SEEING EUROPE WITH FAMOUS AUTHORS

X
RUSSIA
SCANDINAVIA
AND THE
SOUTHEAST

SEEING EUROPE WITH FAMOUS AUTHORS

EDITED BY
FRANCIS W. HALSEY

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW

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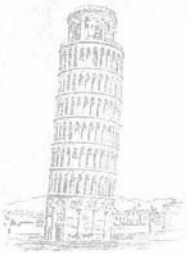

SELECTED AND EDITED

WITH

INTRODUCTIONS, ETC.

BY

FRANCIS W. HALSEY

Editor of "Great Epochs in American History"
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IN TEN

VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. X

RUSSIA, SCANDINAVIA, AND THE SOUTHEAST

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X

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME X

Russia, Scandinavia, and the Southeast

The tourist finds an excellent train service to St. Petersburg from London (via Calais), Paris or Berlin. Two steamship lines run from New York to Scandinavian ports—Christiania, Stockholm, and Copenhagen; from England, one may reach these cities from Hull or Newcastle and from the Continent by trains out of Hamburg and Berlin.

Russia's earliest history is almost a part of that of Scandinavia; her very name came from Scandinavians; people from Sweden, in the ninth century, established on the Dnieper a principality which they called the Land of Rūs. That act marked the beginning of the great empire which now stretches for 5,000 miles from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific. In Rūs, a dynasty was founded from which Russian noblemen are still proud to demonstrate their descent. Great Novgorod, the first capital of Rūs,* was on the highway (mostly

*Great Novgorod, sometimes called Lord Novgorod the Great, lies about 100 miles south of St. Petersburg, near Lake Ilmen. Around it extends a large territory called the Principality of Novgorod. Other Nov-

a water highway), from the Baltic to Constantinople. Over this route from earliest times traders had gone to and from Constantinople.

Novgorod was included in the Hanseatic League and became a famous commercial town. Its traders are known to have penetrated to the shores of the White Sea. As early as the 11th century they hunted in Nova Zembla and as early as the 14th, extended their operations beyond the Ural Mountains. At that time, Novgorod is believed to have had a population of 400,000; it has now barely 26,000. Within two centuries after it was founded, Christianity was adopted, imperial marriages were made at Constantinople and political alliances formed with Poland, Hungary, Norway and France, until, at one time, the independence of Constantinople was threatened from Russia. For want of a strong central authority, rivalries and feuds arose among the princes, resulting in divisions of their territory. Actual civil war once prevailed, and Keiff was stormed and sacked. Warlike and lawless tribes then came in,

gorods (or "new towns") in Russia are Novgorod-Seversk, which lies 88 miles northeast of Tchermegoff, and Nijni-Novgorod, situated in East Central Russia on the Volga, and the site of the great annual fair.

leading to a removal of the seat of government to the Volga, where were set up, under the forms of principalities, commercial republics.

Meanwhile Moscow began to rise as a commercial and administrative center. Long and bitter rivalry resulted betwen it and the princes on the Volga and in Novgorod. Then came the Tartar invasion from a western wing of those great hordes of semi-barbarous people who, under Jenghiz Khan, dominated China and Central Asia in the 13th century. For several generations, Tartars held Russia in subjection, but finally, in a great battle near the end of the 14th century, they were subdued by a coalition of Russian princes. At Moscow now rose to power Dimitri, "Grand Prince of all the Russias," and in the course of years was founded, mainly through Ivan the Great and his successors, Basil and Ivan the Terrible, that Russian autocracy still extant. Under these rulers of iron, were eventually absorbed many principalities and Moscow was made to supplant democratic Great Novgorod. Shocking details have come down to us of the process by which Novgorod was reduced by Ivan the Terrible. Some fifteen thousand of its people were massacred; thousands of

other families were forced to move to Moscow; famine set in and "utter desolation" prevailed. Expansion of Russian territory followed, until the Czar was master of lands as far east as the Ural Mountains. It was these rulers who introduced into Russia, on the grandest scale, those imposing ceremonial forms that had prevailed for centuries in Roman and Greek Constantinople.

With all the atrocities chargeable to him, the terrible Ivan was a great ruler of the medieval type. It was he and not Peter the Great, who, first among Russian Czars, sought to push Russia forward toward western Europe. Intercourse with the western nations was a recognized part of his vigorous policy. When he died, an autocracy had been completely established in Russia, but in less than a generation disorder prevailed—the Czar, a weak despot, the nobles in rebellion and quarrelling among themselves, and the throne finally declared vacant. A great popular assembly then came together and formally placed on the Russian throne Michael Romanoff, first of the great line that still rules Russia. A successful era followed and before it closed, Russia, under Peter the Great, had become a world

power. Peter, meanwhile, had founded his city on the Neva as a "window" through which his people could "look into Europe." Peter died in 1725. A generation later, another of the greatest of monarchs came to the Russian throne—Catherine II. Catherine ruled 34 years. Altho of German birth, she became popular. Under her what is known as Russian Poland was added to the empire, the capital was Europeanized and the soul of Peter the Great, none of whose blood ran in Catherine's veins, seemed once more to be in Russia. Following Catherine, came Alexander whose enemy was Napoleon and whose splendid monument in St. Petersburg indicates the place he holds in the annals of the northern empire.

The Scandinavian invasion of Russia in the 9th century was part of that amazing spirit of piratical roving and conquest which, in that and two succeeding centuries, made the men who are known variously as Vikings, Northmen and Normans, as much the terror of Northern Europe as the Vandals, Huns and Goths had been to Southern Europe four centuries before. England, Ireland, Scotland, Northern France, Burgundy and the Rhine Valley all suffered. But

Northmen of the kind who went to Russia were unlike the roving Viking pirates who went elsewhere; they founded settlements and not only in Russia but in France and from France their descendants, a few generations later under William Duke of Normandy, conquered England. Of the origins of this people we understand little. The Romans knew of them, but did not conquer them; Roman implements have been found in Scandinavia, and Tacitus and Pliny both mention its people. Tacitus, in describing ships that sailed in Baltic waters, gives details that fit in closely with the design and construction of Viking ships of the 9th century.

There were kings in Denmark as early as 700. Harold Harrfager in 872 established a Norwegian kingdom as far north as Trondjem, which he made his capital and in 995 Christianity was established there. Voyages from Norway were made to Iceland and Greenland. In the same period (about 1,000) Lief Ericson discovered lands further west that are now believed to have been North America. Sweden had kings at an earlier period, but in the 9th century Danes overran the country and set up an over-

lordship, which they maintained, with some interruptions, for several centuries. It was not until the time of Gustavus Vasa that the Swedes completely threw off the Danish yoke and in 1523 set up Gustavus Vasa as their king. Gustavus Vasa's grandson, Gustavus Adolphus, raised Sweden to the zenith of its power, giving it a luster which, under the great chancellor, Oxenstierna, became in the next generation still brighter, but only to suffer something like extinction under Charles XII. at Pultava in 1709.

Southeastern Europe was conquered by the Romans in the second century. Among those who campaigned there, was Marcus Aurelius. Parts of his immortal "Meditations" were written while in camp on the Danube. A great Bulgarian invasion of this country from the Volga and the Caspian Sea set in during the 3d century and, with interruptions, continued until the 6th. The Slavs who were already there were absorbed by the invaders and a great Slav power was built up, reaching its highest point in the 10th century when its reigning princes bore the proud title of "Czar of all Bulgaria and Greece." At one time their power reached from the Adri-

atic to the Black Sea; it included Macedonia, Thessaly, Epirus and Albania. Lack of genius for efficient organized government has been cited as the chief reason why Bulgarians and Servians in the 14th century did not set up their rule in Constantinople whose walls they had reached. The Ottoman Turks soon afterward turned upon them successfully, and captured Tirnova, the Bulgarian capital. Thenceforth, the Turks made advances, step by step, until in 1481 they had conquered the whole peninsula, captured Constantinople and extinguished what remained of the Roman Empire of the East. In all that region Montenegro alone remained free. The half century, from 1520 to 1566, of Solyman the Magnificent's rule marked the greatest extent and splendor of the Turk's European Empire. Its decline set in after John Sobieski, in a famous victory, checked at Vienna the Turk's triumphant western march.

F. W. H.

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Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

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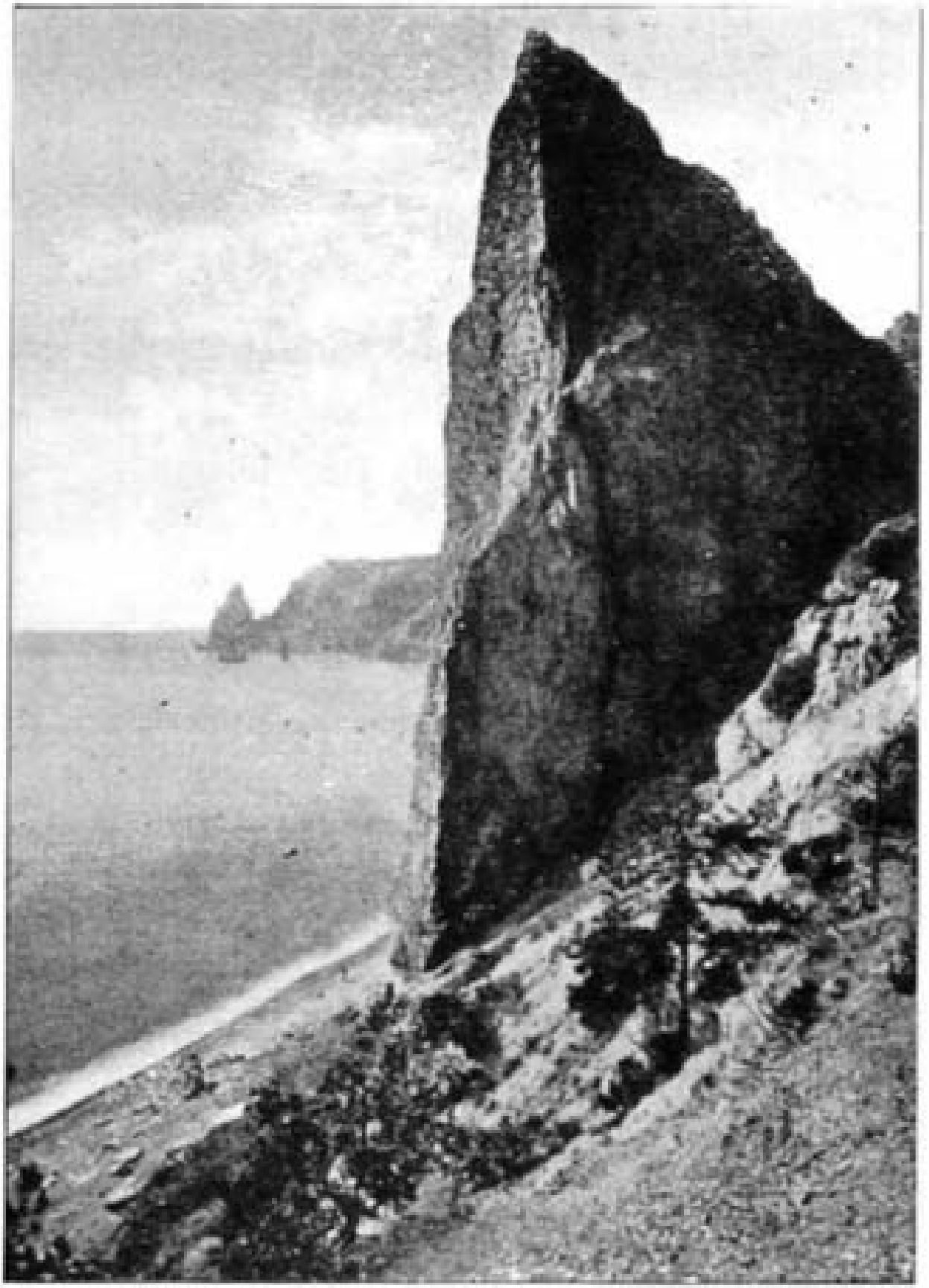
Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

MILITARY ROAD IN THE CAUCASUS LEADING TO TIFLIS



Courtesy John Lane Co.

ON THE BLACK SEA IN THE CRIMEA

CHURCH OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW

Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

MOUNTAINS IN THE CAUCASUS

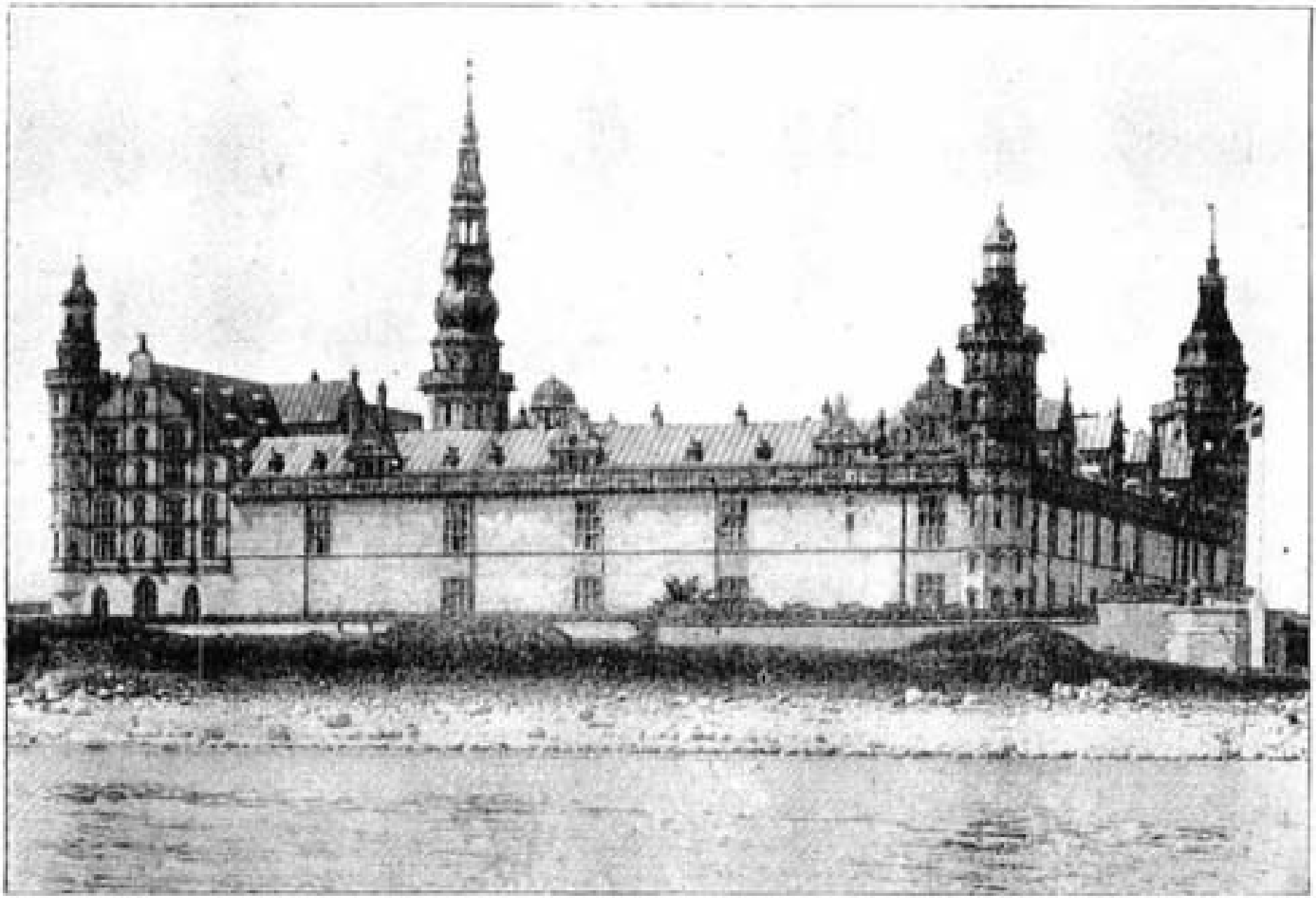
Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

A FORT IN THE CAUCASUS

THE TOWN HALL OF COPENHAGEN

THE MARBLE CHURCH OF COPENHAGEN

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE, DENMARK



KRONBORG CASTLE, ELSINORE, DENMARK
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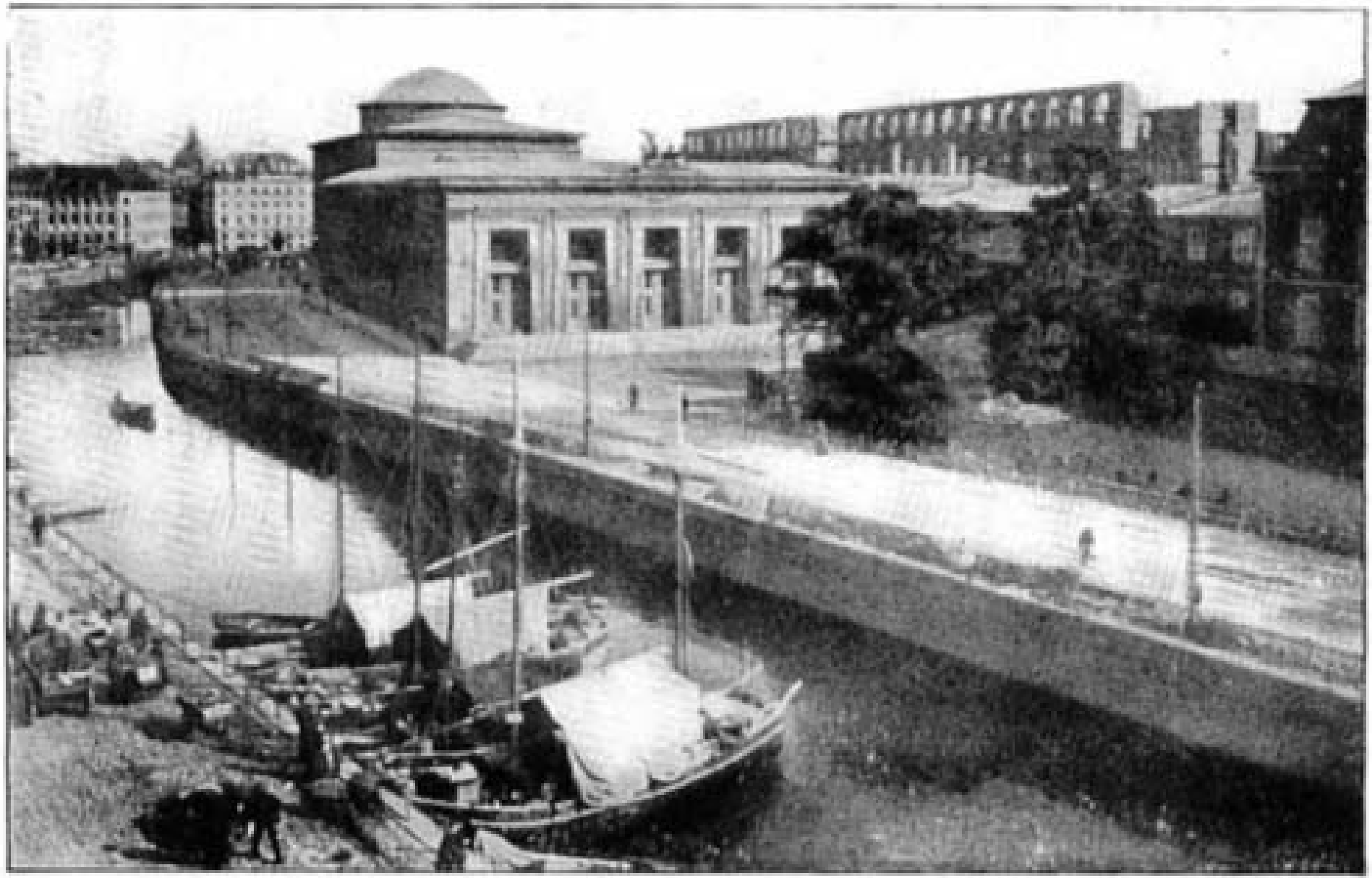
THE GLYPTOTEK OF COPENHAGEN



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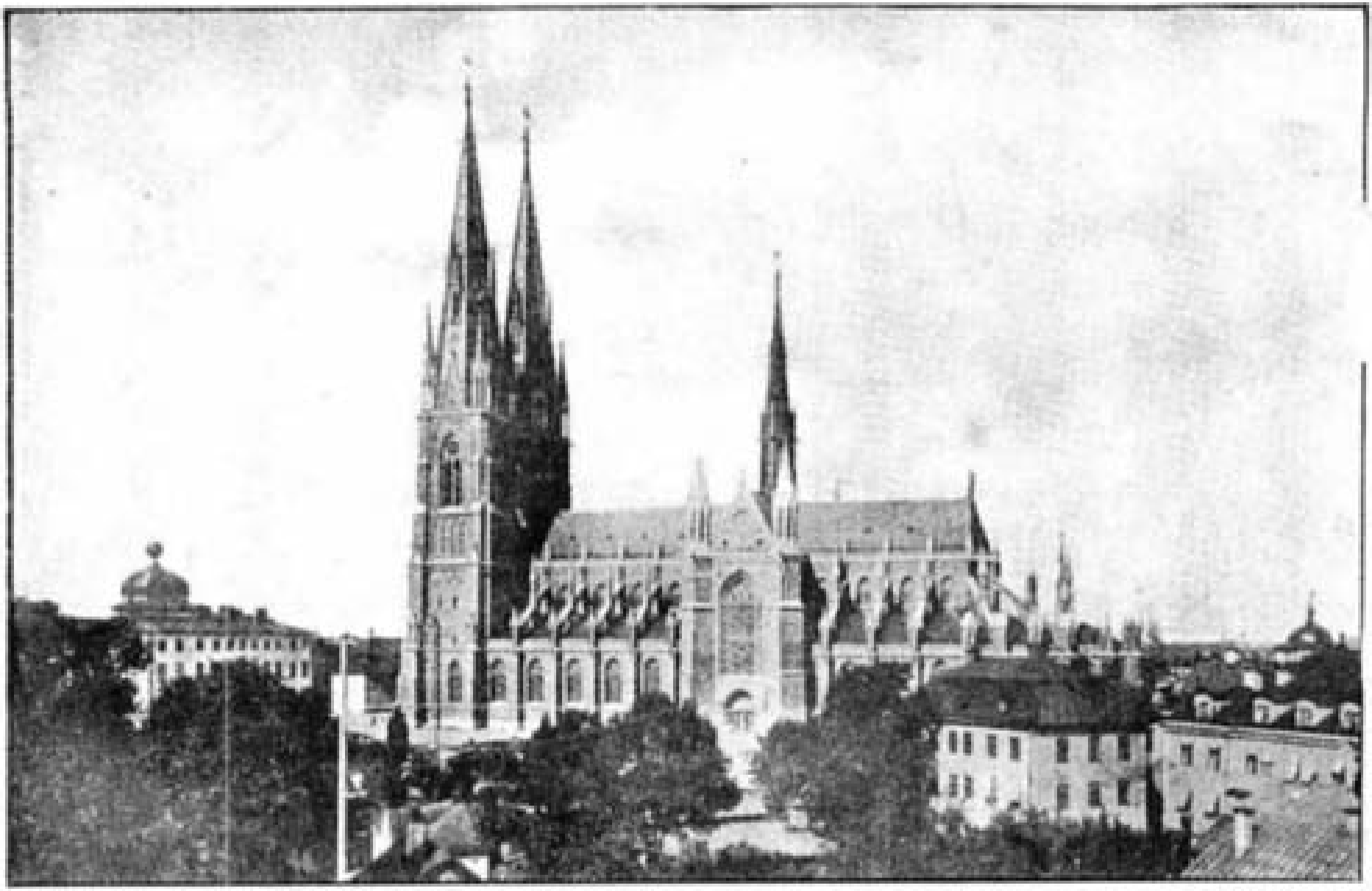

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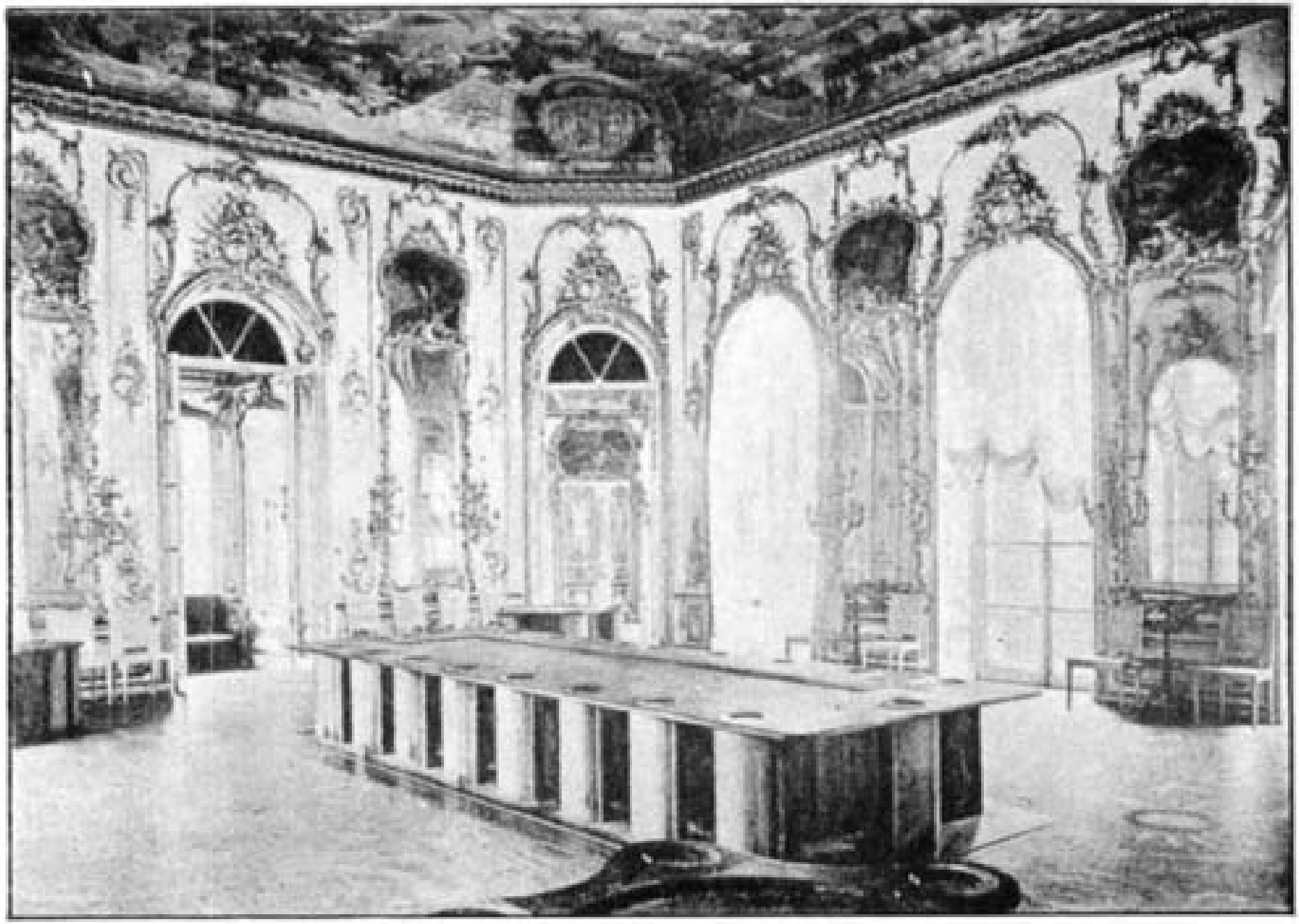


ROOM IN THE HERMITAGE AT ST. PETERSBURG

I

ST. PETERSBURG

FROM CHARING CROSS TO THE CAPITAL OF RUSSIA*

BY SIR HENRY NORMAN

It is a long way to St. Petersburg on the map. Across a corner of France, right across Belgium, across Germany, and a final northward stretch up to the Gulf of Finland—what an endless railway journey it must be! As a matter of fact, the capital of Russia is a whole day nearer London by rail than Seville, and exactly the same distance as Naples. You leave Charing Cross at eleven; an engine, dining-car and sleeping-car are waiting on a siding at Calais; as soon as the conductor has secured all the passengers on his list the little train starts with a rush, and hardly checks its almost alarming speed until it lands you on the platform at Brussels, ahead of the train from Ostend which brings the direct passengers from Dover—the better route—by its proper few minutes. You leave Brussels at four minutes past six, the German frontier is crossed at Herbesthal at half-past nine, and you are in

*From "All the Russias." By arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1902.

bed as the train runs through Cologne at eighteen minutes past eleven. While you are taking your morning coffee the miles of new houses, wide streets, and long avenues of Berlin flash by —the newest-looking capital in the world, and all day long the plains of agricultural Germany unroll, where innumerable stacks of straw prove how grain grows under an agrarian tariff. . . .

You make your entry into Russia like a thief in the night. It is after eight o'clock, and dark, when you all pour in anxious flood from the train into the Customs Hall at Vierzhbolovo, or in German, Wirballen. Commanding figures in gray and gold, whom you take at the first glance to be at least Major-Generals, but who are really officers of police and customs, stand by the doors; a soldier collects passports as the passengers enter until he has a great sheaf of all sizes and colors; and a little army of porters in blouses and magenta belts and top-boots carries off the luggage, and quickly sorts it by the baggage numbers it bears. The officials gather round a table in the middle of the hall, where the passports are registered and stamped with a notice that you can not leave Russia again without a police permit, or without a Russian passport if your stay has lasted six months. I expected that our luggage would be ransacked through and through. On the contrary, I have never been more courteously treated, nor more expeditiously dispatched. But the striking contrast with all other Continental custom houses was the silence, the discipline, the routine, the order—there was neither rudeness nor chatter.

The gage of the Russian railway is wider than

the German, with the obvious intention of preventing German rolling-stock from being available in Russia in case of invasion, so you change cars here—the only time between Calais and St. Petersburg—and in the night, with the wood-sparks belching from the big engine and tearing past the carriage windows, you pursue your unseen way through the mysterious country whose name has sounded differently in your ear from the name of every other country on the map since first you heard it. You only know it is Russia, because it differs so much from every description you have read of it. The mahogany-paneled carriage is lighted by a score of candles, among which more silent, dignified servants move, pouring vodka and bringing tea in glasses—and this is the only Russian thing, so far, in which popular rumor has met its liabilities.

Express speed in Russia, as exemplified by the Nord Express, is about twenty miles an hour, so the wide car runs easily and quietly. The red sparks fly ever from the wood-fed engine, the night passes and the dawn grows pink and gray over Russia. And what do you see? Why, heather! Miles upon miles of the lavender-pink ling, faithfully making carpet as ever for the silver birches and the Scotch firs, whose feet, seemingly, are not at ease beneath any other rug—Scotch firs, spruces, the Austrian Christmas-tree, silver birch, low-growing alder, and that shrubby tree I know only as "Scotch mahogany." It grows here by loch sides, as in Scotland, where it makes your fingers pink when you cut a switch of it to string five meager, peaty trout upon.

There is hardly a sign of life. Little gray

wood-shingled cottages, the house not to be known from the stable; little scrappy patches of oats, very short in the straw and very poor in the ear; the occasional huddled figure of a peasant moving slowly in the wake of some saddened beast. Here, in these Baltic provinces, is not the wealth of Russia—neither the industrial nor the agricultural sphere of activity I have come to see. Here is landscape, simple, vast, unalterable landscape—not country malleable to the touch of ambitious or covetous humanity. A crop, when there is one, rises bleakly, half-heartedly, from the sparse soil. Earth is grim, and has no heart.

And what else do we see? Every mile or two enormous heaps of pine-wood and silver birch, cut in blocks a foot long, and laid with marvelous precision—acres and acres of this cheapest and costliest of fuels—cheapest because its price is but the blow of an ax, costliest because it leaves sterility, famine, and flood behind it. Each station is ramparted around with these wood-stacks, each river we cross is choked with huge barges carrying it away. And whenever the train stops we see, moving silently behind the crowd of uniforms, the peasants of Bulgaria and Servia and Austrian Poland—the same poverty, the same sackcloth and sheepskins, the same rope shoes, the same loaf of black bread. They prove the existence of a tie one did not suspect between the Balkan countries which Russia loves and which do not always love her.

We see Vilna, where one June Napoleon entered in triumph, and whence one December he fled from his own army, leaving 20,000 sick and 5,000,000 of francs behind; and where the last

Polish revolution died when its leaders were executed. We see Pskov, where Europe first touched hands with what has since become Russia, where the Duke of Moscow destroyed a republic, where Ivan the Terrible fled from an idiot saint, where Gustavus Adolphus with his army knocked at the walls in vain, where Peter the Great kept his cannons and his powder. And we see Gatchina, one of the summer residences of the Imperial Family, and where the best trout come from. Then, almost without transition of suburbs, the train draws up in a plain, lead-colored station, and we are in the city which the great Czar Peter built on the waters of the Neva and named after himself.

It is a remarkable railway journey—from Charing Cross to St. Petersburg in fifty hours, with only one change of carriage where the gage changes, with bed and board of the best, with never a single stop of more than five minutes, and such punctuality that, due at St. Petersburg at 2.45, the station-clock is striking three as we drive with our luggage out of the yard.

THE NEVSKI PROSPECT*

BY A. MACCALLUM SCOTT

The Nevski Prospect is the pride and boast of St. Petersburg. Its praises have been sung all over the world, and its name is as familiar as is that of Regent Street or of Piccadilly. The pa-

*From "Through Finland." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

triotic Russian believes that nothing can exceed the grandeur of the buildings, the opulence and luxury of the shops, or the smartness of the people who throng this famous street. As a matter of fact the Nevski is not particularly Russian in character. Its prototype may be seen in many a great city of Western Europe. The buildings and the contents of the shops might almost have been transported direct from London, Paris, or Berlin.

The resemblance to Berlin is more complete than to the other towns, for the architects who built St. Petersburg were either Germans or received their inspiration from Germany. The uninspired copying of classical and Renaissance forms has produced long, regular and rather monotonous frontages. Stucco and plaster are universal, not boldly avowing itself as such, but ruled and squared into a miserable counterfeit of drest stone. This material suffers badly from the severe winters, and during the summer months it is continually under repair. The Admiralty spire at the west end redeems the perspective from absolute banality, and the wide sweeping colonnades of the Kazan Cathedral on the south side afford a most welcome rest to the eyes. At one point the fantastic Oriental towers and cupolas of the Alexander II. Memorial Church come into view, but they seem to belong to quite another world from the prim German houses which line the Nevski. We must look elsewhere than in the Nevski for the architectural monuments of St. Petersburg.

