicles more or less primitive; for no restriction seems to hamper this public amusement: the river is free to all. Men and women, in order to have a better view, turn out their coachmen, and stand upon the seats and the boxes. Nearer the barriers are the mujiks in their sheepskin touloupes and felt boots, soldiers in gray capotes, and other persons who have not been able to secure a better place. All this crowd, astir like a mighty ant-hill on the icy floor of the Neva, was a scene not to be witnessed without anxiety, — by me at least; for I could not forget that a deep river, as large, at least, as the Thames at London Bridge, flowed beneath this frozen crust, two or three feet deep at most, upon which was the weight of thousands of people closely crowded together, and a great number of horses, not to mention equipages of every description. But the Russian winter is to be depended on — it never plays the trick of opening trapdoors under the crowd and swallowing them up.

Outside the course, jockeys were exercising the horses who had not yet been on the track; or leading about, to cool them gradually under their Persian rugs, the noble animals who had furnished their share of the day's amusement.

The track is a kind of lengthened ellipse; the sledges do not start abreast, but are stationed at equal intervals; these intervals diminishing or increasing according to the speed of the horses. Two sledges take their position in front of the stands, and two others at the extremities

of the ellipse, awaiting the signal of departure. Sometimes a man on horseback gallops at the side of the horse to stimulate him through rivalry to the utmost exertion. The horse in the sledge only trots, but his pace is sometimes so rapid that the other can hardly keep up with him, and once under good headway, abandons him to his own impulse. Many drivers, sure of their animals, scorn to employ this resource, and make the race alone. Any horse who breaks into a gallop loses his chance, if he makes more than six bounds before being brought back to the prescribed gait.

It is marvelous to see these splendid creatures, for whom wild prices are often paid, spin along over the level ice, which, swept clear of snow, is like a belt of dull-colored glass. The vapor comes from their scarlet nostrils in long jets; their flanks are bathed in a kind of mist, and their tails seem powdered with diamond dust. The nails in their shoes bite into the level and slippery surface, and they devour the distance with the same proud security with which they would tread the best-kept roads of a park. The drivers, leaning backward, grasp the reins with their utmost strength; for horses so powerful as these, having only a light weight behind them, and not allowed to break into a gallop, require to be restrained rather than urged. And they find, too, in this tension, a point of support which allows them to abandon themselves to their headlong pace. What prodigious steps these creatures take, looking as if they would bite their knees!

I could not discover that any special conditions regarding age or weight were imposed upon the contestants, only an amount of speed in a fixed time, measured

by a chronometer, — or, at least, so it appeared to me. Occasionally, troikas enter the lists against sledges having one or two horses. Each man selects the vehicle and number of horses which seem best to suit him. Sometimes even a spectator, who has been sitting in his sledge and looking on, will take a fancy to try his luck, — and forthwith he enters the lists.

At the race which I am describing, a very picturesque incident occurred. A mujik, — from Vladimir, it was said, — who had come into the city bringing wood or frozen provisions, stood looking on from the height of his rustic troika. He was clad in the usual greasy touloupe, with an old matted fur cap, and felt boots white with hard service; a beard unkempt and lusterless bristled upon his chin. He had a team of three little horses, disheveled, wild-looking, shaggy as bears, frightfully filthy, with icicles hanging down underneath them, carrying their heads low, and biting at the snow heaped up in masses on the river. A douga like a Gothic window, painted with glaring colors in stripes and zigzags, was the part of the equipage on which most care had been bestowed — doubtless was the work of the mujik's own hatchet.

This wild and primitive equipage offered the strangest possible contrast to the luxurious sledges, the triumphant troikas, and all the other elegant vehicles which stood drawn up along the edges of the track. More than one laughing glance ridiculed the humble troika. And, to tell the truth, in this brilliant scene it had much the same effect as a spot of wheel-grease on an ermine mantle.

But the little horses, whose hair was all matted with

frozen sweat, looked out scornfully through their stiffened, shaggy forelocks at the high-bred animals that seemed to shrink away from contact with them, — for animals — like the rest of us! — feel a contempt for poverty. A gleam of fire shone in their somber eyes, and they struck the ice with the small shoes attached to their slender, sinewy legs, bearded like an eagle's quills.

The mujik, standing upon the seat, contemplated the course, without appearing in the least surprised by the prowess of the horses. Now and then, even, a faint smile gleamed below the frozen crystals of his mustache, his gray eyes sparkled mischievously, and he seemed to say: "We, too, could do as much."

