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CHAPTER I.

FROM STOCKHOLM TO FINLAND.

THERE are not many places upon this fair earth more delightful for a summer jaunt than Finland. The name Finland is not a misnomer, and while almost any one of the numerous lakes could with truth be called the lake of a thousand isles, still more appropriate would it be, as some one says, to speak of the whole as the country of a thousand lakes.

The scenery can not be considered grand, for there are no mountains, or even anything, with one exception, worthy to be designated a full-grown hill, south of the 66° parallel. But although the shores of the lakes lack the awe-inspiring grandeur that lofty mountains and huge, towering forests give, still there is about them a charm that leaves nothing to be desired. One
sits upon the deck, lazily, dreamily watching the ever-varying scene, as the little steamer winds in and out amongst the countless islands clothed in their many-shaded summer dress; with now and then a lovely vista of a mile or two, that one can see is the course the boat will take; but oftener there is seemingly no outlet, until she suddenly rounds a point, enters a channel so narrow that one can almost touch the shore, then glides into a broad lake dotted here and there with little green islands looking like emeralds set in glistening silver.

It is all so restful and quiet that you softly whisper to yourself "How lovely!" and can hardly realize you are on the same globe with the busy, noisy cities. After a day among the Finland lakes you step ashore, breathing a sigh of regret that you must awaken from a beautiful dream. How altogether different is a day like this from one spent whirling at fifty miles an hour through the Alps or Rockies, where one wishes for the time to be Janus-faced, and able to use the superlatives of a dozen languages, and when night comes is surfeited with grandeur and weary from excitement. However, this is anticipating a little.

Parties from America who contemplate a trip
through Finland should sail in May, in order to be there in time for the midnight sun. Finland is a much better place for the purpose than the North Cape. That is a long journey and oftentimes very unsatisfactory, as it is frequently so cloudy that the sun can be seen neither day nor night, while farther inland there is a much greater probability of a clear sky.

The pleasantest route is to go to Stockholm—and that will be found a charming city to visit—then by boat across the Gulf of Bothnia to Abo. This gulf is famous for being the place where the greatest proportion of the world's supply of amber is found. This valuable product is washed ashore in large quantities during storms. This is accounted for by the fact that there once existed here a species of pine now extinct, and that this forest has in some mysterious manner become submerged, possibly by a convulsion of nature. There are also mines of the amber around the Gulf, which are being worked.

For several hours after leaving Stockholm nothing could be more beautiful than the scenery. It is an ideal water trip. There are hundreds of islands of every shape, size, and formation; some are very rocky and anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet high. These
islands are favorite resorts for many wishing to leave the city during the summer. There are several fine hotels, as well as numerous picturesque villas; these, with their ornamental boat and bath-houses, all flying the pretty Swedish flag, made a lovely, gay picture not soon to be forgotten. The outlet to the Gulf is only just wide enough for the boat to go through. Then there are about four hours of open sea.

The Swedes and Finlanders are justly famous for being good sailors and pilots; and they have need of all their caution and experience in crossing the Gulf of Bothnia, for it has many sunken rocks.

On approaching the Finland coast the boat winds around among the Aland Islands. They are more numerous, and equally as beautiful as those on the Swedish side of the Gulf. Many are inhabited by fishermen and sailors; but farther on, as we passed through the fjord, we saw many islands upon which are summer hotels and pleasure resorts. One and all were pretty, and we were told later that it is quite common for the residents of Abo to make up parties and go to one of the islands for a picnic; and that upon the occasion of the Emperor's and Empress' last annual visit one of these little affairs
was gotten up for their entertainment. The gentleman who told us this said the royal pair entered into the fun of the thing as merrily as the rest of the party. The Czar helped cut the wood and kindle the fires, the Czarina made the coffee, and both seemed to thoroughly enjoy playing the gipsy with their loyal Finnish subjects.

Very lovely was the view we had of Abo as we entered the harbor. History tells us that the original town of Abo (pronounced Obo) was founded in pagan times. The present city has only twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, but from the extensive area over which it is spread it would easily be taken for a place of double that number. It has suffered greatly from fires, and to avoid a recurrence of the disaster the houses have been built quite far apart.

The present city boasts of possessing the oldest building in Finland. It is a castle over seven hundred years old, built in the days of the so-called Saint Eric, the first Swedish conqueror, who, with the aid of Saint Henry, Bishop of Upsala, introduced Christianity into Finland in the year 1157. The Bishop was finally martyred by the natives. However, the descendants of the very people who had caused his death have
canonized him as the patron saint of Finland, and the anniversary of the event of 1157 is celebrated all over the provinces.

Here, also, is an old cathedral, whose vaults are filled with tombs of the principal families of the country. The ancient tombs are especially interesting.

On a high point, with a commanding view of the city and surrounding country, stands the once famous observatory, now used as a navigation school. The parks and gardens are very pretty and the streets are wide and clean.

The Phœnix Hotel is a fine building and is well managed. The host upon our arrival informed us with pride that an illustrious countryman of ours, General Ulysses S. Grant, at the time of his visit to Abo was a guest at his house. The Phœnix is very large, and is painted white, which gave rise to some joking among the General's party about its being very appropriate for him to stop at "The White House," and by the people of the city it has since been known as The White House.

During our stay in Abo we had the pleasure of seeing the flag of our country waving in the breeze—"Long may it wave!" The hoisting of the stars and stripes in our honor, over the
residence of Mr. S——, one of the most prominent citizens, was one more evidence of the love the Finlanders have for America and her people. To the kind attentions of this gentleman, as well as to the United States Consul, we are indebted for a delightful visit, and it was with feelings of regret that we bade them all adieu at the railroad station, and turned our backs upon the interesting city.
CHAPTER II.

ABO, ULEABORG, TORNEA.

The train upon which we embarked was on the through line from St. Petersburg to Uleaborg, the most northern point yet reached by that great civilizer, the Railroad. This road was said by the gentlemen of our party to be well built, and any one could see that the station-houses were far better than those on many of the principal roads in our country—and there is no danger of the gentlemen getting left if they happen to step in for some cloves or parched coffee, for there is plenty of warning. Quite a large bell is attached to the side of the door so as not to swing. Fastened above the tongue of the bell is a strap, by means of which the bell is struck very rapidly for a moment, then an instant's pause, then one distinct stroke is given. This is the first alarm. The second and third are the same, except that the second closes with two and the third with three distinct strokes. Then the
conductor blows a little whistle, like those our street-car conductors use, then the engine whistles, then the little whistle is heard again, and the train starts very slowly. It is quite a contrast to the German way of doing; they start, and then whistle with a vim to let you know the train has gone. But I am digressing.

The road after leaving Abo runs northeast about one hundred and fifty miles to Tammerfors, one of the five large towns in Finland. It is situated between two lakes with unpronounceable names. The rapid stream that connects the lakes has, in a distance of one mile, a fall of fifty-eight feet. This furnishes a fine water-power which is utilized by numerous extensive manufacturing establishments. There are large flax, cotton, and paper-mills, also match and stocking-factories, as well as many other like industries, and it is justly styled the Manchester of Finland. The salmon-fishing, too, at this point is fine. There are little steamers plying upon the lakes, which by the means of locks are enabled to take quite extensive trips that one will find delightful.

After leaving Tammerfors the road runs northwest to Ostermyra, located within fifteen miles of the Gulf. It has the highest altitude
of any town in Finland, being nearly seven hundred feet above sea-level. Here the trains stop for the night.

In this country the iron horse seems to require rest at the close of the day; for, notwithstanding that all through the summer it is light all night, the trains do not run. However, it did not matter to us, for there was a neat hotel with clean beds, and we were glad of the rest. For those who were unable to afford the luxury of a bed in the hotel there were cots in the waiting-room of the station-house, and as these people carry their pillows and blankets with them when traveling they can pass the night quite comfortably.

On our second day's journey we began to realize that we were nearing the inhospitable North. The country became more sparsely settled, there was more unproductive land, and the neat log houses surrounded by well-kept farms were less frequently seen. The tall trees were becoming dwarfed, and the balsams and birch were of a much less thrifty growth.

We had rather a funny experience at the first station where we stopped for dinner. Our party took seats at one of the tables upon which was nothing but a table-cloth. We sat there
waiting for someone to come and take our orders, and finally, after about half the time for dinner had passed, we discovered that all the other passengers were helping themselves. It did not take us long to follow their example, and make much of the time left. In the center of the room was a table, one end loaded with all sorts of meats and vegetables; on the other end were plates, knives, and forks. At another table were the cups and saucers and tea; even to these we had to help ourselves. One such experience was enough for our hungry crowd. It was every fellow for himself after that, and there was no more precious time wasted in this way.