In one feature, however, the Nevski is absolutely unique. Nowhere else can there be seen so cosmopolitan a crowd as that which throngs its pavements. Every nationality and almost

every costume of Europe and Asia is represented. Ladies in exquisite Parisian toilets, and "elegants" who might have stept from Bond Street or Hyde Park, officers in smart uniforms, and fierce-looking Cossacks and Circassians, peasant women with kerchiefs over their heads, and mujiks in their red shirts, priests with long hair falling over their shoulders and strange frocks and broad-brimmed hats—all combine to make the Nevski such a sight as will long remain in the memory of the visitor. The varied procession hardly ceases by night. At midnight the street is as busy as at noon. At 2 A.M. the traffic shows little sign of slackening. The pavements are crowded and noisy, and innumerable drozkis roll swiftly along, some noiselessly on the strip of wood, others clattering over the cobbles. In the short summer nights it is never dark, and the contrast between the hot fevered life of the street and the soft, tender, almost benignant light of the morning is a startling one. The restaurants keep open till three o'clock, and with hardly an interval, the workpeople are going about their morning tasks.

The first and most enduring impression which the visitor to St. Petersburg receives is that he is in the presence of an autocracy. Quickly he begins to realize its true nature—how it overshadows everything, reaches everywhere, and has its root deep in the physical structure of the country, and in the character and habits of the people. In St. Petersburg, everything that pertains to the imperial power is built upon a massive scale. The streets are broad and give magnificent prospects. The squares are extended with

a lavish hand, regardless of site values. The palaces are enormous. The churches, domed like the heavens and pillared like the firmament, blaze with Byzantine splendor. The colossal monuments, which are so frequently met with in the streets and squares, are frequently carved from a single stone. The river is embanked with titanic blocks of hewn granite. Public institutions, museums, hospitals, libraries, theaters, stations, and showplaces cover the earth on a scale undreamed of elsewhere. The streets, restaurants, gardens, theaters and places of public resort swarm with officers and officials wearing the livery of the Czar.

The capital of Russia is, in fact, a monstrosity, a thing not in nature, a creature of arbitrary and autocratic power, the product of some compelling energy. St. Petersburg was decreed, willed, and brought into existence, over two hundred years ago, by Peter the Great, and it is as truly his city to-day as it was when he founded it. Peter's life was a series of herculanean labors. He resolved to Europeanize his people, and only on the shores of the Baltic could he find a clear waterway to connect his empire with western civilization. The warlike Swedes, however, disputed with him the southern shores of the Baltic. Fighting his way northward, he selected the site for his capital in the midst of the wild marshes at the mouth of the Neva. In 1703 he commenced to build the city. Wherever he built he could only find a foundation by driving piles deep into the oozing earth. This great city really stands upon stilts. When the Isaakovski Cathedral was rebuilt, 1819–58, it cost no less than £200,000 to

make a foundation. But the conquest of nature was the easiest part of Peter's task; he had to conquer human nature also. He had not only to build a city, but to find a population. From hundreds of miles around he drove the inhabitants into his new city. It was as if he had built his stables and drove his herds into them. His little finger was thicker than the loin of Ivan the Terrible. Ivan made them slaves, but Peter was an even severer tyrant—he civilized them! His dead hand is still heavy upon them. Centuries after his death his creative will still prevails. The soft, easy, careless Slavonic nature still groans beneath his coercion. St. Petersburg, the city which is against nature, and which Russians do not love as they love Moscow, not only exists but grows.

Standing beside some of the monstrous monuments of power which abound throughout the city one feels the savagery of its inhuman greatness. The Pyramids, the Winged Bulls of Assyria, and the monoliths of Stonehenge exhibit the same extravagance of power. This ostentatious affection of omnipotence and eternity has its design, spiritual rather than physical. It is the visible symbol creating in the minds of an imaginative people a superstitious veneration for the power behind it, a fatalistic resignation, a deep sense of the futility of resistance and revolt. Many a general and governor who has fallen a victim to the revenge of the revolutionists, has counted for less in the maintenance of the autocracy than do the Colonnade of St. Isaac's, the Pillar of Alexander, and the riven boulder on which rests the statue of Peter the Great.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC*

BY GEN. COUNT VON MOLTKE

The Isaac Church stands in the finest square in the city. Forests of masts are sunk into the earth to give it firm support. Wide granite steps lead up to the platform upon which it stands. The design is of a cross, the arms from east to west being twice as long as those from north to south, where the principal entrances are. The altar stands in the long eastern arm and is separated from the rest of the church by the ikonostase.

The entrances north and south are formed by two peristyles supported by columns, an exact copy of the Pantheon, and scarcely smaller; for these columns are sixty-five feet high, seven feet wide, and each from a single block of granite. They are of the same dimensions as the famous columns of Baalbec, in Syria, only that those are of three pieces, while the Finnish morasses have produced such massive rocks as are only to be found in Upper Egypt. I remember something like it only in Maria degli Angeli,† where the four pillars, monoliths of granite, came from the Baths of Diocletian. The frontispiece is filled with

*From "Letters from Russia." By arrangement with Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1878. Gen. Moltke, the military hero of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, wrote these letters while acting at St. Petersburg as first adjutant to Prince Frederick William (afterward the German Emperor, grandfather of the present emperor), who was representing Prussia at the coronation of Alexander II.

†The church in Rome near the railway station, built by Michael Angelo.

altirilievi of bronze; hundreds of French guns may be in them. Powerful doors of the same material, wonderfully and beautifully sculptured, lead to the interior of the church. There everything suggests St. Peter's. There are the same strong quadrangular pillars supporting the dome, which is only sixty feet in diameter, while the Pantheon, St. Peter's, the Dome of Florence, St. Sophia, and even St. Paul's in London, have more than twice as great an extension. On this account the interior of the Isaac Church is far from giving the great surprize one experiences in entering the Pantheon, where at a glance you see two thousand square feet covered by a single arch. The Byzantine domes are all narrow and high, often turreted as in the Cathedral at Mayence.

The dome of the Isaac Church has twenty-four piliars, like the one of the Johannis Church, in Potsdam. These are all of granite, with bronze capitals; and the richly-gilded roof arches over it, not in the form of a segment, but of a half-globe. The gilded turret above the roof is a reduced copy of the whole dome, with the cross above it. The windows of the cupola are large, but they provide all the light for the interior, which produces that mysterious dimness which the Russians like in their churches, but which prevents one from admiring the whole magnificence of the materials used. Next to the Emperor's gate, within the ikonostase, are two colossal pillars, entirely of lapis-lazuli, and six of malachite. Of course, they are only encrusted, for those precious stones are never found in large pieces. Between these are the pictures of saints, a few of which, at least, are in mosaics as in Rome. The floor and walls are of the most cost-

ly antique marble and porphyry worked into the most beautiful designs. It is incredibly magnificent. The cupola is three hundred feet high; to the top of the cross three hundred and forty feet —about the height of the Magdeburg towers.

Nothing could be more imposing than the Russo-Greek church architecture. It excludes the showiness of the Roman Catholic Church, received from Paganism, as well as the aspiring nave and tower construction of the Germanic style. One does not get the full effect of the whole, on account of the indispensable necessity of having the sanctuary concealed by the picture-screen. The heavy columns take up much room, and the small lateral pressure of the narrow cupolas scarcely gives cause for them. The Isaac Church has accomplished what it could under such conditions, and no one will leave it without admiration. Two arrangements worried me. Sculpture is strictly prohibited in the Russia Church, and even the raised work on the gigantic bronze doors is an exception. But they have put colossal angels of bronze and gold between the windows of the dome, which to my mind oppresses the whole, and makes it seem smaller than it really is. You can see through the Emperor's door of the ikonostase a stained-glass window representing Christ. This was done in Munich, and is in itself very fine, but the colors are so intense that it does not accord with the other decorations, which are but feebly lighted by the dome. It would be better did the church receive its light through side-windows. But the glass painting is so brilliant in the dimness that even the lapis-lazuli and malachite seem pale. The whole superb structure was carried out by the Em-

peror Nicholas who has done by all odds more for St. Petersburg than any of his predecessors. He did not see his task finished. . . .

The more one sees of it, the more superb it appears. The colossal size of the bronze reliefs in the lanthorn became apparent to me. A man who was repairing something had a string around the neck of the Infant Christ, upon which he drew up his suspended seat. He was only half the size of this babe in its mother's lap. The great saints' pictures of mosaic on the ikonostase are beautiful. To the left is a Madonna with the Infant Christ; nothing could be finer. The blond child, drest in a little white shirt, stretches its arms out toward the beholder, and his dark eyes are lit up by the seriousness of his great mission. By this stands Alexander Nevsky, in full armor; then St. Catherine; to the right, a Christ with a globe; St. Isaac Dalmaticus, with the plan of the church in his hand, and another saint. The drawings are real masterpieces. Between each picture stands a pillar of malachite, forty feet high, of which there are eight. The entrance to the Emperor's gate is formed by the two priceless columns of lapis-lazuli with golden capitals. The two adjoining chapels, in marble and malachite, white and green, are very fine. The steps are of rosso-antico. The paneling of the floor is of giallo, porphyry, and a Genoese green marble, that very much resembles the verde-antico.

THE ALEXANDER COLUMN*

BY ROBERT BREMNER

There are few squares in St. Petersburg; where all the streets are wide and airy, they are less wanted than among the narrow alleys of other capitals. It contains, however, many open spaces, surrounded with fine buildings; but they scarcely correspond with the usual ideas of a square. The most beautiful of these is that which divides the Winter Palace, etc., from the Nevsky quarter. It is adorned with what we do not hesitate to pronounce the finest monument in the world.

In no part of Europe have we seen any thing worthy of being compared with the remarkable pillar lately erected here, in honor of the Emperor Alexander. If we admire Napoleon's column in Paris,* or the Melville column in Edinburgh,† composed of separate stones put together in the usual way, what shall we say of this stupendous work, which consists of only one stone, and yet is considerably larger than those monuments? Its height, if we are correctly informed, including the figure on the top, is exactly 154 feet, and its diameter

*From "Excursions in the Interior of Russia." This column was erected to the memory of the Emperor Alexander I, who died in 1825. His reign included the years of Napoleon's ascendancy in France.

*The column in the Place Vendôme.

†A column 136 feet high, crowned by a colossal figure of Viscount Melville, Pitt's first Lord of the Admiralty. It stands in the center of St. Andrew's Square. "For nearly thirty years," says his biographer in the "Dictionary of National Biography," Melville was the most powerful man in Scotland.

15 feet.* It is a round column, of mottled red granite, from the quarries of Pytterlax, in Finland, 140 miles from St. Petersburg. The stone is very like the beautiful granite of Peterhead, in Scotland, but darker, and susceptible of even a higher polish.

We have never seen any thing that attracted us so much. It is the perfection of monumental architecture. There is no frippery; there is something sublime in its simplicity. It is impossible to gaze on it without emotion. You never think of asking to whom it is raised; it has an interest quite distinct from any association with him whose memory it honors. You view it merely as a triumph of human power, which could tear such a mass from the reluctant rock, transport it so great a distance, and, under so many difficulties, carve, and mold, and polish it into one smooth shaft, then poise the huge weight as lightly as a feather, and plant it here, to be the admiration of ages.

This pillar is founded on massive blocks of granite, and has a pedestal and capital of bronze, made from the cannon taken in the recent wars with the Turks.† It is the largest stone ever cut, either in ancient or modern times. The shaft

*In some accounts, the height is given as only 150 feet. The Paris column is 140 feet high; the Edinburgh one is 136 feet 4 inches high, or, including the figure, 152 feet, with a diameter of 12 feet 2 inches at the base, and 10 feet 6 inches at top; while Trajan's column at Rome, on which it is modeled, is 113 feet 9 inches high. Antonine's column was 172½ feet in height, and 12 feet 3 inches in diameter. The Monument in London is the highest of all, being 202 feet from the pavement; the diameter is 15 feet.—Author's note.

†The war of 1828, which ended in the following year with the peace of Adrianople.

alone is eighty-four feet high. On its top stands a bronze statue of Religion, in the act of blessing the surrounding city. The head of this figure stoops so ungracefully below the higher part of the half-expanded wings, that, in some positions, it looks a headless trunk. The usual practise of placing on the top the statue of the hero to whom the monument is dedicated, has been here departed from, out of deference to a word uttered by Alexander, when passing the column of the Place Vendôme, before the now-restored statue of Napoleon had been removed from its giddy eminence. "God forbid," said he, "that ever I should occupy such a post! There is something of profanity in thus exalting any human being, to be worshiped, as it were, by his fellow-creatures."

This unrivalled monument is a remarkable proof of the bold and original taste of the present emperor;* for the idea of it began solely with him. But if it excite our admiration so strongly, even as it now is, what would have been thought of it had it been raised here of the full height in which it was cut from the quarry? The history is enough to drive one mad; and it did very nearly drive the emperor that length. Orders had been given to the director of the quarries, to try and extract one solid mass, fit to be hewn into a column of a certain length. The operation was begun with slight hopes of success. It was deemed impossible ever to obtain one stone of such a size. Ministers, generals, princes, the whole court, were in anxiety about what the mountain should bring forth; when, at last—who shall describe their joy?—a courier arrives with the happy tidings, that, for

*Nicholas I., who was crowned at Moscow in 1855.

once, the labors of the mountain had not ended in disappointment. Expectation was even surpassed; for, in place of eighty-four feet, a mass had been separated nearly one hundred feet long. There were no bounds to the delight inspired by the news. St. Petersburg would now boast of a monument that might challenge the world.

But, alas! there was a postscript to this famous letter. The director had been ordered to get a stone eighty-four feet long; and as in Russia they are not in the habit of giving a man much credit for departing from the very letter of an imperial mandate—and it being a bad precedent to allow any functionary to think for himself—the zealous man of stones added, that he was now busy sawing away the superfluous fourteen feet. Here was a pleasant piece of implicit obedience! The emperor was in despair; but as it is not his custom to commission others to do things which may be better done by himself, he posted away immediately, in hopes of still saving his unexpected treasure; and, as good luck would have it, arrived just in time—to see the fair fragment tumble off.

The expense of this monument was very great. To say nothing of the cost of transport, one hundred men labored on it for some years after its arrival. Not the least expensive part was the raising of it, when finished, into its present position. As a specimen of the great skill which the Russians have acquired in applying mechanical powers, it is worth mentioning that it was swung into its place in the short space of fifty-four minutes. The whole population of the capital were present (August, 1832) to see the ceremony. M. de Montferrand, the architect, is a native of France, but

must have had some lessons in mechanics from his adopted countrymen; for in Paris, the other day, they took several hours to raise the poor little obelisk of Luxor,* which would not make a little finger to this Russian giant.

THE WINTER PALACE†

BY GEN. COUNT VON MOLTKE

We set out at nine o'clock to explore the Winter Palace. It forms a quadrangle with several courts, about the size of the palace in Berlin, but the exterior of the latter is much more imposing; it has one story more and the great dome. The Winter Palace, with all its pillars half inserted into the walls, is decorated with limestone, and painted all over with an ugly brownish-yellow tint. But next to this, and connected by arcades, is the palace of the Empress Catherine, nearly as large as the other, to which she gave the curious name of Eremitage. With this palace and the French house in which we live, the Imperial residence has a front of eight hundred feet. It is said that six thousand people live in it, and tales are told of sheep and even cows that are kept on the roof.

It is well known that the Winter Palace was burned with all its treasures of art, and was rebuilt by the Emperor Nicholas within a year. It was necessary to heat the rooms all winter to keep

*The obelisk that still stands in the Place de la Concorde.

†From "Letters from Russia." By arrangement with Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1878.

the mortar liquid for use. A great salon fell through just after the Emperor had left it. The palace stands as finished, another evidence of the Emperor's will. It has a very fine staircase, and is in so far splendid that it contains an incredible succession of grand salons. One is two hundred feet long. The interior decoration is, of course, very faulty. Nearly everything is white and gold, often only whitewashed walls, but ornamented by colossal and mostly fine pictures of Russian victories.

On the other hand, the rooms inhabited by the Imperial family facing the Neva and the Admiralty Square are beautiful, especially those of the Empress-mother. It seems as tho her son had done everything to make her a comfortable and attractive home in the North. The painting and sculpture are the most costly productions from all countries. The view from the well-secured windows with the large reflecting panes is the finest to be had here. A winter garden, with a splashing fountain, terminates the suite of apartments.

Above this, in the third story, are the apartments of the Emperor, fitted up comfortably, but without much elegance. Here are many reminders of Berlin and of the late lamented King, whom the Emperor esteemed especially. Here are the great Kruger pictures of the Berlin parade, of Kalisch, and a quantity of other interesting portraits. Here was the telegraph which discharged the commands of the autocrat like lightning over his spacious empire. A circular staircase descends into the apartment of the Empress.

But, besides this, there is on the ground floor

of the palace also, on the northeast corner, a little vaulted room with one window, in which the mighty Emperor really lived; he who ruled over one-tenth of the inhabitants of the earth; he for whom Greeks, Catholics, and Protestant Christians, Mohammedans, Jews, and heathen pray in four quarters of the globe, and on whose territory the sun never sets, and in some parts of which does not rise in six months—here lived the man whom his people loved, whom Europe hated, because they feared him, but whom they were forced to respect; whose personal appearance calmed the wildest insurrections; at whose order, in the first cholera epidemic, the frantic multitude sunk upon their knees, begged pardon of God, and delivered up their ringleaders; who by his will entangled Europe in a war which broke his heart.* Here he died.

This room has been left as the Emperor last saw it. Here is his little iron camp-bed, with the same sheets, the coarse Persian shawl, and the cloak with which he covered himself. All the little toilet articles, the books and maps of Sebastopol and Cronstadt—all lie unchanged; even the old torn slippers, which I believe he wore twenty-eight years, and always had mended. The almanac, which was set every day, marks the day of his death. The bed stands crosswise in the center of the room, and the monarch's last look probably fell through the great reflecting panes, over the wide, proud Neva that he had bound by his bridge, upon the golden cupola of his Isaac

*The Crimean war of 1853-1856 in which Russia lost nearly half a million men, the Allies (England and France), about 88,000.

Church, and upon the sun that dips into the sea behind the strong bulwarks of Cronstadt. The Emperor Nicholas died of grief at the course of the war. This antique character could not bend his will. He had to die.

THE MARVELOUS TREASURES OF THE NEW PALACE*

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

Classic architecture, with its grand, cold outlines, is more wearisomely solemn than ever amid these grotesque, high-colored palaces, and this tumultuous crowd of churches, darting toward heaven a gilded forest of cupolas, domes, pyramidal towers, and bulbous belfries. You might believe yourself, at sight of this Muscovite architecture, in some chimerical Asiatic city—you could easily take the cathedrals for mosques, the belfries for minarets; but the rational façade of the new palace would bring you back to the very heart of the West and of civilization; a sad thing for a romantic savage like myself!

We enter the new palace by a stately flight of stairs, closed at the top by a magnificent grating of polished iron, which is opened a little way to admit the visitor. You then find yourself beneath the lofty vault of a domed hall, where sentinels, never relieved of their duty, are on guard; four figures, clad from head to foot in

*From "A Winter in Russia." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1874.

antique and curious Slavonic armor. These knights are really grand; they actually seem to be alive; you feel as if a heart were beating under their coats of mail. These medieval suits of armor set up in this way always cause me an involuntary shiver, so faithfully do they preserve the external semblance of the man who is gone forever!

From this rotunda two galleries lead, which contain inestimable treasures; the store-houses of the Kaliph Haroun al Raschid, the wells of Aboul-Kasem, the Green Vaults at Dresden, all together, could present no such accumulation of wonders; and here historic value is added to that merely material. In these galleries scintillate and flash, and dart forth prismitic rays, diamonds and sapphires, rubies, emeralds, all those precious stones that avaricious nature hides deep in her mines, are here to be seen in as lavish abundance as tho they were but glass. They are in constellations upon the crowns; they tip with light the points of the scepters; they run down in dazzling rain over the insignia of empire, forming arabesques and ciphers till they almost conceal the gold of their setting. The eye is dazzled, and the reason scarcely dares conjecture the sums which this magnificence must represent. To essay to describe this prodigious jewel-box were folly. A book would not suffice for it. We must be content with a description of a few of the most remarkable pieces.

One of the most ancient crowns is that of Vladimir Monomaque. It was a present from the Emperor Alexis Commenes, and was brought from Constantinople to Kief by a Greek embassy

in 1116. Besides its value as a historic memento, it is a work of exquisite taste. Upon a foundation of gold filigree work are set pearls and precious stones, arranged with an admirable understanding of ornamentation. The crowns of Kazan and Astrakan, or oriental style, one sown with turquoises, the other surmounted by an enormous uncut emerald, are jewels to drive a modern goldsmith to despair! The Siberian crown is made of cloth of gold; like all the rest, it has a Greek cross upon its summit, and, like them, is starred with diamonds, pearls and sapphires. The golden scepter of Vladimir Monomaque, about three feet long, contains two hundred and sixty-eight diamonds, three hundred and sixty rubies and fifteen emeralds. The enamel which covers the rest of the surface represents religious subjects treated in the Byzantine style. This also was a present from the Emperor Alexis Commenes, as well as the reliquary in the shape of a cross, containing a fragment of stone from the tomb of Christ and a bit of wood from the cross. A golden casket rough with gems contains this treasure. A curious jewel is the chain of the first of the Romanoffs, of which every link bears engraved, following a prayer, one of the titles of the czar. There are ninety-nine. It is impossible to speak particularly of the thrones, the globes, scepters, and crowns of different reigns; but I observe that, tho the value remains as great, the purity of taste and beauty of workmanship diminish, as we approach the modern epoch.

Another thing not less wonderful, but more accessible to description, is the hall devoted to

gold and silver plate. Around pillars are arranged circular credence-tables, rising in many stages like a dresser supporting a world of vases, tankards, flagons, mugs, goblets, jugs, decanters, pitchers, ladles, tiny casks, cups, beer-mugs, tumblers, pints, flasks, gourds, amphorae—everything relating to Beuverie, as says Master Rabelais, in his Pantagruelic language! Behind these vessels of gold and silver, gleam platters of gold and of gilded silver, as large as those of which Victor Hugo's Burgraves were served with oxen roasted whole. Each jar is coiffed with its nimbus. And what jars! Some of them are as much as three or four feet in height, and could only be lifted by the hand of a Titan. What enormous expense of imagination in this variety of plate! All forms capable of containing any beverage—wine, hydromel, beer, kwas, brandy, seem to be represented here. And how rich, fantastic, grotesque, the taste shown in the ornamentation of these vases of gold, of silver-gilt, and of silver!

Sometimes there are bacchanals, with merry, chubby faces dancing around the vessel's paunch; now, leafage with animals and hunting scenes appearing through it; at other times, dragons curling round the ears, or antique medallions set into the sides of a jug; a Roman triumph defiling by, with its trumpets and standards; Hebrews in the costume of Dutchmen bearing the bunch of grapes from the Promised Land; some mythological nudity contemplated by Satyrs through the tufted arabesques. In accordance with the artist's whim, the vases take on the form of animals; spread out wide in bears; run up tall

and slim in storks; flap great wings as eagles; puff themselves out in frogs; or throw back horns of stags. Farther on, I noticed a comfit-box shaped like a ship with swelling sails and carved poop, the dainties within to be taken out through the hatchways. Every possible whim of goldsmith's work is to be found realized upon this wondrous sideboard.

The hall of armor contains treasures to weary the pen of the most intrepid nomeclator. Circassian casques and coats of mail inscribed with verses from the Koran; bucklers with bosses of filigree; cimetars and kandjars with nephrite handles and scabbards set with gems; all those Eastern weapons, which are jewels as well as arms, gleam amid Western weapons of a simplicity the most severe. At sight of all this gathered magnificence, your head whirls, and you cry for mercy to the guide, too civil or too exact, who will not wrong you of a single piece! . . .

One may imagine without detailed description the sumptuous elegance with which the state apartments are furnished. Everything richest that modern luxury can furnish is here; and amid all the splendor, not the very faintest suggestion of the charming Muscovite taste. It was, perhaps, inevitable, considering the style of the building. But I must own I was indeed surprized, in the last room of the suite, to find myself face to face with a pale fantom of white marble, clad as for apotheosis, who fixt upon me his great motionless eyes, and bent, with meditative air, his Roman Cæsar's head—Napoleon in Moscow, in the palace of the czars! This was something I should never have expected to see.

THE SUMMER PALACE*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

The celebrated Summer Palace and park of Tzarsko Selo are seven versts beyond Pulkowa.† The grounds which are of immense extent—eighteen miles in circumference, it is said—are always open to the public. My newly found relative had been kind enough to procure tickets of admission to the palace and armory, and we made choice of a warm Sunday afternoon, when tens of thousands come out by railroad from St. Petersburg, for our visit. Entering the park from the western side, we found ourselves in the midst of gently undulating fields, dotted with groves of fir, ash, and birch—an English landscape, were the green a little more dark and juicy. Here was a dairy farm, there a stable for elephants, and a little further an asylum for pensioned horses. The favorite steeds of the Emperor, after his death, are withdrawn from active service, and pass their days here in comfort and indolence. One or two of the horses of Alexander I. are still on the list, altho their age can not be less than forty years. At each of these institutions we received very polite invitations from the servants in attendance to enter and inspect them. The invitation was sometimes accompanied by the words: "I am a married man,"

*From "Travels in Poland and Russia." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†Pulkowa lies about ten miles southwest of St. Petersburg. It is the seat of the great astronomical observatory.

or "I have a family," which in Russia means: "I should not object to receive a gratuity." I was not a little perplexed, occasionally, until I ascertained this fact. One day, while standing before the house of Peter the Great, in the Summer Gardens, a soldier came up to me and said: "Pray go into the house, my lord; the keeper is married."

The armory is a brick building in the Gothic style, standing on a wooded knoll in the park. The collection of armor is one of the finest in Europe, and its arrangement would delight the eye of an antiquary. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, no characteristic weapon or piece of defensive mail is wanting, from the heavy, unwieldy accouterments of the German knights to the chain shirts of the Saracens and the pomp of Milanese armor, inlaid with gold. One of the cabinets contains two sets of horse trappings presented by the Sultan of Turkey—the first on concluding the peace of Adrianople, after Diebitsch had crossed the Balkan, and the second when Ibrahim Pasha menaced Constantinople and the Sultan invoked the aid of Russia. The latter, naturally, is much the more splendid of the two; the housings and pistol holsters blaze with arabesques of the largest diamonds. There are many very interesting historical relics in the collection, but I can not give the catalog. Suffice it to say that a volume of illustrations has been published, and may be had for 500 rubles.

As we advanced toward the palace the grounds gradually became more artificial in their design and more carefully tended. The sward had a veritable "pile," like imperial velvet; it appeared to have been "combed" rather than raked. Not

a dead leaf was visible on the exquisitely smooth gravel of the walks, not a defective bough had been suffered to remain on the arching avenues of linden or elm. Nature seemed to have taken a Turkish bath and put on a clean Sunday dress. There is not an ill weed, an awkward plant, a frog, toad, snake, or bug, in this expensive Eden. Usually, a gardener walks after you with a broom, to efface any footprints you may have left behind you, but for some reason or other we were spared this attention. Wo unto you if you touch a flower! But there is little danger of that; you would as soon think of cutting a rose out of a drawing-room carpet, as of thus meddling with this superhuman order.

In the course of our walk we came upon a ruined abbey, so capitally imitated that if it stood anywhere else even an old traveler might be deceived by it. One square tower alone is standing, and in this tower, which you reach by a wooden staircase built over the ruins, is the famous statue of Christ, by Dannecker, the sculptor of Ariadne and the Panther. This is no traditional Christ, with low forehead and straight, insipid features; the head is rather that of a scholar and a thinker. You are at once struck with the individuality of the figure. He is represented as speaking, turning toward the left and slightly leaning forward. A single flowing garment, hanging from his neck to his feet, partly conceals the symmetrical yet somewhat delicate form. The head is large, nobly rounded and balanced, with a preponderance of development in the intellectual and moral regions of the brain, his hair long, but very fine and thin, as if pre-

maturely thinned by thought, the beard scanty, and the expression of the countenance at once grave, gentle, and spiritual. The longer I looked upon it the more I was penetrated with its wonderful representation of the attributes of Christ—Wisdom and Love. The face calmly surveys and comprehends all forms of human passion, with pity for the erring, joy in the good, and tenderness for all. It is that transcendant purity in whose presence the sinner feels no repellant reproof, but only consolation.

I have seen few statues like this, where the form is lost sight of in the presence of the idea. In this respect it is Dannecker's greatest, as it was his favorite work. He devoted many a day of labor, thought, and aspiration to the modeling of the head. When, at length, it was completed in clay, a sudden distrust in his success overwhelmed him. Having no longer confidence in his own judgment or that of his artistic friends, he one day took a little uneducated child into his studio, placed the head before it, and said: "Who is this?" The child looked stedfastly upon the features, so unlike the conventional Christ of artists, and without hesitation answered: "It is the Savior." The old man, himself a child in his simplicity and sincerity, accepted this answer as a final judgment, and completed his work in marble.

Our way led on over straight Dutch canals, past artificial hills and rock-work, through a Chinese village which resembles nothing in China, and under Babylonian hanging gardens, to the front of the palace, which is 1,200 feet in length, and rises from the crest of a long knoll, gently sloping down to a lake. Some fine oak trees adorn the

lawn; on the top of a gigantic rock a bronze nymph is crying over her broken pitcher, out of which rushes a stream of sparkling water; and on the lake itself a pretty little cutter lies at anchor. Arsenals and fortresses in miniature stud the opposite shore, and on a wooded point stands a Turkish kiosk and minaret, the interior of which is a sumptuous oriental bath, presented by the Sultan. The park beyond the palace, toward the village of Tzarsko Selo is in even more rigid full dress than that through which we had already passed, and I verily believe that if a leaf gets accidentally twisted on its stem, some one is on hand to set it right again.

All the pillars, statues, cornices, and ornaments on the long palace front were covered with heavy gilding in the time of Catharine II. When they began to look a little shabby and the gold needed replacing, the Empress was offered half a million of rubles for the scrapings, but she replied with a magnificent scorn: "I am not in the habit of selling my old rags." The Imperial banner of Russia, floating at the mast-head, showed that the family were at home, but we were nevertheless allowed to enter. A "married" servant conducted us through the apartments once occupied by Catharine and Alexander I. Here there is much that is curious, tho no splendor comparable to that of the Winter Palace, or the Imperial apartments in the Kremlin. One room is lined entirely with amber, a present from Frederick the Great. The effect is soft, rich, and waxy, without being glaring. In others the paneling is of malachite or lapiz-lazuli. Catharine's bedchamber has not been changed since she left it; the bed-posts are of

purple glass, and the walls lined with porcelain.

Most interesting of all, however, are the apartments occupied by Alexander I., in which every article has been preserved with religious veneration. His bed is a very narrow mattress of leather stuffed with straw, and the entire furniture of the room would not fetch more than fifty dollars if sold at auction. On the toilet table lie his comb, breeches, razor, and a clean pocket-handkerchief; his cloak hangs over a chair, and his well-worn writing-desk still shows the pens, pencils, bits of sealing-wax, and paper weights, as he left them. His boots, I noticed, were of very thin leather—too thin either for health or comfort—and had been cracked through and patched in several places. His Majesty had evidently discovered how much more agreeable to the feet are old boots than new ones. But he is quite thrown into the shade by Peter the Great, whose boots, at Moscow, would weigh ten pounds apiece, and might be warranted to wear ten years without mending.

PETERHOF*

BY GEN. COUNT VON MOLTKE

The large castle of Peterhof, built by Peter I. and enlarged by his daughter Elizabeth, like the palace of St. James, now serves only for representation. Villas and country-houses are scattered over its extensive grounds, and are occupied by the imperial family and their guests. Prince

*From "Letters from Russia." By arrangement with Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1878.

Hohenzollern, Heinz, Katte, and I lodged in one of these. I have a cheerful, spacious chamber, with a pleasant outlook open to the sun, which in this cold, damp region is a great advantage. Nevertheless, last night I had recourse to my cloak. . . .

The castle is a straggling three-story building in the French style, connected with two pavilions by galleries. The color—yellow and white—corresponds with the white sheet-iron of the roof and the rich gilding of the cupolas. The building stands upon a terrace about forty feet high, which is formed by the natural declivity of the mainland toward the Gulf of Finland. The grounds are laid out down to the water's edge a thousand feet front. Perpendicularly from the middle of the castle a reservoir leads down to the landing-steps, surrounded on either side by a row of fountains which make a most singular avenue of water-jets. On either side of these is a road, and the whole is surrounded by high, dark pines, through which one overlooks this foreground and gets glimpses at the horizon of the coast of Finland.

The park is very pretty, and receives a peculiar character from the innumerable water-works with which it abounds. The highest jets, even those before the grotto under the palace, are not more than forty or fifty feet high, nor thicker than my arm, and therefore are not to be compared with Wilhelmshöhe or Sans Souci; but their number is countless.

Everywhere under the shadow of the trees the water gurgles and splashes from temples and statues in cascades and reservoirs. The grass is

neither the velvet of Windsor nor the artificial turf of Glienecke, but it is fresh and green. The most common trees are the alder, willow, and pine, but, above all, the white-barked birch. The oak is rare; the lime and the elm trees are planted and cultivated. The scarlet service-berry, mallows, hollyhocks, and dahlias scatter a little color over the prevailing green, and are the melancholy precursors of fall, before there has been any summer. All besides is exotic. It is noticeable by the vegetation that we are here twice as near the north pole as to the equator.

What both pleased and surprized me most in this park was a brook—a real German, clear, crystal brook—that dashed over large granite blocks. I had not suspected Russia of such a fall of water from the Valdai Mountains to the coast. The brook in Peterhof is natural, and if trout could be contented with sixty degrees northern latitude, they might live in it. Higher up the treasury of water has expanded into wide lakes, surrounded by trees and pleasant villas. Every one has built according to his own fancy. There are Italian villas, with the characteristic quadrangular towers, flat roofs, outside steps, verandas, and statues. Then comes a manor of the Saxon-Norman style, with massive gables, projecting balconies, and wide windows. A Swiss chalet peeps out from a birch forest, with its white gables and carved piazzas. Most of the houses are of wood roofed with sheet-iron, which last is painted red or green. They are all calculated for a summer that does not always appear, and that promises this year to fail them entirely. The day we landed was almost the only fine day we have had.

II

MOSCOW

A PANORAMIC VIEW*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

No other city in the world presents so cosmopolitan an aspect. The gilded domes of Lucknow —the pagodas of China—Byzantine churches—Grecian temples—palaces in the style of Versailles—heavy inexpressive German buildings—wooden country cottages—glaring American signs —boulevards, gardens, silent lanes, roaring streets, open markets, Turkish bazaars, French cafés, German beer cellars, and Chinese tea-houses—all are found here, not grouped exclusively into separate cantons, but mixed and jumbled together, until Europe and Asia, the Past and Present, the Old World and the New, are so blended and confounded, that it is impossible to say which predominates. Another city so bizarre and so picturesque as Moscow does not exist. To call it Russian would be too narrow a distinction; it suggests the world.