Taking a sudden resolve, he entered the lists to try his luck. The three little unlicked bears shook their heads proudly, as if they understood that they were to maintain the honor of the poor horse of the steppes, and, without being urged, they went off at such a pace that everybody else on the track began to take the alarm; they went like the wind, with their little, slender limbs, and they carried off the victory from all the others, — thoroughbreds of English race, barbs, and Orloff horses, — by a minute and some seconds! The mujik had not presumed too much upon his rustic steeds.

The prize was adjudged to him, a magnificent piece of chased silver by Vaillant, the most fashionable goldsmith in St. Petersburg. This triumph excited a noisy enthusiasm among the crowd usually so silent and so calm.

As the conqueror came off, he was surrounded by amateurs, proposing to buy his three horses; they went so far as to offer him three thousand rubles apiece, an

enormous sum for beasts and man both. To his credit be it said, the mujik persistently refused. He wrapped his piece of silver in a fragment of old cloth, climbed upon his troika, and went back as he came, not willing at any price to part from the good little creatures who had made him for the moment the lion of St. Petersburg.

A LITTLE JEWISH GIRL IN RUSSIA

BY MARY ANTIN

["THE PALE" is a strip of land stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, running chiefly through the Polish provinces. Save by special privilege, no Jew is allowed to make his home elsewhere than within this Pale.

The Editor.]

THE Gentiles used to wonder at us because we cared so much about religious things — about food and Sabbath and teaching the children Hebrew. They were angry with us for our obstinacy, as they called it, and mocked us and ridiculed the most sacred things. There were wise Gentiles who understood. These were educated people, like Fedora Pavlovna, who made friends with their Jewish neighbors. They were always respectful, and openly admired some of our ways. But most of the Gentiles were ignorant. There was one thing, however, the Gentiles always understood, and that was money. They would take any kind of bribe, at any time. They expected it. Peace cost so much a year, in Polotzk. If you did not keep on good terms with your Gentile neighbors, they had a hundred ways of molesting you. If you chased their pigs when they came rooting up your garden, or objected to their children maltreating your children, they might complain against you to the police, stuffing their case with false accusations and false witnesses. If you had not made friends with the police, the case might go to court; and there you lost before the trial was called, unless the judge had reason to befriend you.

The cheapest way to live in Polotzk was to pay as you went along. Even a little girl understood that.

In your father's parlor hung a large colored portrait of Alexander III. The czar was a cruel tyrant — oh, it was whispered when doors were locked and shutters tightly barred, at night — he was a Titus, a Haman, a sworn foe of all Jews — and yet his portrait was seen in a place of honor in your father's house. You knew why. It looked well when police or government officers came on business.

The czar was always sending us commands, — you shall not do this and you shall not do that, — till there was very little left that we might do, except pay tribute and die. One positive command he gave us: You shall love and honor your emperor. In every congregation a prayer must be said for the czar's health, or the chief of police would close the synagogue. On a royal birthday every house must fly a flag, or the owner would be dragged to a police station and be fined twenty-five rubles.[1] A decrepit old woman, who lived all alone in a tumble-down shanty, supported by the charity of the neighborhood, crossed her paralyzed hands one day when flags were ordered up, and waited for her doom, because she had no flag. The vigilant policeman kicked the door open with his great boot, took the last pillow from the bed, sold it, and hoisted a flag above the rotten roof.

The czar always got his dues, no matter if it ruined a family. There was a poor locksmith who owed the czar three hundred rubles, because his brother had escaped from Russia before serving his time in the army. There

[1] A ruble is worth fifty-one and one half cents.

was no such fine for Gentiles, only for Jews; and the whole family was liable. Now the locksmith never could have so much money, and he had no valuables to pawn. The police came and attached his household goods, everything he had, including his bride's trousseau; and the sale of the goods brought thirty-five rubles. After a year's time the police came again, looking for the balance of the czar's dues. They put their seal on everything they found. . . .

Many bitter sayings came to your ears if you were a little girl in Polotzk. "It is a false world," you heard, and you knew it was so, looking at the czar's portrait, and at the flags. "Never tell a police officer the truth," was another saying, and you knew it was good advice. That fine of three hundred rubles was a sentence of life-long slavery for the poor locksmith, unless he could free himself by some trick. As fast as he could collect a few rags and sticks, the police would be after them.