After about ten hours' ride we reached Uleaborg. Upon arriving, much to our surprise, there were several hundred people assembled at the station. We soon learned that after our departure from Abo our good friends had telegraphed that a party of Americans would arrive about this time, and requested that everything necessary for their comfort should be provided. As a result a committee of the prominent citizens, headed by the mayor and English Consul, met us in the most cordial manner, and we were driven to the hotel, where, up to the hour of our departure the same night, we were entertained.
right royally. On our return we remained some time in the city; but its impressions upon us, and the very kind attentions which we received, making our stay so pleasant, I will take pleasure in recounting farther on.

When we reached the steamer on the Gulf of Bothnia we found that by the kindness of our friends there were on board two comfortable carriages. These were to be used for the journey from Tornea to the mountains, a distance of about sixty miles, which, but for the thoughtfulness of these friends, we should have been obliged to make in the Finnish carts, and as few of them have backs to the seats they are not comfortable for long journeys. I must not neglect to say that for this trip an interpreter is very necessary, as nothing but Finnish and Swedish is spoken in the interior. Through the kind offices of the Consul a young man who was employed by one of the leading business houses in Uleaborg was persuaded to act as our interpreter. I will not venture to state how many languages he could speak, but his English was perfect, and he was equal to any other there was occasion for, so that his services were invaluable to us.

The steamers of the regular line between
Uleaborg and Tornea are not large, but fairly comfortable for small parties. On the boat with us was a priest belonging to the Imperial household; also one of the Emperor’s aids-de-camp. One week before the Emperor’s yacht had been up to the head of the Gulf for the purpose of ascertaining the stage of the water. These facts helped to confirm the report already circulated, to the effect that the Emperor and Empress were going to Aavasaksa to see the midnight sun. No doubt such a trip had been in contemplation, but for some reason it was abandoned. However, the report, as will be seen later, was the means of furnishing us with considerable amusement along the route through the farming districts.

There are any number of large rivers emptying into the Gulf. This causes a very strong current to the south, making it, when the length is considered—for it is over five hundred miles long—more like an immense river than simply a gulf. The largest of these rivers is the Kemi, which takes its rise not far from the Arctic Ocean. It runs through a thickly wooded country and abounds in fish.

We reached Tornea before noon, having been ten hours crossing the Gulf. The town, which
is situated on a river of the same name, has about one thousand inhabitants, and is one of the ports of the Gulf. In 1808, when the Swedes were forced to cede Finland to Russia, Tornea was on the east side of the river, which was then the boundary line between the two countries, and the port for the Swedes was on the west bank. Since that time the river has changed its course, making for itself a new bed to the east of Tornea, leaving the old bed dry, or at least only a marsh.

Tornea is visited in winter by great numbers of Laplanders, who go there on sledges drawn by reindeer, bringing for sale the skins and smoked meat of that fleetest of animals.

We crossed the foot-bridge that is over the old bed of the river to Haparanda, a neat, prosperous Swedish town of about two thousand inhabitants. We strolled through the village and into the little park, and were a good deal amused to see, as the principal ornament in the center of a mound, a stalk of Indian corn about two feet high. From the conspicuous position that had been given it they must consider it very choice; and there it stood alone in its glory, no doubt the only specimen of corn that will ever be seen by those who spend their days in that country.
We did not linger long in Tornea; as the weather was favorable for a clear sky we were anxious to start upon our journey to the mountain. The road, which was made by the government, is an excellent one, and extends seventy-five miles beyond the Arctic Circle, making a total of about one hundred and fifty miles.
CHAPTER III.

TORNEA VALLEY, MIDNIGHT SUN, ARCTIC CIRCLE.

The Tornea is one of the most beautiful rivers imaginable. It is joined at the mountain by the Muonio. About the first sight we had of the Tornea, after leaving the town, was a rapid where the water leaped and tumbled over its rocky bed as though it had determined to make much of the short while left in which to be jolly, before it should be lost in the boundless ocean below; and then, a mile or two above, it is running quietly and sedately, as though sobered by the thought that it was soon to leave these sweet pastoral scenes forever, and had no intention of indulging in another frolic a short distance below. And so it was throughout the entire journey; as we followed its bent we would again and again come upon it in one of its laughing moods, as if it were happy to be freed from the icy fetters of the North, and glad to gambol through these merry green fields.
Although it abounds in fish, from a commercial point of view the river is a failure, for it is not navigable. But it is like some sunny natures we have known; they brighten everything around them, and who would have them otherwise!

On the other side of the river could be seen the Swedish villages with their prettily painted houses, and the fields on either side looked so thrifty one could hardly realize that for a great portion of the year there is nothing but a carpet of snow to be seen in this now lovely valley.

The farms on either side of the road are more like New England farms than those found anywhere else in Europe. Each one with the dwelling house and numerous out-buildings making almost a village in itself, while not fenced from the road, is from its neighbor, and at these division fences is a gate. One would think these gates a great inconvenience to the traveler, but not so; for the drivers are never obliged to descend in order to open them. The women or children are always on the lookout, and run to perform the service, and while nothing is demanded a few pennies are usually thrown to them.

I mentioned before that it had been reported
the Czar was to visit the mountain, and as such a thing as an English carriage had never been seen upon this road before we were taken for the Czar's party, so naturally created a great deal of excitement. All the inmates of every house we passed rushed to the road to see us. Each gentleman of the party claimed to be the one taken for the Czar, and the ladies for Her Majesty. At all the post-stations were crowds of men and women, every woman with a baby in her arms and generally one or two clinging to her gown, and hiding behind her if we looked at or spoke to them. But no matter how timid they were, if you showed them a penny they would come shyly toward you, take the money, never forgetting to make a quaint little courtesy, then scamper back and hide again.

The crops in the large fields all along the valley seemed to be principally grass, and it looked queer to us to see any number of little log huts scattered here and there over the fields. These are the drying-houses; for the farmers in this region are thankful if their crops do not get nipped by the frost before they are ready to harvest, and do not venture to leave them on the ground to dry.

Although it was perfectly light all night, we
knew by our watches, and by our feelings too, that it was time, as our grandmammas used to say, "for honest folks to be in bed and rogues a jogging." Still, old and young were up and out as if it were midday instead of midnight. We passed a great many people on the road, both in carts and on foot, and wondered where they were all going, never thinking that their goal was the same as ours. The fact is, for the three nights when the sun does not go to bed, the people in the vicinity of the mountain religiously follow his example.

There are no hotels at the mountain, so we were lodged at a farm-house. By the advice of our friends at Uleaborg we brought from there a well-filled hamper, and it was fortunate we did so, as the variety to be obtained at the farm was extremely limited. We did not reach there until after one o'clock, so decided to retire, and be ready the next night for the unparalleled treat we were sure to have when the sun would keep himself above the horizon all night, to the wonder and delight of all so fortunate as to witness the gorgeous phenomenon.

But, alas, for human hopes! Not that the display "Old Sol" gave us was a failure; not by any means! That proved to be all our fancy
had painted it; but our hopes for some hours of good, sound sleep were dashed at the very outset. All the ladies of the party were to occupy one enormous room. The pillow-cases and sheets on the beds were spotlessly clean and elaborately trimmed with hand-made lace, but past experience had taught us that promising outward appearances did not always insure freedom from nocturnal tormentors, so two of the ladies made a critical examination of the beds, and announced the fact that sure enough "they" were there in full force. Then there was confusion in the camp, and we all declared that we could never get into the beds, and if we did, could never go to sleep, and unanimously agreed that if the housewife had not time to keep the beds clean and make lace too, the latter instead of the former had better be neglected. But enough of this dreadful subject; and although on one or two other occasions we were aware of the presence of the horrid things, I promise not to mention them again. We consoled ourselves with the fact that we could not, as a son of the Emerald Isle would say, see the midnight sun every day, and that this was no worse than is found in many out-of-the-way places in our
own country. However, we became oblivious of our surroundings, and slept at last.

The next night at a seasonable hour we started up the mountain. This I must tell you is within twelve miles of the Arctic Circle. It is eight hundred feet high. The mountain sides are well wooded, and it seemed to us as we were following the path leading to the top that every tree had a little Finnish pony hitched to it. Every pony had a tiny bell fastened around its neck, and their musical tinkle from far and near sounded very sweet.

We were slowly trudging along, chatting as we climbed, when from somewhere above us we heard a voice shout in stentorian tones, "Halloo, there! ain't you folks Americans?" We all halted very suddenly you may be sure, and looking up and seeing six feet of humanity high above us, in concert we responded, "Yes, sir! are you?" "You bet!" was wafted to us. "Where from?" we asked. "From Omaha," he answered, and up went his hat into the air and—"Hurrah for America! Hurrah for Nebraska!" he shouted. Of course there was a grand hand-shaking all around when we reached the spot, for who is not glad when in a foreign land to meet some one from home. Our new acquaintance accompanied us the rest
of the way. Upon reaching the top of the moun-
tain much to our surprise we found not less than
three thousand people assembled to enjoy the
glorious sight.