There are few cities in Europe (Berlin excepted) which have not greater advantages of position than Moscow. Accident or whim seems to have suggested the choice of the site to its

*From "Travels in Poland and Russia." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

founders. The little Moskva is not navigable in summer for steamers drawing eighteen inches of water. It is an insignificant tributary, not of the Volga, but of the Oka, which falls into the Volga at Nijni-Novgorod, and here is the spot pointed at by Nature for the commercial emporium of Central Russia and Western Asia. But in the days of Vladimir, this point was too near the Tartars, and tho Peter the Great at one time seriously designed to make it his capital, his rivalry with Sweden, and his desire to approach Europe rather than Asia, finally prevailed, and St. Petersburg arose from the Finland swamps. Moscow, since then, has lost the rank and advantage of a capital, altho it continues to be the Holy City of the Russians, and the favorite residence of many of the ancient noble families.

The Moskva, in passing through the city, divides it into two unequal parts, about three-fourths occupying the northern bank and one-fourth the southern. The river is so tortuous that it may be said to flow toward all points of the compass before reaching the Kremlin, whence its course is eastward toward the Oka. In the center, and rising directly from the water, is the isolated hill of the Kremlin, a natural mound, about a mile in circumference, and less than a hundred feet in height. On either side of it, the northern bank ascends very gradually for the distance of a mile or more, where it melts into the long undulations of the country. On the southern side of the Moskva, at the southwestern extremity of the city, are the Sparrow Hills, which, running nearly due east and west, form a chord to the great winding curve of the river, and enclose the whole

southern portion of Moscow, which is built on the level bottom between it and their bases. These hills are steep and abrupt on the northern side, and tho rising less than two hundred feet above the water, overtop every other elevation, far and near. Every stranger who wishes to see the panorama of Moscow should first mount the tower of Ivan Veliki, on the Kremlin, and then make an excursion to the Sparrow Hills.

The tower of Ivan Veliki, on the Kremlin, is a belfry 200 feet high, surmounted by a golden dome. When you have passed the Tzar Kolokol, or King of Bells, which rests on a granite pedestal at its base, and have climbed through some half a dozen bell chambers to the upper gallery, you see nearly the whole of Moscow—for the northern part goes beyond your horizon. On all other sides it stretches far, far away, leaving only a narrow ring of dark green woods between it and the sky. The Moskva twists like a wounded snake at your feet, his little stream almost swallowed up in the immense sea of the pale-green roofs. This vast green ring is checkered with the pink and yellow fronts of the buildings which rise above the general level, while all over it, far and near, singly or in clusters, shoot up the painted, reed-like towers, and open to the day the golden and silver blossoms of their domes. How the sun flashes back, angrily or triumphantly, from the dazzling hemispheres, until this northern capital shines in more than tropic fire! What a blaze, and brilliance, and rainbow variegation under this pale-blue sky!

The view from the Sparrow Hills is still more beautiful. You are enclosed with a belt of birch

and pine woods. Under you the river reflects the sky, and beyond it sweep blossoming meadows up to the suburban gardens, over which rises the long line of the gilded city, whose nearest domes seem to flash in your very face, and whose farthest towers fade against the sky. Their long array fills one-third of the horizon. I counted between five and six hundred, one-third of which were either gilded or silvered. The dome of the new cathedral, as large as that of St. Paul's, London, burned in the center like a globe of flame—like the sun itself, with stars and constellations sparkling around it far and wide. From this point the advanced guard of Napoleon's army first saw Moscow—a vast, silent, glittering city, fired by the sunset, and with the seeds of a more awful splendor in its heart. No wonder that the soldiers stood still, by a spontaneous impulse, grounded their arms, and exclaimed, as one man: "Moscow! Moscow!"

THE KREMLIN*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

The Kremlin hill stands very nearly in the center of the city. It is triangular in form, the longest side facing the Moskva, about a mile in circumference and somewhat less than a hundred feet in height. Adjoining it on the east is the Chinese City, still enclosed within its ancient walls. The original walls of the Kremlin were

*From "Travels in Poland and Russia." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

built by Demetrius Donskoi, in the fourteenth century, and tho frequently repaired, if not wholly rebuilt, since that time, they still retain their ancient character. Rising directly from the Moskva, at the foot of the hill, on the southern side, they climb it at either end, and crown it on the north. Thus, when you stand on the opposite bank of the river, you see before you the long notched wall, interrupted with picturesque Tartar towers, like an antique frame to the green slope of the hill, whose level top bears aloft its crown of palaces, churches, and towers. This is the only general view one gets of the Kremlin, altho its clustered golden domes are visible from almost every part of the city. There was formerly a lake-like moat around the northern side of the hill; but Alexander I. drained and planted it, and it is now a pleasant garden.

The main entrance is at the northeastern angle, through a double-towered portal, called the Sunday Gate. Once within, we see before us the long Red Square stretching southward to the bank of the Moskva. Close on our right towers the gray wall of the Kremlin—for, altho on the hill, we are not yet fairly within the sacred citadel—while on the left, parallel to it, is the long, low front of the Great Bazaar. In the center of the square is a bronze monument to Minim and Pojarski, the Russian heroes, who in 1610 aroused the people, stormed Moscow, and drove out Vladislas of Poland, who had been called to the throne by the Boyards. But for this act the relative destiny of the two powers might have been reversed. The Russians, therefore, deservedly honor the memory of the sturdy butcher

of Nijni Novgorod, who, like the Roman Ciceronaccio, seems to have been the master-spirit of the Revolution. He is represented as addressing Pojarski, the general, who sits before him, listening, one hand on his sword. The figures are colossal, and full of fire and vigor. A short distance beyond this monument is a small circular platform of masonry, which is said to have been a throne, or public judgment-seat, of the early Czars.

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 the 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 pattern—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 encloses 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 can not be more than thirty feet at the base. I can not better describe this singular structure than by calling it the Apotheosis of Chimneys. . . .

At last we tread the paved court of the Kremlin. Before us rises the tower of Ivan Veliki, whose massive, sturdy walls seem to groan under its 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, with its heavy French front and wings, 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 Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world-wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne in 1730. The Empress Anne seems to have

had a fondness for monster castings. Turning to the right into an adjoining courtyard, we behold a tremendous piece of artillery, familiarly known as the pocket-piece of this Tzarina. 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 field pieces, 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. . . .

The plain exterior of the palace gives no hint of the splendors within. I have seen all the palaces of Europe (with the exception of the Escorial), but I can not 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. Wlodimar 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 coronation—the only occasion on which it is used.

THE BIG BELLS AND BIG GUNS*

BY WIRT GERRARE

According to tradition the tall bell tower of Ivan Veliki in Moscow has an ancient origin, but as a matter of fact it was constructed at the close of the sixteenth century to find employment for a starving population. Its foundations are on a level with the river bed, 120 feet below the surface; its height above is 320 feet, built in five stories, the first four octagonal, the topmost cylindrical. In the eighteenth century it was considered one of the wonders of the world, and to this day the orthodox invariably cross themselves when passing it. Dedicated to St. John and containing in the basement a chapel to the same saint, it is supposed to owe its name to this, but tradition states that it was constructed by one John (Ivan) Viliers, whose patronymic has been corrupted into Veliki—that is, "great" or "big."

Adjoining Ivan Veliki is another tower, that of the Assumption, in which are hung the larger bells, and still further to the north a third belfry

*From "The Story of Moscow." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

with a pyramidal spire, known as the Tower of Philaret. Very characteristic of Moscow are these towers, of different styles of architecture, massed to form one building; that the three should all be white is a pleasing convention which has long endured. It is needless to state that there is an excellent view from the upper stories, one well worth the toilsome ascent. Moreover the bells are interesting; tho some visitors are content with an examination of the great Bell of Moscow which, broken and flawed, stands upon a pedestal at the foot of the Ivan Veliki tower.

The art of bell-founding first practised at Nola in Campania in the ninth century, has been known in Russia since the fourteenth; in 1553 a bell of about fifteen tons was cast in Moscow and hung in a wooden tower. Since that date many large bells have been cast and recast. The largest, the Csar Kolokol, the "Great Bell of Moscow," is supposed to have been first cast in the sixteenth century, probably during the reign of Boris Godunov; in 1611 a traveler states that in Moscow is a bell whose clapper is rung by two dozen men; in 1636, a fire in the Kremlin caused the bell to fall and it was broken. In 1654 it was recast and then weighed some one hundred and thirty tons; it was two feet thick and its circumference over fifty feet. It was suspended at the foot of the tower, and the wooden beam supporting it being burned by the fire of 1706 it once more fell to the ground and broke. It was recast by order of the Empress Anne in 1733, but it is doubtful whether it was hung. From 1737 to 1836 it lay beneath the surface. By the order of the Czar Nicholas, De Ferrand raised it from the pit and mounted it

on the pedestal it now occupies. It is two feet thick, twenty-one feet high (twenty-six feet four inches with ball and cross), sixty-eight feet in girth, and weighs one hundred and eighty-five tons. The fragment is seven feet high and weighs eleven tons. The figures represent the Czar Alexis and the Empress Anne.

"Thirty-four bells hang in these three towers; the largest is the 'big bell' of the Uspenski Sobor, which is in the middle tower and on the lowest tier. It was cast in 1817 by Bogdanof, to replace the bell broken when the tower was wrecked by the mine exploded beneath it in 1812. A bell of seven tons is the largest in the tower of Ivan, which, originally founded in 1501 by Afanasief, has been subsequently recast; the next story has three old bells, and among those of the highest story are two 'silver' bells. The oldest here dates from 1550; other old bells, Russian, Dutch, and others, are hung in the belfry of Spass na Boru, in that of St. Michael in the courtyard of the Chudov Monastery, and in the belfry of the Vossnesenski Convent. Russian bells are not swung, but are sounded by moving the clapper, to the tongue of which the bell rope is attached; the clapper of the 'Kolokol' is fourteen feet in length and six feet in circumference."

The famous bells of Moscow are: The Czar Kolokol, one hundred and eighty-five tons; Assumption or "Big Bell"—in use—sixty-four tons; The Thunderer (Reut), thirty tons, cast by Chokov in 1689, it also fell in 1812 but was not broken; The Every Day (Vsednievni), fifteen tons, cast in 1782; The Seven-hundredth (Semisotni), ten tons; Bear (Medvied), seven tons; Swan (Lebeda),

seven tons; Novgorodsk, six tons; The "Wide" Bell (Skirokoi), four and one-half tons; Slobodski, four and one-half tons; Rostovski, three tons. The casting of the great bells was made a state function as well as a church ceremony; as late as the nineteenth century, the old form of blessing the bell was followed in the case of the Big Bell.

Closely allied to the art of the bell-maker was that of cannon-founder, and the Kremlin contains some curious and excellent specimens of old weapons. The most striking is the huge gun known as the Czar Pushka, "King of Guns," familiarly as the "drobovnik" (fowling piece), which was cast in the reign of Theodore Ivanovich (1586), by one Chokof. It weighs thirty-six tons, and is of too large caliber and too weak metal ever to have been used as a weapon. When Peter I. after the battle of Narva, ordered old cannon and church bells to be cast into new ordnance, this was spared. So was the mortar by its side, for it was cast by the false Dmitri, who not only took a great interest in the manufacture of fire-arms, but tested them himself. Among the cannon arranged along the barrack terrace is "The Unicorn" cast in 1670; the carriage of this, of the Czar Pushka, and of others are new, made by Baird, of St. Petersburg. Along the front of the arsenal are arranged the 875 cannon, 365 French, taken from "the twenty nations" who invaded Russia with Napoleon.

NAPOLEON'S VISIT*

BY WIRT GERRARE

After Borodino Napoleon's generals lost faith in him; they remained taciturn and morose, until at two o'clock on the afternoon of September 2, the staff obtained their first view of Moscow from the summit of the Poklonnaya Hill, the "salutation" point of the Sparrow Hills. In the bright sunlight of the early autumn, the city, resplendent with gold domes and glittering crosses, seemed the fitting goal for their long-deferred hopes and they of one accord raised a joyful shout, "Moscow! On to Moscow!"

Various accounts are given respecting the first entry of the troops into Moscow. Some of the inhabitants who remained, having faith in the assurances of Rostopchin, welcomed the invaders, believing them to be some of the foreign allies of the Russian army. An official who had not been able to escape states that he saw some serfs carrying arms from the arsenal, one, who was intoxicated, had a musket in one hand and in the other a carbine, for remarking upon the folly of such an armament, the man threw first the musket then the carbine at him, and a crowd of rioters rushed from the arsenal all armed, as the advance-guard of the French approached. The captain begged an interpreter to advise the crowd to throw down their arms and not engage in an unequal struggle, but the ignorant people, excited if not intoxicated, fired a few rounds accidentally, or by design, and the French thereupon made use

*From "The Story of Moscow." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

of their artillery, and a wild fight ensued. After some ten or a dozen had been sabered, the others asked for quarter, and received it. Another story is to the effect that some of the armed citizens mistaking a general for Napoleon, fired at him as he approached the Kremlin and were then charged by his guard and put to flight. When later, Napoleon rode up to the Borovitski Gate, a decrepit soldier, a tottering veteran, too stubborn to forsake his post, resolutely blocked the way and was mercilessly struck down by the advance-guard.

The fires commenced the same evening that the French entered the town; there were no engines available and the soldiers, hungry and joyful, disregarded the danger and attended to their more immediate needs. Rostopchin had ordered that the contents of the "cellars" should be burned, but there was no lack of liquor, and the conquerors were not to be denied.

So while rank and file caroused, the small beginnings of the great conflagration were neglected and men were powerless to cope with the later developments, tho some worked like Trojans. The stores of oil, the spirits, the inflammable wares in the Gostinnoi Dvor were ignited, and altho Marshal Mortier worked well to extinguish the fires near the Kremlin, the lack of engines and the continuous outbursts of fresh fires, made complete success impossible. The looting of the town commenced at once; soon the greedy soldiers left their partly cooked rations to search for valuables, even the sentinels forsook their posts and they fought with the rabble from the prisons for such goods as seemed most easily removed. In time, not content with such as had been abandoned,

they commenced to rob from the person; women were spoiled of head-dresses and gowns, the men fought with each other for the temporary possession of pelf. The only lights for this unholy work were the torches all carried and the fires the looters set ablaze in order that they might see. When Napoleon thought the conflagration was the result of a preconcerted scheme he ordered all incendiaries to be shot, and then none dare carry a light by night without risk of being there and then shot by some predatory soldier on his own initiative, or, not less surely executed in due form after a mock court-martial at dawn of day.

Discipline was lax; among the soldiery of the army of occupation, many bold souls did just as they wished, and of their enormities, their cruelties and shameful orgies, nothing need be written. Others had leave of absence—a license to pilfer. They not only ransacked the occupied houses, but dragged people from their hiding places, harnessed them to carts, with bayonet and sword urged them on, heavily laden, through burning streets, and saving themselves from the crumbling walls and roofs, saw their miserable captives crusht, buried, or struggling among the burning débris, and abandoned to their fate. In the immediate neighborhood of the Kremlin the pilfering was official; in the Cathedral of the Assumption, great scales and steelyards were set up, and outside two furnaces, one for gold the other for silver, were kept ever burning to melt down the settings torn from the sacred pictures, the church vessels, the gilt ornaments, ay, even the decorations on the priests' robes. Horses were stabled in the cathedrals and churches; Marshal Davoust

slept in the sanctuary with sentinels on both sides of the "royal doors" of the ikonostas. "Destroy that mosque," was Napoleon's peremptory order to one of his generals with reference to the Church of the Protection of the Virgin, but he delayed executing the order finding this cathedral convenient as a stable and storehouse.

At first the fire was most severe in the warehouses flanking the Grand Square and along the quays. It spread most rapidly amid the great stores on the south side of the river. The Balchoog was a sea of flame and the whole of Zamoskvoretski quarter was practically destroyed. On the other side the burning Gostinnoi Dvor ignited neigboring stores in the Nikolskaya, Ilyinka and elsewhere on the Kitai Gorod. The gleeds carried by a north wind threatened the palaces in the Kremlin—where, under a cloud of sparks, the buildings glowed red and seemed to many to be also burning. The ammunition had already been brought there and caused the French great anxiety. Napoleon, after a peaceful night in the royal palace, was unwilling to believe that the fires were other than accidental, but as the day waned and the fires increased in number as well as size, he grew agitated and exclaimed, "They are true to themselves, these Scythians! It is the work of incendiaries; what men then are they, these Scythians!"

He passed the next night in the Kremlin, but not at rest. It was with the greatest difficulty that the soldiers on the roof of the palace disposed of the burning fragments that at times fell upon the metal like a shower of hail. The heat was intense; the stores of spirits exploded,

and blue flames hid the yellow and orange of the burning timbers and darted with lightning rapidity in all directions, a snake-like progress through the denser parts of the town, firing even the logs of wood with which the streets were at that time paved. When the fire reached the hospitals, where 20,000 unfortunate wounded lay almost helpless, scenes of unmitigated horror were witnessed by the invaders unable to succor, and chiefly intent on their own safety. The famous Imperial Guard stationed in the Kremlin was divided into two sections; one was occupied in struggling against the fire, the other held all in readiness for instant flight. At last the Church of the Trinity caught fire, and while the guard at once set about its destruction, Napoleon, with the King of Naples, Murat, Beauharnais, Berthier and his staff, left the Kremlin hurriedly for the Petrovski Palace. The Tverskaya was ablaze, passage by that way impossible; the party crossed for the Nikitskaya, but in the neighborhood of the Arbat lost their way, and after many adventures and near escapes found the suburbs, and by a roundabout route reached the palace at nightfall.

In many places the fire had burned out by September the fifth, and that night a heavy rain, luckily continued during the next day, stopt the spread of the fire, and on Sunday, the 8th, Napoleon returned over the still smoldering embers to his old quarters in the Kremlin. Amid or near by the cinders of the capital, Napoleon remained for more than a month. The remaining inhabitants suffered great hardships; some fraternized with the French soldiers and helped

in quenching fires, but parties accused of incendiarism were still led out almost daily to execution. The French residents were in a most pitiable condition; Napoleon could not or would not do anything for them; they, and the rest of the citizens, with many of the soldiers were soon threatened with starvation. . . .

In Moscow there are now few traces of the French invasion, for its effect was general rather than particular. The palace occupied by Napoleon has been destroyed; in its place the Czar Nicholas built his new Imperial residence, from the windows of which may still be seen the old Borovitski Gate, by which Napoleon first entered and last left the Kremlin. Beyond that gate there is now an immense and stately pile, the magnificent new Cathedral of Our Savior, built by the people in gratitude for their deliverance from the invaders. A monument that furnishes conclusive evidence that the spirit of earnestness which actuated the old cathedral builders is not yet extinct in Russia.

One other memorial of the times will attract the attention of visitors to the Kremlin; arranged along the front of the arsenal, opposite the Senate House, are seen the cannon captured from, or abandoned by, the Grande Armée. The inscriptions, one in French the other in Russian, on the plates to the right and left of the principal entrance set forth the origin of these trophies. Most of the weapons have the Napoleonic initial boldly engraved upon the breech; actually only 365 are French; there are 189 Austrian, 123 Prussian, 40 Neapolitan, 36 Bavarian, 1 Westphalian, 12 Saxon, 1 Hanoverian, 70

Italian, 3 Wurtembergian, 8 Spanish, 22 Dutch, 5 Polish—in all 875.

Before the great fire there were over 2,500 brick or stone buildings in Moscow, and about 6,600 of wood; the fire destroyed over 2,000 of the brick buildings and some 4,500 of the wooden dwellings.

THE MONASTERIES NEAR MOSCOW*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

The great monastery of Simonof, about four miles distant, will probably be the first which travelers will visit from Moscow. The drive would be a pleasant one if the pavement were not so agonizing. We turn to the left by the bridge beneath the Kremlin, and skirt the river for some distance. There are many views worth painting, especially toward evening. On the river are barges of corn, which are said to be each accompanied by 50,000 of the privileged pigeons (emblems of the Holy Spirit), eating most voraciously. On the low hill which we cross is the huge Monastery of the New Redeemer (Novospaski Monastir), so called because it was built by Ivan III. in the place of the original Spassky monastery of his great-grandfather Kalita. It is surrounded by high walls, and approached by a gateway. Its immense quiet enclosure contains several churches. In

*From "Studies in Russia." Published by the Macmillan Co.

the principal church, approached by a picturesquely frescoed corridor, are the graves of many of the Romanoff family, before any of its members were elected to the sovereignty. But the graves of the family include that of Martha, mother of the Czar Michael, who had become a nun when her husband, afterward the patriarch Philaret, became a monk. Her son Michael and her grandson Alexis are represented on the walls near the ikonastos. Alexis gave the monastery to the famous Nikon, who resided here till his accession to the patriarchate, and went hence every Friday to the Kremlin, to converse with the Czar after the church service. Almost more than the churches in the Kremlin does the church of Novospaski seem to be crowded with venerable icons.

Very beautiful and melodious, tho somewhat monotonous, is the singing in these great monastic churches, where we may constantly hear monks singing the "eternal memory" of a departed soul. Good bass voices are especially appreciated in the Ectinia, which answers to the Litany of the Latin Church. Extracts from the Old Testament and from the Epistles are read in the services, as collected in the books called Minacon and Octocchos. When the Gospel is going to be read the deacon arouses the attention of the congregation by the loud exclamation of "Wisdom, stand up, let us hear the Holy Gospel!" One of the most striking parts of the ordinary service is the hymn called Trisagion, or *thrice-holy*, a hymn so called from the word "holy" being thrice repeated. It is of high antiquity in the Church, and owes its origin, as is pretended, to

a miracle in the time of Proclus, Bishop of Constantinople.

Between Novospaski and Simonof we pass a very picturesque ancient Russo-Saracenic gateway. Then through a bit of wild open country we come to a grove of trees, beyond which, on the edge of a steep, rise the walls of the great monastery of Simonof, which was founded in 1370 by a nephew of St. Sergius, on a site chosen by the saint himself. The imposing circle of towers on the walls resisted many sieges, but in that of the Poles the place was taken and sacked. It once possest twelve thousand male serfs and many villages; now it has neither serf nor village. Its six churches, once too few, are now too many.

The central gate, under the great bell-tower, has long been closed, and we approach the monastery by a sandy lane between the walls and the cliff. Hence we enter the enclosure—a peaceful retreat—with an avenue, and, in the center, a tall church, with the five bulbous cupolas, said to represent Christ and the four Evangelists, in the same way that thirteen are said to represent Christ and the twelve Apostles. All around are little houses with gay gardens of marigolds and dahlias, and bees humming in hedges of spiraea. The famous metropolitan, St. Jonah, lived here as a monk. On the ikonastos of the church is the icon with which St. Sergius blest Dmitri of the Don, when he went forth against the Tartars, and beneath are buried his two warrior monks, who perished in the combat. . . .

To reach the Novo Devichi (the Newly-saved) Monastery, we follow the road we took to the

Sparrow Hills as far as the outskirts of Moscow. Thence a wide street, with shabby houses scattered along it, leads to a sandy dusty plain, whence rise, as from a desert, the battlemented walls and weird lofty gate of the monastery, which was founded in 1524 in commemoration of the capture of Smolensk. The exterior is perhaps the strangest, the interior the prettiest of all the monasteries. Masses of flowers, carefully tended by the multitude of nuns, cluster round the graves, which fill most of the space between the little houses and the church, with its many domes shrouded in a veil of chain work. Little raised paved pathways for winter lead in every direction. Silvery bells chime from the great tower. A myriad birds perch upon the aërial webs of metal work—the hated sparrows, as well as the honored swallows.

There are multitudes of small birds, but it is affirmed that there are no magpies within thirty miles of Moscow. The golden trowel of the metropolitan was once carried off when he was about to lay a foundation stone. The workmen were accused, knouted, and sent to Siberia, and then the bell-ringers discovered that magpies had carried it off to the top of the belfry, and the birds were curst accordingly.

The abbess of Novo Devichi came and talked to us while we drew among the flowers, gathered nosegays of zinnias, sweet-peas, and scabious for the ladies of our party, and lamented her sorrows in the perversion of a niece, who, after the privilege of being educated in a convent, had declared that she had a vocation for—matrimony! Catherine II. founded an institution here.

III

ELSEWHERE IN RUSSIA

THE GREAT FAIR*

BY ROBERT BREMNER

From the Volga look in another direction—across the Okka—and there, on a low, almost inundated flat, exposed to the waters of both rivers, lies a scene of bustle and activity unparalleled in Europe. A vast town of shops, laid out in regular streets, with churches, hospitals, barracks, and theaters, now tenanted by more than a hundred thousand souls, but in a few weeks to be as dead and silent as the forests we have been surveying; for when the fair is over, not a creature will be seen out of the town, on the spot which is now swarming with human beings.† Yet these shops are not the frail structures of canvas and rope with which the idea of a fair is associated in other countries. They are regular houses, built of the most substantial materials, and are generally one story high, with large shops in the front part, and sleeping-rooms for the merchant and his servants be-

*From "Excursions in the Interior of Russia."

†Since Bremner wrote, Nijni Novgorod has acquired a regular population of about 90,000. The great fair has been known to gather there from 200,000 to 300,000 persons.

hind. Sewers, and other means of maintaining cleanliness and health, are provided more extensively even than in the regular towns of Russia. This is Nijni-Novgorod.

The business of the fair is of such importance that the governor of the province, the representative of the Emperor himself, takes up his residence in it during the greater part of the autumn. There is a large and handsome palace built for him in the center, accommodating a train of secretaries and clerks numerous enough to manage the revenues of a kingdom. Strong posts of military are planted all round to keep down rioting, and the Cossack policemen are always on the alert against thieves, who, notwithstanding, continue to reap a good harvest from the unwary.

The first view of this scene from the heights of the Kremlin is very imposing; nor was the interest diminished by the repeated visits which we made to it during the three or four days spent in its neighborhood. The fair may be about a mile from the center of the city, but much less from the outskirts, to which, in fact, it is united by a long, wide bridge of boats across the two arms of the Okka, and a line of good houses along the steep and difficult slope leading to the bank of that river. This slanting street is filled with a countless throng from morning to night — carriages, wagons, droshkies, pedestrians, uniting to form the only scene out of England, except, perhaps, the Toledo of Naples, that can be at all compared to the crowds of Ludgate-hill or Cheapside. The crowd becomes, if possible, greater when we

reach the river, the branches of which, all round the bridge, wide as they are, can scarcely hold the many barges of every shape and tonnage either discharging or taking in their cargoes. The shops in the nearer streets of the fair receive the goods at once from the river; for the more remote ones there are canals which the barges penetrate. . . .

First advances a white-faced, flat-nosed merchant from Archangel, come here with his furs. He is followed by a bronzed, long-eared Chinese, who has got rid of his tea, and is now moving toward the city, to learn something of European life before setting out on his many months' journey home. Next come a pair of Tartars from the Five Mountains, followed by a youth whose regular features speak of Circassian blood. Those with muslins on their arms, and bundles on their backs, are Tartar pedlers. Cossacks who have brought hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in wonder on their brethren who have come with caviar from the Akhtuba. Those who follow, by their flowing robes and dark hair, must be from Persia; to them the Russians owe their perfumes. The man in difficulty about his passport is a Kujur from Astrabad, applying for aid to a Turcoman from the northern bank of the Gourgan. The wild-looking Bashkir from the Ural has his thoughts among the hives of his cottage, to which he would fain be back; and the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg looks as if he would gladly bear him company, for he would rather be listening to the scream of his eagle in the chase than to the roar of this sea of tongues.

Glancing in another direction, yonder simpering Greek from Moldavia, with the rosary in his fingers, is in treaty with a Kalmuck as wild as the horses he was bred among. Here comes a Truchman craving payment from his neighbor Ghilan (of Western Persia), and a thoughtless Bucharian is greeting some Agriskhan acquaintance (sprung of the mixed blood of Hindus and Tartars). Nogaïs are mingling with Kirghisians, and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with a member of some Asiatic tribe of unpronounceable name. Jews from Brody are settling accounts with Turks from Trebizond; and a costume-painter from Berlin is walking arm-in-arm with the player from St. Petersburg who is to perform Hamlet in the evening.

In short, common merchants from Manchester, jewelers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neufchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburg, grocers from Königsberg, amber-dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw, help to make up a crowd the most motley and most singular that the wonder-working genius of commerce ever drew together.

As most of the Oriental dealers who frequent the fair belong to tribes which are in constant intercourse with the Russians of the south, there is not such a diversity of garb as might be expected from the variety of tongues assembled. The long robe of Russia, as a compromise between the loose folds of the East and the scanty skirts of Europe, is worn by a great majority.

There are Russians, of course, from every corner of the empire; but the greater part of the crowd, we were assured, and certainly the most singular, consists of dealers belonging to tribes of Central Asia, whose names we never heard before, and will not pretend to repeat; this in fact, is the great point of union between Europe and Asia, which here make an exchange of their respective commodities. There is no spot in the world, perhaps, where so many meet belonging to the different divisions of the globe. The number of Mahomedans is so great, that a handsome mosque has been built for them at the end of the fair, in which worship is performed as regularly as in their native cities.

The gaudiest display of all is among the numerous shops for silks and shawls. Most of these articles being of oriental manufacture, the patterns far outshine even the waistcoats of our modern beaux. The manufactured silks here disposed of every year are estimated at ten millions and a half of roubles (£420,000) —while of raw silk 308,000 pounds are sold. Nothing surprized us more, however, than the furniture-shops — costly tables, chairs, sofas, all the heaviest articles of furniture, brought in safety to such a distance, and over such roads, were what we did not expect to meet, even in this universal emporium. Large mirrors, too, from France as well as St. Petersburg, and crystal articles from Bohemia, were displayed in great profusion; and many a longing eye might be seen near the windows of the jewelers and silversmiths, who are said to do a great deal of business, not only in selling

their home-made articles, but also in buying jewels brought from Asia.

WARSAW*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

The people of Warsaw appeared to us wonderfully lively and cheerful compared with the Russians. Michelet, who calls the Lithuanians "children of the shadows," speaks of the Poles as "children of the sun," and they seemed to us to deserve it. The writings of the great national poet Mickiewicz are full of vigor and animation, and free from the constant melancholy of Russian authors. The streets are bright and handsome, and the noble Vistula, which traverses Poland from the south to the north, flows magnificently through the town.

Close to the bridge stands the handsome Palace of the former kings. It was chiefly built by Sigismund III., who is represented in a bronze statue on a pillar, in the square opposite the entrance. The portraits of his predecessors by Bacciarelli, with which Sigismund adorned its apartments, have been carried off to Moscow, and are now in the Kremlin. The thirteenth century cathedral close by, hung with archiepiscopal portraits, strikes those who arrive from Russia by its Gothic architecture. One had quite forgotten what Gothic was like

*From "Studies in Russia." Published by Macmillan Co.

in that country! Beyond the cathedral is the old town, with narrow streets of tall houses, like the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris.

One side of the hotel looks down upon the gloomy Saxony Square, beyond which is a pleasant little public garden, and further still a bazaar. The street of the Cracow Faubourg and the Novi Sviat (New World) Street lead to a pretty little church dedicated to St. Alexander, and built by Alexander I. in 1815. Beyond this it may be well to take a carriage down the avenues to the pretty little suburban palace and park of Lazienki, built in the middle of the last century by the last miserable king, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, and looking, with its canals, and bridges, and flowers in tubs, as Reclus describes it, like a "stage setting in the open air."

From the outside of the Lazienki Park, the road descends into the dusty plain of Vola, where as many as 200,000 Polish nobles used to encamp during the hotly disputed royal elections. In the midst of the plain were two enclosures—one for the senate, the other for the nuncios. The first was oblong, surrounded by a rampart, in the midst of which, at the time of the election, a temporary building of wood is erected, called "szopa," covered at the top and open at the sides. Near it was another enclosure for the nuncios of a circular form, from which it derives the name of "kola" or circle. Within this was no building, the nuncios assembling in the open air. When the chambers were united they met within the "kola"; the chairs for the senators and the benches for the nuncios being ranged in the same order as in the senate-house

at Warsaw, the seat of the primate occupying the central place. . . .

It is necessary to have two horses to drag a drosky along the road like a plowed field which crosses the plain to Villanov, a charming, interesting, well-kept "great house" of the Potocki—the Holland House of Warsaw. It was built by the famous John Sobieski (John III.)* and was sold after his death. Here he spent the latter years of his life—an unhappy life, as he had no peace in the diet from the jealousy of the nobles, and no peace at home from the brawls of his parsimonious French wife, Marie de la Grange, with her children. This imperious woman also contrived to alienate the affection of his subjects and to render the close of his reign unpopular. On his deathbed Zaluski, bishop of Plotsko, endeavored in vain to persuade him to make his will. "My orders are not attended to while I am alive," he said, "how can I expect them to be obeyed when I am dead?" On the day of his birth, which was also that of his election, he died. The hatred of the queen for her eldest son, John Sobieski, then led her to oppose his election, to make public speeches against him, and even in order to prevent his being king to persuade the Poles to choose any candidate rather than one of her own children. Their choice fell on Augustus, Elector of Saxony, but when he was defeated at

*Born in 1624, died in 1696, King of Poland, who in 1683, with an army of 20,000 Poles, defeated the Turks before Vienna—one of the most important battles in the long struggle of Europe against the advancing Turks.

the battle of Clissow, veneration for the name of Sobieski induced Charles XII. to offer the crown to James Sobieski.

This young prince, however, being at Breslau at the time, was seized (1704) by Saxon horsemen, with his brother Constantine, and imprisoned at Pleissenburg, near Leipsic, and afterward at Königstein. Meanwhile Augustus had abdicated, but Stanislaus Letzinski had been elected in his place, so that James Sobieski died without a kingdom in 1737, at Zolkiev in Russia, the name of Sobieski becoming extinct in his person. From his elder daughter, married to the Prince de Turenne, several noble French families are descended; his younger daughter, Clementina, was married at Montefiascone in 1719 to James Edward Stuart, the Chevalier de St. George, and died in 1735, the mother of Charles Edward, and Henry, Cardinal York.

The palace of Villanov was sold after the death of the great Sobieski, and the reliefs on the outside, representing his victories, were not put up by that modest king, but by Augustus II., by whom the house was afterward occupied. It contains stately old rooms, decorated with portraits and cabinets. Sobieski himself and Marie de la Grange are repeatedly represented; there is also a picture gallery filled with indifferent copies, and a very few originals. Several small rooms are prettily decorated in Chinese taste, with Chinese curiosities. The gardens, skirted by water, are pleasant and old-fashioned. On the green-sward near the handsome church stands a great Gothic tomb of the Potocki.

KIEFF*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

In the beginning of the eleventh century, Kieff, after Constantinople, was the largest and richest town in Eastern Europe; but the chronicler Ditmar records that in 1124, the year before the death of Monomachus, in a great fire which occurred, as many as six hundred churches and chapels were burned in Kieff. This fact shows the flourishing state of religion in the capital at that time.