Business really did not pay, when the price of goods was so swollen by taxes that the people could not buy. The only way to make business pay was to cheat — cheat the government of part of the duties. Playing tricks on the czar was dangerous, with so many spies watching his interests. People who sold cigarettes without the government seal got more gray hairs than bank-notes out of their business. The constant risk, the worry, the dread of a police raid in the night, and the ruinous fines, in case of detection, left very little margin of profit or comfort to the dealer in contraband goods. "But what can one do?" the people said, with that shrug of the shoulders that expresses the helplessness of the Pale. "What can one do? One must live."

It was not so easy to live, with such bitter competition as the congestion of population made inevitable. There were ten times as many stores as there should have been, ten times as many tailors, cobblers, barbers, tinsmiths. A Gentile, if he failed in Polotzk, could go elsewhere, where there was less competition. A Jew could make the circle of the Pale only to find the same conditions as at home. Outside the Pale he could only go to certain designated localities, on payment of prohibitive fees, which were augmented by a constant stream of bribes; and even then he lived at the mercy of the local chief of police.

Artisans had the right to reside outside the Pale on fulfillment of certain conditions which gave no real security. Merchants could buy the right of residence outside the Pale, permanent or temporary, on conditions which might at any time be changed. I used to picture an uncle of mine on his Russian travels, hurrying, hurrying, to finish his business in the limited time; while the policeman marched behind him, ticking off the days and counting up the hours. That was a foolish fancy, but some of the things that were done in Russia really were very funny.

Perhaps I should not have had so many foolish fancies if I had not been so idle. If they had let me go to school — but of course they did n't. There was one public school for boys, and one for girls, but Jewish children were admitted in limited numbers — only ten to a hundred; and even the lucky ones had their troubles.

First, you had to have a tutor at home, who prepared you, and talked all the time about the examination you would have to pass, till you were scared. You heard on

all sides that the brightest Jewish children were turned down if the examining officers did not like the turn of their noses. You went up to be examined with the other Jewish children, your heart heavy about that matter of your nose. There was a special examination for the Jewish candidates, of course: a nine-year-old Jewish child had to answer questions that a thirteen-year-old Gentile was hardly expected to answer. But that did not matter so much; you had been prepared for the thirteen-year-old test. You found the questions quite easy. You wrote your answers triumphantly — and you received a low rating, and there was no appeal.

I used to stand in the doorway of my father's store munching an apple that did not taste good any more, and watch the pupils going home from school in twos and threes; the girls in neat brown dresses and black aprons and little stiff hats, the boys in trim uniforms with many buttons. They had ever so many books in the satchels on their backs. They would take them out at home, and read and write, and learn all sorts of interesting things. They looked to me like beings from another world than mine. But those whom I envied had their troubles, as I often heard. Their school life was one struggle against injustice from instructors, spiteful treatment from fellow students, and insults from everybody. They were rejected at the universities, where they were admitted in the ratio of three Jews to a hundred Gentiles, under the same debarring entrance conditions as at the high school: especially rigorous examinations, dishonest marking, or arbitrary rulings without disguise. No, the czar did not want us in the schools.

THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

[DURING the Middle Ages, great fairs were held in all the countries of Europe. The most famous one that is still in existence is that of Nijni-Novgorod, or Lower Novgorod, in Russia. This began, no one knows when, in an old custom of Russian merchants and merchants from the East meeting on the Volga River to exchange goods. The place of meeting moved from one site to another, and about one hundred years ago it was permanently settled at Nijni-Novgorod. When the time of the fair draws near, the Volga River swarms with boats, and the quays for ten miles along the river front are heaped up with goods, protected as best they may be by sheds until they can be removed to the shops made ready for them. There are about six thousand of these shops, most of them built of stone. To this fair Asia sends tea, cotton, silk, madder, and various manufactured wares, made chiefly of leather. Western Europe sends groceries, wines, and manufactured articles. Russia herself provides four fifths of the goods sold; and she makes a fine display of iron, grain, salt, furs, and pottery. The fair continues for a month. It is estimated that the value of the goods sold there each year now amounts to about three hundred million dollars.

The Editor.]

Now, by the Tower of Babel,
Was ever such a crowd?
Here Turks and Jews and Gypsies,
There Persians haughty-browed;
With silken-robed Celestials,
And Frenchmen from the Seine,
And Khivans and Bokhariotes, —
Heirs of the Oxus plain.

THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD

Here stalk Siberian hunters;
    There tents a Kirghiz clan
By mournful-eyed Armenians
    From wave-girt Astrakhan;
And Russ and Pole and Tartar,
    And mounted Cossack proud, —
Now, by the Tower of Babel,
    Was ever such a crowd?