If Aavasaksa had been made to order for the
sole purpose of furnishing a place from which to
see the midnight sun a better location could not
have been chosen. It is a solitary mountain,
rising abruptly from the valley, so there is noth-
ing to obstruct the view. To the south of us as
far as the eye could reach was the pretty valley
through which we had just come; in the north
was another equally lovely; west of us, along the
bank of the Tornea, were the Swedish villages,
and far beyond some quite respectable hills; just
below us were the waving fields of grain, while
the rivers (Tornea and Muonio) on either side,
now and then widening into little lakes, looked
like chains and sheets of burnished silver. It
was an enchanting scene, and one never to be
forgotten.

For some time we were so absorbed in the
view that we had not noticed we were attracting
the attention of the people. It was evident that
few of them had ever before seen a tourist's
glass. The children crowded around and were
greatly pleased when we allowed them to use it,
and it caused considerable amusement when we had them look through the wrong end. A majority of the people were from the surrounding country, but there were also representatives from Stockholm, Helsingfors, and Copenhagen.

The phenomenon of the midnight sun has been so often described that I shall not enter into the minutia, but will say only that we watched it go down to apparently about two feet from the horizon, directly in the north. This was just at twelve o'clock. Then for a time it seemed to be stationary, and, although it was as light as it ever is—so light that we could, with the help of the glass, distinguish houses in Tornea, sixty miles away—still, one could look at the sun without the least inconvenience. It was a weird, strange sort of a light, unlike any other.

After a while we could see that the sun was slowly moving toward the east, but did not seem to get an inch higher or lower until it was far eastward. Then the sky took on the rosy tints of dawn and the sun began to rise. In a very short time it was so dazzling that we could not look steadily at it as we had been doing. We stayed but a short time longer, then descended the mountain to our lodging-house, darkened our rooms as well as we could, and slept, or tried to, until late in the day.
The Arctic Circle, as I have said, is but twelve miles beyond the mountain, and we decided to continue our pilgrimage to that imaginary line. Soon after leaving the farm-house we came to quite a large river, one of the tributaries of the Tornea. This we crossed by means of a ferry.

The scenery along the route was similar to that of the valley on the south side of the mountain, and as we drove past the farm-houses with their troops of bare-headed and bare-footed children playing in the door-yards, and through the many verdant fields of rye, barley, and potatoes, we could hardly realize that we were not in the agricultural districts of Pennsylvania or the northern New England states, and when told that we were at the Circle, 66°, 30', 15" north latitude, we paused and surveyed the scene, and in fancy compared this picture with the ones our imaginations had painted of this spot in our school-days. We had thought of it as being the limit of vegetation and human life; but how unlike was the reality! We were aware, of course, that our childish imaginings would not have been far wrong for this latitude on the western continent, and when we remember that this line runs across the southern portion of Greenland, north of Iceland, far north of Hudson's Bay, and across
the northern part of Alaska—all regions of perpetual snow and ice—we can see what the warm oceanic current does for this side of the globe. This, in addition to almost continuous sunshine for six weeks, makes the maturing of the crops incredibly rapid.

There is no season corresponding with our spring; one week it is winter and the next summer. The same in the fall; the harvest week may be followed by a snow-storm that whitens all the valley. But we had better not tarry longer, for fear of becoming bewitched by the Wizard of the North, whose spells of enchantment we feel are being thrown around us.

We returned to the farm-house, where we spent one more night, then started upon our journey to Tornea. I will confess to its being the Sabbath day, but remember, "There are sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything," and, besides, we stopped on the way and attended church. A sermon was being delivered as we reached the sacred edifice; the speaker's voice was low and earnest, and the congregation were devout and attentive. Hardly a soul turned his eyes towards us as we softly entered and took the first seat we came to. After the sermon there was a hymn, led by a
quartet, but joined in by the whole congregation. The Finnish hymns are all in the minor key, and are very sweet and plaintive.

There is a universal style of architecture for the Finnish church. It is a rather long, narrow building with a gable roof, and both interior and exterior are devoid of all ornamentation. There is always a bell-tower, not adjoining but near the church; it is unnecessarily large and anything but artistic.

At one of the post-houses on the way we were shown a very old musical instrument, exceedingly primitive and simple. It was placed upon a table and played with a bow; the single string was manipulated with the left hand. A young girl played upon it, and sang for us one of the sweet minor hymns.
CHAPTER IV.

ULEA RIVER, PAASO, AND ULEA LAKE.

We reached Tornea about midnight. There was not a cloud to be seen, and the sky was glorious. The sun went just a little below the horizon, and by the golden glow above we could follow its course toward the east. It was a beautiful sight, but we had to tear ourselves away and seek our hotel, as we were to leave early in the day. Very strange it seems to go through the streets of a town and see all the houses closed and the curtains drawn when it is still light. It gives one a lonely, sad feeling, as though all the inhabitants had been suddenly stricken from the face of the earth.

We returned to Uleaborg the same way we had gone, but this time the steamer stopped at the mouth of the large river before mentioned, the Kemi. We went ashore and were rewarded by seeing a crowd of peasant women in the provincial costume. There was a large saw-mill
near the landing, where the women were piling the wood to be used on the steamers. They all carried the wood in their aprons. Many of the aprons were made of burlap, hand-embroidered several inches deep across the bottom. The cross-stitch embroidery and drawn-work done by these women are very beautiful, and wonderfully cheap. They do this work during the dark days of winter.

We reached Uleabor in due time, and were driven to the "Societets-hus," a hotel that would do credit to any city. Every town of importance in Finland has a hotel of this name. They are owned by a company, and their aim is to give the tourist the most for the least money. An Englishman, with whom we traveled on our first day's journey after getting into the country, said, in telling us about them, that they are "ridiculously cheap." We found them, without exception, well managed and reasonable in price.

Uleabor, situated at the mouth of the Ulea river, is a town of about eighteen thousand inhabitants, the largest town in the province of Ulea, and the principal port on the Gulf. It has many handsome houses, wide, clean streets, and a general air of prosperity. It has the largest tannery in Finland, is also engaged in ship-
building, and exports quantities of lumber and tar.

They have a beautiful park, which is named for Bishop Franzen, the Swedish poet, who was born at Uleaborg. Upon the islands near are many pretty villas belonging to wealthy citizens. For a mile above the town the river is only navigable for tar-boats; hundreds of them come down every day in summer, making the run of the rapid in one minute. A few years ago the harbors on either side of the upper end of the Gulf were deep enough for any of the boats, but now they are obliged to trans-ship both passengers and freight to smaller ones.

All the rivers in Finland are so bountifully supplied with fish that it is a perfect paradise for the disciples of Izaak Walton. But they are not free to all; for by the laws of Finland the property-owners along the rivers control the fishing interests. At Uleaborg, as well as on most of the rivers, the people owning adjacent property have built fish-traps, where are placed nets to ensnare the poor things as they are going to their spawning beds up the rivers. By the kindness of the English Consul we witnessed the taking of the catch one evening. They hauled the nets into the boats and with heavy clubs knocked the
spotted beauties on the head. It was a cruel sight. There were hundreds of them that weighed not less than twenty pounds each, and they have caught them at this same place weighing fifty pounds. This is a fish story to be sure, but a veritable one. The companies who own these traps ship to St. Petersburg all the fish not sold the night they are caught.

Had circumstances permitted we should have liked to remain in Uleaborg much longer, but, had we done so, should have been obliged to abandon going to other attractive places. So, with heart-felt thanks for all his kindness, we bade adieu to the Consul, who accompanied us to the steamer, and started upon our journey up the Ulea river.

The steamer touched at many little villages on either side all the way. It was always interesting to see the people at the wharves, and we were not a little amused over the way the man who attended to the landing of the boat gave his orders. When he wished it to be stopped he made the same peculiar noise the drivers both in Finland and in Russia make to their horses to stop them. The sound is not difficult to imitate, but it is impossible to illustrate with letters or words, and I know of nothing to which it can
be compared. The noise they make to start their horses is like the popping of champagne corks, that is if two popped in quick succession.

In about three hours we reached Muhus, which is the end of the steamer's run, as there is a five-mile rapid above. The rapid is a wild one; we could hear its roar very plainly as we drew near Muhus. Upon reaching the post-house, and finding that the people spoke nothing but Finnish, we expected to experience some difficulty in making our wants known, and no doubt our anticipations would have been realized had it not been for the thoughtfulness of a lady residing some two miles distant, who, learning a party of Americans had arrived, and fearing we might be inconvenienced, very kindly came to see if she could render us any assistance. She spoke Finnish and French, and as two of our party spoke the latter language fluently we had no trouble whatever.