The political ascendency of Kieff was brief. In 1158 the capital was transferred to Vladimir, and the grand dukes of Kieff, Vladimir, and Novogorod soon became merged into the Czar of Muscovy. Meanwhile the riches of the ancient capital were a constant attraction to its enemies, and it was four times destroyed: in 1171 by the army of Andrew, Prince of Sousdalia; in 1240 by the Mongol Bati Khan; in 1416 by the Tartars; and in 1584 by the Crimean Tartars, incited by Ivan III. of Moscow. After the last destruction it was deserted for ten years, then rebuilt. It is still, in spite of all its misfortunes, the fourth city in importance of the Russian Empire, but, tho it occupies forty square kilometers, it has only eighty thousand inhabitants;† without increasing its limits externally, it could receive three times that number if all its waste places were built upon. Kieff

*From "Studies in Russia." Published by Macmillan Co.

†The population now (1914) is 320,000.

is the sacred city, the "Holy Place" of Southern Russia, the Kiouba or Sambatas of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the Kouyaba of the Arabs, the Man-Kerman of the Tartars. As the Great Russian speaks of "Holy Mother Moscow," so the Little Russian speaks of "Holy Mother Kieff."

Kieff is formed by a collection of towns, difficult of access from one another. The ascents and descents are well managed, but interminable. Open vans instead of omnibuses meet the traveler at the station, and take him across the hills to the fashionable quarter of the town, which occupies the hollow between the Town on the Cliff, which contains the cathedral and the principal churches, and that called Pecherskoi, which contains the famous monastery. The Podol, or mercantile part of the town, lies in the plain of the Dnieper, behind the Town on the Cliff.

Immediately behind the hotel rises the hill—"The Cliff"—ascending which we first reach upon the left the vast enclosure of the Monastery of St. Michael of the Golden Head, surmounted by many gilt domes. Originally dating from the first years of the twelfth century, when it was founded by Sviatopolk, grandson of Yaroslaf, who was buried within its walls, it was rebuilt in 1523. The church contains the silver shrine of St. Barbara, the patroness of armorers and soldiers and protectress against lightning, who suffered martyrdom in 303, having been converted to Christianity at Alexandria by Origen. The relics of the saint were brought to Russia by Barbara, first wife of Sviatopolk,

who was daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople. Against the iconastos is the diamond-set icon of St. Michael, which Alexander I. took with him through the whole campaign of 1812. Curious reliefs represent St. George and St. Demetrius fighting dragons.

Facing us, across the open space on the left, stands the gigantic belfry which forms the approach to an enclosure containing the magnificent Cathedral of St. Sophia, "the marvel of the Ukraine," which disputes with the cathedral of Tchernigow the palm of being the oldest church in Russia, having been built by the Grand Duke Yaroslaf (son of Vladimir), in 1037, in memory of his victory over the Petchenegians on that spot.

The church of Kieff is a great deal smaller than that of Constantinople, this measuring thirty-six meters by fifty-three, that ninety-six by seventy-seven. This church is only forty, and its great namesake sixty-six meters high. Still St. Sophia of Kieff is the largest of the ancient Russian cathedrals. The interior is very lofty in effect, and will strike even those who are fresh from Moscow as unspeakably rich, solemn, and beautiful, and glorious in its harmonious coloring. Nothing can be more effective than the ancient gold which here covers the walls, and the brilliantly lighted tombs of the saints seen through the dark arches. Endless and labyrinthine seem the pillars, the tiny chapels, and the eight secondary choirs which encircle the principal choir. A gorgeous iconastos cuts the church in half, and innumerable icons sparkle everywhere under their "metallic cloths,"

as the Russians call them. In one of the chapels on the right, that of the Three Popes, are some ancient Byzantine frescoes, absolutely untouched. Their preservation in recent times is due to the Emperor Nicholas. "Time will thus show," he said, "to posterity, that in all the rest of the church we have been satisfied to restore without making any innovations." On the stairs which lead to the upper galleries are representations of fantastic animals, probably the most interesting frescoes in Russia—huntsmen pursuing wild beasts, which are sometimes perched in the trees. Other frescoes represent a man in prison, and a sort of tribunal, dancers moving to the sound of many instruments, a juggler, and charioteers in a hippodrome waiting the signal for the race. . . .

Several other buildings must be visited in the Town on the Cliff. Most of them stand near together toward the brow of the hill overhanging the Dnieper, and separated by wide, grassy spaces and rough lanes rather than streets, which will recall the deserted paths of the Aventine to those who are familiar with Rome. We must notice the beautiful Byzantine frescoes in the Church of St. Cyril, and the shapeless mass of masonry which once contained the Golden Gate built by Yaroslaf in imitation of that at Constantinople. Boleslas of Poland, when he entered Kieff, split the Golden Gate with the sword which tradition declares to have been given to him by an angel, and which was afterward called "the nicked," on account of a bit which was hacked out when he was cutting through the gate of Kieff. This

sword, still preserved in the cathedral of Cracow, was long used at the Polish coronations. The rude fragments which enclosed the Golden Gate are interesting as the only existing remains of the ancient walls and towers of Kieff. . . .

The star-spangled towers and domes which rise from the woods eastward are those of a separate group of monastic buildings, approached from the principal monastery by a gourd-fringed lane. Here are another church, a little cemetery, and the entrance of a long wood gallery, by which the pilgrims, protected from the weather, can go from one monastic building to another. Through the Church of the Exaltation we descend to the Catacombs. A monk guides us with candles. Like the Roman Catacombs (in extremest miniature), these subterraneous passages are perfectly dry, warm, airy, and not the least unpleasant. There are two series of caverns, the nearer dedicated to St. Anthony, the further to St. Theodosius. They were probably natural caverns at the first, and have been increased into a series of chapels and passages in the course of ages.

ODESSA*

BY ROBERT BREMNER

Odessa overhangs a wide and beautiful bay of the Black Sea, situated near two important estuaries, called the Khodjabeyskoi and the Kuialskoi estuaries, both formed by the great

*From "Excursions in the Interior of Russia."

Kuialnek rivers. Its principal division extends along the top of a bold range of cliffs, commanding an extensive sea-view, and the ever-varying clusters of the ships of all nations floating in the harbor below. Immediately on the top of this cliff is the beautiful public walk, planted with flowering shrubs and trees, whose verdure is doubly welcome in a country so completely destitute of woods. A conspicuous spot near this walk is adorned with a statue of the Duc de Richelieu, who was governor of the city; a work of such effeminate expression, that it was long before we could persuade ourselves it was not intended to represent a woman.

On either side of this statue, and parallel to the summit of the cliffs, runs a line of splendid mansions, comprising the residences of the governor and the principal inhabitants. From this terrace a street branches off at right angles, communicating with the quarter in which the opera, the exchange, and the principal hotels are situated. From the exchange run broad and regular streets in every direction, a few of them paved with broad slabs like the streets of Naples, and the rest macadamized. Some stretch along the shore, both north and south, some through a deep and rugged ravine to the southwest, and some, of great length, extend toward the country.

The houses in the best quarters are very lofty and handsome, being generally built of a light-colored stone, and roofed with sheets of iron, or painted wood. The stone used in building is of the same composition as the rocks on which the city stands, and the many others

which abound in the neighborhood. It is a kind of semi-indurated limestone, containing a considerable portion of oxide of iron, and with such immense quantities of cockle-shells mixed up with the principal substance, that many of the houses have the rough appearance of an artificial grotto. The softness of this stone, which is such that it may be chipped with a hatchet, renders it very favorable for the more showy purposes of the architect.

Advantageous, however, as the site is for a shipping station, the stranger is surprised at the boldness of the idea of founding a city on a spot so bleak and barren. The surrounding country looks like a burned desert. So parching is the breeze of summer, and so cold that of winter, that not a tree will grow. The hard clay is also unfriendly to the root.

But to show that the anticipations of its sagacious founder have been completely realized, it may be stated that in 1799 Odessa already contained 4,147 inhabitants. Three years after this the Emperor Alexander appointed the Duc de Richelieu governor of the city; and so many were the advantages conferred on it during his rule, that this enlightened foreigner may be considered its greatest benefactor. The city, which he found with 8,000 inhabitants, contained, only twenty years later, not fewer than 36,000 souls.*

The villas to which the wealthy residents generally retire every evening during the summer and autumn, are called "hutors"—a name

*The population now (1914) is 520,000.

which is employed also at Warsaw to denote a suburban retreat. Nothing can be more delightful than these retreats, situated, as they generally are, among shrubs and flowers, on the sea-shore, at the foot of a magnificent range of cliffs, running southeast from the city. The evening at these places is spent by some of our countrymen in fishing excursions, on one of the most beautiful seas in the world. Every walk round these mansions is overhung with fine specimens of the acacia, which is almost the only tree that can be brought to thrive in the country.

THE DROSHKY*

BY THEOPHLE GAUTIER

The Droshky, or drojky, as it is spelled in Russia, is the national vehicle. There is nothing like it in any other country, and it merits particular description. At this very moment, here is one drawn up at the sidewalk, awaiting its master, who is paying a visit within; it seems to be here expressly to have its picture taken. This is a fashionable drojky, belonging to a young man of rank who is dainty about his equipages. The drojky is a very low, small, open carriage; it has four wheels, those of the rear not much larger than the front wheels of a victoria; those of the front, the size of a wheelbarrow. Four circular springs support the body of the carriage, which

*From "A Winter in Russia." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1874.

has two seats, one for the coachman, the other for the master. This latter seat is round, and in elegant drojkys admits but a single person; in others, there is room for two, but so narrow that you are obliged to pass your arm about your companion, lady or gentleman. On either side two fenders of varnished leather curve above the wheels, and meeting on the side of the little carriage, which has no doors, form a step coming within a few inches of the ground. The color is almost always about the same. It is deep maroon with trimmings of sky-blue, or it is Russian-green with fillets of apple-green; but whatever the color selected, the shade is always very deep.

The well stuffed seat is covered with leather or cloth of some dark tint. A Persian or a moquet rug is under the feet. There are no lanterns to the drojky, and it spins along by night without the two stars shining in front. It is the business of the pedestrian to keep out of the way when the driver cries: "Take care!"

There is nothing prettier, more dainty, lighter, than this frail equipage, which you could pick up and carry under your arm. It seems to have come from Queen Mab's own carriage-makers. Harnessed to this nutshell, with which he could easily leap a fence, stands, impatient, and nervous, and champing his bits, a magnificent horse, which may have cost six thousand rubles, a horse of the celebrated Orlov breed, an iron-gray, high stepping animal, the luxuriant silvery mane and tail powdered with glittering specks. He moves restlessly about, curves his neck till his head touches his chest, and paws the ground, held in with difficulty by the muscular coachman.

There is nothing on him between the shafts, no tangle of harness to conceal his beauty. A few light threads, mere leather strings not half an inch in width, and caught together by little silvered or gilt ornaments, play over him without being an annoyance to him or taking anything from the perfection of his shape. The mountings of the headstall are encrusted with metallic scales, and there are no blinders to conceal a horse's greatest beauty, his dilating lustrous eyeballs. Two little silver chains cross gracefully upon his forehead; the bit is covered with leather, lest the cold of the iron should harm his delicate mouth, and a simple snaffle is all that is needed to guide the noble creature. The collar, very light and simple, is the only part of the harness which attaches him to the carriage, for they use no traces. The shafts go directly to the collar, fastened to it by straps carried back and forth many times, and twisted, but having neither buckles nor rings nor metal clasps of any kind. At the point where the collar and the shafts are fastened together, are also fixt by means of straps the ends of a flexible wooden arch which rises above the horse's back like a basket-handle whose extremities are brought quite near together. This arch, called the douga, which leans a little backward, serves to keep the collar and the shafts apart, so that they do not hurt the animal and also to suspend the reins from a hook.

The shafts are not attached to the front of the drojky, but to the axle of the forward wheels, which extends beyond the hub, passing through it, and kept in place by an exterior peg. For more strength, a trace placed on the out-

side goes to the knot of straps at the collar. This style of harness makes it exceedingly easy to turn, the traction operating upon the ends of the axle as upon a lever.

THE COSSACKS*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

Originally, the Cossacks were divided into the two great branches of Cossacks of the Don and of the Dnieper; the former of these became incorporated with Russia as early as the time of Ivan the Terrible, but the latter were nominally subject to Poland. Both divisions, from their habit of kidnapping Tartar women, had a strong admixture of Tartar blood. In the middle of the seventeenth century, an attempt of the King of Poland to enforce Catholicism upon the Cossacks, and to make their prince a hetman, delegate of his power, roused the indignation of the people, and they began a war with Poland which continued to the middle of the seventeenth century, with terrible reprisals on both sides. Being "left orphans, and seeing their country left like a widow after the loss of a mighty husband, they held out their hands to one another as brothers." They first sought refuge amid the wooded islands of the Dnieper, whence the name of the rebel community—Zaporoghian Ssieche; Zaporoghian meaning "beyond the rapids," Ssieche meaning a spot in a forest where trees have been cut down,

*From "Studies in Russia." Published by Macmillan Co.

and a slaughter in the thick of a fight, a name inseparable from deeds of valor and cruelty.

The Zaporoghian Cossacks lived by the sword and had no fear of death. No woman was permitted to dwell in their island colonies, and in memory of their fallen no tears were shed, but their exploits were sung in triumph. Their bravest member was elected as their chief, and bore the title of ataman (quite different to the hetman, or elective prince of Little Russia). They were subdivided into "koorens" (from kooren, to smoke), communities whose fires smoked and cooked in common, and each of these had a "koorennoï ataman," subordinate to the ataman of the Ssieche, and who could be deposed at will, except during absence in war, when the "koschevoï ataman" (chief ataman) had dictatorial power.

After they had established their freedom, the Zaporoghians united themselves with the rest of the Cossacks, as the whole of the inhabitants of the Ukraine were henceforth called, and in 1654, all Little Russia submitted to the Czar Alexis. But, to the Russian, the very name of Cossack has continued to be emblematic of freedom, and the Cossacks have always been ready to fight on the first notice of their country or their faith being in danger. In later times the Ssieche became merely encampments of Cossacks, ready to answer to the call of the hetman of Little Russia. Peter the Great treated the Cossacks with great severity, especially after their hetman Mazeppa* joined

*The hero of Byron's poem, "Mazeppa." Mazeppa, after enjoying the favor of Peter the Great, who created him Prince of the Ukraine, conspired with others, including Charles XII., to secure for the Cossacks independence from Russia.

Charles XII. The hetmanship itself was abolished by Catherine II., and in her reign the last Zaporoghians, under their ataman Nekrassoff, emigrated to Turkey, and then, as the Ssieche finally ceased to exist, the romance of the Cossacks vanished.

At the present day the Cossacks are a standing militia, living on their own lands in the southeast of Russia. They are bound to maintain a fixt number of regiments at their own cost, and are governed by their representative atamans—of the Don, the Black Sea, the Caucasus, Astrakhan, Orenburg, the Ural, Siberia, and the trans-Baikalian Cossacks, who guard the Russian frontier toward China. The dress of a Cossack, called cossakin, is a closely-fitting coat, fastened by hooks down the middle of the breast. Strong, handsome, and active, the Cossacks are capable of great endurance of fatigue and privation. They have a peculiar power of self-adaptation, and are perhaps the most valuable troops the Czar possesses. They are even more fond of spirituous liquors than other Russians.

ON THE FIELD OF PULTAVA*

BY ROBERT BREMNER

The great object of interest to all who visit Pultava is the famed field of battle where Charles XII., after years of glory, at last was humbled by his rival Peter the Great. There has been proba-

*From "Excursions in the Interior of Russia."

bly but one battle fought within the last 150 years* whose consequences can compare in importance with those of the battle now named; for from the moment that Charles fled from the Ukraine—wounded, deserted, loaded with every misfortune but dishonor—Sweden, which since the great Adolph's time† had played such a mighty part in the affairs of Europe, began to dwindle into the obscurity of a second-rate power, and Russia got rid of the only rival that could have effectually barred her way to the attainment of the high position which she now holds. Nor have the full consequences of that victory yet been seen. The future history of Europe, the encroachments which Russia is still to make on her civilized neighbors, will alone show the full extent arising from her triumph on the spot which, from these considerations, we were now about to visit with feelings of no common interest.

The scene of action, now covered with rich cornfields, lies to the southwest of the town, on a plain about four miles from the principal gate. In going to it, we first followed the road to Kieff, but soon struck off to the right, by a path leading through fields where nothing was left by the reaper but some patches of buckwheat. A little hill, if we apply the term to an artificial height, rising not much above thirty feet from the ground,

*The other battle here referred to is Waterloo. The date of Pultava (or Pultowa) is 1709. This battle ended the ascendency of Charles XII. of Sweden and marks the rise of Russia as a great world-power.

†Gustavus Adolphus, the great Protestant hero of the Thirty Years' War, who was killed in the hour of victory on the field of Lützen in 1632.

with a large, white cross on its summit, which had for some time attracted our attention, proved to be the mound which marks the burial-trenches of the enemy. On ascending the naked sides of this funeral mount—for even the green sod has never flourished on its mold—we found an inscription in Russian, painted on the transverse part of the cross, stating, without any pompous exaggeration, in less than a dozen of words, "Here are interred the Swedes who fell in the great day of Pultava."

At this point, then, we are in the center of the battle. The white towers of Pultava, and of the convent near it, are seen; but except these, not a single object, house or hill, is within sight, to break the dead level spreading on every side. Some woods, indeed, are seen, and there is a deep ravine, partly between us and the town, opening into the bed of Vorskla, which skirts the battle-field on the west; but neither ravine nor river-bed is much seen from where we stand. In fact, on witnessing the extreme uniformity of the surrounding country, it struck us all that the ground was ill suited for the small army of the royal Swede to make a decisive stand upon. The military chief of our party, in particular, whose experience gave him a right to speak on the subject, was surprized at the nature of the scene. In the 127 years which had elapsed since this famed engagement took place, the surface of the ground may have been considerably altered; but that it can have been materially changed in any of its great features is impossible.

The mound which the Russians have piled over the slain is not—like the mountain which the illustrious Belgians have so modestly and so deservedly

raised to their own bravery, on the field of Waterloo—of such dimensions as to deface the adjoining ground, and render it impossible to understand the accounts of the action. Here no vain-glorious feeling has been at work; and the spade and the plow, in their ordinary rounds of industry, leave the general aspect of a country unchanged from century to century. . . .

Altogether the field looks more like a place where friendly kings would marshal their armies, to witness a festive tournament, than one where they would join in deadly combat. The woods, however, of which, as we have said, there were probably more in other days, may have yielded some shelter to the Swedes. Looking toward the town, there is one of some extent on the right, near the high road, with a smaller one at our back; a line may have extended between these. There is another wood, advancing toward Pultava, on the left, above the ravine; but make even the best of these, and the ground still appears very unfavorable to Charles. If there be any truth, however, in the traditions of the place, which state that he had been driven from the monastery which occupies such a conspicuous height outside Pultava, it is probable that the fighting began on the winding ravine in front toward the town, and that he withdrew by degrees till he reached this extensive flat, favorable for the operation of his small band of cavalry.

The Russians, besides having the strong town of Pultava at their back, were three times more numerous than the Swedes, who, including 12,000 Cossacks, were never more than 30,000 strong. Of the Swedish force, 24,000 entered the field, in-

cluding 8,000 Cossacks. Besides 9,000 of all descriptions slain, 6,000 were made prisoners, of whom at least 1,000 were Swedes. The remnant of the army made good their retreat to the Dniepr, at the mouth of the Vorskla, but were compelled to surrender three days after the battle. Leave was granted to the Swedes to inter their slain, on the spot where we mused upon all that had passed; and it is highly to the honor of the Russians that to this hour they show every respect to the memory of their brave foes. A religious service is performed every year on the little mount, when great processions come out, with priests and funeral hymns, from the city; and when the emperor was last here, he gave orders that a church should be raised on the field, where mass will be duly said for the repose of the fallen Swedes.

The fate of Charles himself in this battle has been made the frequent theme both of the historian and the poet.* Too brave to flee from the danger into which he had brought them, he did not leave his gallant army till the very last necessity. When violently carried from the field, none accompanied him but Poniatowsky, a brave Pole, Colonel Gieta, and Mazeppa, the renowned chief of the Cossacks, who remained faithful to Charles, and soon after died by his side, in his seventieth year. The fugitive king found his way to the banks of the Dniepr, there bade adieu to the shattered remains of his army, and at last arrived in safety on the Turkish side of the Bog at Oczakow, where he was safe from pursuit.

*Notably by Dr. Johnson in the lines:
"On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide."

From being situated in such a commanding position, Pultava must in former days have been a place of great strength; now it is merely a showy town, with abundance of green domes and crowding pinnacles, scattered along the extensive height. An ill-kept rampart still surrounds the most exposed parts; but, finding only six hundred soldiers here, we inferred that little importance is attached to it in a military point of view.

FINLAND*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

Finland, the Fen-land, Seiomen-maa, is a vast land of lakes and granite rocks. It is about as large as the whole of France. In Eastern Finland, "the Land of a Thousand Lakes," more than half the country is occupied by stony basins of clear water, to which the rivers are only connecting links. Northern Finland has little vegetation except moss and lichen, and all over the rest of the country are vast desolate districts. Finland is twelve times less populous in proportion than France, even three times less populous in proportion than Russia itself.†

Finland is the only European state, except Hungary, which has preserved the name of a nation not Aryan. Its people, called Chouds in the Slavonic Chronicles, preserve, at least in the north, their traditions and cultivate their language, which

*From "Studies in Russia." Published by Macmillan Co.

†The population now (1914) is 3,016,000.

is Oriental, and nearly related to Hungarian. In the south they are becoming more amalgamated with the Russians. Of Mongolian race, they are the earliest inhabitants with whose history we are acquainted in the north of Russia, and are the natural inhabitants of the soil of St. Petersburg. Possibly they are the red-haired nation living in wooden cities, mentioned by Herodotus as lying to the north of his Sarmatians. In the days of the English Alfred, the Finns had a great city at Perm, with a gilt female idol, whom they worshiped; and by means of the two rivers Volga and Tetchora, they carried on a great trade with the Caspian, the people of Igur, or Bukhara, and India.

The Aurea Venus of Perm was mentioned by Russian chroniclers under the name of Saliotta Baba—the golden old woman. After the Asiatic hordes had overrun Southern Russia, the Finns were driven out of their original settlements by the Bulgarians, and in their turn drove out the Lapps, who were compelled to take refuge in the extreme north. The Finns continued to be idolaters—worshiping Ukko, the god of air and thunder; Tapio, the god of forests; Akti, the god of lakes and streams; and Tuoni, the god of fire—till the twelfth century, when Eric IX. of Sweden landed on the west coast with an army and with St. Henry, an Englishman, the first bishop and martyr of Finland, and conquered the country, physically and spiritually. The Swedes governed Finland as Sweden was governed, and gave the Finns a representation in the Swedish Diet. Having been Catholic since the Swedish conquest, most of the Finns became Lutherans after the Reforma-

tion under Gustavus Vasa, when the convents were confiscated. The prevailing religion is now Lutheran.

The part of Finland nearest to Russia was annexed by Peter the Great in 1703, and the rest of Finland was, in 1808, ceded to the generous Alexander I., who respected both the customs and religion of the country, of which he made himself duke. Tho nominally subject to Russia and partially protected by her, Finland has since been substantially independent, with her own laws and customs.

HELSINGFORS*

BY A. MACCALLUM SCOTT

Helsingfors is one of the most interesting towns in Europe. In spite of its rapid growth, it is still, comparatively, a small town. Nevertheless, its note is metropolitan rather than provincial. Its civilization and culture are thoroughly national. It is a center of commerce, of art, of learning, and of the political ambitions of a nation in which a long dormant vigor has suddenly awakened. It has developed by itself, during the past century, out of the main current of European progress, and it has a strenuous and intense individuality of its own. The pulse of life and action beats as strongly in it as it does across the Atlantic. Helsingfors is, in fact, in many ways more American than European.

Helsingfors is situated at the end of a peninsula,

*From "Through Finland." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

not unlike the Greek peninsula in shape, on a small scale, and jutting out like it into the midst of an archipelago of islands. Five miles north of the present town, at the mouth of the river Vanda, is a hamlet which bears the name of Gammalstaden, "the old town." This is the site of the original Helsingfors. In the year 1550 the Swedish king, the great Gustavus Vasa, having driven the Danes out of his country and inaugurated a brief epoch of peace and prosperity, resolved to establish a trading station on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, opposite Reval. The island of Sandhamn, near Sveaborg, was the first site thought of, but finally, thinking the island too exposed, he chose the site at the mouth of the Vanda. Some colonists from the Swedish province of Helsingland, who had settled in the neighborhood, gave their name to the "town," and the rights and liberties of a town were conferred upon it in order to induce the inhabitants of the surrounding country to come and live there. The site, however, was ill-suited for commerce, and 89 years later, in 1639, the "town" was removed to its present site, right at the end of the peninsula.

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the history of Helsingfors is the record of a constant succession of disasters from plague, fire, and war. Its insignificance from the point of view of size may be gathered from the fact that the plague of 1710 reduced its population from 1,800 to 615 souls. It fell a prey to Russian arms under Peter the Great, and again in 1742. The fortress of Sveaborg was then built to protect it, but a feeble defense it proved. In 1808 Helsingsfors was once more, and for the last time, captured by

the Russians, and the fortress was surrendered without a single shot being fired. Thenceforward Finland was a part of the Russian Empire. It was again destroyed by fire, and from its ashes arose the new capital of Finland. In 1812 Helsingfors, being nearer to St. Petersburg and less susceptible to Swedish influences, was declared the capital in place of Abo. Karl Ludvig Engel, a German architect who had settled in St.Petersburg, was brought over to superintend the rebuilding of the town. A man of large and noble ideals, he proved himself worthy of the occasion, and he played in Helsingfors the same part that Sir Christopher Wren played in London. In 1819 the Senate and chief Government offices were removed to Helsingfors, and in 1828, after the great fire in Abo, the University was removed also.

The annexation to Russia, under terms that secured a large measure of self-government, ushered in a new era of peace and prosperity in Finland. From the time when it was declared the capital, Helsingfors has never ceased to grow in population, commerce, and wealth. In 1805 there were only two towns in all Finland which had a population of more than 5,000, and these were Abo with 11,300, and Helsingfors with 8,943. For the next few years the population of Helsingfors was reduced by about half by war and fire, but by 1850 it amounted to 20,745, as against 17,178 in Abo. By 1880 Helsingfors had doubled that figure, and within the next twenty years had again doubled its population. In 1907 the population of Helsingfors was 125,000, while that of Abo was only 46,000, and the rate of growth is increasing rather than diminishing.

Helsingfors is almost completely surrounded by water. On the west, the south, and the east it is washed by the waters of the Gulf of Finland, and on the north it is almost cut off from the mainland by the Tolo Creek. About the middle of its eastern side a peninsula, the narrow neck of which is cut by a canal, juts out into the sea. This is the Skatudden, one of the most modern quarters of the town, covered with large blocks of flats of the most bizarre architecture, and containing also the Russian church, the customs house, the mint, the prison, and the barracks. It divides the harbor into two parts, the north and south harbors. To the south stretch the green wooded slopes of the Brunnspark. Overlooking the south harbor, on a considerable height, are the classic pillared domes of the observatory, and behind them the tall Gothic spires of the new Lutheran church. Northward stretches a long silhouet of the buildings on the Skatudden and Norra Esplanadgatan with, towering over them, the fantastic Oriental cupolas of the Russian church, and the severer massive domes of the Lutheran Church of St. Nicholas. . . .

On the edge of the market-place, whence a fine prospect of the harbor, with Sveaborg in the distance, and of the Esplanade, may be obtained, stands the Czarita's Stone, an obelisk of red granite, commemorating the visit of the Empress of Nicholas I. in 1833. Nearly opposite this monument is an inconspicuous building, formerly a private house, but now the royal palace. The ceremony of opening and dissolving the Diet takes place here. Its chief interest is a collection of pictures by Finnish artists. . . .

The fortress of Sveaborg, the Gibraltar of the

Baltic, which guards the entrance to the harbor, covers seven islands about two miles from the quay. There is an hourly service of steamers to Sveaborg, and, by making the journey, one gets a very good view of the general situation of the islands. The fortress was founded by Count Auguste Ehrensvard, High Admiral of Sweden, in 1749, in order to serve the double purpose of protecting the town and of providing a safe harbor for the Swedish fleet. Count Ehrensvard's portrait may still be seen in the Radhus (town hall) with a small, hardly distinguishable Swedish flag floating over Sveaborg in the background. A simple monument designed by the king, Gustavus III. himself, marks his tomb on Vargo Island, and bears this inscription: "Here lies Count Auguste Ehrensvard, surrounded by his work, the Fortress of Sveaborg and the Fleet."

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY*

BY SIR HENRY NORMAN

The Siberian Express is still a novelty in Russia, and people come to the station to inspect its luxurious appointments and witness its departure. The Siberian station is the finest in Moscow, with an imposing white façade—"God Save the Czar" in permanent gas illumination over the entrance—specious halls, an admirable restaurant, and a series of parallel platforms, which make one think

*From "All the Russias." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1902.

sadly of certain great London termini. At the farthest of these stand five unusually large and heavy corridor carriages and a powerful engine. As always in Russia, a crowd of uniformed officials is on hand; a brilliant light pours through the little windows high up in the flat sides of the carriages; the locomotive is only purring softly, but somewhere in the train an engine is at work at high speed, for there is a cloud of escaping steam, a stream of wood sparks, and a shrill buzz; and a chattering, laughing, crying crowd is at each entrance taking long leave of those going far away. Three strokes of the bell, big men with swords kiss each other fervently, a whistle, a snort of the engine, an answering whistle, and the train is off into the night on its unbroken journey of 3,371 miles, to the confines of that land whose name was recently a synonym of horror.

The Russians are very proud of their Siberian train. They told me at every chance that I could never have seen such a train—that there is nothing so luxurious and so complete in the world. This is a mistake of tact—it rather causes one to look for shortcomings, and little failings look larger in the light of these boasts. Moreover the Siberian Express needs no puff; from almost every point of view it is a marvelous achievement, tho the train itself is not so wonderful as Russians think. It differs enough, however, from all other "trains de luxe" to be worth a detailed description. The first engine I noticed was built in France, all the rest were Russian, and some of these, with four large driving-wheels coupled together, were extremely powerful. These were freight engines; in fact, after the line enters Siberia all its en-

gines are freight engines; the train is a very heavy one, the speed is low, and passenger engines will not come until the line is complete and a great effort is made to shorten the entire journey. Behind the locomotive comes a composite car, the forward part being the locked luggage compartment, and the after-section being the kitchen. Between the two is the electric-light plant, for the entire train, even to the red tail-lamps, is lighted by electricity. This plant is an illustration of the enterprise Russian engineers are showing in every direction. Steam is supplied by an ordinary upright boiler, but the dynamo is run by a tiny Laval steam turbine—the same Norwegian firm that makes the familiar milk separators—revolving at an enormous speed. This turbine makes the shrill note that is audible whenever the train stops after dark. The electric plant was not out of order for a moment during my double journey, and the trains were lighted magnificently.

The second carriage contains the sleeping quarters of the cooks and waiters, the pantry and the restaurant. This is a car which formerly served as a royal salon, and it is in no way suited for a dining-car. It contains two leather sofas, a piano, three tables seating four persons, and certain absurd tables about eighteen inches square. In the front part of this car there is also a full-sized bath, with shower, and an exercising machine, something like the crank in our prisons, which you make more or less laborious by adjusting a weight. The third and fifth cars are second-class, and the fourth first-class.

Except in two points, there is virtually no difference between the two classes, altho of course,

or, rather, much more than elsewhere, you are less likely to find objectionable companions in the one than in the other. There is a through corridor at the side, and six compartments for four persons and one for two persons in the second-class, and three larger compartments and one small one in the first-class. One of the advantages which the first has over the second is that in the former the center of the car is an open salon, with sofa, easy chairs, writing-table, clock, and a large map of the Russian Empire. This, when it does not happen to be monopolized by a party playing cards, is certainly delightful, and I have seen nothing like it elsewhere, except in the private car of an American railway magnate.

IV

SCANDINAVIA

COPENHAGEN*

BY JESSIE BROCHNER

The Danish capital, the Athens of the North, as it is sometimes called, is in many ways a singularly well favored city. Lying on the borders of the sound, it not only boasts a situation of much and varied charm, and environs of great beauty, but it enjoys an admirable position from a commercial point of view, at the entrance to the Baltic. It has for many centuries been the residential city, the seat of the Government, the headquarters of the army and navy, and the undisputed, because the only, center of academic, scientific, and artistic life.

Copenhagen is at present in a state of transition; from an old-fashioned—one can not exactly say old-time—fortified town, it has in the course of two or three decades become a smart, up-to-date city, with electric light, asphalt, and big shops; it has tripled its population and materially extended its commerce and industry.† But the

*From "Danish Life in Town and Country." Copyright, 1903, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†The population of Copenhagen is now (1914) about 500,000.

old and the new often meet in an incongruous manner. In some directions development has almost been too rapid; in others it has been unduly retarded. And as it is with the town, so it is with its inhabitants; their mode of living and thinking, their tastes, their manners, their style, have altered, for the Copenhagener is in many ways wide-awake and susceptible. . . .

If you want to see the Copenhageners, Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé, in their full glory, give up your Sunday to the study of their doings. By train and by steamer, by carriage and cycle and car, they migrate to Skoven, the woods—which does not refer to one distinct forest, altho the beautiful Deer Park, some six or seven miles outside the town, is the favorite resort. You will find a tremendous bustle and large crowds at the stations, and the trains themselves will strike you as peculiar by the variety of carriages, including open carriages, two-storied carriages, long salon carriages, and small old-fashioned carriages.

All the restaurants within reach are full to overflowing, so that toward evening food is often at a premium, as in a beleaguered city; and the booking process at night (there are no return tickets on the Danish State railways) is often a protracted and trying ordeal, with which, however, the Copenhagener puts up with extreme good humor, his Mutterwitz helping him to pass away the time. He often cracks an amusing joke, but he can not vie with a London cabman or bus-driver in the keeping up of regular fireworks of chaff. Those who can not or will not go as far as Skoven betake themselves to the suburban parks of Fredericksberg and Sondermarken or the

Zoological Gardens, whence endless processions of fond parents and tired youngsters wend their weary way townward, often late at night, perambulators being very much in evidence. The continuous string of perambulators, in fact, produces a peculiar grating sound on the pavement, which at so late an hour is apt to annoy and irritate a susceptible ear.