At this place we found ourselves in a very pretty farming district, and here, as well as at several other points where the surroundings were favorable, the government has established agricultural schools for the purpose of educating the people, and to encourage them in aiming for the highest degree of excellence possible in this
country. The experimental farm which we saw was a model, showing what industry and good husbandry could accomplish even in that climate. The members of the party who are competent to judge of these matters said they had never seen a finer crop of rye. Throughout a large field it stood six feet tall. We were told that the oat crops mature in fourteen weeks, and the barley in twelve.

One of the professors of the school very kindly loaned us some of the horses used on the farm for our next journey, and accompanied us himself for a distance of forty-five miles to Paaso. This trip was made in carts. The road was good, and nearly all the way there were well-tilled farms on either side. We passed a number of tar-boats being hauled around the falls. The boats were about fifty feet long, but so light that one horse sufficed for each, with always a woman trudging along holding the rope lines.

We were a little weary by the time we reached the post-station at Paaso, where we received a note from a gentleman residing a short distance away, who, with the kindness characteristic of the Finlanders the country over, insisted upon our spending the night at his house. Here we met again the delightfully
jolly English family with whom we had traveled from Stockholm to Uleaborg. We were charmin-
gly entertained by our genial host, and as we stood next day upon the deck of the little steamer, waving to him, we all agreed that such disinterested kindness could hardly be met with anywhere else in the world.

Vaala, the landing where we took the steamer, is across the river from Paaso. These towns are situated at the head of the Ulea river—which takes its rise from the lake of the same name—and of a fall twelve miles long that is considered so dangerous, government pilots are required. It is not unusual to see a hundred or more of the tar-boats that have come in from the lake during the night gathered here ready for the pilots in the morning. A gentleman told us that while making the run of the fall he held his watch in his hand and found they made it in exactly twelve minutes.

When our steamer started we had in tow about fifty small boats, so arranged that those who wished to stop at the first places reached were at the end of the line, and as we came opposite their homes they dropped off and rowed to their destinations. The lake is from three to ten miles wide, and was occasionally rather
rough for some of the party. The scenery was very pretty, but the wind was cold and raw, and finally a rain came on which drove us to the little cabin. Our party of six occupied every seat it contained.
CHAPTER V.

KAJANA, AND THE NATIONAL EPIC.

We arrived at Kajana about five, and when we reached the post-house were thankful to find it a delightfully neat, home-like place. The motherly old ladies who kept the house were very obliging and attentive to our wants. We were made so comfortable and were so in love with the beautiful location of the town that we remained as long as possible. We were now in the very heart of Finland, midway between the Gulf of Bothnia on the west, the White Sea on the east, the Arctic Circle on the north, and the Gulf of Finland on the south.

The town is on the Ulea Lake. The natives tell you very proudly that they think it worthy to be called the Niagara of Finland. It can boast of two falls, one about twenty feet high, the other not nearly so high, but frightfully wicked; the bodies of those who are so reckless as to venture too near are never found.
Every little way for miles above the falls there are rapids which the tar-boats run. Other than tar-boats perform the dangerous feat of running these rapids—a feat that does not bear an encore. A picnic party was gotten up in our honor; it was on an island beyond the third rapid. The way we reached there was by rowing until we came to rough water, then walking along the bank while the boats were towed up the rapid. This was all very well, but the going home was rough enough. Those who went in the first boat had the advantage, because, until you saw a boat going through, you did not realize the danger. But to watch one in what seemed such deadly peril, and know that in a moment more you would be in the same situation, was anything but comfortable. You prefer of the two evils that of jumping out of the boat. However, there is no time for acrobatic feats; you are in for it, and can only clutch frantically at the side of the boat with one hand and your nearest neighbor with the other, shut your eyes and hold your breath.

In less time than it takes to tell about it you are over the first rapid and in smooth, deep water. In a few moments you come to the second one. This time you do not shut your eyes,
and by the time the third is reached you are ready to join, a little hysterically perhaps, in the laugh at your expense. Then you compose yourself and begin to enjoy the lovely scenery, but soon are reminded by the roar of the falls below that not yet is all danger past. The boat seems surely to be getting too near the seething, boiling water, and not until it is headed for the shore, and you stand upon solid ground once more, is there a feeling of safety.

The tar-boats at this point enter the first system of locks. After getting through these they pass under the bridge which is between the two falls, and keeping close to the bank by a skillful use of the oar the boats are guided into the second system. It is very interesting to stand upon the wall and watch them go through. The earth fairly trembles when the ponderous gates are opened and the foaming torrent rushes in. The boats are capable of holding twenty-five barrels, and the crew usually consists of two men and one woman. By means of canals the tar-boats reach the Russian provinces.

On an elevation in Kajana is an observatory from which a fine view is to be obtained. In the center of the river is an island, one end of which is used as a pier for the bridge; upon the rest of
the island are some very picturesque ruins of what was once a large castle. Here the historian John Messenius was confined for twenty years, during which time he wrote the history of Finland.

This town of Kajana possesses great interest for the native Finlanders, from the fact that it was here their beloved national epic—The Kalevala—was first gathered together. The love of it is born in them, and is nurtured and fostered in infancy and childhood by the tales they hear of how their ancestors gathered in the long, dark days, to listen to the recital of the daring deeds of that hero of heroes, Wainamoinen. Every Finlander claims the epic as his birthright, and the way to their hearts is through the Kalevala. It is taught in the schools and colleges. One is reminded of it everywhere. Almost every city has somewhere a statue of the magic hero. Nearly all the boats on the lakes, rivers, and canals are named for some one of the characters in the poem.

The great antiquity of the poem is not doubted by scholars. Professor Latham says of it, "That the Kalevala suggested the Hiawatha no one who has read the two poems can doubt." Had our much-beloved poet acknowledged that
the idea and meter came from the Finnish epic, it would not have plucked one leaf from the laural wreath he so well deserved to wear, or detracted one whit from the merits of the really beautiful Hiawatha. It was impossible to collect what had never existed, for it is well known that the North American Indians had no legendary lore.

The Finnish epic, up to the present century, was preserved only in the memories of the inhabitants. A few of the poems were collected in 1822 by Zacharias Topelius, but Elias Lönnröt in 1835 published a complete collection, which first appeared in the Finnish language. Dr. Lönnröt is greatly beloved by his people. For years he traveled about from place to place, taking down the legends as they fell from the lips of the minstrels, and he has been rewarded by his work being pronounced by such authority as Professor Max Müller the equal in length, completeness, and beauty of the Iliad. It is classed as the fifth great epic of the world.

Up to 1888 it had been translated into Swedish, German, Hungarian, and French, the respective governments defraying the expenses. The French kept a translator in Finland eleven years, but it was found impossible to make verse
of it in that language. In 1888, after four years of laborious study, a complete translation into English was brought out by John Martin Crawford. This task had been attempted by many—in fact, Professor Porter of Yale did translate a few cantos—but it was such a stupendous undertaking that one and all became discouraged and abandoned it.

While we were in Kajana, by the courtesy of a prominent citizen we were invited to the house which was the home of Professor Lönnrööt while he was preparing the Kalevala for publication. I remember that upon the occasion of our visit to the house the hostess paid us the compliment of wearing in our honor a brooch made of an American ten-dollar gold-piece. This refined, educated family had shown their love for their national epic by naming their eldest son for the hero of the Kalevala, and the abbreviation of Vina makes a very pretty name.

Knowing when we left home that we were to visit Finland we carried with us the English translation of the Kalevala, and it was a letter of introduction into any family. To know that an American loved their epic well enough to translate it won their hearts for the whole nation. Our friends at Kajana had been exceedingly
kind and attentive, and it is with great pleasure we recall our visit to the pretty village.

A SONG OF FINLAND.

'Tis the land of fens,
And of rocky glens,
And of shady nooks
With their babbling brooks;
Where the cuckoo's note
On the soft air floats.

In the forest dells
The meek blue-bells
Droop their modest heads
O'er their mossy beds,
Where the feathery fern
From the sunlight turns.

The forget-me-not
In each sunny spot,
And the cornflower too,
Of the sky's azure blue,
In the fields we knew
With red poppies grew.

And the marguerite,
Like the maiden sweet,
Lifts its face so bright
To the pure sunlight,
With a glad surprise
In its loving eyes.
And in this land
The minstrel band,
In days long gone,
With harp and song,
Of the heroes bold
In the dark days, told.
Our next journey was the longest we took in carts, being sixty miles. For this we were advised to take a day’s supply of provisions, as the fare at the posting-houses would be none of the best. The country was much the same as that from Muhus to Vaala—good, well-kept farms the entire distance. I have not mentioned the fact before, but it is the same all over Finland; in every yard is a steam bath-house. The custom of taking steam baths seems to have been handed down from remote ages. The interior arrangements are decidedly crude, but no doubt answer a very good purpose. The stoves in these bath-houses are of stone, and the steam is made by pouring water over them while hot.