Several devastating fires have wrought great havoc to Copenhagen in former centuries, and the lover of topographical curiosities and ancient architecture may not find much to interest him there. Still, the city possesses some very fine buildings from the reign of Christian IV., that wonderful royal architect, of whose rare skill more especially the Castle of Rosenborg and the Royal Exchange bear witness. The Amalienborg Palaces and several other building are fine specimens of later styles, and of modern structures there are many which will delight even the most fastidious eye. But the charm of Copenhagen does not lie in architectural grandeur, nor is it rich in those old-fashioned national types which enhance the attractiveness of many an otherwise commonplace town. National dress is, in fact, rarely seen, and were it not for the faithful adherence to the old costume of some of the Amak flower girls and the Skovshoved fish-women, and such birds of passage as a Fanoe woman or an Icelandish girl, they would have disappeared altogether. The charm of Copenhagen must rather be looked for in its rich art treasures and museums, in its beautiful walks and parks, in the fulness of its literary, artistic, and musical life, in the genial and pleasant way life on the whole

seems to flow on. People are hospitable, attentive, and helpful, and they are often wonderfully kind. As an example may be mentioned the way in which well-to-do Copenhageners often receive at their table once or twice a week young students and others to whom a free dinner means a great deal, and of whose need they may have heard quite casually.

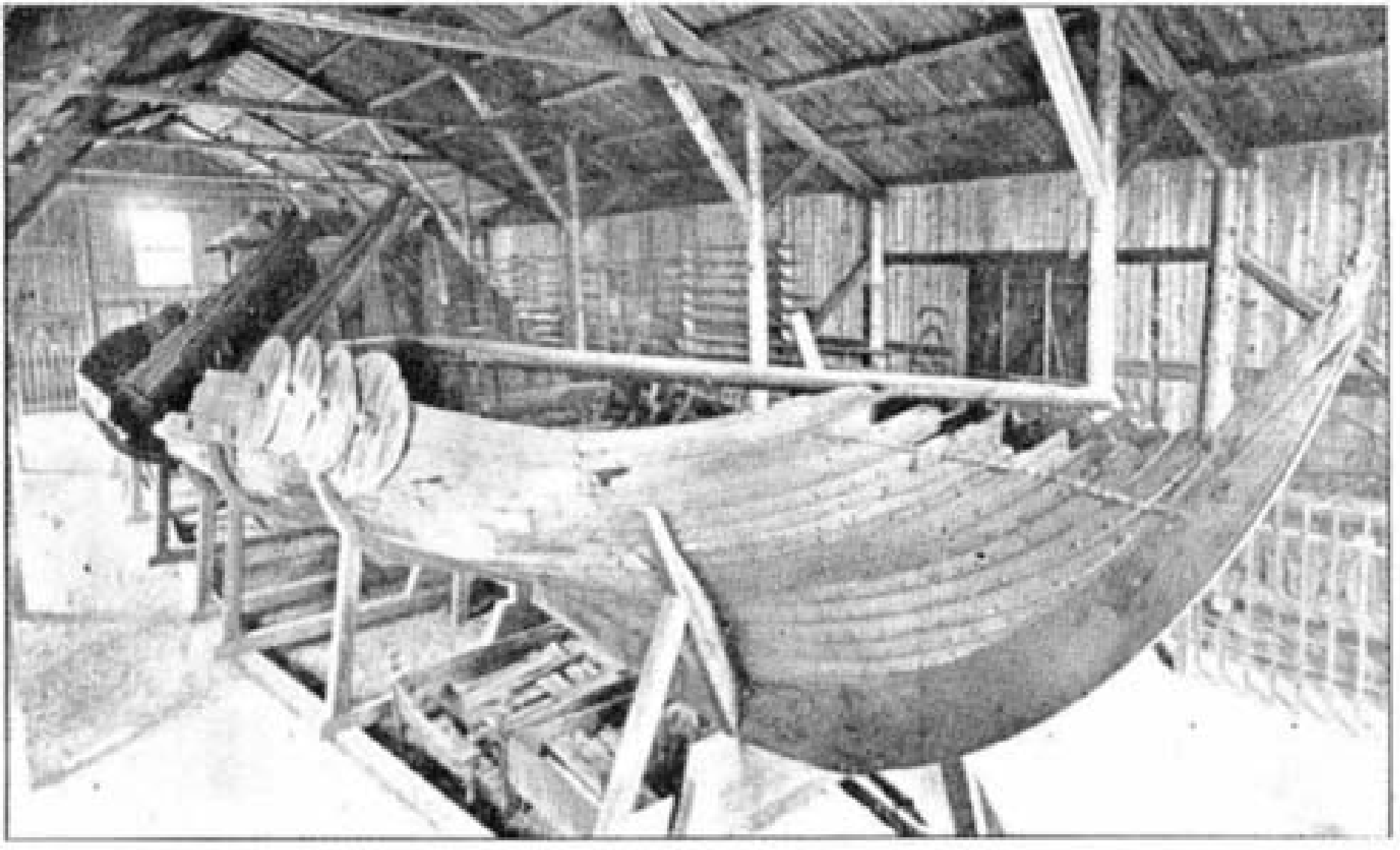
ELSINORE AND "HAMLET'S GRAVE"*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

We may either take the railway or drive by Gurre, from hence to Elsinore (Helsingor), where the great castle of Kronberg rises, with many towers built of gray stone, at the end of the little town on a low promontory jutting out into the sea. Stately avenues surround its bastions, and it is delightful to walk upon the platform where the first scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is laid, and to watch the numberless ships in the narrow sound which divides Denmark and Sweden. The castle is in perfect preservation. It was formerly used as a palace. Anne of Denmark was married here by proxy to James VI. of Scotland, and here poor Caroline Matilda† sat, daily for hours at her prison window watching vainly for the fleet of England which she believed was coming to her rescue. Beyond the castle, a sandy plain re-

*From "Sketches in Holland and Scandinavia."

†Daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales and Queen of Denmark and Norway, who was arrested for court intrigues, imprisoned and afterward banished.



ANCIENT VIKING SHIP

(Built probably in the ninth century. Dug up in 1909. Now in a public museum in Christiania, Norway)

TYPICAL NORWEGIAN HOUSE

(From the Telemarken country)

Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

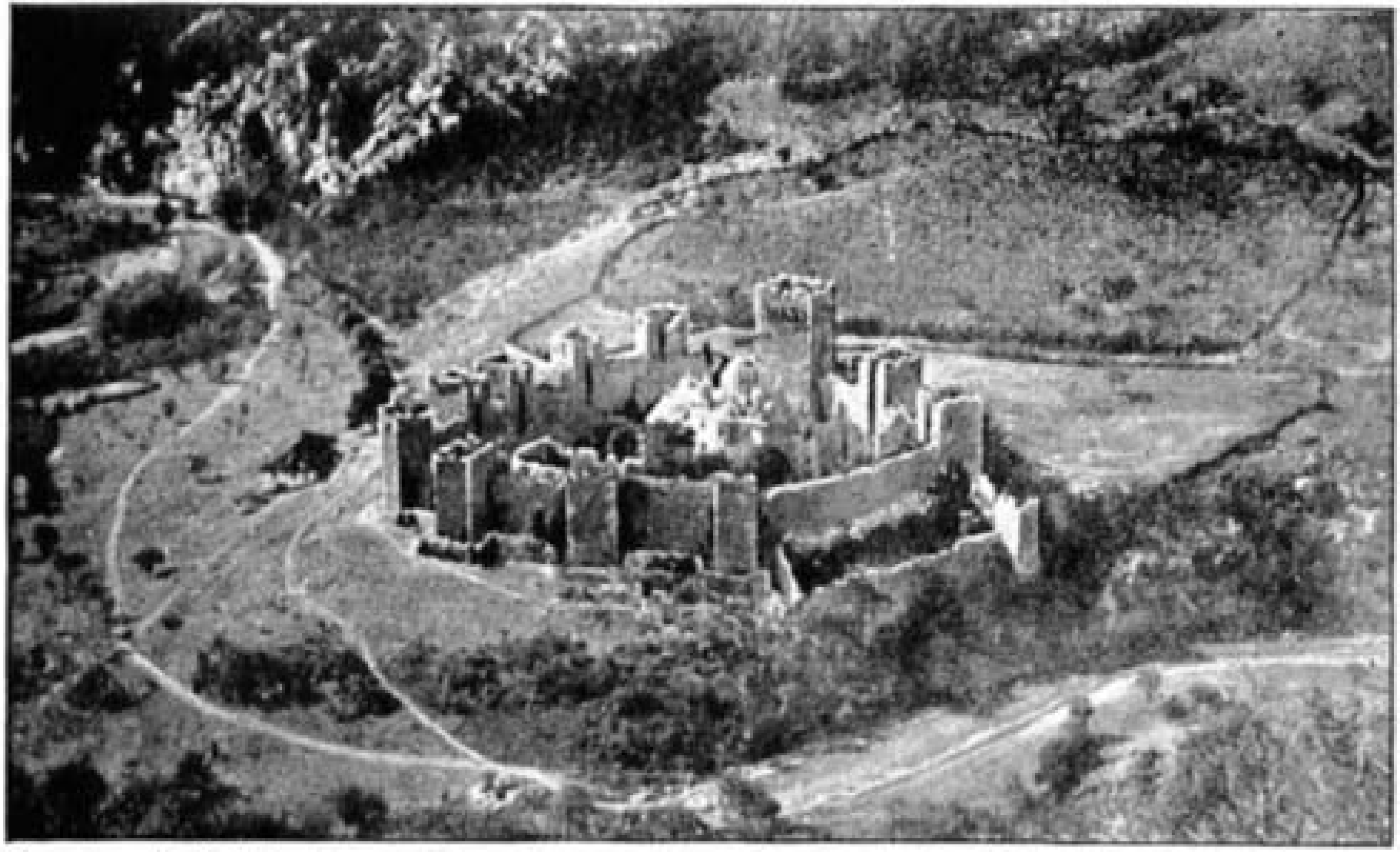
THE OLD PALACE AT BELGRADE ON THE RIGHT,
THE NEW ON THE LEFT

(King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated in the old palace and their bodies thrown out of the window into this courtyard)

Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

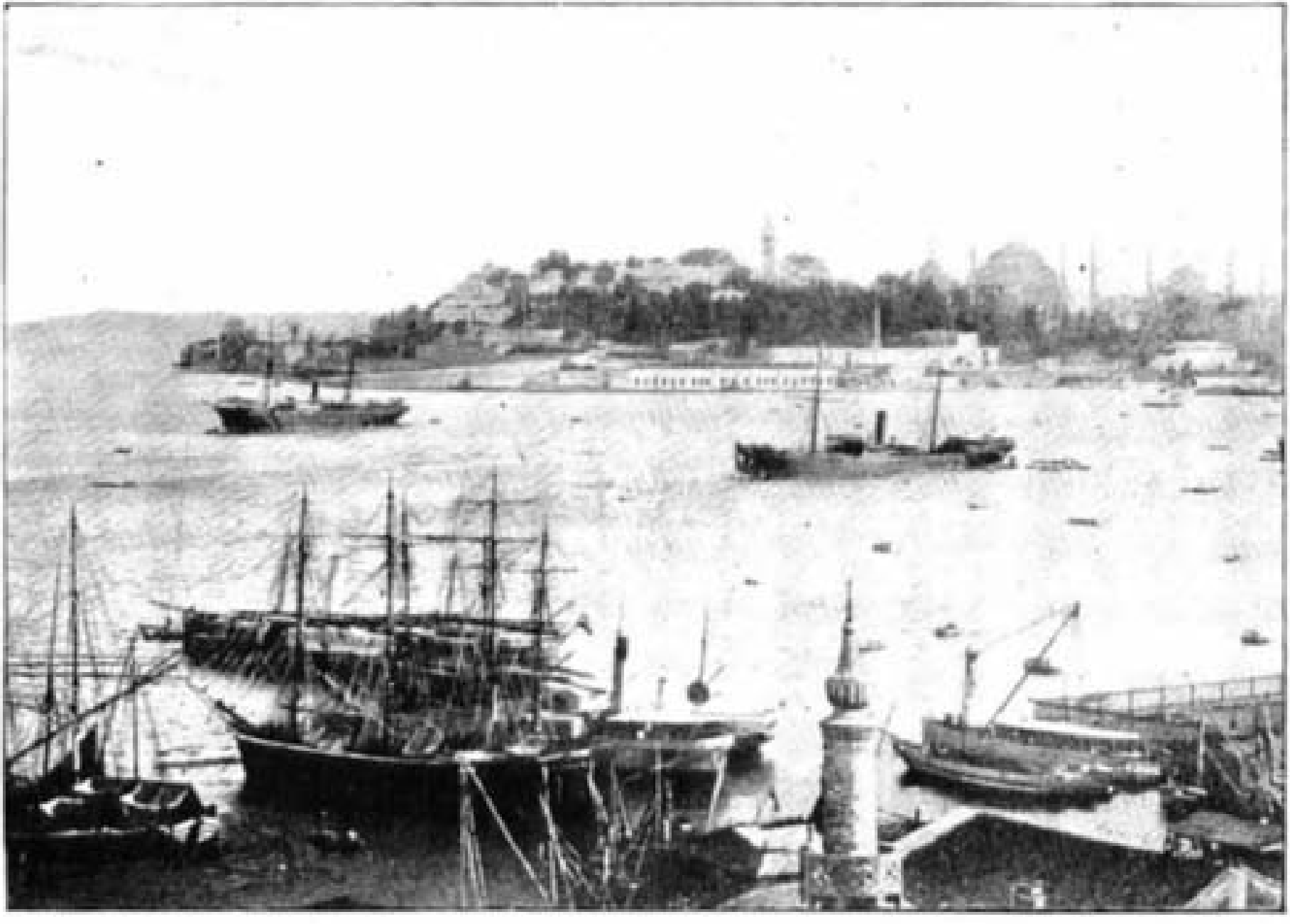
FRONT OF THE NEW PALACE AT BELGRADE, SERVIA

(Rear of the same building shown above on the left)

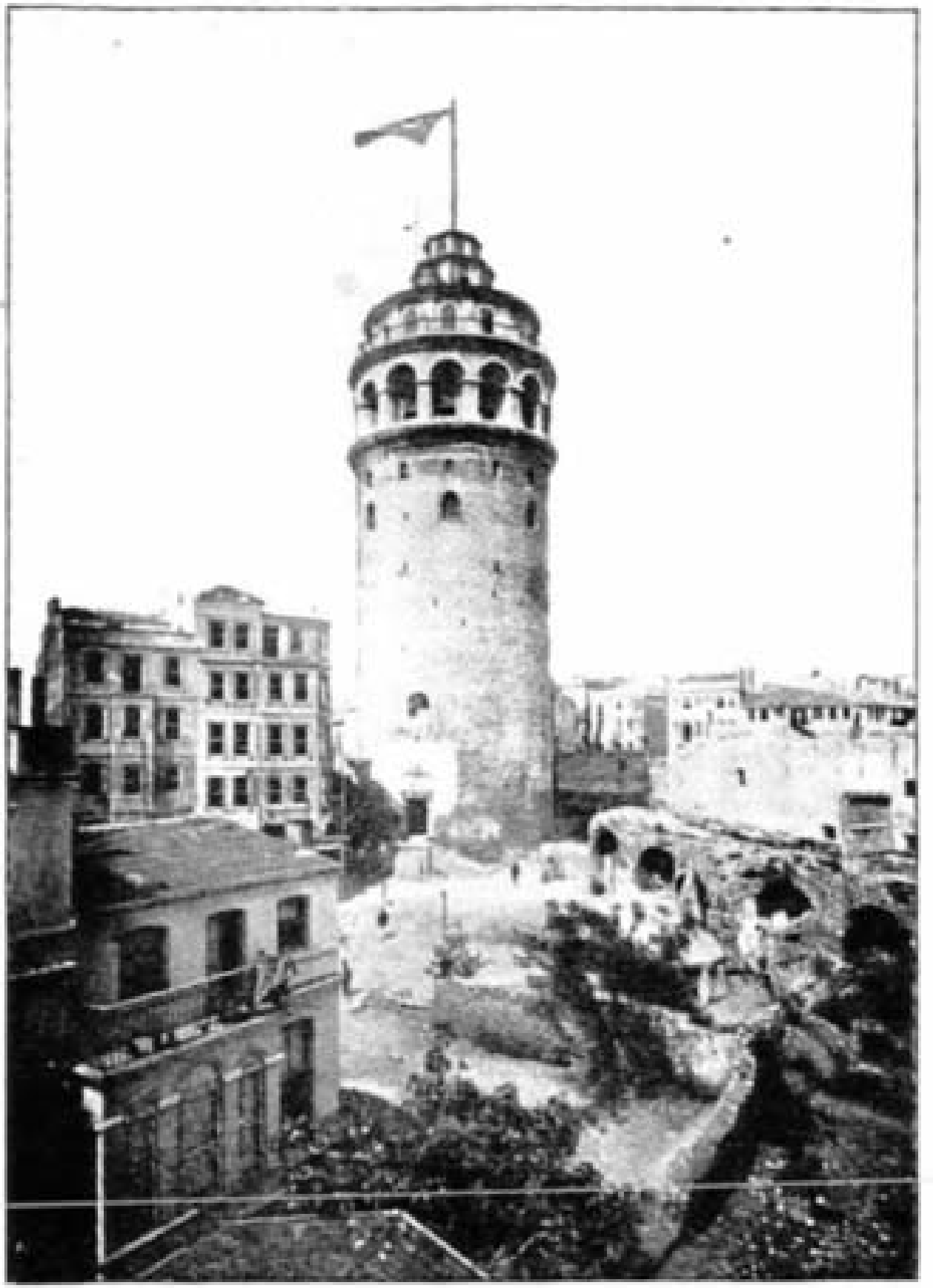


Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

ANCIENT SERVIAN MONASTERY



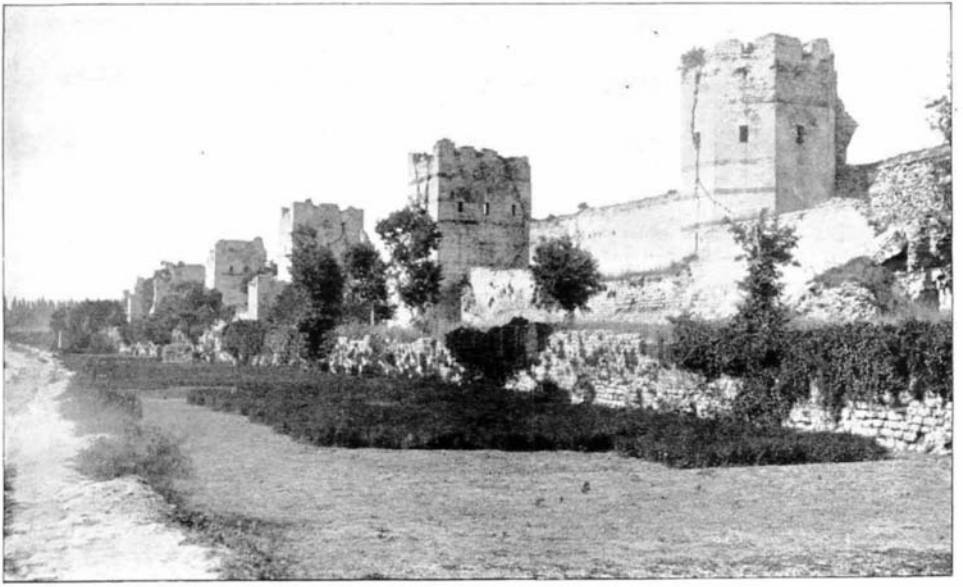
SERAGLIO POINT, CONSTANTINOPLE



THE GALATA TOWER, CONSTANTINOPLE

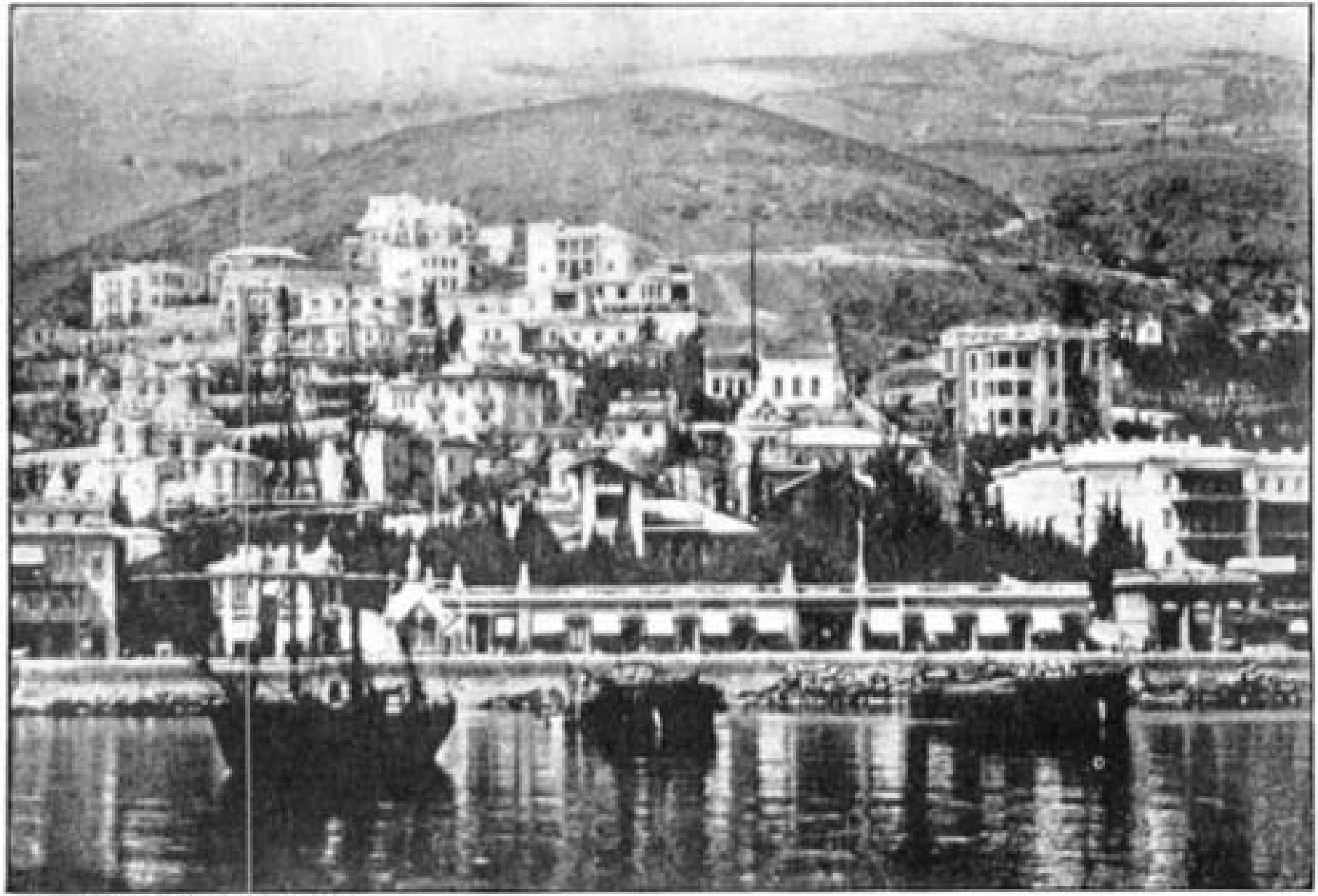
Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

A STREET IN BUCHAREST, ROUMANIA



THE ANCIENT WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

THE GALATA BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD STAMBOUL

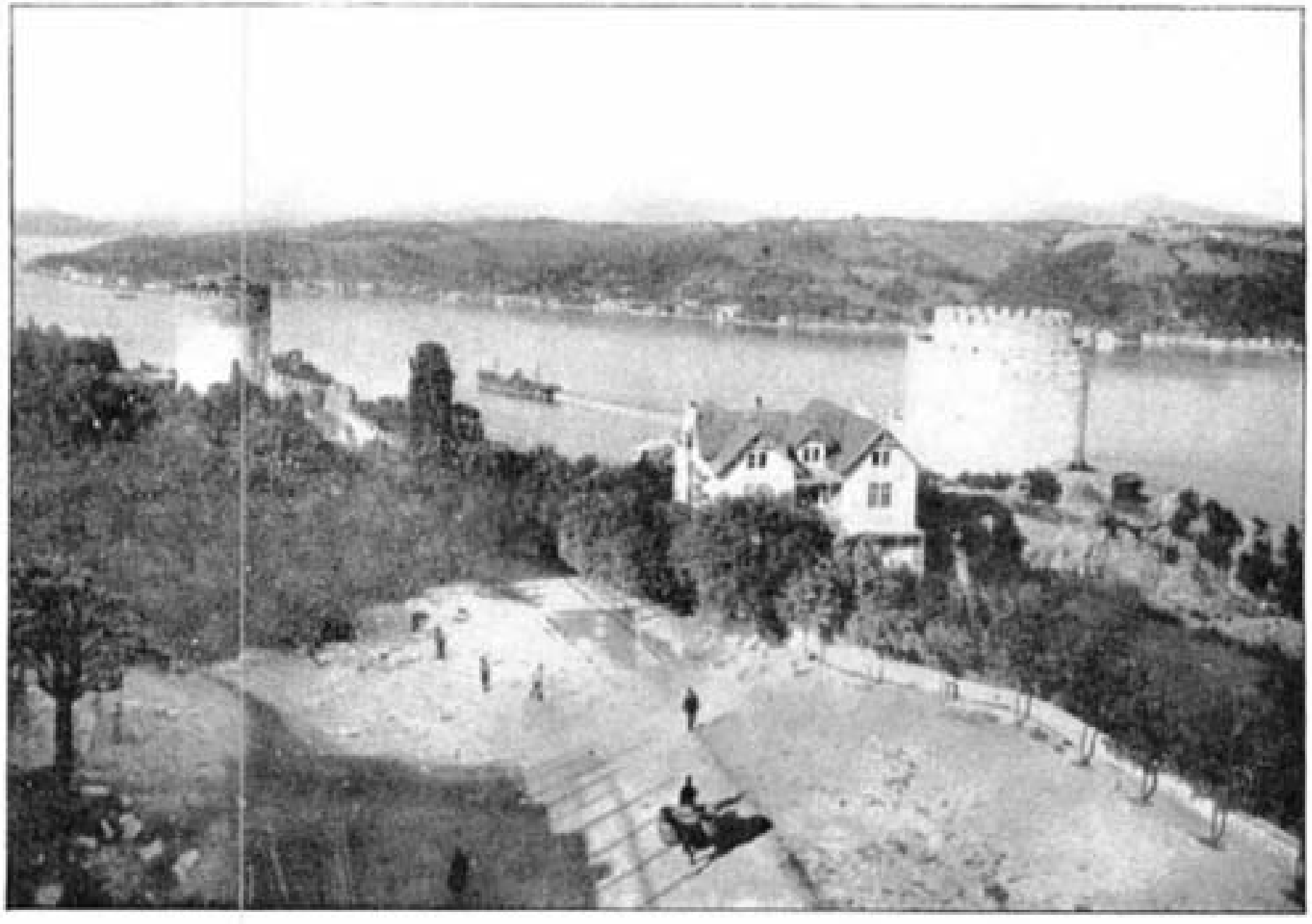


Courtesy John Lane Co.

YALTA, RUSSIA

INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

THE BOSPORUS, CONSTANTINOPLE



RUMELIA HISSAR AND THE BOSPORUS

minding us of Scottish links, covered with bent-grass and drifted by seaweed, extends to Marienlyst, a little fashionable bathing place embosomed in verdure. Here a Carmelite convent was founded by the wife of Eric IX., that Queen Philippa—daughter of Henry IV. of England—who successfully defended Copenhagen against the Hanseatic League, but was afterward beaten by her husband, because her ships were defeated at Stralsund, an indignity which drove her to a monastic life.

Hamlet's Grave and Ophelia's Brook are shown at Marienlyst, having been invented for anxious inquirers by the complaisant inhabitants. Alas! both were unknown to Andersen, who lived here in his childhood, and it is provoking to learn that Hamlet had really no especial connection with Elsinore, and was the son of a Jutland pirate in the insignificant island of Mors. But Denmark is the very home of picturesque stories, which are kept alive there by the ballad literature of the land, chiefly of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, but still known to rich and poor alike as in no other country. For hundreds of years these poetical histories have been the tunes to which, in winter, when no other exercise can be taken, people dance for hours, holding each other's hands in two lines, making three steps forward and backward, keeping time, balancing, or remaining still for a moment, as they sing one of their old ballads or its refrain.

STOCKHOLM*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

The Swedes are proud of Stockholm, and justly so. No European capital, except Constantinople, can boast such picturesque beauty of position, and none whatever affords so great a range of shifting yet ever lovely aspects. Travelers are fond of calling it, in the imitative nomenclature of commonplace, the "Venice of the North"—but it is no Venice. It is not that swan of the Adriatic, singing her death-song in the purple sunset, but a northern eaglet, nested on the islands and rocky shores of the pale green Mälar lake.

The city proper occupies three islands, which lie in the mouth of the narrow strait, by which the waters of the lake, after having come a hundred miles from the westward, and washed in their course the shores of thirteen hundred islands, pour themselves into the outer archipelago which is claimed by the Baltic Sea. On the largest of these islands, according to tradition, Agne, King of Sweden, was strangled with his own golden chain, by the Finnish princess Skiolfa, whom he had taken prisoner. This was sixteen hundred years ago, and a thousand years later, Birger Jarl, on the same spot, built the stronghold which was the seed out of which Stockholm has grown.

This island, and the adjoining Riddarholm, or Island of the Knights, contain all the ancient

*From "Northern Travel." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

historic landmarks of the city, and nearly all of its most remarkable buildings. The towers of the Storkyrka and the Riddarholm's Church lift themselves high into the air; the dark red mass of the Riddarhus, or House of Nobles, and the white turrets and quadrangles of the penitentiary are conspicuous among the old white, tile-roofed blocks of houses; while, rising above the whole, the most prominent object in every view of Stockholm, is the Royal Palace. This is one of the noblest royal residences in Europe. Standing on an immense basement terrace of granite, its grand quadrangle of between three and four hundred feet square, with wings (resembling, in general design, the Pitti Palace at Florence), is elevated quite above the rest of the city, which it crowns as with a mural diadem. The chaste and simple majesty of this edifice, and its admirable proportions, are a perpetual gratification to the eye, which is always drawn to it, as a central point, and thereby prevented from dwelling on inharmonious or unsightly features in the general view.

Splendid bridges of granite connect the island with the northern and southern suburbs, each of which is much greater in extent than the city proper. The palace fronts directly upon the Northern Bridge, the great thoroughfare of Stockholm, which leads to the Square of Gustavus Adolphus, flanked on either side by the palace of the Crown Prince and the Opera House. The northern suburb is the fashionable quarter, containing all the newest streets and the handsomest private residences. The ground rises gradually from the water, and as very

little attention is paid to grading, the streets follow the undulations of the low hills over which they spread, rising to the windmills on the outer heights and sinking into the hollows between. The southern suburb, however, is a single long hill, up the steep side of which the houses climb, row after row, until they reach the Church of St. Catherine, which crowns the very summit. In front of the city (that is eastward, and toward the Baltic), lie two other islands, connected by bridges with the northern suburb. Still beyond is the Djurgard, or Deer-Park, a singularly picturesque island, nearly the whole of which is occupied by a public park, and the summer villas of the wealthy Stockholmers. Its natural advantages are superior to those of any other park in Europe. Even in April, when there was scarcely a sign of spring, its cliffs of gray rock, its rolling lawns of brown grass, and its venerable oaks, with their iron trunks and gnarled, contorted boughs, with blue glimpses of ice-free water on all sides, attracted hundreds of visitors daily.

The houses are models of solidity and stability. They are all of stone, or brick stuccoed over, with staircases of stone or iron, wood being prohibited by law, and roofs of copper, slate or tiles. In fact, the Swedes have singularly luxurious ideas concerning roofs, spending much more money upon them, proportionately, than on the house itself. You even see wooden shanties with copper roofs, got up regardless of expense. The houses are well lighted (which is quite necessary in the dark streets), and supplied with double windows against the cold.

ALONG THE COAST FROM SWEDEN TO NORWAY*

BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

As my affairs called me to Stromstad (the frontier town of Sweden) on my way to Norway, I was to pass over, I heard, the most uncultivated part of the country. Still I believe that the grand features of Sweden are the same everywhere, and it is only the grand features that admit of description.

We arrived early the second evening at a little village called Quistram, where we had determined to pass the night, having been informed that we should not afterward find a tolerable inn until we reached Stromstad. Advancing toward Quistram, as the sun was beginning to decline, I was particularly imprest by the beauty of the situation. The road was on the declivity of a rocky mountain, slightly covered with a mossy herbage and vagrant firs. At the bottom, a river, straggling among the recesses of stone, was hastening forward to the ocean and its gray rocks, of which we had a prospect on the left; while on the right it stole peacefully forward

*From "Letters from Denmark, Sweden and Norway." Mary Wollstonecraft became the wife of William Godwin, the English critic who wrote "Caleb Williams" and other books. She was herself author of a book famous in its time, "Vindication of the Rights of Women." Their child, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, eloped with the poet Shelley, married him and was the author of "Frankenstein," another famous book of the period in which these two remarkable women lived.

into the meadows, losing itself in a rising ground.

Approaching the frontiers, consequently the sea, nature resumed an aspect ruder and ruder, or rather seemed the bones of the world waiting to be clothed with everything necessary to give life and beauty. Still it was sublime. The clouds caught their hue of the rocks that menaced them. The sun appeared afraid to shine, the birds ceased to sing, and the flowers to bloom; but the eagle fixt his nest high among the rocks, and the vulture hovered over this abode of desolation. The farm houses, in which only poverty resided, were formed of logs scarcely keeping off the cold and drifting snow; out of them the inhabitants seldom peeped, and the sports or prattling of children was neither seen or heard. The current of life seemed congealed at the source; all were not frozen, for it was summer, you remember; but everything appeared so dull that I waited to see ice, in order to reconcile me to the absence of gaiety.

The day before, my attention had frequently been attracted by the wild beauties of the country. The rocks which tossed their fantastic heads so high were often covered with pines and firs, varied in the most picturesque manner. Little woods filled up the recesses when forests did not darken the scene, and valleys and glens, cleared of the trees, displayed a dazzling verdure which contrasted with the gloom of the shading pines. The eye stole into many a covert where tranquillity seemed to have taken up her abode, and the number of little lakes that continually presented themselves added to the peaceful composure of the scenery.

Approaching nearer to Stromstad, the appearance of the town proved to be quite in character with the country we had just passed through. I hesitated to use the word country, yet could not find another; still it would sound absurd to talk of fields of rocks.

The town was built on and under them. Three or four weather-beaten trees were shrinking from the wind, and the grass grew so sparingly that I could not avoid thinking of Dr. Johnson's hyperbolical assertion "that the man merited well of his country who made a few blades of grass grow where they never grew before," might here have been uttered with strict propriety.