It was upon this trip we first heard the “sacred cuckoo calling.” The bird is so very shy that it is by the merest chance you will ever
see one. It is said that they are not heard to sing later than the last of June.

It is evident that the drivers in Finland have never heard, or, if they have, do not heed the maxim in regard to trotting horses down hill, for they always let them go down on a dead run. The little beasts are usually pretty sure-footed, but one of ours on this trip managed in some way to get his feet tangled, and plunged head-first onto the road at the risk of breaking his own neck, as well as the necks of the occupants of the cart; but fortunately all escaped unharmed, and we were soon on our way again, and Idensalmi, our destination, was finally reached.

The principal interest attached to this town is from the fact that it was the scene of a great battle in 1808 between the Swedes and Russians. A fine monument marks the spot where the Russian general, Prince Dolgorouky, fell. The town is on Lake Il. Here we took steamer for Kuopio.

After a pleasant trip of seventy-five miles we reached the little city, which is beautifully situated on Lake Kallevesi, and has a population of eight thousand. It has wide, clean streets, with a small, well-shaded park in the center of the town, and another much larger on the lake-
Idensalmi, Kuopio, Lake Saima.

Shore, which furnishes a pleasant place for drives and walks. About three and a half miles from the city is a hill commanding a very beautiful view. It is said three hundred islands can be seen from the observatory upon the summit.

The horses of this particular section of the country are famous for being fast trotters, and are much sought after, not only by Finlanders and Russians, but by the English as well. There is a horse-fair held here every winter, at which time very exciting races take place upon the ice.

At Kuopio we had the same good fortune that has been ours everywhere in this hospitable country, that of having good friends who did everything in their power to make our stay pleasant.

Our next trip was by steamer to Nyslott, at the north end of Lake Saima. This, a village of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, is not particularly attractive except as to location. The view from an observatory on a high point is strikingly beautiful. Opposite the town, entirely covering an island, are the ruins of a grand old donjon keep. Skeletons with chains about their necks have been found among the ruins, showing that at one time it must have been used for a prison.
At Nyslott we took a small steamer to an island called Punkaharju (which means hog’s back). In spite of its name it is considered by many the loveliest spot in all Finland. It is, as the name indicates, long and narrow; the ridge is only wide enough for a carriage road, the two sides covered with a dense growth of pines, sloping abruptly down to the water’s edge. This drive of four miles through the odorous pines, from the hotel to the end of the island and return, was an ideal one, and will be long remembered by every member of our party. The hotel is good, and a stay of a week would be very enjoyable.

We returned to Nyslott in time to catch the daily steamer which runs the whole length of Lake Saima to Villmanstrand. This lake is truthfully called by the natives The Lake of a Thousand Islands. It is the largest lake in Finland. The scenery the entire distance was a succession of lovely pictures.

Villmanstrand is a very old town of about sixteen thousand inhabitants. On the highest point are the ruins of extensive fortifications, and in the lowest part of the village the formidable earthworks constructed during the wars between the Swedes and Russians have been
converted into a pretty park. There are extensive military grounds at the place, and there is an annual parade in August, in which forty thousand troops take part in the maneuvers that are witnessed by the Czar.

We were shown through the Imperial residence. Of this the people of the town may well be proud, as everything in the construction of the little palace, including the decorations and furnishing, was either grown or manufactured in Finland. There is in the same inclosure a cottage for the Czarowitz, also composed entirely of home materials.
CHAPTER VII.

IMATRA FALLS, VUOKSI RIVER, SAIMA CANAL, VIBORG.

No one visiting Finland should fail to take the trip to the so-called Imatra Falls. For this we took the steamer at Villmanstrand, and crossed the end of Lake Saima. Here you see the head-waters of the Vuoksi river, a stream issuing from the lake. The river looks so small that when you see the falls below you can hardly believe all the water comes through this narrow channel. But we were told that the water at this point is incredibly deep. At the steamer-landing are the stages for the falls. The drive of five miles is a lovely one, following, as it does, the river nearly all the way.

The Imatra Fall is not a fall at all—it is more properly what the French call a *chute*; but it is a magnificent sight. Just at this point it is narrow, with high, rocky ledges, and no language can describe the terrific power which they confine. The water rushes through the
IMATRA FALLS.
chasm with the speed of an arrow, as though trying to tear the rocks asunder. No one can imagine anything more lovely than the ever-changing color of the water. The contrast of the billows of snowy foam, with every shade of green from the palest tint to a green so dark it is almost black, has an effect no painter can portray. The force of the water has worn away the rocks to such an extent that from the opposite bank the hotel and pretty grounds have the appearance of being upon a huge, rocky table. When standing upon the banks, you may shout your loudest, but not a sound can you hear above the roar of the waters.

I will give here a quotation from the Kalevala, that to any one who has seen the Vuoksi river will be the best illustration of the power music was believed by the people to possess over all animate and inanimate nature. Wainamoinen is supposed to be playing his magic harp, and the minstrel says:

“Listen all the stars of heaven,
And the moon stands still and listens;
Fall the waves upon the deep sea,
In the bay the tides cease rising,
Stop the rivers in their courses,
Stops the waterfall of Rutya,
Even Jordan ceases flowing,
And the Wuoksen stops and listens.”
This place has been for hundreds of years a favorite resort for the crowned heads of Europe, and no doubt some minstrel, while chanting here, possibly for the entertainment of an honored guest, has woven this in; and it was certainly a very happy thought. At Imatra we had an English-speaking Finlander for a waiter. He overheard us talking of this portion of the poem, and asked to be allowed to take the book. As soon as *table d'hôte* was over we saw every waiter in the house crowding around the reader, eagerly drinking in every word.

The hotel is an excellent one, but entirely inadequate to accommodate the thousands of tourists who come here during the summer season. Two new hotels are, however, being constructed, and a railroad to run to Viborg is nearly completed.

The fall, two miles below, while not so wild as the first, is, I think, more beautiful. It is much broader, and in the middle upon the edge of the highest part is an island with trees and vines growing as they list; for no one without wings could possibly reach them. Against this and the rocks on either side the water dashes as if determined to sweep every obstacle from its path; the spray is thrown high in air, making
SAIMA CANAL.
numberless rainbows, and falls back only to be thrown again. The scenery on every side is enough to drive an artist wild with rapture. A short distance below, the water becomes smooth and navigable; but there is another fall before it empties into Lake Ladoga at Kexholm.

We returned to Villmanstrand, and after spending the night started for Viborg by way of the Saima canal. This finely constructed water-way is said to be in every respect the equal of the famous Caledonian canal in Scotland. The engineer of the work is the brother of Ericsson, of Monitor fame. Finland is not dependent on the outside world for men capable of carrying out such an enterprise as this. The chief contractor, a gentleman with whom we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted at Viborg, is a native Finlander, having been born under the very shadow of Mount Aavasaksa. The canal is thirty-eight miles long, connecting Lake Saima with the Gulf of Finland. Between the two points there is a fall of two hundred and fifty-six feet, so it was necessary to construct no less than twenty-eight locks. These are built in the most substantial manner of Finland granite.

The scenery along the canal is lovely—indeed, if a pleasant day is chosen for the trip I do
not know of a more delightful summer outing. All along the route are picturesque villas; the most beautiful of them is the summer home of M. De Giers, Russia's great Minister of Foreign Affairs. We saw him sitting upon the veranda, evidently enjoying to the fullest extent his well-earned summer holiday.

The approach to Viborg by water is very pretty. The city of seventeen thousand inhabitants is spread over an extensive area; a part of it is on an island. Covering the whole of an island near the steamer-landing is a grand old castle, built by the Swedes in 1293. Its battered walls tell that the storm of battle has raged fiercely about it many a day. It was besieged by the forces of Peter the Great in 1710, and bravely defended for several weeks, but was finally taken. The town itself is quite attractive, having many handsome homes and well-shaded parks.

But the pride of the place is the Mon Repos Park, which is on the island, and about a mile from the center of the town. It is private property, but the public are admitted by the payment of a small fee. The sum thus gained goes toward the support of the poor of the parish. The park is laid out to represent in minia-
ture the scenery of Finland. It goes without saying that it has a fine statue of Wainamoinen playing his magic harp.

This being the highest and driest town on the railroad going west from St. Petersburg, is a favorite resort for the citizens of that great city. The many lovely lakes furnish amusement in the way of fishing, rowing, and boating. The shores are lined with summer cottages. From any of the high points about the town the view is beautiful. There are little steamers plying busily back and forth, stopping at various landings; these, with countless sail and row-boats gliding about among the islands, make a lovely scene. The roads are excellent, and there are many pleasant drives. As for the walks, you are never far from a grove of noble pines, a charming place for a ramble on a hot summer's day. Unlike other trees, they are so tall that while they shut out the sunlight they do not exclude the breeze, and there is no sound more dreamy and restful than the soft music of the wind whispering among the branches far above your head. They are delightfully fragrant at all times, but after a shower, when the sun comes out bright and strong, they rival the spices of Araby.

We remained in Viborg several weeks, and
were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of some of the first families of the city, who were very attentive and kind to us during our stay. They are charming people, and lovely in their home-life. They all speak from three to six languages, and there is musical talent of the highest order among them. One would think they would dread the long, cold winters, but with the young people at least this is not the case, as one of the young ladies said to me they like the winters better than the summers, the sleighing and skating are so enjoyable.

During our stay in the city the Emperor and Empress were there, on their way to Villmanstrand. One of the prominent merchants very kindly invited us to his house, which was on the street where the Imperial couple were to pass. We had the honor of a very friendly bow and smile from them in response to our greeting. The peasants, who from miles around had flocked to town, were enthusiastic, but orderly and well-behaved.

The Finlanders as a nation are a progressive people. They have all sorts of improved appliances in the way of farming implements. In one store we saw a large stock of them; many came from America. The Viborg merchants are
great linguists. One of them told us that he did business every day in five languages; namely, Swedish, German, Finnish, French, and Russian, and he was at the time speaking English with us.
CHAPTER VIII.

HELSINGFORS, FORTIFICATIONS OF SVEABORG, FAREWELL TO FINLAND.

OUR next and last stop in this interesting country was at Helsingfors. The trip was by rail. We crossed several branch lines, but there was nothing worthy of note until we reached our destination. Helsingfors we found to be a beautiful place, both as to city and location. It has a harbor that seems to have been intended by nature for a stronghold, and what nature has not done has been supplied by the ingenuity of man.

This Gibraltar, up to 1808, had resisted all attacks by the Russians. It was here the Swedes took their last stand in defense of their possessions, and some historians assert that it was at last captured only by the treachery of the Swedish commander, Admiral Cronstadt. From what I know of the Swedish character this seems utterly incredible, unless, as has been
suggested, he was laboring under some mental aberration at the time; for the capitulation was not made under stress of circumstances, the garrison being fully manned, and amply supplied with munitions of war; while, on the other hand, the Russians were reduced to almost the last extremity for both. However, the result was that the Russians instead of the Swedes carried out and brought to completion the plan of what is now called the Fortifications of Sveaborg. They are situated upon seven islands of solid rock, each connected with the chief fortress—which is one of the most magnificent piles of the kind in the world—by tunnels under the waters of the harbor. These were constructed at an incredible expense. The islands themselves are fairly studded with cannon; whichever way you look you find yourself staring into their open, black mouths. There are

"Cannon to right of us,
Cannon to left of us,
Cannon in front of us,"

but fortunately they do not volley and thunder. The whole place certainly has the appearance of being impregnable. During the Crimean war a portion of the English and French fleets bombarded for two days and nights (August 9
and 10, 1855) these fortifications without being able to make any impression on them.

The man who conceived the plan for this fortification was Count Ehrensvärd, High Admiral of Sweden, and his dying request that he should be buried here has been respected. Upon his monument, on Vargö Island, is this inscription: "On this spot, and surrounded by his own work, repose the remains of Count Auguste Ehrensvärd."

Here in Helsingfors we begin to see a change in the appearance of the cities. It is—we recognized afterward—the Russian style of architecture. The gilded domes and crosses of the Greek Church, and the immense blocks of buildings with their green roofs, are decidedly Russian. The builders of Helsingfors have followed literally the mandate of the Scriptures, and have founded their houses upon the rocks. Many of the finest buildings are upon natural rock foundations.

Among the most notable of the buildings in the city are the Governor's Mansion, the Greek Church, whose dome is discernible far out to sea, the Senate House, the Town Hall, several theater buildings, and the magnificent University famous for being the most thorough insti-
tution of the kind in Europe, whose regulation cap and class-ring are seen all over Finland. There are also numerous handsome private residences and many pretty parks. The view from the observatory is superb.

While Finland is a dependency of Russia, it is, by the treaty of 1809, comparatively independent; but not by any means so independent as she would like to be; and there is no nation upon the face of the earth more capable of self-government, or one that would make a better use of freedom did she possess it. By the treaty before mentioned she is a Duchy, the Czar being the Grand Duke. Unlike the other conquered provinces of Russia, she has her own Governor-General, but he is a Russian, appointed by the Czar. She also has an upper and a lower house of parliament, the members of these houses having substitutes to serve in their absence. But all enactments passed by these bodies, before becoming operative must be approved by the Grand Duke. She has her own postal system; the post-masters are of her own selection, the expenses being defrayed by the Finnish government. She owns and operates all the railroads in the provinces; but the telegraph system is owned and operated by the Russian government.
The government of Finland has practically no debt. Its revenue is largely derived from the duties on imports from all countries, Russia included. Its government is administered on the strictest principles of economy, all the officials having small salaries. Finland also has its own monetary system, the banks being banks of issue, the denominations from five marks upward, which paper is redeemable in gold.

Although Finland has one hundred and forty-four thousand square miles, she has a population of only two million five hundred thousand. This is accounted for by the fact that so large a proportion is water, swamp, and pine barrens. But the statistics show that there is a steady growth in population, for while there is a considerable emigration to America it is exceeded by the immigration from Germany and the Baltic provinces.

The exports are valued at twenty-five million dollars per annum. Among the articles are fish, tar, rye, barley, and oats; the latter being of a superior quality find a readier market and bring a higher price than American oats. The butter, also, is shipped in large quantities, and ranks with the world-renowned Danish butter. But wood, in its numerous forms, such as fire-wood,
lumber, and articles made of wood, is the largest one factor of export; and this supply is practically inexhaustible, as the forestry law was very wisely made, and is strictly enforced. The law is to this effect: The Finnish government divides the wooded portion of a land-owner’s estate into thirty sections, and he is permitted to cut but one of these sections yearly. Such a law as this in America would be a very judicious thing. The articles imported to Finland from America are cotton, petroleum, and, as I have said before, agricultural implements.

In the large towns in the provinces where Russian soldiers are stationed is a Greek Church, but the Church of Finland is the Lutheran, and in order to be married by a Lutheran minister the contracting parties must be members of this Church, and in order to become members they must be able to read and write. So the result is they all have at least this much education. The Lutheran clergy is an efficient aid in this good work. In districts that are too sparsely settled to admit of schools being established the minister of the parish goes from house to house, spending a fixed time with each family, and giving instructions in the rudiments of education.
Finland is just now, and has been for some time, divided upon the language question, and there is considerable animosity existing between the two parties. There is a very great admixture of Swedish blood in the maritime provinces, and in these the Swedish language is largely spoken; the commercial business is carried on in Swedish, and the literature also is in that language. But in the legal and legislative departments the Finnish language is used, and the universal adoption throughout all the provinces of the Finnish, as in opposition to the Swedish language, is of course encouraged by the Russians, for they very well know that if the time should ever come when Finland could choose between her former and her present conquerors, of the two evils she would much prefer the yoke of Sweden. Therefore it is the policy of Russia to eradicate as rapidly as possible the latter language from Finland, and alienate her from old associations.

The theory which up to a recent date was the accepted one in regard to the origin of the Finnic people, seems now to be confuted by learned philologists. Instead of their being, as was once believed, the descendants of an arbitrarily named race inhabiting a small portion of
Central Asia, it is asserted that the Finlanders were the aborigines of the whole of northern Europe, Russia included, and that they antedate the Aryans, who five or six thousand years B. C. separated from the parent-stock and migrated southward.

The Finlanders in Russia proper and in the border provinces are fast becoming Russianized morally, mentally, and physically. In the northern part of Finland the Lapp physiognomy is seen, while in the provinces bordering on the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland the Swedish blood is plainly traced. In the center of the country there has been no foreign admixture for more than a thousand years, and here is to be found the purest type in Europe; here is found the Finnic physiognomy, the Finnic temperament, and the Finnic language, in all their purity. The Finnic physiognomy is undoubtedly Mongolian. As to the temperament, they are kind-hearted, and slow to anger, but if by unjust dealing their anger is aroused they speedily demonstrate the fact that they are not a race of cowards, and while proverbially tenacious and stubborn as to what they consider their rights, they are equally proverbially honest and upright in all their dealings. Their language is exceed-
ingly musical, with many endearing diminutives for which the English language has no equivalents.