I rose early in the morning to prepare for my little voyage to Norway. I had determined to go by water, and was to leave my companions behind; but not getting a boat immediately, and the wind being high and unfavorable, I was told that it was not safe to go to sea during such boisterous weather; I was, therefore, obliged to wait for the morrow, and had the present day on my hands.

The gentlemen, wishing to peep into Norway, proposed going to Friedrichshall, the first town—the distance was only three Swedish miles. There and back again was but a day's journey, and would not, I thought, interfere with my voyage. I agreed, and invited the eldest and prettiest of the girls to accompany us. I invited her because I like to see a beautiful face animated by pleasure, and to have an opportunity of regarding the country, while the gentlemen were amusing themselves with her. I did

not know, for I had not thought of it, that we were to scale some of the most mountainous cliffs of Sweden in our way to the ferry which separates the two countries.

Entering among the cliffs, we were sheltered from the wind, warm sunbeams began to play, streams to flow, and groves of pines diversified the rocks. Sometimes they became suddenly bare and sublime. Once, in particular, after mounting the most terrific precipice, we had to pass through a tremendous defile, where the closing chasm seemed to threaten us with instant destruction, when, turning quickly, verdant meadows and a beautiful lake charmed my eyes. I had never traveled through Switzerland, but one of my companions assured me that I should not there find anything superior, if equal, to the wild grandeur of these views. . . .

Arriving at Fredericshall, at the siege of which Charles XII. lost his life,* we had only time to take a transient view of it while they were preparing us some refreshment. The evening was fine as is usual at this season, and the refreshing odor of the pine woods became more perceptible, for it was nine o'clock when we left Fredericshall. At the ferry we were detained by a dispute relative to our Swedish passport, which we did not think of getting countersigned in Norway. Midnight was coming on, yet it might with such propriety

*After his defeat at Pultava by Peter the Great, Charles escaped to Turkey. Five years later (1714) he returned to Sweden, losing his life at Fredericshall in 1718. Voltaire's life of Charles has long been a popular text-book for students of the French language.

have been termed the noon of night that, had Young ever traveled toward the north, I should not have wondered at his becoming enamored of the moon. But it is not the Queen of Night alone who reigns here in all her splendor, tho the sun, loitering just below the horizon, decks her with a golden tinge from his car, illuminating the cliffs that hide him; the heavens also, of a clear softened blue, throw her forward, and the evening star appears a smaller moon to the naked eye. The huge shadows of the rocks, fringed with firs, concentrating the views without darkening them, excited that tender melancholy which, sublimating the imagination, exalts rather than depresses the mind. . . .

We did not reach Stromstad before five in the morning. The wind had changed, and my boat was ready.

The sea was boisterous, but, as I had an experienced pilot, I did not apprehend any danger. Sometimes, I was told, boats are driven far out and lost. However, I seldom calculate chances so nicely—sufficient for the day is the obvious evil!

We had to steer among islands and huge rocks, rarely losing sight of the shore, tho it now and then appeared only a mist that bordered the water's edge. The pilot assured me that the numerous harbors on the Norway coast were very safe, and the pilot-boats were always on the watch. The Swedish side is very dangerous, I am also informed; and the help of experience is not often at hand to enable strange vessels to steer clear of the rocks, which lurk below the water close to the shore.

There are no tides here, nor in the Cattegate, and, what appeared to me a consequence, no sandy beach. Perhaps this observation has been made before; but it did not occur to me till I saw the waves continually beating against the rocks, without receding to leave a sediment to harden. The wind was fair, till we had to tack about in order to enter Laurvig, where we arrived toward three o'clock in the afternoon. It is a clean, pleasant town, with a considerable iron-work, which gives life to it.

I had to pass over, I was informed, the most fertile and best cultivated tract of country in Norway. The distance was three Norwegian miles, which are longer than the Swedish. The roads were very good; the farmers are obliged to repair them; and we scampered through a great extent of country in a more improved state than any I had viewed since I left England. Still there was sufficient of hills, dales, and rocks to prevent the idea of a plain from entering the head, or even of such scenery as England and France afford. The prospects were also embellished by water, rivers, and lakes before the sea proudly claimed my regard, and the road running frequently through lofty groves rendered the landscapes beautiful, tho they were not so romantic as those I had lately seen with such delight. It was late when I reached Tonsberg, and I was glad to go to bed at a decent inn.

CHRISTIANIA*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

After a mild custom-house visitation, not a word being said about passports, we stept ashore in Christiania, Norway, and were piloted by a fellow-passenger to the hotel, where an old friend awaited me. He who had walked with me in the colonnades of Karnak, among the sands of Kôm-Ombos, and under the palms of Philæ, was there to resume our old companionship on the bleak fjelds of Norway and on the shores of the Arctic Sea. We at once set about preparing for the journey. First, to the banker's, who supplied me with a sufficient quantity of small money for the post-stations on the road to Trondjem; then to a seller of "carrioles," of whom we procured three, at $36 apiece, to be resold to him for $24, at the expiration of two months; and then to supply ourselves with maps, posting-book, hammer, nails, rope, gimlets, and other necessary helps in case of a breakdown. The carriole ("carry-all," because it only carries one) is the national Norwegian vehicle, and deserves special mention. It resembles a reindeer-pulk, mounted on a pair of wheels, with long, flat, flexible ash shafts, and no springs. The seat, much like the stern of a canoe, and rather narrow for a traveler of large basis, slopes down into a trough for the feet, with a dashboard in front. Your single valise is strapped on a flat board behind, upon which

*From "Northern Travel." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

your postillion sits. The whole machine resembles an American sulky in appearance, except that it is springless, and nearly the whole weight is forward of the axle. We also purchased simple and strong harness, which easily accommodates itself to any horse.

Christiania furnishes a remarkable example of the progress which Norway has made under a free Constitution. In its signs of growth and improvement, the city reminds one of an American town. Its population has risen to 40,000, and tho inferior to Gottenburg in its commerce, it is only surpassed by Stockholm in size.* From the little nucleus of the old town, near the water, branch off handsome new streets, where you often come suddenly from stately three-story blocks upon the rough rock and meadow land. The broad "Carl-Johansgade," leading directly to the imposing white front of the Royal Palace, upon an eminence in the rear of the city, is worthy of any European capital. On the old market square is a very handsome market hall of brick, in semi-Byzantine style. The Norwegian Constitution is in almost all respects as free as that of any American State, and it is cheering to see what material well-being and solid progress have followed its adoption.

The environs of Christiania are remarkably beautiful. From the quiet basin of the fjord, which vanishes between blue, interlocking islands to the southward, the land rises gradually on all sides, speckled with smiling country-seats and farm-houses, which trench less and less on the dark evergreen forests as they recede, until

*The population of Christiania is now (1914) 244,000.

the latter keep their old dominion and sweep in unbroken lines to the summits of the mountains on either hand. The ancient citadel of Aggershus, perched upon a rock, commands the approach to the city, fine old linden trees rising above its white walls and tiled roofs; beyond, over the trees of the palace park, in which stand the new museum and university, towers the long palace-front, behind which commences a range of villas and gardens, stretching westward around a deep bight of the fjord, until they reach the new palace of Oscar-hall, on a peninsula facing the city. As we floated over the glassy water, in a skiff, on the afternoon following our arrival, watching the scattered sunglearns move across the lovely panorama, we found it difficult to believe that we were in the latitude of Greenland. The dark, rich green of the foliage, the balmy odors which filled the air, the deep blue of the distant hills and islands, and the soft, warm colors of the houses, all belonged to the south. Only the air, fresh without being cold, elastic, and exciting, but a delicious opiate, was wholly northern, and when I took a swim under the castle walls, I found that the water was northern, too. It was the height of summer, and the showers of roses in the gardens, the strawberries and cherries in the market, show that the summer's best gifts are still enjoyed here.

BERGEN*

BY SIR C. ANDERSON

It was near midnight before we got within the suburbs of Bergen. Here is undulating ground, with more wood, and villas shaded with trees. As we approached the city we met parties of men and women, some in carrioles and carts, others walking, coming out to spend the Sunday with their friends in the country; several of the young men had fiddles, others were singing, all very joyous and happy. It gave one a pleasant anticipation of the place; nor were we disappointed.

We found the streets quiet, and the watchmen reposing on painted garden chairs; the shop-windows, many of them without shutters, and the goods exposed and seen through the glass; but I was told robberies are very rare. Every house is built of wood, painted white, and covered with red tiles: by each is fixt a water-butt in case of fire. Drove to the hotel, but found it full; and also another; had we not met with a roving young mate of a vessel, we should have had to sleep in the streets. By his friendly assistance we got taken in at a restaurant and billiard-room, and passed the remainder of the night on two shake-downs in a loft; and the next day we got rooms at one of the hotels, with a beautiful view, over gardens, to a branch of the fjord, which runs upon two sides of a promontory, on which a portion of the town is built. The other branch forms the harbor, flanked on the northwest side by the

*From "An Eight Weeks' Journal in Norway."

old castle, the Marie kircha, and the long row of gabled warehouses, the relics of those times when Bergen was a Hanseatic town. . . .

There are no great riches in Bergen, and but little want. The people are a contented race; the merchants devote their mornings to the counting-house; but after their twelve o'clock dinner, there is little business for the rest of the day.* During the summer, they take short rest at night. Children are seen running about the streets till 10 P. M.; repose is taken after dinner; the pipe never fails, and a large proportion of the peasants and fishermen chew tobacco. It was pleasant to see the population enjoying themselves on the beautiful walks overlooking the sea, the horizon of which is concealed by rocky islands and mountains; every one seemed to be on a good understanding with his neighbor; the children were playing and tumbling on the new-mown hay, and the elderly people, in groups, smoking their pipes, or engaged in quiet gossip. The nurses in their high, black caps, and the gay ribbons and lace of the maid servants which smack of Copenhagen, and the red bodices of the country-women, add gaiety to the scene. There is a tea-garden at the back of the old castle, in a grove on a hill, where an old king is said to be buried; it is called Sverrersberg. The people are more primitive than the inhabitants of Christiania, more isolated, from their position, and satisfied with less exciting amusements. . . .

The fish-market down at the quays is curious to see, and still more to hear. Billingsgate can

*In midsummer it is not dark in Bergen until 11 o'clock.

hardly give forth shriller sounds, than the matrons and maidens of Bergen bargaining with the fishermen who sit in their boats, with the salmon and other fish exposed to view, while the women bid against each other, shrieking at the top of their lungs; the men wait with the utmost coolness, till it suits them to close their bargain. Near the fish-market are moored the "jagts," fishing-boats peculiar to Nordland, said to be of the same build as the ancient vessels in which the Norse Vikings used to sail, and their lofty prows to be the remnant of the snake's head which adorned them. These vessels were called sea-orms, and dragês, or dragons, doubtless with reference to their figure-head.

It is interesting to trace this relic that that great verity—the fall of man by the serpent—surviving through ages of idolatry and heathenism, and perpetuated after the introduction of Christianity down to the present time; for the dragons' heads on the roof of the church of Borgund, the interlacing of serpents and dragons with the foliage in the carved work, and the snakes' heads on the hames of the harness, and on rings and silver ornaments, are evidently derived from the same source. As a proof how long patterns will last, the shape and details of the embossed shields of the bronze age are closely adhered to, in the present silver brooches of Telemarken, and the carving on the wooden spoons and beakers now, is almost identical with the flowing patterns of the third and fourth centuries. . . .

We saw the castle. The tower is a curious structure, supposed to have been built originally

by Haco Haconson, about the time of our Athelstan; but I should doubt it being nearly so old. It has been altered by one of the Rosencrantz family, who was governor of Bergen during the time of the Danish Dynasty.

BY SEA FROM BERGEN TO STAVANGER AND CHRISTIANIA*

BY SIR C. ANDERSON

I prepared for my solitary return from Bergen by the steamer. I met at dinner a young man traveling for a cutler's house in Sheffield, a favorable specimen of his class; he spoke the language fluently after five months' residence. Bathed, and after coffee went on board; found clean beds and neat vessel; watched the boats plying about the ship; several small sloops were tacking out with the evening breeze; the red glow of sunset lighting up their sails, gleaming on the white dwellings and warehouses of the city, and reddening the snowy breasts of the gulls as they flapped to and fro, prying with curious eye into the blue water. About midnight weighed anchor; steered by Bakken and Strands fjord. . . .

Touched at Mosterhaun; the Rector Holmboe landed at this little cure. He wore a black coat, a brown waistcoat, and had a large pipe in his pocket; a venerable looking man. The church is said to be the oldest in Norway, built by Haco

*From "An Eight Weeks' Journal in Norway."

Haconson; it is a small building, with nave and chancel, and no tower. I could only perceive with the glass one small round-headed window now blocked up; it is lighted by two wooden windows divided into compartments like those called Elizabethan; the door is concealed by the porch; it is whitewashed and tiled; as we did not land, this account is superficial. Passed Bomelhaun, Hougsund, several rocky islets with trees and farms, and saw cattle reposing close to the edge of the sea. Koppervik; afterward passed Utsteen Kloster, and saw with the glass some remains, which may be worth a nearer inspection.

The mountains at the back of Stavanger present a fine outline, and there must be picturesque scenery in the adjacent valleys; here we stopt a few hours, and saw the domkirk, an interesting building; it is much larger than any church at Bergen or Christiania; the nave has six round arches, with massive, round piers; a pointed doorway is inserted in the west front; two rich, round doorways to the north and south; a small and rather clumsy arch leads into the chancel, which is of excellent early decorations, with a good vaulting, and beautiful windows; it is of gray veeksteen, and is free from whitewash, as also is the exterior, an immunity rarely permitted in Norway, where a predilection for whitewash exists, which I have observed in most mountainous countries, and think it may arise from a wish to make houses, villages, and towns, having a hilly background, conspicuous to travelers at a distance. The side windows in the chancel are of two lights, and have alternately a hexa-

gon and a circle above the heads of the lights; the east window has four lights with three circles above, within which are six cusps; above, in the gable, is a circle with eight cusps; in the interior is a pretty crocket of stone at the foot of the steps leading to the roof loft; this church is much disfigured by pews and galleries; the floor is partly wood and partly stone, that of the side aisles is not better than a rough street pavement; the two towers are raised upon the ends of the aisles on each side of the east window, and the upper part of both is modern; they have high, pitched roofs, hardly amounting to spires. On each side of the church I observed what seemed to be small portions of the old conventual buildings.

Stavanger contains about 8,000 inhabitants;* there is, I was told, a small society of Quakers here, but they do not increase. Ships are built here. The adjacent country seems rocky and barren, and the islands almost wholly of rock, curiously rounded, as if it had been rubbed or ground down. From Stavanger, we sailed to Ekkersund; the sea as calm as a mirror; passed Flekkifjord in the night, where was landed an officer going to take the command in the place of a senior deceased; he told me the Norwegian regular army consists of 12,000 men, and the landvaer, or militia, of about the same number. . . .

After that, the port of Mandal, a singularly situated little place among the granite rocks which come out of the sea on all sides, never rising very high, but forming excellent coves and har-

*It now (1914) has about 30,000.

bors for shelter; most of these rocks have loose stones, some of considerable size, either diluvial, or placed there by some early people; some were like rocking stones. Nyhellerssund and Flekkero are curious places on rocks of the same character, with stave-built houses on the very edge of the water, having wooden gangways from one to another; so barren are the rocks, that earth is brought and put into boxes, and you see peas and flowers, etc., planted in these portable gardens; many of the houses appear comfortable; here pilots and fishermen live, and an Englishman named Russell, a lobster purveyor.

In the afternoon the wind freshened, and we had some sea, when not sheltered by islands. Before arriving at Christiansand,* we passed a villa on the left, belonging to Ohle Buhl, the violinist. We anchored in Christiansand harbor about seven. Here we had to change steamers; the boatman who took me on shore was very indignant because I gave him more than his regular fare, and returned the surplus; and the porter who took my bag to the inn was as wroth because I gave him less. . . .

A picturesque mill and sea view at the entrance to Christiansand. On going into the cathedral, I found the pastor in the vestry, instructing a large number of boys, from nine to eighteen, who were sitting on benches ranged round the room. This catechetical teaching and preparation for the first communion is made by the Lutheran church an important feature in the education of that

*The most southerly town in Norway, as Hammerfest is the most northerly.

class of young men, who, in this country, after they go out to service, are almost entirely neglected, and this careful training from the age of twelve till manhood, once or twice a week, is the key to that civilized demeanor which characterizes a large portion of the Norwegian youth of the middle and lower class, whose manners are superior to those of the same class in England. There is a handsome screen in the church, and brass balustrades round the altar. About noon we embarked on board a coasting steamer for Christiania, the screw in which we had come from Bergen proceeding from hence to Hamburg.

THE HARDANGER FJORD*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

We at last came upon a little lake, in a close glen with walls 1,000 feet high. Not suspecting that we had ascended much above the sea-level, we were surprized to see the gorge all at once open below us, revealing a dark-blue lake, far down among the mountains. We stood on the brink of a wall, over which the stream at our side fell in a "hank" of divided cataracts. Our road was engineered with great difficulty to the bottom of the steep, whence a gentler descent took us to the hamlet of Vasenden, at the head of the lake. Beyond this there was no road for carrioles, and

*From "Northern Travel." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Hardanger Fjord lies in the southwestern part of Norway and is one of the grandest in the country.

we accordingly gave ours in charge of a bright, active, and intelligent little post-master, twelve years old. He and his mother then rowed us across the lake to the village of Graven, whence there was a bridle-road across the mountains to a branch of the Hardanger Fjord. They demanded only twelve skillings (ten cents) for the row of three miles, and then posted off to a neighboring farmhouse to engage horses for us.

There was a neat white dwelling on the hill, which we took to be the parsonage, but which proved to be the residence of an army captain on leave, whom we found sitting in the door, cleaning his gun, as we approached. He courteously ushered us into the house, and made his appearance soon afterward in a clean shirt, followed by his wife, with wine and cakes upon a tray. I found him to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and of an earnest and reflective turn of mind, rare in men of his profession. . . .

After waiting a considerable time, we obtained two horses and a strapping farmer's son for guide. The fellow was delighted to find where we came from, and was continually shouting to the people in the fields: "Here, these are Americans; they were born there!" whereat the people stared, saluted, and then stared again. He shouldered our packs and marched beside the horses with the greatest ease. "You are strong," I remarked. "Yes," he replied, "I am a strong Normand," making his patriotism an excuse for his personal pride. We had a terribly tough pull up the mountain, through fine woods, to the summit level of the fjeld. The view backward, over the lake, was enchanting and we lingered long on the steep,

loth to lose it. Turning again, a desolate lake lay before us, heathery swells of the bleak table-land and distant peaks, touched with snow. Once upon the broad, level summit of a Norwegian fjeld, one would never guess what lovely valleys lie under those misty breaks which penetrate its stony heart. There are, in fact, two Norways: one above—a series of detached, irregular masses, bleak, snowy, wind-swept and heather-grown, inhabited by herdsmen and hunters; and one below—a ramification of narrow veins of land and water, with fields and forests, highways and villages.

So, when we had traversed the upper land for several miles, we came to a brink overlooking another branch of the lower land, and descended through thick woods to the farms of Ulvik, on the Eyfjord, an arm of the Hardanger. The shores were gloriously beautiful; slopes of dazzling turf inclosed the bright, blue water, and clumps of oak, ash, and linden, in park-like groups, studded the fields. Low, red farmhouses, each with its hollow square of stables and granaries, dotted the hillsides, and the people, male and female, were everywhere out reaping the ripe barley and piling it pillar-wise, upon tall stakes. Owing to this circumstance we were obliged to wait some time for oarsmen. There was no milk to be had, nor, indeed, anything to eat notwithstanding the signs of plenty on all sides. My friend, wandering from house to house, at last discovered an old man, who brought him a bowl of mead in exchange for a cigar. Late in the afternoon two men came, put us into a shabby and leaky boat, and pulled away slowly for Vik, ten miles distant.

The fjord was shut in by lofty and abrupt

mountains, often interrupted by deep lateral gorges. This is the general character of the Hardanger Fjord, a broad, winding sheet of water, with many arms, but whose extent is diminished to the eye by the grandeur of its shores. Nothing can be wilder or more desolate than this scenery, especially at the junction of the two branches, where all signs of habitation are shut out of sight, and one is surrounded by mighty precipices of dark red rock, vanishing away to the eastward in a gloomy defile. It was three hours and a half before we reached Vik, at the head of a bay on the southern side.

We were now but eight miles from the Vöring-Foss, and set out betimes the next morning, taking with us a bottle of red wine, some dry bread, and a guide. We walked across the birch-wooded isthmus behind Vik to the Eyfjordsvand, a lake about three miles long, which completely cuts off the further valley, the mountains on either side falling to it in sheer precipices 1,000 feet high.

We embarked in a crazy, leaky boat, and went down to the other end of the lake, where, in the midst of a little valley of rich alluvial soil, covered with patches of barley and potatoes, stood the hamlet of Sæbö. Here we entered the mouth of a sublime gorge which opened to the eastward —a mere split in the mighty ramparts of the Hardanger Fjeld. We ascended the defile by a rough footpath, at first through alder thickets, but afterward over immense masses of rocky ruin, which had tumbled from the crags far above and almost blocked up the valley. For silence, desolation, and awful grandeur, this defile equals any of the Alpine passes. In the spring, when the

rocks, split by wedges of ice, disengage themselves from the summit, and thunder down upon the piled wrecks of ages, it must be terribly sublime. A bridge consisting of two logs spanned across abutments of loose stones, and vibrating strongly under our tread, took us over the torrent.

Our road, for some distance was a mere staircase, scrambling up, down, under, over, and between the chaos of sundered rocks. A little further, and the defile shut in altogether, forming a "cul de sac" of apparently perpendicular walls, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. "How are we to get out of this?" I asked the guide. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the inaccessible summit in front. "But where does the stream come from?" "That you will soon see." Lo! all at once a clean split from top to bottom disclosed itself in the wall on our left, and in passing its mouth we had a glimpse up the monstrous chasm, whose dark blue sides, falling sheer 3,000 feet, vanished at the bottom in eternal gloom and spray.

Crossing the stream again, we commenced ascending over the débris of stony avalanches, the path becoming steeper and steeper, until the far-off summit almost hung over our heads. It was now a zigzag ladder, roughly thrown together, but very firm. The red mare which my friend rode climbed it like a cat, never hesitating, even at an angle of 50 degrees, and never making a false step. The performance of this noble animal was almost incredible. I should never have believed a horse capable of such gymnastics, had I not seen it with my own eyes, had I not mounted her myself at the most difficult points, in order to test her powers. . . .

We were now on the great plateau of the Hardanger Fjeld, 2,500 feet above the sea. A wild region lay before us—great swells, covered with heather, sweeping into the distance and given up to solitude and silence. A few isolated peaks, streaked with snow, rose from this upper level; and a deep break on our left revealed the top of the chasm through which the torrent made its way. At its extremity, a mile or more distant, rose a light cloud of vapor, seeming close at hand in the thin mountain air. The thick, spongy soil, not more than two feet deep, rests on a solid bed of rock—the entire Hardanger Fjeld, in fact, is but a single rock—and is therefore always swampy. Whortleberries were abundant, as well as the mulberry, which I have found growing in Newfoundland; and the guide, running off on the hunt of them, was continually leading us astray. But at last we approached the wreath of whirling spray, and heard the hollow roar of the Vöring-Foss. The great chasm yawned before us; another step, and we stood on the brink. I seized the branch of a tough pine sapling as a support and leaned over. My head did not swim; the height was too great for that, the impression too grand and wonderful. The shelf of rock on which I stood projected far out over a gulf 1,200 feet deep, whose opposite side rose in one great escarpment from the bottom to a height of 800 feet above my head. On this black wall, wet with eternal spray, was painted a splendid rainbow, forming two-thirds of a circle before it melted into the gloom below. A little stream fell in one long thread of silver from the very summit, like a plumb-line dropt to measure the 2,000 feet.

On my right hand the river, coming down from the level of the fjeld in a torn, twisted, and boiling mass, reached the brink of the gulf at a point about 400 feet below me, whence it fell in a single sheet to the bottom, a depth of between 800 and 900 feet.

Could one view it from below, this fall would present one of the grandest spectacles in the world. In height, volume of water, and sublime surroundings it has no equal. The spectator, however, looks down upon it from a great height above its brink, whence it is so foreshortened that he can only guess its majesty and beauty. By lying upon your belly and thrusting your head out beyond the roots of the pines, you can safely peer into the dread abyss, and watch, through the vortex of whirling spray in its tortured womb, the starry coruscations which radiate from the bottom of the fall, like rockets of water incessantly exploding.

TRONDJEM, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

On July 25 we left Christiania for Trondjem —the whole journey of three hundred and sixty miles being comfortable, and only costing 30 francs. Toward sunset, beyond the deep cleft in which the river Nid runs between lines of old, painted, wooden warehouses, rises the burial-place of St. Olaf, the shrine of Scandinavian Christianity, the stumpy-towered cathedral of Trondjem, the

*From "Sketches in Holland and Scandinavia."

most northern railway station and the most northern cathedral in Europe.

Surely the cradle of Scandinavian Christianity is one of the most beautiful places in the world! No one had ever told us about it, and we went there only because it is the old Trondjem of sages and ballads, and expecting a wonderful and beautiful cathedral. But the whole place is a dream of loveliness, so exquisite in the soft, silvery morning light on the fjord and delicate mountain ranges, the rich, nearer hills covered with bilberries and breaking into steep cliffs —that one remains in a state of transport, which is at a climax while all is engraven upon an opal sunset sky, when an amethystine glow spreads over the mountains, and when ships and buildings meet their double in the still, transparent water. Each wide street of curious, low, wooden houses displays a new vista of sea, of rocky promontories, of woods dipping into the water; and at the end of the principal street is the gray, massive cathedral where St. Olaf is buried, and where northern art and poetry have exhausted their loveliest and most pathetic fancies around the grave of the national hero.

The "Cathedral Garden," for so the graveyard is called, is most touching. Acres upon acres of graves are all kept—not by officials, but by the families they belong to—like gardens. The tombs are embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and each little green mound has its own vase for cut-flowers daily replenished, and a seat for the survivors, which is daily occupied, so that the link between the dead and the living is never broken.

Christianity was first established in Norway at the end of the tenth century by King Olaf Trygveson, son of Trygve and of the lady Astrida, whose romantic adventures, when sold as a slave after her husband's death, are the subject of a thousand stories. When Olaf succeeded to the throne of Norway after the death of Hako, son of Sigurd, in 996, he proclaimed Christianity throughout his dominions, heard matins daily himself, and sent out missionaries through his dominions. The ardor of the chieftains for paganism was cooled, and they allowed Olaf unhindered to demolish the great statue of Thor, covered with gold and jewels, in the center of the province of Trondjem, where he founded the city then called Nidaros, upon the river Nid.

Olaf Trygveson had a godson Olaf, son of Harald Grenske and Asta, who had the nominal title of king given to all sea captains of royal descent. From his twelfth year, Olaf Haraldsen was a pirate, and he headed the band of Danes who destroyed Canterbury and murdered St. Elphege—a strange feature in the life of one who has been himself regarded as a saint since his death. By one of the strange freaks of fortune common in those times, this Olaf Haraldsen gained a great victory over the chieftain Sweyn, who then ruled at Nidaros, and, chiefly through the influence of Sigurd Syr, a great northern landowner who had become the second husband of his mother, he became seated in 1016 upon the throne of Norway. His first care was for the restoration of Christianity, which had fallen into decadence in the sixteen years which had elapsed since the defeat of

Olaf Trygveson. The second Olaf imitated the violence and cruelty of his predecessor. Whenever the new religion was rejected, he beheaded or hung the delinquents. In his most merciful moments he mutilated and blinded them; "he did not spare one who refused to serve God." After fourteen years of unparalleled cruelties in the name of religion, he fell in battle with Canute the Great* at the Sticklestadt.

Around the shrine of Olaf in Trondjem, in which, in spite of Harald Hardrada, his "incorrupt body" was seen more than five hundred years after his death, has arisen the most beautiful of northern cathedrals, originating in a small chapel built over his grave within ten years after his death. The exquisite color of its green-gray stone adds greatly to the general effect of the interior, and to the delicate sculpture of its interlacing arches. From the ambulatory behind the choir opens a tiny chamber containing the well of St. Olaf, of rugged yellow stone, with the holes remaining in the pavement through which the dripping water ran away when the buckets were set down. . . .

In the wide street which leads from the sea to the cathedral is the "Coronation House," the wooden palace in which the kings and queens of Sweden and Norway stay when they come hither to be crowned.

*King of England, Denmark and Norway. Canute, however, did not lose his life in this battle. He died at Shaftesbury, England, and was buried at Winchester.

TO THE NORTH CAPE*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

The increased coldness of the air at night indicated our approach to the Arctic Circle. I was surprized at the amount of business done at the little stations where we touched. Few of these contained a dozen houses, yet the quantity of passengers and freight which we discharged and took on board, at each, could only be explained by the fact that these stations are generally outlets for a tolerably large population, hidden in the valleys and fjords behind, which the steamer does not visit. Bleak and desolate as the coast appears, the back country has its fertile districts—its pasture-ground, its corn-land and forests, of which the voyager sees nothing, and thus might be led to form very erroneous conclusions. . . .

My friend aroused me at five in the morning to see the Seven Sisters—seven majestic peaks, 4,000 feet high, and seated closely side by side, with their feet in the sea. They all wore nightcaps of gray fog, and had a sullen and sleepy air. I imagined they snored, but it was a damp wind driving over the rocks. They were northern beauties, hard-featured and large-boned, and I would not give a graceful southern hill, like Monte Albano or the Paphian Olympus, for the whole of them. So I turned in again, and did not awake until the sun had dried the decks, and the split, twisted and contorted forms of

*From "Northern Travel." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the islands gave promise of those remarkable figures which mark the position of the Arctic Circle. There was already a wonderful change in the scenery. The islands were high and broken, rising like towers and pyramids from the water, and grouped together in the most fantastic confusion. Between their jagged pinnacles, and through their sheer walls of naked rock, we could trace the same formation among the hills of the mainland, while in the rear, white against the sky, stretched the snowy table-land which forms a common summit for all. One is bewildered in the attempt to describe such scenery. There is no central figure, no prevailing character, no sharp contrasts, which may serve as a guide whereby to reach the imagination of the reader. All is confused, disordered, chaotic. One begins to understand the old Norse myth of these stones being thrown by the devil in a vain attempt to prevent the Lord from finishing the world. . . .

A voyage of four hours across the West Fjord brought us to the little village of Balstad, at the southern end of West Vaagöe. The few red, sod-roofed houses were built upon a rocky point, behind which were some patches of bright green pasture, starred with buttercups, overhung by a splendid peak of dark red rock, two thousand feet in height. It was a fine frontispiece to the Lofoden scenery which now opened before us. Running along the coast of West and East Vaagöe, we had a continual succession of the wildest and grandest pictures—thousand-feet precipices, with turrets and needles of rock piercing the sky, dazzling snow-fields, leaking

away in cataracts which filled the ravines with foam, and mazes of bald, sea-worn rocks, which seem to have been thrown down from the scarred peaks in some terrible convulsion of nature. Here and there were hollows, affording stony pasturage for a few sheep and cows, and little wooden fisher-huts stood on the shore in the arms of sheltered coves.

We sailed, in the lovely nocturnal sunshine, through the long, river-like channel—the Rasksund, I believe, it is called—between the islands of East-Vaagöe and Hindöe, the largest of the Lofodens. For a distance of fifteen miles the strait was in no place more than a mile in breadth, while it was frequently less than a quarter. The smooth water was a perfect mirror, reflecting on one side the giant cliffs, with their gorges choked with snow, their arrowy pinnacles and white lines of falling water—on the other, hills turfed to the summit with emerald velvet, sprinkled with pale groves of birch and alder, and dotted, along their bases, with the dwellings of the fishermen. It was impossible to believe that we were floating on an arm of the Atlantic—it was some unknown river, or a lake high up among the Alpine peaks. The silence of these shores added to the impression. Now and then a white sea-gull fluttered about the cliffs, or an eider duck paddled across some glassy cove, but no sound was heard; there was no sail on the water, no human being on the shore. . . .

On issuing from the strait, we turned southward into the great Porsanger Fjord, which stretches nearly a hundred miles into the heart of Lap-

land, dividing Western from Eastern Finmark. Its shores are high, monotonous hills, half covered with snow, and barren of vegetation, except patches of grass and moss. If once wooded, like the hills of the Alten Fjord, the trees have long since disappeared, and now nothing can be more bleak and desolate. The wind blew violently from the east, gradually lifting a veil of gray clouds from the cold, pale sky, and our slow little steamer with jib and fore-topsail set, made somewhat better progress. Toward evening (if there is such a time in the arctic summer), we reached Kistrand, the principal settlement on the fjord. It has eight or nine houses, scattered along a gentle slope a mile in length, and a little, red church, but neither gardens, fields, nor potato patches. A strip of grazing ground before the principal house was yellow with dandelions, the slope behind showed patches of browning-green grass, and above this melancholy attempt at summer stretched the cold, gray, snow-streaked ridge of the hill. Two boats, manned by sea-Lapps, with square blue caps, and long, ragged locks of yellow hair fluttering in the wind, brought off the only passenger and the mails, and we put about for the mouth of the fjord. . . .

It was now eleven o'clock, and Sværholt glowed in fiery bronze luster as we rounded it, the eddies of returning birds gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of beech leaves in the October air. Far to the north, the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose-

color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden gray.

The sea now showed itself a web of pale slate-color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. The headlands of this deeply indented coast—the capes of the Laxe and Porsanger Fjords, and of Magerŏe—lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory. Far to the northeast was Nordkyn, the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming rosily and faint in the full beams of the sun, and just as our watches denoted midnight the North Cape appeared to the westward—a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of nine hundred feet in height to the Polar Sea. Midway between those two magnificent headlands stood the Midnight Sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both—but shining at the same moment, in the heat and splendor of noonday, on the Pacific Isles. This was the midnight sun as I had dreamed it—as I had hoped to see it.

V

THE BALKANS

BELGRADE, THE SERVIAN CAPITAL*

BY HARRY DE WINDT

At daybreak on a glorious April morning we reached Belgrade, and as the train clattered across the iron bridge which separates it from the town of Semlin in Austrian territory, I have seldom looked upon a fairer picture than that of the "White City," shining like a pearl through the silvery mists of sunrise. Mackenzie was enraptured with the scene, and remarked that the Servian capital must, indeed, be "a bonny spot," until I warned him that "distance lends enchantment," and that recollections of my last visit here were anything but pleasant ones. But nearly thirty years had now elapsed since Servia last fought to free herself from the yoke of the unspeakable Turk.† In those days Belgrade contained perhaps thirty thousand inhabitants,‡ and was unlinked by a ribbon of steel with civilized Europe.

A tedious river journey brought you, from east

*From "Through Savage Europe." Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

†The war of 1877.

‡The population has since risen to above 80,000.

or west, to a squalid, eastern-looking town with ramshackle buildings and unsavory streets. The chief thoroughfare was generally a sea of mud, altho Princess Nathalie (afterward Queen of Servia) might be seen there daily, rain or shine, the royal barouche plowing axle-deep through mire and splashing its fair and elaborately gowned occupant. This was then the only drivable road, which signified little, as carriages were so few and far between. A truly dreary place was Belgrade in the seventies, for everything was primitive, dirty, and comfortless. In those days the best inn was a caravansary, chiefly occupied by Russian volunteers, cavaliers of fortune, who swarmed into the country long before war had been officially declared.

Every night the gloomy restaurant was crowded with these free lances, and bad champagne and fiery vodka flowed freely, while painted Jezebels from Vienna cackled songs in bad French to the accompaniment of a cracked piano. Never had this remote Servian city witnessed such orgies, for many of these Russian allies had money to burn. They were of all ranks, from dandified guardsmen in search of fame, to wild-eyed, ragged Cossacks with an eye to loot—and other things. It was a reckless, undisciplined horde, eyed askance by civilians with pretty wives, and cordially detested by Servian warriors who, much as they love to sport a uniform, strongly object to being shot for disgracing it. . . .

Rip Van Winkle, after his long sleep in the Catskills, can scarcely have been more astonished at the altered appearance of his native village than I was at the marvelous improvements which less

than thirty years have worked in Belgrade. In 1876 a dilapidated Turkish fortress frowned down upon a maze of buildings, little better than mud-huts, and unpaved, filthy streets. To-day it seemed like a dream to be whirled away from the railway station in a neat fiacre, along spacious boulevards, with well-drest crowds and electric cars, to a luxurious hotel. Here were gold-laced porters, lifts, and even a Winter Garden, where a delicious déjeûner (cooked by a Frenchman) awaited me.

Everything is now up to date in this city of murder and mystery, for only two landmarks are left of the old city—the cathedral and citadel, over which now floats the tricolor of Servia. Of course, ancient portions of the place still exist, with low-eaved, vine-trellised houses, cobbled streets, and quiet squares, recalling some sleepy provincial town in France; but these are now mere suburbs, peopled by the poorer classes, along the banks which form the junction of the Danube and Save. Modern Belgrade is bisected by the Teratsia, a boulevard, over a mile in length, of fine buildings, overtopped, about midway, by the golden domes of the new palace. This is the chief thoroughfare, and here are the principal hotels, private residences, and shops, which latter, toward evening, blaze with electric light. The Teratsia then becomes a fashionable promenade, and smart carriages, brilliant uniforms, and Vienna toilettes add to the gaiety of the scene.

Servia is lavish in uniforms, most of them more suggestive of opera-bouffe than modern warfare. From dawn till midnight the streets and cafés swarm with officers, who apparently have little to

do but show themselves to a rather unappreciative public. . . .

Nearly every Servian I met in Belgrade spoke at least three languages (one of them invariably French); altho in the provinces a stranger unacquainted with the Servian tongue fares badly. Servians, of all classes, are the politest people in the world, who will always go out of their way to assist a stranger. I once inquired my way of a policeman, and he accompanied me for at least a quarter of a mile to put me on the right road. Belgrade is now essentially a modern city, and the traveler is therefore apt to find it outwardly dull and prosaic after the towns he has visited on his way up from the Adriatic. This is partly due to an absence of color. In Bosnia and Bulgaria bright and picturesque native costumes are continually met with (in Montenegro you rarely see anything else), but the people of Belgrade, with their tailor-made gowns and stove-pipe hats, might have walked straight out of Regent Street.

There is no aristocracy in the English sense of the word in Servia. How should there be when less than a century ago the ruler of the country was a pig-drover who could not sign his own name? On the other hand, the wealthier class of Servians have intermarried with the best families in Austria and other nations, and the result is a so-called "society," which, tho somewhat cosmopolitan in character, according to English ideas, is to an outsider rather novel and attractive.

BUCHAREST AND ROUMANIA*

BY HENRY M. FIELD

Whether Bucharest quite deserves the name of the Paris of the East, one quickly perceives the Parisian touch and color in this as in many other European capitals, and even in Africa, from Algiers to Cairo. It is a city in which the Orient meets the Occidental. The cause of this predominance of French manners and French ideas, is easily discovered. The richer classes in Roumania travel a good deal; they make the European tour, and becoming fascinated by the gaieties of Paris, linger longer there than anywhere else. Hence Paris, with its mingling of all nations, has always a considerable representation of Roumanians, who, with much that is good which they bring home—such as liberal political ideas, or a scientific education, for which no capital of Europe affords better opportunities—bring home also its luxuries and frivolities; ape French fashions in dress and in style of living; must have their French theater and opera; lay out the new parts of their capital in the French style, and build their more pretentious houses after the French architecture. A stranger who sees the number of gay equipages turning out for a drive in their favorite park, might fancy he was seeing a turnout for the Bois de Boulogne; and if at evening he saunters along the brilliantly lighted streets, and looks in at the shops and cafés, and

*From "The Greek Islands and Turkey After the War." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1883.

observes how much of the conversation is in French, he may easily imagine himself on the Boulevards. . . .

Of the society of Bucharest, a stranger can know but little; but one can not doubt that in a city of 250,000 inhabitants,* the capital of a kingdom of five millions, there must be—in the official classes, those connected with the Government; as also in the ranks of the professions, lawyers and judges; and in men of science, professors in institutions of learning—the materials of a society which, tho, of course, in very much smaller number, has the attraction of the society of Vienna. It is the best encouragement to a social life that is pure and elevated, that at the head of society, as well as of the Government, is a king who is as worthy of honor in peace as in war.

But the charm of Roumania is more in the country than in the capital; for once out of city streets, one is freed from the sight of that foreign color, or rather foreign varnish, which disturbs the impression of that which is purely Roumanian. When Bucharest has sunk below the horizon, the eye of the traveler, as he looks out of the window of his railway-carriage, beholds a country which has had a great history. Roumania was a far more important part of the ancient than it is of the modern world. When the Romans, crossing the Alps, carried their arms to the east, they cast longing eyes on the rich valley of the Danube, held by the Dacian tribes, which opposed a fierce resistance to the invaders, but were at last conquered by Trajan, whose Column at Rome is cov-

*It is now about 300,000.

ered with figures representing his victories over them. Byron's description of the Dying Gladiator makes him a Dacian captive.*

Trajan, however, was not only a conqueror, but a civilizer. If he tore up the earth in his march, it was to plant it with the seeds of a new civilization. His wars with the Dacians were indeed terribly destructive, so that he almost rooted out the native inhabitants of the country; but he immediately re-peopled it, in the words of the historian, "from the whole Roman world." Traces of these Roman colonies in the valley of the Danube remain to this day. The very name of Roumania is the Roman stamp upon the country; while its language, which is in part kindred to the Russian, is also kindred to the Latin—an unmistakable proof that its people are partly descended from the ancient masters of the world.

As I am still looking out of the window, my eye ranges over an extent of country fitted to support millions of inhabitants. For nearly the whole day we were passing over an almost boundless plain. Nature has done everything for the country. In fertility of soil, it has no superior in Europe. The valley of the Danube is as inexhaustible as the valley of the Nile. It ought to be the home of a prosperous and happy people.

*Byron's lines occur in "Childe Harold":

> . . . "his eyes
> Were with his heart and that was far away.
> He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
> Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Altho we had been all day in the valley of the Danube, yet the valley is so broad that we were many miles from the river itself, of which we did not get a glimpse till late in the afternoon, when we found the mountains closing in on the river; and toward sunset were rushing along its bank, by the very side of the Iron Gates, where the Danube, like the Rhine, "nobly foams and flows," as it dashes over its rocky bed. On the other side were the Servian mountains. The Iron Gates are but two rocks, which commonly show their heads above the surface, but were now hidden by the swollen stream. The grouping of mountains and river is very much like that at West Point, tho the Danube here is not so wide as the Hudson, nor the mountains so bold as Storm-King. But in the midst of the river is an island, once fortified to guard the pass, which has upon it still the remains of the old fortification, and a church and small village. How beautiful they all looked, as the sunset, which touched the mountain tops, sent a glow down into this gorge, so quiet and peaceful in the deep shadow, with its silence broken only by the rush and roar of the waters. I have seldom seen a more romantic spot, in which more of beauty was nestled in the rugged strength of the mountains.

CETTINGE, MONTENEGRO'S CAPITAL*

BY HARRY DE WINDT

I had pictured Cettinge as a fiercely guarded stronghold, buried in the heart of the mountains —a town of frowning arches and dark, precipitous streets, swarming with armed men and bristling with fortifications, for somehow or other Montenegro is a name suggestive of grim places and people. Of course, I was wrong, as usual, for Cettinge stands on a dreary plain—surrounded, it is true, by mountains, but they more resemble hills and some are miles distant. There is no visible sign here of the war-like spirit which has made this little country famous throughout Europe. From the distance the capital resembles a straggling French village, with its one-storied, red-tiled houses clustered around half a dozen larger buildings and a couple of church spires. The place conveys an impression of dulness and a certain amount of agricultural life, and that is all. And yet many a staunch-hearted patriot has left it for the field of battle, never to return.

Cettinge is the smallest capital in Europe, and I should say the bleakest, with the exception, perhaps, of Petersburg. I have seldom felt the cold, even in Arctic Siberia, as I did here, for there was a moist rawness in the air which chilled one to the bone and increased the discomfort of splashing through the muddy streets, or rather rivers of slush. This barren plateau is also a nest of gales, which made matters worse. . . .

Cettinge contains about three thousand souls,

*From "Through Savage Europe." Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

and is easily seen in a couple of hours. There are two principal thoroughfares, cobbled and composed of houses of the "door and four windows" type, and a score of smaller streets where wine-shops flourish and the dwellings are even meaner in appearance. The shops—such as they are—are mostly for the sale of clothing, provisions, and saddlery, and there are one or two silversmiths where you may still pick up a bargain in the shape of antique rings, old filigree work, and the heavy leather belts, studded with gems or colored glass, as the case may be, which Montenegrin women still wear on state occasions. . . .

At first sight Cettinge appears to contain only two buildings of any size or importance (one at each extremity of the town) which dwarf the intervening structures into insignificance. The former are truly palatial stone mansions of recent erection—so imposing that they are generally taken for palaces by a stranger. But they are merely the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Legations, whose respective governments have spared no expense in order to impress the natives, which, however, they have entirely failed to do. The new palace (which comes next in size) is a modest, unpretentious edifice, more like some prosperous "bourgeois" residence at Brixton or Asnières than the home of a ruler. You can see into the Royal apartments from the street or look into the garden at the rear of the house, where Prince Nicholas takes his post-prandial cigar and siesta on summer evenings. A couple of sentry-boxes on either side of the entrance, with red and white stripes (the Montenegrin colors), alone denote that this is not a private house.

With the exception of our own gracious sovereign, there is probably no potentate in the world so universally beloved by his people as Prince Nicholas II. of Montenegro, and the secret of his popularity lies chiefly in an absolute simplicity of life and manner which appeals to this rugged race of mountaineers. The relations of Nikita (as he is affectionately called) toward his subjects more resemble those of a paternal English squire on the best of terms with his tenants than the head of a State, the occupants of which are angels one minute and devils the next. The ruler of the Black Mountain is what the French call "a good boy," but one whose shrewdness and tact at home and abroad have earned him the nickname of "The Bismarck of the Balkans." And it needs a clear brain and steady nerves to keep the helm straight in this little Principality, which, after finally disposing of one powerful enemy, finds herself practically at the mercy of a doubtful friend. . . .

The Prince is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with swarthy, handsome features and keen, gray eyes; a stately figure, as upright as a gun-barrel, notwithstanding his sixty odd years. When the "Gospodar" walks abroad in national costume he might pass for the humblest of his subjects, for he strolls about without state or ceremony and mixes freely with the people. A regicide could kill him in the street fifty times a day, but it is equally certain that the assassin would be simultaneously torn piecemeal. Nikita is said to know all his subjects personally, and even if this be an exaggeration, His Highness certainly makes no class distinction, and as readily lends his ear to the beggar in rags as to the wealthy noble.

A Parisian education and frequent visits to Europe have not affected this ruler's life of almost Spartan simplicity; and altho he is a great smoker, generally consuming about a hundred cigarets a day, he is very abstemious in other ways, and can still remove a cigar from a friend's lips with a dueling pistol at twelve paces. But this is scarcely surprizing in one who was once acknowledged as the deadliest shot and finest horseman in this nation of "Shikaris." Of recent years, however, Prince Nicholas has abandoned sport for the more serious affairs of state, with the result that at present he is unquestionably the cleverest of the Balkan sovereigns.

BULGARIA AND HER PEOPLE*

BY HENRY M. FIELD

Bulgaria is a country about as large as Scotland, which it resembles somewhat in its varied scenery, being divided into highlands and lowlands, broad plains alternating with lofty mountains. To the south lies the famous Balkan range, which figures so largely in all the wars which have been waged for the possession of Southeastern Europe. It is a rugged chain, pierced by narrow defiles which, tho not attaining so high an elevation, have the wild and savage character of the passes of the Alps. From this mountain range numerous spurs project into the lowlands, giving

*From "The Greek Islands and Turkey After the War." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1883.

to the country an endless variety of surface. Had our course to-day been in that direction, we should have been very soon among these hills and valleys. But as our route lay toward the Danube, the country kept the same monotonous character from the coast to the valley of the great river. Thus we saw only the tamer features of Bulgaria, with none of its grand scenery—no high mountains, nor even great forests, such as one finds in Southern Russia. It was an open, rolling country, sometimes suggesting a resemblance to our Western prairies, that would be the riches of an agricultural population. But the villages that were sprinkled over the plains indicated anything but wealth. The houses, with their mud-walls and thatched roofs, resembled the cabins and hovels of Ireland; nor was the condition of the people at all superior to that of the Irish peasantry. They have but little plots of ground, on which they keep a few sheep, which supply them with clothing as well as food, a covering of sheepskin being the usual dress of the Bulgarian peasant.

And yet this people, so poor in appearance, come of a powerful race, and have had a great history. Whoever reads of the wars of the Middle Ages, will see how often Bulgarian armies figured in the front of battle. More than once they carried their victorious arms to the gates of Constantinople. But in later centuries the people suffered from wars not their own, in which they could not fight for glory, in the issue of which they had no military pride or ambition. This was the period of the Turkish domination, under the burden of which the country suffered for more than four hundred years.

As Turkey was master of Southeastern Europe, and Russia was master in the North, the two powers became rivals for dominion, and thus "natural enemies," and poor Bulgaria was crusht between them. Lying near the frontier, it became the battleground of the two countries. Here they pitched their camps; here they fought their battles. Like Belgium, it might be said to be "the cock-pit of Europe." Whichever way the tide of battle flowed, it came very close to the villages and the homes of this stricken people. Their fields were trampled down by great armies; their towns were besieged; and in the conflict of arms, they were reduced to the extreme of suffering.

After so many wars, and after ages of oppression, it would not have been strange if the Bulgarian nation had been blotted out of existence. The wonder is that, in spite of all, it has retained any degree of vitality. And yet the race is one of remarkable vigor. Physically, there is not a better peasantry in Europe; they are strong, able-bodied, and patient of labor; and only ask for a fair chance to show what is in them, and to work out their own destiny. To this the way is now opened for the first time in hundreds of years. The reawakening of Bulgaria dates from the Crimean War, which brought to its shores the armies of France and England, and gave some little idea of what was going on in other parts of the world. The Bulgarians had never forgotten their proud history; and now, as they looked upon the armies of Western Europe, they recalled the deeds of their ancestors; "they remembered the days of old," and longed to see "the Bulgarian nation" again appear among the powers of Europe. . . .

It was in her dreams, as it was in the vast designs of Russia, that Bulgaria should be erected into an independent State of grand proportions, including all of the great Bulgarian family on both sides of the Balkans. It was even to have a port on the Ægean Sea, from which to send out ships to all parts of the Mediterranean. This would have been a territory large enough for a kingdom. Such a free and Christian State in Southeastern Europe would have been the best safeguard against the Turk, even if he were permitted for a time longer to keep up a show of power on the Bosporus. Such would have been the Bulgaria of to-day but for the persistent opposition of England. Greece, too, was jealous of a power which might grow so great as to overshadow her, and dispute her succession to Constantinople whenever the Turk should depart into Asia. Austria, also, had her eye on those rich territories which might come within the sweep of her imperial ambition, if she were to be crowded out of Central Europe by Germany, and pushed farther to the East. And so when the Congress of Berlin* came together, a piece of Bulgaria was given to Servia, and another to Roumania, while all south of the Balkans was cut off, like an amputated limb, from the body to which it belonged.

This was a great taking down of the Bulgarian expectations. It reduced its territory by one-half, and by so much its prestige and its power. But it left the State more compact, lying between the

*It was at this meeting of the European powers that the map of Southeastern Europe was remade as a result of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877.

Balkans and the Danube, and with a population more homogeneous than before by the exodus of the Turks. Thus Bulgaria was left to the Bulgarians—a people of one race, bound together by the memory of common sufferings; two millions in number, with a country as large as Scotland; a territory and a population quite large enough for the experiment of self-government which they were about to undertake. So was the work begun.

THE WAR OF 1912

ADAPTED AND EXTENDED BY THE EDITOR FROM "THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK"*

In the early autumn of 1912, the western world was startled by news that Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece were rapidly mobilizing troops. Unless the great powers took strong measures to prevent it, war in the Balkans was seen to be inevitable. A crisis in that region had already been for some time predicted as a consequence of the Turco-Italian War. Unmistakable signs of its approach had been manifest all through the summer and early autumn months of 1912. Moreover, conditions in Macedonia and Albania had been for many years favorable for a conflict. The outbreak finally occurred early in October, 1912.

The Turco-Italian War had offered the Balkan States a rare opportunity for taking Turkey at a disadvantage. From the beginning of that war, the likelihood of some concerted action in the Bal-

*Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

kans was foreseen. The Albanian revolts of 1911 and 1912 by further draining the resources of the Ottoman Government made this still more probable. The success of Albania in wresting from Turkey desired reforms, spurred on the Balkan powers to new demands for Macedonia. In addition to all this, came accounts of Turkish massacres of Christians at Ishtib in 1911, and at Berane, Kotchana, and elsewhere in 1912. Peace, however, was hoped for till the last moment. It seemed incredible that the great European powers would not, by some united attempt, prevent a war. They could have done so, once they had made it evident that they were ready to back up their demands with force. It was mutual distrust and jealousy among them that made such a course impossible.

On September 30, 1912, Bulgaria began to mobilize troops. This raised her strength to about 400,000 men. At the same time mobilization was begun by Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, and Turkey retorted with orders of her own for prompt mobilization. At once the neutral powers used pressure to prevent hostilities, but in this effort they failed. The four Balkan States had determined to act together in securing an autonomous government for Macedonia pursuant to Article XXIII of the disregarded Berlin Treaty of 1878. Turkey was unalterably opposed to granting this demand. From the first it became clear that, unless the powers proceeded to force, no settlement, except through war, could be effected. The immediate cause of fighting—at least so the Bulgarian Government declared to the powers—was a threatening attitude assumed by Turkey on the frontier.

Turkey had ordered maneuvers in the neighborhood of Adrianople. When ambassadors of the powers protested, the Turkish Government replied that such maneuvers were annual occurrences and were now in no wise a threat to Bulgaria.

The Montenegrin army began the fighting. It made an attack on the Turkish position at Podgoritza, and after a four hours' artillery engagement, forced the Turks to evacuate the heights they had occupied. The Montenegrins then attacked the fortified position of the Turks at Detchich. On October 9, King Nicholas summoned his people to a "holy war," in which he believed they would have the sympathy of the outside civilized world, of all Serbs, and Slavs, and gain active and loyal support from Bulgaria, Servia and Greece. Estimates of the available strength of the respective States on the eve of war differed widely. Some authorities gave the following figures: Turkey, 500,000; Bulgaria, 400,000; Servia, 150,000, and Greece, 80,000; Montenegro, 50,000. Toward the close of 1913, another estimate was published, giving Turkey, 400,000; Bulgaria, 300,000; Servia, 200,000; Greece, 150,000, and Montenegro, 40,000.

Within less than three weeks after the four allies crossed their frontiers, they had advanced well into Macedonia, driven the Turks to flight, captured Prishtina and Kumanovo, routed the Turks at Kirk-Kilisseh, invested Adrianople, and sent the main body of the Turkish army back upon the Tehatalja forts, which formed the last main line of their defenses on the way to Constantinople. Altho the first act of war had not occurred until October 9, the allies, by the end of the month,

SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE BEFORE THE WAR

SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE AFTER THE WAR

had practically possest themselves of all Macedonia and the Bulgarians were holding the main Turkish army behind fortified lines within fifty miles of Constantinople, and seemed in fair way to enter the city itself.

This extraordinary success caused the greatest surprize in western Europe. It was now seen that the press had for years overestimated the military strength of Turkey and belittled that of the Balkan States. The powers still continued to make inefficient efforts for peace. M. Poincaré, for France, offered early in November, 1912, a proposal that the powers pledge themselves to "territorial disinterestedness," but this did not meet with favor from the Triple Alliance. Austria-Hungary now became a cause of much apprehension. Her government had several times announced its intention of taking all necessary steps to protect her territorial interests. She was known to be hostile to any movement that should extend Servia down to the Adriatic, or, by imposing a barrier of Slavic States, should cut Austria off from the road to Salonica. Toward the end of November, Sir Edward Grey proposed that representatives of the powers be authorized to confer on the situation at some European capital. This was accepted by the powers and London was designated as the place for conferences.

Notwithstanding these efforts, the outlook for peace remained confused until well past the middle of the year. Fighting went on, and some of it after articles of peace had actually been signed by all the contestants except Greece. Worse than all, the allies began to fight one another and Roumania, heretofore a non-combatant, invaded Bul-

garia, and almost reached her capital. Turkey, seeing her opportunity, recaptured Adrianople.

It was not until October, 1913, that something definite as to actual peace and an arrangement of new boundaries was arrived at. Articles of peace between Turkey and Greece, however, were not signed until November 13. By the end of the year, the new boundaries had been fixt. They gave to Turkey a small part of her former European territory, but this included only Constantinople, Adrianople and lands about them, distant, perhaps, one hundred miles from the Bosporus. All the remainder of her former large domain, except Albania, was awarded to Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece.

Bulgaria's new lands reach down to the Ægean Sea, along which they extend from the Turkish boundary westward to Kavala. This is a mountainous region and has no harbor worthy of the name. From Kavala westward, Greece obtained a long-coveted part of her ancient Macedonian domain, including the important port of Salonica, and the province of Janina, her northern boundary running southwest to the Adriatic, at a point opposite Corfu. Servia gained to the south of her old domain a territory nearly as large as the old. It includes her ancient capital Uskup. The new boundary of Albania, which becomes an independent kingdom, was placed for decision in the hands of a commission, and so was the disposition of certain islands in the Ægean Sea, that had been captured, in part by Greeks and in part by Italians in the Tripolitan War.

VI

CONSTANTINOPLE

ONE OF FOUR WORLD-GREAT CITIES*

BY JAMES BRYCE

There are four cities in the world that belong to the whole world rather than to any one nation, cities that have influenced the whole world, or round which its history has at one time or another revolved, cities in which students and philosophers from every country are equally interested. These four are Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Contantinople. The first has given to civilized mankind their religion; the second has been our great instructress in literature and art; the third has spread her laws, her language, her political and ecclesiastical institutions over half the globe. And tho Constantinople can lay no claim to the moral or intellectual glories of these other three, tho her name does not command our veneration like Jerusalem, nor our admiring gratitude like Athens, nor our awe like Rome, she has preserved, and seems destined to retain, an influence and importance which they have in great measure lost.

*From a lecture delivered in Aberdeen in 1878. Our former Ambassador from Great Britain, in the Christmas holidays of 1913, was raised to the peerage with the title of Viscount Bryce.

They belong mainly to the past; she is still a power in the present, and may be a mighty factor in the future. For fifteen hundred years she has been a seat of Empire, and for an even longer period the emporium of a commerce to which the events of our own time seem destined to give a growing magnitude.

If you look at the map you will see what a remarkable, and indeed unique, position Constantinople occupies. It is on the great highway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and separates Europe from Asia. Thus it commands at once two seas and two continents. All the marine trade, both export and import, of the vast territories which are drained by the Danube and the great rivers of Southern Russia, as well as that of the north coast of Asia Minor, and of those rich Eastern lands that lie round the Caspian, must pass under its walls. When the neighboring countries are opened up by railways it will be the center from which lines will radiate over European Turkey and Asia Minor. With a foot, so to speak, on each continent, the power that possesses it can transfer troops or merchandise at will from the one to the other, and can prevent any one else from doing so. Then consider how strong it is against attack. It is guarded on both sides by a long and narrow strait—to the northeast the Bosporus, and to the southwest the Dardanelles—each of which can, by the erection of batteries, possibly by the laying down of torpedoes, be easily rendered impregnable to a naval attack. . . .

In the year 667 B.C., not a hundred years after the foundation of Rome, and about the time when

King Esarhaddon was attacking Manasseh, son of Hezekiah, at Jerusalem, some Greeks from Megara, a little city between Athens and Corinth, came sailing up into these scarcely explored seas, and settled on this tempting point of land, where they built a city, which they called Byzantium, and surrounded it with walls to keep off the wild tribes of the Thracian mainland. They were not, however, the first settlers in the neighborhood, for seventeen years before another band of Greeks, also from Megara, had established themselves on a promontory opposite, on the Asiatic side of the strait, and founded the town of Chalcedon, which still remains there, and is now called Kadikeui.

The city soon grew and throve, not only because it was well placed for trade, but on account of the shoals of fish—a fish called pelamys, which has been conjectured to be a kind of tunny—that used to come down from the Black Sea, and which were attracted into the harbor by the stream of fine fresh water which flowed into the upper end of it. Whether the fresh water brought down insects or other tiny creatures on which the fish fed, or whether it caused the growth of beds of sea-weed which served as pasture, is not clear, but at any rate it was the stream that lured in the fish, and the fish that made the fortune of the place. For the Byzantines drove a roaring trade in these fish—the name of Golden Horn, which the harbor still bears, is said to be derived from the wealth they drew from this source. They also raised a large revenue by levying a tax on the corn ships that passed out through the straits from Southern Russia; for that region, then called Scythia, had

already become, as it is now, one of the greatest grain-producing countries in the world. With this command of a main artery of trade, Byzantine had grown by the time of Herodotus to be a considerable place, whose possession or alliance was thenceforward very valuable to the great powers that disputed the control of these countries.

Having submitted, like other cities of that region, to the Persians, it recovered its independence after the defeat of Xerxes, and became a member of the Athenian confederacy, till the Athenian power was in its turn overthrown. In the days of Philip of Macedon, it was again an ally of Athens, and stood a famous siege from that prince, a siege whose happy issue was due to the energy with which Demosthenes prest the Athenians to send succor to it when it was on the point of yielding. It is related that during this siege a bright light in the form of a crescent was seen in the sky, and accepted by the Byzantines as a sign of deliverance; and that after Philip's repulse, they took the crescent to be the device of the city, which it continued to be till the Turkish conquest. Some hold that this is the origin of the crescent as the Ottoman badge.

Many another attack it had to resist, both before and after it submitted to the dominion of Rome. But whatever misfortune might befall it at the hands of enemies, it always recovered its wealth and consequence. The inhabitants are described as a race of well-to-do, luxurious people, much given to good eating and drinking, since they had abundance of fish, and the neighboring country produced excellent wine. It was a story against them that when a Byzantine officer ought

to be at his post on the walls, he was generally to be found in a cook-shop or tavern. In A.D. 330, Constantine the Great, who had then become sole emperor at Rome, determined to found a new capital, which would be a better center of defense for the part of his empire which seemed most threatened by the barbarians of the north, and made choice of Constantinople as the spot. His practised military eye saw its wonderful strength, which had enabled it to resist him for some time in his great war with the Emperor Licinius, and every traveler had long admired its advantages for commerce. Besides, he had just embraced Christianity, and as Rome was full of the majestic monuments of paganism, he thought that the new religion would rise faster and flourish more freely in a clear field, where it would not be confronted or corrupted by the passions and prejudices of the past. He called it New Rome, but his court and people called it the City of Constantine; and the name of Constantinople at once superseded that of Byzantium.

Under his hands it sprung at once into greatness. The old Greek colony had occupied only the extreme point of the peninsula between the port and the sea of Marmora; the new city filled the whole of it, covering almost the same area as Stamboul does now; and was probably built a good deal more densely, since a considerable part of that area is now wasted in gardens or ruins. He brought some distinguished families from Rome, and allured settlers from all quarters by the offer of privileges and exemptions; as the seat of government it attracted many more, so that the population had risen in a century from his time

to more than two hundred thousand. Immense sums were spent in the erection of palaces, law courts, churches, and other public buildings; and the cities of the Ægean were ransacked to furnish masterpieces of Grecian art to enable its market-places and porticoes to rival those of Italian Rome. One such work of art has survived till our own day, and may still be seen in what was the hippodrome or race-course of the city. It is a brazen column, consisting of three twisted serpents, which was brought from Delphi, where it supported the tripod which the victorious Greeks dedicated to Apollo after the great Persian War. The tripod has long since vanished, and the serpents have suffered much—one of them had its lower jaw smitten off by the mace of Mohammed II., and have lost their heads, but the venerable relic—probably the most remarkable relic that the world possesses—still keeps its place, and may, perhaps, witness as many vicissitudes of fortune in the future as it has done in the three and twenty centuries that have passed since it was set up in the Pythian shrine.

From A.D. 330 to A.D. 1453, Constantinople was the capital of the Roman Empire of the East; and its history may almost be called the history of that Empire. It had many a siege to stand, sometimes in civil wars, sometimes from barbarian enemies like the Persians, who encamped for three years over against it at Scutari, or the Arabs in their first flush of conquering energy, or the Russians, who came across the Black Sea in huge flotillas. All these foes it repelled, only to fall at last before those who ought to have proved its friends, the French and Venetian Crusaders, who in A.D. 1204

turned aside hither from their expedition to Palestine to attack it. They drove out the Eastern Emperor, and set up a Frank in his place. They sacked the city, and wrought more ruin in a few days than all previous enemies had done in as many centuries. The Eastern Empire never recovered this cruel blow, and tho after a while these Franks were expelled, and a native prince again (1261 A.D.) sat on the throne of Constantine, his territory was now too small, and the organization of the state too much shattered to enable any effective resistance to be offered to the progress of the terrible foe who advanced first from Asia Minor, then on the side of Europe also. In A.D. 1453 the Turks took Constantinople, and extinguished the Eastern Empire. At that time Constantinople was sadly shorn of its glories. The public buildings had fallen to decay; war and poverty had reduced the population to about one hundred thousand, and these inhabitants had so little martial spirit that the defense of the city had to be intrusted to Western mercenaries. Of this scanty population the majority were slain or led captives by the conquerors, so that Mohammed II. found it necessary to re-people his prize by gathering immigrants from all quarters, just as Constantine had done eleven hundred years before. Small, indeed, can therefore be the strain of old Byzantine blood that runs in the veins of the modern people of Constantinople. Mohammed transferred his government hither from Adrianople, and since his day this has been the center of Ottoman dominion and a sacred city, hardly less sacred than Jerusalem or even Mecca, to the Mohammedan world.

ST. SOPHIA*

BY EDWARD GIBBON

The principal church, which was dedicated by the founder of Constantinople to Saint Sophia, or the eternal wisdom, had been twice destroyed by fire; after the exile of John Chrysostom, and during the Nika of the blue and green factions. No sooner did the tumult subside, than the Christian populace deplored their sacrilegious rashness; but they might have rejoiced in the calamity, had they foreseen the glory of the new temple, which at the end of forty days was strenuously undertaken by the piety of Justinian. The ruins were cleared away, a more spacious plan was described, and as it required the consent of some proprietors of ground, they obtained the most exorbitant terms from the eager desires and timorous conscience of the monarch. Anthemius formed the design, and his genius directed the hands of ten thousand workmen, whose payment in pieces of fine silver was never delayed beyond the evening. The emperor himself surveyed each day their rapid progress, and encouraged their diligence by his familiarity, his zeal, and his rewards.

The new cathedral of Saint Sophia was consecrated by the patriarch, five years, eleven months, and ten days from the first foundation; and in the midst of the solemn festival, Justinian exclaimed with devout vanity: "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to

*From Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!" But the pride of the Roman Solomon, before twenty years had elapsed, was humbled by an earthquake, which overthrew the eastern part of the dome. Its splendor was again restored by the perseverance of the same prince; and in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, Justinian celebrated the second dedication of a temple which remains, after twelve centuries, a stately monument of his fame. The architecture of Saint Sophia, which is now converted into the principal mosque, has been imitated by the Turkish sultans, and that venerable pile continues to excite the fond admiration of the Greeks, and the more rational curiosity of European travelers. The eye of the spectator is disappointed by an irregular prospect of half-domes and shelving roofs; the western front, the principal approach, is destitute of simplicity and magnificence; and the scale of dimensions has been much surpassed by several of the Latin cathedrals. But the architect who first erected an aerial cupola, is entitled to the praise of bold design and skilful execution.

The dome of Saint Sophia, illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, is formed with so small a curve, that the depth is equal only to one-sixth of its diameter; the measure of that diameter is one hundred and fifteen feet, and the lofty center, where a crescent has supplanted the cross, rises to the perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The circle which encompasses the dome, lightly reposes on four strong arches, and their weight is firmly supported by four massy piles,

whose strength is assisted on the northern and southern sides by four columns of Egyptian granite. A Greek cross, inscribed in a quadrangle, represents the form of the edifice; the exact breadth is two hundred and forty-three feet, and two hundred and sixty-nine may be assigned for the extreme length from the sanctuary in the east to the nine western doors which open into the vestibule, and from thence into the "narthex" or exterior portico. That portico was the humble station of the penitents.

The nave or body of the church was filled by the congregation of the faithful; but the two sexes were prudently distinguished, and the upper and lower galleries were allotted for the more private devotion of the women. Beyond the northern and southern viles, a balustrade, terminated on either side by the thrones of the emperor and the patriarch, divided the nave from the choir; and the space, as far as the steps of the altar, was occupied by the clergy and singers. The altar itself, a name which insensibly became familiar to Christian ears, was placed in the eastern recess, artificially built in the form of a demi-cylinder; and this sanctuary communicated by several doors with the sacristy, the vestry, the baptistery, and the contiguous buildings, subservient either to the pomp of worship, or the private use of ecclesiastical ministers. The memory of past calamities inspired Justinian with a wise resolution, that no wood, except for the doors, should be admitted into the new edifice; and the choice of the materials was applied to the strength, the lightness, or the splendor of the respective parts.