And now farewell to one and all of the genial, true-hearted people whose unvarying, disinterested kindness made our summer sojourn among them so delightful that the remembrance of it is an unalloyed pleasure. And a last farewell to thee, beautiful Finland! May the din and clamor of battle never more be heard in thy borders, but may happiness, peace, and prosperity ever abide in thee.
OUR next journey is on the Gulf of Finland, by the through line from Stockholm to St. Petersburg. As we steam out of the harbor and turn toward the latter city, to the south and west of us is the Gulf of Riga. At the head of this Gulf and on the river Dwina is the city of Riga, the capital of the province of Livonia. It has a population of two hundred thousand. Opposite us, across the Gulf of Finland, is the city of Reval, the capital of the province of Esthonia, a city of seventy-five thousand. These two cities are very formidable commercial rivals of St. Petersburg. Livonia and Esthonia, together with Courland, comprise what are known as the Baltic provinces. The people of all these are largely German Lutheran.

As we continue eastward we have on our right the ancient city of Narva. It was formerly
a fortified town, and in 1700 was the scene of a great battle between Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and Peter the Great, in which eight thousand Swedes were victorious over sixty thousand Russians. Since the completion of the fortifications of Sveaborg and Cronstadt—the latter we shall soon reach—those of Narva have been allowed to go to ruin; but the town is one of extensive manufacturing interest.

Twenty miles west of St. Petersburg is Cronstadt, upon whose fortifications and those of Sveaborg depends the safety of the "Czar's Window." As I have shown, Sveaborg is a masterpiece of strength and solidity, and Cronstadt is equally as formidable; so until armies and munitions of war can fly, the "Window" is in no danger of being demolished. The Cronstadt fortification is on an island eight miles long by one and a half broad. Every place in the channel where it would be possible for a vessel to pass is so strongly guarded that, although Lord Napier established a blockade here for a time, in 1854, he considered the taking of this stronghold such an utterly hopeless case that he did not even attempt a bombardment. During the reign of Peter the Great the island was occupied by the Swedes; after their expulsion that mon-
arch began the fortifications. The first fort which he caused to be built, in 1703, still stands. The Russian fleet is moored in a harbor back of the fortifications. The town of Cronstadt has a population of twenty-three thousand, with a garrison of twenty-five thousand.

Navigation closes in these waters as early as the middle of November, not to open until the middle of May. But as soon as the ice is strong enough, an avenue, with evergreen trees set on either side, is laid out as directly as possible to St. Petersburg, and the distance we were told is driven in one and a half hours.

As soon as we leave Cronstadt the great dome of the Saint Isaac’s Cathedral in St. Petersburg is sighted; this is used as a landmark by the pilots. When half the distance to the city is made we pass upon our right Peterhof, one of the summer homes of the Imperial family; this we shall visit later. Here we see lying at anchor a steamer which is such a beauty that our curiosity is aroused as to whom it belongs, and upon inquiry learn it is the Emperor’s yacht, of which we have heard so much; it is said to be the fastest sea-going steamer yet built.

While this is my third visit to the Empire of the Czars, I have not forgotten that upon the
occasion of my first I was about this time so much interested and fascinated by the scene rapidly coming into view that I entirely neglected the minor attractions of an elaborate *table d'hôte* dinner that was being served on the deck of the good ship *Tornea*. The distant view of the gilded domes, the two needle-like spires of the Admiralty building, and the Peter and Paul Cathedral, which seem to pierce the sky, mingled with miles of green and red-roofed houses—all looked so queer and foreign that I was impatient to land, and go about this wonderful city—for when the manner in which it was built, and the character of the ground upon which it stands, are taken into consideration, it is the most wonderful city in the world, Venice not excepted, and well deserves to be called the Venice of the North; for as we get nearer, it is so level it seems literally to rise out of the sea.
ST. PETERSBURG.
CHAPTER X.

ST. PETERSBURG.

ST. PETERSBURG, the youngest capital in Europe, is laid out upon the most gigantic scale, and what some one says of Washington—“It is a city of magnificent distances”—is still more appropriately applied to this city, and everything in it is huge in proportion; its wide and almost endless streets; its numerous parks, each large enough to contain from fifty to one hundred thousand men. And it is, so to speak, a city of palaces; there are so many of them, and each so immense, that one will see nothing to equal them outside of Rome or Constantinople. The government buildings, too, are very numerous, as well as enormously large, often being two or three squares long, thus cutting off one or two streets. Outside of the portions of the city where are the landmarks, such as the Winter Palace, the St. Isaac’s and other Cathedrals, the monuments and parks, etc., etc.,
the architecture is so monotonous, and one well-paved, clean, wide street, with its blocks of three-storied houses, is so much like another that it is very puzzling to a stranger.

In all other cities of Europe, with the exception of the portions that have been torn down and rebuilt in the last few years, are high, quaint, old houses that make the narrow streets look narrower even than they are; but there is nothing of that kind here. There are no poor quarters with tumble-down houses within the city limits; the property-owners are obliged to keep up the necessary repairs, and renew the paint, or tinting rather, when needed.

The Neva is both loved and feared by the native Petersburger; for, several times during the history of the city has the rapid firing of the cannon given the alarm that an inundation was imminent, and those whose homes were in basements were obliged to hastily seek places of safety. A long-continued west wind, strong enough to drive the water back into the Gulf of Finland, accompanied by a high stage of water in the river, would put the city in great danger. This Queen of Rivers, which is only forty miles long but very broad and rapid, above the city bends abruptly to the north, and, mak-
ing a *détour* of thirteen miles, empties into the Gulf below the city, about opposite to where the bend begins. The portion of land within this bend has been raised about ten feet, and here the greater part of the city has been built. About half way between these two points the river divides into four branches; these form islands, the principal one being the Vasili Ostrof. This is occupied chiefly by immense public buildings, such as the Stock Exchange, the Academies of Science and of Fine Arts, the Imperial University, and many others.

Across the city from the upper to the lower portion of the river, like the cords of an arc, are the canals. There are three main canals with many branches. The river is about three quarters of a mile wide within the city limits. The three main canals are one hundred feet, and the numerous branches about sixty feet wide. There are no locks in any of them; the water simply runs through them across the city. Their banks, as well as those of the river, are solidly and substantially built up with Finland granite, and at almost every street is a picturesque landing-place with stone steps. On all these streams are little steamers capable of carrying at least forty or fifty people each, busily plying up and down;
the trip on any one of these—a distance of about four miles—costing five kopeks (two and a half cents).

Of course there are necessarily a great many bridges in the city, and they all look so substantial that unless attention were called to the fact one would not notice that all but three are pontoons. These are removed before the streams are frozen over; some are replaced upon the ice, while for others, avenues are substituted, and trees set on either side.

The fuel of the city is wood, brought down the river from Lake Ladoga. During the summer and fall the banks of the canals are lined with these wood-boats, and it is by means of these canals that not only the fuel, but the building material and grain are distributed to the warehouses throughout the city. Before navigation closes the order is issued that the canals must be cleared. The boats are then cut up and sold for fuel. Thus all obstructions are removed and these canals are in winter the scene of many a gay carnival. The canals are also used for sewers, and while the ice is breaking up in the spring is the unhealthy season in St. Petersburg.

The droskies, of which there are said to be during festival weeks twenty-five thousand in
the city, are very convenient institutions. They are not comfortable for long drives, but are easy to step into and out of, and the fares are so low that no one need walk on the score of expense. The fact of there being no support for the back affords an excuse for a gentleman, if he wishes to do so, to place an arm around his companion’s waist; this is very often seen.

The ishvostchic (driver) is a feature in the Russian cities. The regulation costume for the private drivers is a dark green, and for the public ones a dark blue, effeminate dress, reaching to their heels, belted where the waist is supposed to be, and buttoned under the left arm with large, open-work, metal buttons. Well down on his head, in fact, so far down that it bends the ears forward, is a low-crowned, bell-shaped, black hat. The most of these people come from the country, and are nearly all deplorably ignorant; very few can read, and I have found them to whom even written figures were an enigma. The driver is paid by the owner of the vehicle eight rubles (about four dollars) a month, with the privilege of sleeping on the hay in the stable. But he must earn as much as two and a half rubles a day, or the deficit is deducted from his wages at the end of the month, and if
he should be fined for any cause, his employer is notified, and the amount is retained from his wages. So the poor ishvostchic’s livelihood is decidedly precarious. They take to driving naturally; are hard, fast drivers, but, withal, kind to their horses. I have more than once seen an ishvostchic kiss his horse affectionately. Although the horses are always changed at the close of the day, the driver often stays in his drosky all night. One has only to call “Ishvostchic” any hour of the night, and here they come from all quarters, as fast as their sturdy little horses can bring them. Occasionally, on a bitter, cold night some poor fellow falls asleep, and will never respond to that call again.

St. Petersburg has several lines of street cars and two dummies, which run far beyond the city limits. We Americans might, with profit, adopt the Russian method of putting down street-car tracks. They are grooved rails, laid level with the street, thereby avoiding the wear and tear of carriage-wheels, to say nothing of the danger to life and limb. The cars are double-deckers; the fare for the upper being three kopeks, and the lower, five. There are no double tracks, but the switches are not far apart, and one soon learns that it is at these only one can get on or off, un-
less he can do so when the horses are going on a dead run, as they always do between the meeting-points.