The solid piles which sustained the cupola were composed of huge blocks of freestone, hewn into squares and triangles, fortified by circles of iron, and firmly cemented by the infusion of lead and quicklime; but the weight of the cupola was diminished by the levity of its substance, which consists either of pumice-stone that floats in the water, or of bricks from the isle of Rhodes, five times less ponderous than the ordinary sort. The whole frame of the edifice was constructed of brick; but those base materials were concealed by a crust of marble; and the inside of Saint Sophia, the cupola, the two larger, and the six smaller, semi-domes, the walls, the hundred columns, and the pavement, delight even the eyes of Barbarians, with a rich and variegated picture. A poet, who beheld the primitive luster of Saint Sophia, enumerates the colors, the shades, and the spots of ten or twelve marbles, jaspers, and porphyries, which nature had profusely diversified, and which were blended and contrasted as it were by a skilful painter.

The triumph of Christ was adorned with the last spoils of Paganism, but the greater part of these costly stones was extracted from the quarries of Asia Minor, the isles and continent of Greece, Egypt, Africa, and Gaul. Eight columns of porphyry, which Aurelian had placed in the temple of the sun, were offered by the piety of a Roman matron, eight others of green marble were presented by the ambitious zeal of the magistrates of Ephesus; both are admirable by their size and beauty, but every order of architecture disclaims their fantastic capitals. A

variety of ornaments and figures was curiously exprest in mosaic; and the images of Christ, of the Virgin, of saints, and of angels, which have been defaced by Turkish fanaticism, were dangerously exposed to the superstition of the Greeks. According to the sanctity of each object, the precious metals were distributed in thin leaves or in solid masses. The balustrade of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, the ornaments of the doors and galleries, were of gilt bronze; the spectator was dazzled by the glittering aspect of the cupola; the sanctuary contained forty thousand pound weight of silver; and the holy vases and vestments of the altar were of the purest gold, enriched with inestimable gems.

Before the structure of the church had risen two cubits above the ground, forty-five thousand two hundred pounds were already consumed; and the whole expense amounted to three hundred and twenty thousand; each reader, according to the measure of his belief, may estimate their value either in gold or silver; but the sum of one million sterling is the result of the lowest computation.

THE BOSPORUS*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

One charming morning, we ascended the strait in a steamboat that calls at the landings on the eastern shore. The Bosporus, if you will have

*From "In the Levant." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1874.

it in a phrase, is a river of lapis lazuli lined with marble palaces. As we saw it that morning—its sloping gardens, terraces, trees, and vines in the tender bloom of spring—all the extravagance of the Oriental poets in praise of it was justified, and it was easy to believe the nature-romance with which the earliest adventurers had clothed it. . . .

We sailed close to the village of Kandili and the promontory under which and upon which it lies, a site which exhausts the capacity of the loveliness of nature and the skill of art. From the villas on its height one commands, by a shifted glance, the Euxine and the Marmora, and whatever is most lovely in the prospect of two continents; the purity of the air is said to equal the charm of the view. Above this promontory opens the valley down which flows the river Geuksoo (sky-water), and at the north of it stands a white marble kiosk of the Sultan, the most beautiful architectural creation on the strait. Near it, shaded by great trees, is a handsome fountain; beyond the green turf in the tree-decked vale which pierces the hill were groups of holiday-makers in gay attire. . . .

We landed at Beicos, and, in default of any conveyance, walked up through the straggling village, along the shore, to a verdant, shady meadow, sweet with clover and wild-flowers. This is in the valley of Hun-Kiar Iskelesi, a favorite residence of the sultans; here on a projecting rocky point is a reddish palace built and given to the Sultan by the Khedive. The meadow, in which we were, is behind a palace of old Mohammed Ali, and it is now used as a pasture for the

Sultan's horses, dozens of which were tethered and feeding in the lush grass and clover. The tents of their attendants were pitched on the plain, and groups of Turkish ladies were picnicking under the large sycamores. It was a charming rural scene. I made the silent acquaintance of an old man, in a white turban and flowing robes, who sat in the grass knitting and watching his one white lamb feed; probably knitting the fleece of his lamb of the year before.

We were in search of an "araba" and team to take us up the mountain; one stood in the meadow which we could hire, but oxen were wanting, and we dispatched a Greek boy in search of the animals. As we ascended, the road, gullied by the spring torrents, at last became impassable for wheels, and we were obliged to abandon the araba and perform the last half-mile of the journey on foot. The sightly summit of the mountain is nearly six hundred feet above the water. There, in a lovely grove, we found a coffee-house and a mosque and the Giant's Grave, which the Moslems call the grave of Joshua. It is a flower-planted enclosure, seventy feet long and seven wide, ample for any hero; the railing about it is tagged with bits of cloth which pious devotees have tied there in expectation that their diseases, perhaps their sins, will vanish with the airing of these shreds. From the minaret is a wonderful view—the entire length of the Bosporus, with all its windings and lovely bays enlivened with white sails, ships at anchor, and darting steamers, rich in villages, ancient castles, and forts; a great portion of Asia Minor, with the snow peaks of Olympus; on the south, the

Islands of the Blest and the Sea of Marmora; on the north, the Cyanean rocks and the wide sweep of the Euxine, blue as heaven and dotted with a hundred white sails, overlooked by the ruin of a Genoese castle, at the entrance of the Bosporus, built on the site of a temple of Jupiter, and the spot where the Argonauts halted before they ventured among the Symplegades; and immediately below, Terapea and the deep bay of Buyukdereh, the summer resort of the foreign residents of Constantinople, a paradise of palaces and gardens, of vales and stately plane trees, and the entrance to the interior village of Belgrade, with its sacred forest unprofaned as yet by the ax.

THE WALLS*

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

I had formed a resolution to make a grand expedition among those remote districts of Constantinople which are but rarely visited by travelers; their curiosity seldom extending farther than the Bezestin, the Atmeidan, Sultan-Bajazet, the Old Seraglio, and the environs of Saint-Sophia; around which localities are concentrated the life and movement of the Moslem city. I started, accordingly, at an early hour, accompanied by a young Frenchman, who had been a long time resident in Turkey. We descended rapidly the slope of Galata; crossed the Golden Horn, by

*From "Constantinople." Translated by Robert Howe Gould. By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Henry Holt & Co.

the bridge of boats, on paying four paras to the toll-keeper; and leaving Yeni-Djami at one side, we plunged boldly into a labyrinth of narrow streets and lanes of the purest Turkish character.

As we advanced, the scene became more lonely, the dogs, growing more savage at each stage of our progress, glared sullenly at us, and followed growling at our heels. The wooden houses, discolored and dilapidated, with their crumbling lattices and floors out of line, presented much the appearance of decayed hen-coops. A fountain, in ruins, allowed its water to escape through various unregarded crevices, into a green and slimy basin. A dismantled funeral chapel, overrun with briars, nettles, and daffodils, displayed, through its cobweb-covered gratings, some dingy sepulchral columns, leaning to right and left and offering to view only a few illegible inscriptions. A marabout reared its coarsely whitewashed dome, flanked with a minaret which resembled a tall candle surmounted by its extinguisher; above the long line of walls projected the sable cones of cypresses, and tufts of sycamore, or plane trees, hung over into the streets. . . .

I do not suppose that there is in the world a ride more austerely melancholy than upon this road, which extends for nearly a league, between a cemetery and a mass of ruins. The ramparts, composed of two lines of wall flanked with square towers, have at their base a large moat, at present cultivated throughout, which is again surrounded by a stone parapet; forming, in fact, three lines of fortification. These are the walls of Constantine; at least such as have been left of them, after time, sieges, and earthquakes have

done their worst upon them. In their masses of brick and stone, are still visible breaches made by catapults, and battering-rams, or by that gigantic culverin, that mastodon of artillery, which was served by seven hundred cannoniers, and threw balls of marble of nearly half a ton in weight.

Here and there, a gigantic fissure has cleft a tower from top to bottom; farther on, a mass of wall has fallen into the moat; but where masonry was wanting, the elements have supplied earth and seed; a shrub has supplied the place of a missing battlement, and grown into a tree; the thousand tendrils of parasitical plants sustain the stone which would otherwise have fallen; the roots of trees, after acting as wedges to introduce themselves between the joints of the stones, become chains to confine them; and the line of wall is still (to the eye) continued without interruption; raising against the clear sky its battered profile and displaying its curtains and bastions, draped with ivy, and gilded by time, with tints by turns mellow and severe. At intervals were visible the ancient gates, of Byzantine architecture, overlaid with Turkish masonry, but still leaving enough of the original to be recognized.

It was difficult to realize that a living city lay behind the defunct ramparts which hid Constantinople from our view. It had been easier to believe one's self near some of those cities of the Arabian legends, all the inhabitants of which had been, by some magical process, turned into stone. Only a few minarets, rearing their heads above the immense circuit of ruins, testified that there

was life within, and that the Capital of Islam still existed.

These embrowned walls, encumbered by the vegetation peculiar to ruins, which seemed to expand itself lazily in the solitude, and over which crept fearlessly an occasional lizard, witnessed, four hundred years ago, thronging around their base, the hordes of Asia, urged on by the terrible Mohammed II. The bodies of Janizaries and of savages rolled, covered with wounds, in this moat, where now peaceful vegetation displays itself; streams of blood poured down, where now droop only the tendrils of ivy or of sassafras.

One of the most fearful of human struggles—the conflict of race against race, of religion against religion—occurred on this spot, now deserted, and where now reigns the silence of decay and death. As is always the case, the young and vigorous barbarism overpowered the old and decrepit civilization; and while the Greek priest still continued tranquilly to fry his fish, unable to believe in the possibility that Constantinople could be taken, the triumphant Mohammed II. spurred his steed into the sacred precincts of Saint-Sophia, and struck his ensanguined hand upon the marble wall of the sanctuary, in token of conquest.

THE DOGS*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

Constantinople is an immense dog kennel; every one makes the remark as soon as he arrives. The dogs constitute a second population of the city, less numerous, but not less strange than the first. Everybody knows how the Turks love them and protect them. I do not know if it is because the sentiment of charity toward all creatures is recommended in the Koran, or because, like certain birds, the dogs are believed to be bringers of good fortune, or because the Prophet loved them, or because the sacred books speak of them, or because as some pretend, Mohammed the Victorious brought in his train a numerous staff of dogs, who entered triumphantly with him through the breach in the San Romano gate. The fact is that they are highly esteemed, that many Turks leave sums for their support in their wills, and that when Sultan Abdul Medjid had them all carried to the Island of Marmora, the people murmured, and when they were brought back, they were received with rejoicings, and the Government, not to provoke ill-humor, has left them ever since in peace.

Since, however, according to the Koran, the dog is an unclean animal, and every Turk believes that he would contaminate his house by sheltering one under his roof, it follows that not one of the innumerable dogs of Constantinople

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has a master. They therefore form a great, free, vagabond republic, collarless, nameless, houseless, and lawless. The street is their abode, there they dig little dens, where they sleep, eat, are born, brought up, and die; and no one, at least at Stamboul, ever thinks of disturbing their occupations or their repose. They are masters of the public highways. In our cities it is the dog that makes way for the horseman, or foot passenger. There it is the people, the horses, the camels, the donkeys, that make way for the dogs. In the most frequented parts of Stamboul four or five dogs, curled up asleep in the middle of the road, will cause the entire population of a quarter to turn out of the way for half a day. It is the same in Galata and Pera, but here they are left in peace, not out of respect for them, but because they are so many that it would be a hopeless and endless task, to attempt to drive them away from under the feet of the passenger.

They are with difficulty disturbed even when in the crowded street a carriage with four horses is seen coming like the wind. Then, and at the very last moment, they rise and transport their lazy bones a foot or two out of the way—just enough and no more to save their lives. Laziness is the distinctive trait of the dogs of Constantinople. They lie down in the middle of the road, five, six, ten in a line, or in a ring, curled up so that they look more like tow mats than beasts, and there they sleep the whole day through among throngs of people, coming and going, with the most deafening noises, and neither cold, nor heat, nor rain, nor shine can move them.

When it snows they stay under the snow; when it rains they lie in the mud up to their ears, so that when at length they rise they look like sketches of animals in clay, and there are neither eyes, ears, nor nose to be seen.

The canine population of Constantinople is divided into quarters or wards. Every quarter, every street is inhabited or rather possest by a certain number of dogs who never go away from it, and never allow strangers to reside in it. They exercise a sort of service of police. They have their guards, their advanced posts, their sentinels; they go the rounds, and make explorations. Wo to any dog of another quarter who, pushed by hunger, shall risk himself within the territory of his neighbors! A crowd of curs falls upon him at once, and if they catch him, it is all over with him; if they can not catch him, they chase him furiously as far as his own domain; that is, to the confines of it, for the enemy's country is ever feared and respected. No words can give an idea of the fury of the engagements that take place about a bone, about a fair one, or about a violation of territory. Every moment may be seen a crowd of dogs, entangled in an intricate and confused mass, disappearing in a cloud of dust, and giving forth such barkings and yelpings as would pierce the ears of a man born deaf; then the crowd disperses—and through the dust appear the victims stretched here and there upon the field of battle.

THE GALATA BRIDGE*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

To see the population of Constantinople, it is well to go upon the floating bridge, about one-quarter of a mile in length, which extends from the most advanced point of Galata to the opposite shore of the Golden Horn, facing the great mosque of the Sultana Validé. Both shores are European territory; but the bridge may be said to connect Asia to Europe because in Stamboul there is nothing European save the ground, and even the Christian suburbs that crown it are of Asiatic character and color. The Golden Horn, which has the look of a river, separates two worlds, like the ocean.

Standing there, one can see all Constantinople go by in an hour. There are two exhaustless currents of human beings that meet and mingle forever from the rising of the sun until his setting, presenting a spectacle before which the market-places of India, the fair of Nijni-Novgorod, and the festivals of Pekin grow pale. To see anything at all, one must choose a small portion of the bridge and fix his eyes on that alone, otherwise in the attempt to see all, one sees nothing. The crowd passes in great waves, each one of which is of a hundred colors, and every group of persons represent a new type of people. Whatever can be imagined that is most extravagant in type, costume, and social class may

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there be seen within the space of twenty paces and ten minutes of time. Behind a throng of Turkish porters who pass running, and bending under enormous burdens, advances a sedan-chair, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and bearing an Armenian lady; and at either side of it a Bedouin wrapt in a white mantle and a Turk in muslin turban and sky-blue caftan, beside whom canters a young Greek gentleman followed by his dragoman in embroidered vest, and a dervish with his tall, conical hat and tunic of camel's-hair, who makes way for the carriage of a European ambassador, preceded by his "running footman"* in gorgeous livery.

All this is only seen in a glimpse, and the next moment you find yourself in the midst of a crowd of Persians, in pyramidal bonnets of Astrakan fur, who are followed by a Hebrew in a long yellow coat, open at the sides; a frowsy-headed gipsy woman with her child in a bag at her back; a Catholic priest with breviary staff; while in the midst of a confused throng of Greeks, Turks, and Armenians comes a big eunuch on horseback, crying out, Larya, (make way!) and preceding a Turkish carriage painted with flowers and birds, and filled with the ladies of a harem, drest in green and violet, and wrapt in large white veils; behind a Sister of Charity from the hospital at Pera, an African slave carrying a monkey, and a professional story-teller in a necromancer's habit, and what is quite natural, but appears strange to a new comer, all these diverse people pass

*Batistrada.

each other without a look, like a crowd in London; and not one single countenance wears a smile.

The Albanian in his white petticoat and with pistols in his sash, beside the Tartar drest in sheepskins; the Turk, astride of his caparisoned ass, threads pompously two long strings of camels; behind the adjutant of an imperial prince, mounted upon his Arab steed, clatters a cart filled with all the domestic rubbish of a Turkish household; the Mohammedan woman a-foot, the veiled slave woman, the Greek with her red cap, and her hair on her shoulders, the Maltese hooded in her black "faldetta," the Hebrew woman, drest in the antique costume of India, the negress wrapt in a many-colored shawl from Cairo, the Armenian from Trebizond, all veiled in black like a funeral apparition, are seen in single file, as if placed there on purpose, to be contrasted with each other.

It is a changing mosaic of races and religions that is composed and scattered continually with a rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow. It is amusing to look only at the passing feet and see all the foot-coverings in the world go by, from that of Adam up to the last fashion in Parisian boots—yellow Turkish babouches, red Armenian, blue Greek and black Jewish shoes; sandals, great boots from Turkestan, Albanian gaiters, low-cut slippers, leg-pieces of many colors, belonging to horsemen from Asia Minor, gold-embroidered shoes, Spanish "alporgatos," shoes of satin, of twine, of rags, of wood, so many, that while you look at one you catch a glimpse of a hundred more. One must be on the alert not to be overthrown at every step.

THE TURK AS A SHOPKEEPER*

BY ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

I troubled myself a great deal with the Turkish tongue, and gained at last some knowledge of its structure. It is enriched, perhaps overladen, with Persian and Arabic words imported into the language chiefly for the purpose of representing sentiments and religious dogmas, and terms of art and luxury, entirely unknown to the Tartar ancestors of the present Osmanlis; but the body and the spirit of the old tongue are yet alive, and the smooth words of the shopkeeper at Constantinople can still carry understanding to the ears of the untamed millions who rove over the plains of northern Asia. The structure of the language, especially in its more lengthy sentences, is very like to the Latin; the subject-matters are slowly and patiently enumerated, without disclosing the purpose of the speaker until he reaches the end of his sentence, and then at last there comes the clenching word which gives a meaning and connection to all that has gone before. . . .

The Osmanlis speak well. In countries civilized according to the European plan, the work of trying to persuade tribunals is almost all performed by a set of men who seldom do anything else; but in Turkey this division of labor has never taken place, and every man is his own advocate. The importance of the rhetorical art is immense, for a bad speech may endanger the property of the speaker, as well as the soles of

*From "Eothen."

his feet and the free enjoyment of his throat. So it results that most of the Turks whom one sees have a lawyer-like habit of speaking connectedly and at length. Even the treaties continually going on at the bazaar for the buying and selling of the merest trifles are carried on by speechifying rather than by mere colloquies, and the eternal uncertainty as to the market value of things in constant sale gives room enough for discussion. The seller is forever demanding a price immensely beyond that for which he sells at last, and so occasions unspeakable disgust in many Englishmen, who can not see why an honest dealer should ask more for his goods than he will really take.

The truth is, however, that an ordinary tradesman of Constantinople has no other way of finding out the fair market value of his property. His difficulty is easily shown by comparing the mechanism of the commercial system in Turkey with that of our own people. In England, or in any other great mercantile country, the bulk of the things bought and sold goes through the hands of a wholesale dealer, and it is he who higgles and bargains with an entire nation of purchasers, by entering into treaty with retail sellers. The labor of making a few large contracts is sufficient to give a clue for finding the fair market value of the goods sold throughout the country. But in Turkey, from the primitive habits of the people, and partly from the absence of great capital and great credit, the importing merchant, the warehouseman, the wholesale dealer, the retail dealer, and the shopman, are all one person.

WHEN THE OTTOMAN TURK WAS IN HIS PRIME*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

But what must this city have been in the times of Ottoman glory! I can not get that thought out of my head. The enormous turban gave a colossal and magnificent aspect to the male population. All the women, except the mother of the Sultan, went completely veiled, leaving nothing but the eyes visible, forming an anonymous and enigmatic population apart, and giving a gentle air of mystery to the city. A severe law determining the dress of all ranks, offices, grades, ages, they could be distinguished by the form of the turban, or the color of the caftan, as if Constantinople had been one great court. The horse being still "man's only coach," the streets were filled with horsemen, and long files of camels and dromedaries belonging to the army, traversed the city in all directions and gave it the grand and barbarous aspect of an Asiatic metropolis. Gilded arabas drawn by oxen, crossed the green draped carriages of the "ulemas," the red of the "Kadi-aschieri," or the light teleka with satin curtains and panels ornamented with fantastic paintings. Slaves of all countries, from Poland to Ethiopia, hurried by, rattling the chains that had been riveted on the field of battle. Groups of soldiers clothed only in glorious rags filled the squares, and the courts of the mosques, showing their scars yet great

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from the battles of Vienna, Belgrade, Rodi, Damascus. Hundreds of story-tellers, with loud voices and inspired gestures, recounted to delighted Mussulmans the glorious actions of the army that was fighting at three months march from Stamboul. Pashas, Beys, Aghas, Musselims, a crowd of dignitaries and great nobles, drest with theatrical splendor, accompanied by a throng of servants, pushed through the press of people that gave way before them like ripe grain before the wind; ambassadors from European states passed by, coming to ask peace or conclude alliances; and caravans bringing gifts from African and Asiatic monarchs went in long procession.

In all Constantinople's enormous body there boiled a plethoric and feverish life. The treasure overflowed with jewels, the arsenals with arms, the barracks with soldiers, the caravanseries with travelers; the slave markets swarmed with beauties, dealers, and great lords; learned men thronged the places where the archives of the mosque were kept; long-winded viziers prepared for future generations the interminable annals of the Empire; poets, pensioners of the Seraglio, sang at the baths the imperial wars and loves; armies of Bulgarian and Armenian laborers toiled to build mosques with blocks of granite from Egypt or marble from Paros, while by sea were arriving columns from the temples of the Archipelago, and by land the spoils of the churches of Pesth and Ofen; in the port they made ready the fleet of three hundred sails that was to carry dismay to the shores of the Mediterranean; between Stamboul and Adrianople spread cavalcades of seven thousand falconers,

and seven thousand huntsmen, and in the intervals of military revolts, foreign wars, conflagrations that destroyed twenty thousand houses in one night, they celebrated feasts of thirty days' duration before the plenipotentiaries of all the states of Africa, Europe, and Asia.

Then Mussulman enthusiasm turned to madness. In the presence of the Sultan and his court, in the midst of those immeasurable palms, filled with birds, fruits, and looking-glasses, to give passage to which whole houses and walls were thrown down, among trains of lions and sirens in sugar, carried by horses caparisoned in silver damask; among mountains of royal presents gathered from all parts of the Empire and from all the courts in the world, alternated the mock battles of the Janissaries, the furious dances of the dervishes, the sanguinary murders of Christian prisoners, and the popular feasts of ten thousand dishes of "Cascassà; elephants and giraffes danced in the hippodrome; bears and foxes rushed through the crowd with rockets tied to their tails; to allegorical pantomimes succeeded lascivious dances, grotesque maskings, fantastic processions, races, symbolical cars, games, and comedies; as the sun went down the festival degenerated into a mad tumult, and five hundred mosques sparkling with lights formed over the city an immense aureole of fire that announced to the shepherds in the mountains of Asia, and the sailors of the Propontis, the orgies of the new Babylon. Such was Stamboul, the formidable, voluptuous, and unbridled; beside which the city of to-day is nothing but an old queen sick of hypochondria.

VII

ELSEWHERE IN THE SOUTHEAST

ADRIANOPLE*

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Adrianople is two miles from the station. The night was pitch. Not a soul was about but the men on guard. They peered at the carriage, but when they saw the "kavass" they shuffled to attention. Over the cobbles we rattled through that city as of the dead. No lights save dim flickers in the guard-houses. While the morning was yet fragrant I was out in the narrow, crowded streets. Their meanness was saved by the dome of many a stately mosque, and the graceful and frail tapering of many a lofty minaret piercing the blue vault.

Memory of Haroun al Raschid!—here was the real East. A great yard walled with high buildings, brightly painted, and with arched balconies. The slim limbs of trees spread wide branches, so the pavement was fretted with a mosaic of lights and shadows. In the middle was a fountain of marble, cracked and smeared, but the splash of water in a sunray was coolness

*From "Pictures from the Balkans." Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co.

itself. On a little platform squatted dignified Turks, their beards henna-dyed, their cloaks falling loose and easy, their turbans snowy-white —save one which was green, indicating a "haji" who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. They all puffed slowly, sedately, meditatively, at their narghiles. Here was no vulgar hustle; here was only repose.

Next to the long, dimly-lit tunnels with shops on either side, called bazaars. It was all weird and garish and un-European. Then a look at the wares. That crockery was from Austria; all these iron articles were German; the cheap jewelry was from France; the flaming cottons were from Lancashire; the gramophones shrieking: "Ya-ya-ye-a-ah-ah-ah!" to attract, came from America. Nothing was Turkish save the dirt.

The population is a medley of Turk, Greek, Jew, and Armenian. But all the trading, the commerce, and the banking is in the hands of foreigners. The Turk is hopeless as a business man.

Yet an old-time veneration rests upon Adrianople. Its story goes back to the time of Antinous. It was rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian. In the fourth century Constantine defeated Licinius out on the plains, and half a century later Valens was defeated by the Goths. But the walls of the city were so strong that they did not capture it. A thousand years later it fell into the hands of the Turks, and it was their capital before Constantinople became the center of Ottoman rule. Another five centuries, and the Russians, without opposition, marched into Adrianople and compelled the Turks to

recognize the independence of Greece. It rose, it became mighty; it has fallen from its great estate.

A ROSE GARDEN EIGHTY MILES LONG*

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Ladies who are fond of the most precious of perfumes, attar of roses, will find, if they have the best attar, the name Kasanlik on the label. But where he Kasanlik, whether in Germany or France, or Italy, is a matter which not one lady out of a thousand bothers her fair head about. Kasanlik, however, is a little town on the Plain of Thrace, almost within shadow of the Balkans. The Plain of Thrace is like hundreds of others I saw in southeastern Europe—absolutely flat, and the mountains surrounding rising almost precipitously. There is no undulation. All the valleys suggest the bottom of dried lakes cupped by hills. The remarkable thing is that this is the uniform topographical feature over a stretch of hundreds of miles.

Now a great slice of the Thracian plain is devoted to roses. In the district of which Kasanlik is the center there are one hundred and seventy-three villages devoted to rose culture. Roses, roses all the way, is the feature of the landscape. Where in other lands the peasants grow wheat and rye and feed cattle, here for long miles all the fields are rose gardens. It is the

*From "Pictures from the Balkans." Published by Funk & Wagnall's Company.

biggest rose garden in the world—eighty miles long. The world seems dotted with roses; the air is heavy with their perfume. It is not the richness of the soil that produces the abundance. The soil is rather indifferent, but there is a peculiar quality about it—like the soil of Champagne for grapes—which produces the rose most capable of yielding an exquisite essence.

The distilling of roses began in Persia; the word "atâr" (fragrance) is Persian. Until three hundred years ago only rose-water was obtained. It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century that the method of securing the real essence was discovered. From Persia the art spread to Arabia, from Arabia to the Barbary States, and from the Barbary States a wandering Turk brought a rose tree to Kasanlik. The "Rosa damascena," grown in such quantities, is the same as the "Rosa damascena" grown in Tunis, tho now in decreasing quantities. The "Rosa alba," also grown, can be traced, in a sort of backward route, right through the Turkish Empire to Persia, where it is abundant.

Fifty years ago something between four and five hundred pounds' weight of attar was produced at Kasanlik. In 1904 the exact amount was 8,147 pounds. It is by an accident that rose culture on so gigantic a scale has grown up in this out-of-the-way part of Rumelia. But everything is favorable. The mean temperature is that of France; the soil is sandy and porous, and the innumerable rivulets from the mountains provide constant irrigation.

There are plenty of other regions favorable to rose-growing. No region, however, is quite so

suitable for roses needed for attar. The attar rose is sensitive to climatic conditions. Exactly identical methods with those followed in Bulgaria have been adopted at Brussa, in Asia Minor, but not with success.

The rose plantations of the Kasanlik region are not arranged in isolated plots or in narrow little hedgerows, as in the rose district of Grasse, in France, but in high parallel hedges, about a hundred yards long, taller than a man, and with a space of about six feet between them. The setting of a plantation is peculiar to the locality. Entire branches, leaves and all, from an old rose tree, are laid horizontally in ditches fourteen inches wide and the same depth. These boughs, each about a yard long, are placed side by side, four or five abreast, and form a long continuous line in the ditch. Part of the earth taken from the ditch is piled lightly on the branches, and above the furrow is placed a slight layer of stable manure.

The rose harvest begins with the flowering time, about the middle of May, and ends about the middle of June. Conditions most favorable to the grower are for the temperature to be moderate and the rain frequent, so that the harvest is prolonged for a full month. Great inconvenience is caused if the harvest is quickly over. Gathering takes place every day during the blossoming period. Every flower that has begun to blow, and every half-opened bud, is plucked. A hectare (two and two-fifths acres) produces generally about 6,600 pounds of roses, that is almost three million roses. These three million yield at most two and one-fifth pounds of attar. With

regard to distilleries the question of water takes the lead, for unless water is at hand distillation is impossible.

The distilling apparatus is simple. Its essential part is a large copper alembic, about 4 feet 10 inches high, resting on a brick furnace. The alembic consists of a cistern with a peculiar mushroom-shaped head, and a cooling tube. The cost of the alembic is reckoned according to its weight; thus one weighing about 163 pounds cost about £4 6s. The cost of the vat into which the cooling tube enters from 2s. 6d. to 10s. The cooling tube enters at the top on one side, and passes out into a flask at the lower part of the other side. The operation of distilling rose-water lasts about one to one and a half hours, and is repeated again and again until all the petals picked that day have been used, because petals distilled after twenty-four hours' delay have lost so much of their scent that they only afford an unfavorable yield. . . .

No perfume is quite so strong as that of attar. Remember the yield is less than one twenty-fifth of one per cent. (0.04) of the roses used. For 1 pound of attar more than 4,000 pounds of roses are needed. The peasant gets about 18s. an ounce. For the same thing, as sold in Paris or London, the price is £8 an ounce.

So strong is the odor that nothing short of a hermetically sealed jar will restrain it. A glass stopper, however tight, will not keep it back. Indeed, so strong is genuine attar of rose that it is nauseating. To remedy this and make it genial to the nostrils may be put forward as a kindly explanation why it is so often adulterated and

weakened. To be in a Kasanlik store was to be in a thick and sickening atmosphere. I put my nose over a copper jar in which was £8,000 worth of attar, and the smell was so powerful as to be disgusting and productive of headache.

FROM THE BLACK SEA TO THE IRON GATES*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

After two disagreeable nights and one disagreable day, we reached the Sulina mouth of the Danube. The river makes his muddy presence known far off shore, like the Mississippi, the Ganges, and the Yang-tze-kiang. The land is as flat as a pancake, and Sulina, which consists of a lighthouse and a long row of wooden buildings on piles, resembles the skeleton of a town deposited there by some freshet. You exchange the green plain of the sea for the green plain of the Dobrudja marshes, through which the Danube winds like a brown vein. Much was said about the improvements for navigation at Sulina, but the most I could discover was a long line of posts to which vessels were moored, and which may be the forerunner of a wharf. We passed through a street of vessels nearly three miles long, touching each other stem and stern, on both sides of the river, and then pursued our winding way toward Galatz, comparatively alone.

*From "Greece and Russia." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

By and by, however, the hills of the Dobrudja arose in the southwest, and the monotonous level of the swamps was broken by belts of trees.

In the afternoon, we passed the southern or St. George's arm of the Danube, which is now so closed up by a bar at its mouth as to be useless. The northern or Kilia arm enters a short distance higher up, and looking toward it at sunset, over the green levels, we saw the fortress-town of Ismail, built upon its northern bank. This was the famous citadel of the Turks, which fell before Suwarrow,* after one of the bloodiest assaults recorded in history. We anchored for some hours during the night, but early the next morning were at Galatz, in Moldavia. I can not say much about this place, for we only remained long enough to exchange our Black Sea steamer for the river-boat of the Danube Company. It is a dull, commonplace town, built over the slope of a long, barren hill.

From Galatz to the Iron Gates, in ascending the Danube, you have two days of monotonous scenery. On one side the low hills of Turkey, heavy, ungraceful ridges, generally barren of wood, and on the other the interminable plains of Wallachia. Except Giurgevo, the port of Bucharest, there are no towns on the northern shore, but on the southern you pass, in succession, Rustchuk, Silistria, Nicopolis, and Widin, besides a great num-

*Suwarrow (or Suvaroff) was a Russian field-marshal of Swedish descent, who served with great success in wars against France and the Turks. In the last years of the American Civil War, a name often given in the South to Gen. Grant was "Suwarrow Grant." Suwarrow was born in Finland in 1729, and died in St. Petersburg in 1800.

ber of shabby, red-roofed villages, nestled in the elbows of the hills. Immense herds of horses graze on the meadows; rough Wallachian boors in wide trousers and low, black hats lounge about their huts, which are raised on high piles out of the reach of freshets; guard-houses at regular intervals stud the bank, and three slovenly gray soldiers present arms as we pass; coal-barges and flat-boats descend the river in long black lines, and all these pictures, repeated over and over again, at last weary the eye. We passed Silistria at dusk, and I saw only an indistinct silhouette of its famous fort. But the scars of battle vanish soon from the earth, and Silistria is as quiet and orderly now as if it had not heard a cannon for a thousand years.

At Gladowa, we entered the celebrated Iron Gates, where a spur of the Transylvanian Alps, running southwestward through Servia to join the central mountain chain of Turkey, attempts to barricade the Danube. But, like the Rhine at Bingen, and the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, he has cut with his crystal sword at the Gordian labyrinth he could not thread, and roars in a series of triumphant rapids through the heart of the terrible hills. Covered with forests of oak, beech, larch, and pine, the mountains tower grandly on either hand, while through the interlocking bases the river descends in watery planes, whose slant can be readily measured by the eye. The rocks have been blasted so as to afford a channel for the steamer, which trembles in every timber as she stems the foamy tangle of chutes and whirlpools. Let one of her iron muscles give way, and the river would have his will. A

mile and a half of slow, trembling, exciting progress, and we have mounted the heaviest grade, but six hours of the same tremendous scenery await us. We pierce yet sublimer solitudes, and look on pictures of precipice and piled rock, of cavern and yawning gorge, and mountain walls, almost shutting out the day, such as no other river in Europe can show.

At Orsova, the northern bank becomes Austrian, and we were ushered into the Empire with the same usual suavity. I must confess that as much as I detest the Austrian Government, there are few countries in Europe where a traveler meets with so little annoyance and so much courtesy. All day long, we sat on the hurricane deck, enjoying the superb scenery, but toward evening, the mountains dropt into hills, and the hills on the northern bank flattened out into the great plain of Hungary. We passed Belgrade during the night, and early next morning were at Peterwardein, a fortress in southern Hungary. We arrived at Pesth, the approach to which, for stately beauty, is scarcely surpassed anywhere. We were in a hurry to get on, and so, jumping into a fiacre on reaching the wharf, caught the morning train to Vienna, which we reached in just seven days and six hours from Constantinople—one of the shortest trips on record.

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(Roman numerals indicate volumes, Arabic numerals indicate pages)