But, no doubt, my readers are thinking it is high time we were visiting some of the many interesting places in this truly wonderful capital. The Winter Palace and Hermitage are naturally the first places a stranger wishes to see, as whoever has heard of St. Petersburg has heard of this palace of palaces and museum of museums. They are so vast in dimensions, and so filled with objects of value and interest, that the first visit simply leaves the impression on your mind that you have had a dream of walking upon glossy, inlaid floors, through a countless number of rooms, with lofty, gorgeously painted ceilings, upheld by stuccoed walls and pillars, where your eyes were dazzled by the glitter of huge, crystal candelabra and chandeliers, where there were marble nymphs and naiads without number, worlds of colossal vases of every material, color and shape, gallery after gallery of beautiful paintings, and precious gems in such quantities that it would seem must have left the mines of Golconda impoverished. But after the second or third visit this magnificent display will not seem such a medley. You will be able to recall indi-
individual objects and locate them in the different rooms.

The Palace was erected during the reign of Catherine II., and, although it has been enlarged from time to time, still retains the original style of architecture (the rococo), and resembles somewhat the Palace of the Sultans at Constantinople. It is about eighty feet high, four hundred and fifty feet long, and three hundred and fifty feet wide. The situation is fine. It fronts upon the Court Quay, a beautiful boulevard, along which are the handsomest residences in the city.

The Imperial family has not resided in this Palace since the attempt was made (on the 18th of February, 1880) on the life of Alexander II., by demolishing one end of the dining hall with a bomb, just as there was to be a state dinner. The only reason the result was not so disastrous as the assassins intended was because of the tardiness of a distinguished guest.

The pictures in the palace, aside from the portraits, represent naval engagements near Cronstadt, Reval, Viborg, and Helsingfors. There are many fine, large battle-pieces of the war of 1812, also of the wars in Germany in 1700, and many others—of course all those in which the Russians were victorious.
The White Hall is a handsome room, and contains, in addition to some marble statuary, a fine collection of gold and silver dishes, on which bread and salt have been presented to the Emperor. In the Golden Hall, over the chimney-piece, is a lovely little mosaic picture representing the "Temple of Paestum." In the next room is a clock that requires to be wound but once a year. The floors in all the rooms are each a work of art; they are inlaid in the most elaborate designs with light and dark wood.

In one of the rooms will be seen a green curtain; behind it is a tablet upon which are written the rules adopted by Catherine II. to govern the conduct of the friends—philosophers, men of letters, and artists—with whom her leisure evenings were spent in the Hermitage. The guide translates them thus:

1. Leave your rank outside as well as your hat, and especially your sword.
2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling outside the door.
3. Be gay but do not spoil anything; do not break or gnaw anything.
4. Sit, stand, walk, as you will, without reference to anybody.
5. Talk moderately and not very loud, so as not to make the ears and heads of others ache.
6. Argue without anger and without excitement.

7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.

8. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but drink with moderation, so that each may find his legs on leaving the room.

9. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join.

10. Tell no tales out of school; whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room.

A transgressor against these rules shall—on the testimony of two witnesses—for every offense drink a glass of cold water (not excepting the ladies); and further, read a page of the Telemachiade (the production of an unpopular native poet) aloud. Whoever breaks any three of these during the same evening shall commit six lines of the Telemachiade to memory. And whoever offends against the tenth rule shall not again be admitted.

On the third floor is the treasury in which are the Crown Jewels; an especial permit must be obtained to see them. They are a magnificent collection of stones; their equal is not to be found in the world.
The Hermitage was founded and so named by Catherine, as a refuge from the cares and restraints of public life. At that time it was only a small building attached to the Palace; later she caused it to be enlarged and used as a picture gallery. This was simply the nucleus of what is now the finest museum in the world. It has the largest collection of rare pictures of any gallery—I will not except those of Rome, Florence, or Paris.

While the Hermitage is connected with the Winter Palace, it has a grand entrance of its own with a portico, the roof of which is apparently held up by magnificent figures in gray granite, that, including their pedestals, are twenty-two feet high.

On the ground floor is the antique sculpture brought from Egypt, Syria, Italy, and Greece; also a library and gallery of original drawings. In the center of one room is an enormous vase of dove-colored jasper. The bowl, which is more than eight feet from the floor, is twelve feet wide by twenty feet long, and the whole—base, stem, and bowl—was cut from a single stone gotten from a mine in eastern Siberia. On this floor is the "Venus of the Hermitage," a lovely Greek statue found in Rome in 1859. In the same
room with the large vase is a mosaic table that far excels in size and workmanship anything of the kind to be found elsewhere.

The principal stairs are marble, very broad and imposing. Around the top of the staircase is a gallery in which is some fine marble statuary. Here are two of Canova's famous works, "The Dancing Girl" and "Hebe." On this floor are the picture galleries. They contain originals of Murillo, Raphael, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Luini, Titian, Teniers, and many other noted artists; also the so-called Spanish collection bought from the King of Holland.

In the mines of Siberia are more than one hundred and fifty varieties of beautiful stones, and it is safe to say that each and every one are represented in some way in the Hermitage. There are countless wonderfully beautiful tables, vases, and other things made of them.

The Gallery of Peter the Great is a part of the Winter Palace, but can be entered from the Hermitage. It contains the lathe and other tools Peter used in making the hundred and one things he has left as indisputable proof of his industry and skill. The wonder is how he ever found time for any manual labor in addition to
the duties incumbent upon him as the ruler of a great nation. We saw also a very heavy iron staff he used as a cane; it is no toy, I assure you. The stick that gives his height shows him to have been six feet and eight inches. Here, too, is an effigy of Peter that was used in the pageant at the coronation of Catherine I. The dress, which is in the style of his day, was embroidered by her hands. We saw a stuffed horse that looked so small it was hard to believe the Imperial giant had ever ridden him to battle. Here, too, are casts of the face of Peter taken before and after death. There are in this room cases filled with medals, silver filigree ornaments, old clocks and jeweled watches, china, carving in ivory, and a thousand other little things.
CHAPTER XI.

SAINT ISAAC'S, AND OTHER CATHEDRALS.

UPON our first visit to Saint Isaac's Cathedral we were for a moment greatly disappointed to find that the massive portals were closed and locked; but we realized that the exterior was worthy of an especial visit. It is a very imposing building, so grand in its simplicity, so perfect in its proportions, that no alteration or addition could possibly be desired.

The approach from the street is by three broad steps, each a mammoth piece of Finland granite. There are three public entrances with ponderous bronze doors, every one a study in itself. There are one hundred and twelve pillars that support the four porticos, each a monolith sixty feet high and seven feet in diameter. They are of highly polished Finland granite, with Corinthian capitals of bronze, and weigh one hundred and twenty-eight tons each.

There is a central cupola; it, too, is sup-
ported by Corinthian columns of granite, thirty feet long, that weigh sixty-four tons each. A little below this, on the four corners are cupolas exactly like the central one, except that they are much smaller. In these are the bells; they are very fine musical ones—a fact which strangers who are stopping in an adjacent hotel do not always appreciate when they are awakened by them at four o'clock in the morning. The principal bell, which is the largest in the city, weighs over fifty-three thousand pounds. It is the deepest-toned bell I have ever heard. The dome of the central cupola is gilded, and to crown this is a beautiful lantern which is the exact counterpart in miniature of the whole. Above all is a golden cross three hundred and thirty-six feet from the ground. There is a marked difference between the crosses on the Greek churches and those on the Latin. Near the foot of the former is a piece put on slanting, and when you ask what this is for you are told that the cross of Christ was made in this way; that Christ was lame, and this was done in order to support both feet.

Our guide tells us that the Cathedral cost eighteen millions, but one frequently hears it said in St. Petersburg that "none but God and
the architect know what it did cost.” As you stand before it you wonder how in the world, and by what kind of machinery, those huge pieces of granite were ever brought here and put in position. But there they stand, seemingly an imperishable example of man’s power, patience, and ingenuity.

Our visits after this were timed not only when there was to be a service, but when there was to be some special service. The birthday anniversaries of the Imperial family are always celebrated in the churches; we attended that of the Empress. On ascending the steps we passed between two lines of as hard a lot of beggars as ever was seen. Some seemed to be in the business on their own account, and looked as if they had quite enough to do to attend to that, while others, who looked about as bad, had contribution boxes strapped around their shoulders, and were begging for some church or charitable institution; but one and all held out a hand, and in an almost inaudible voice muttered their tale of woe.

Upon entering the church we found the interior exceedingly vast and rich. But the malachite and lapis lazuli columns on either side of the entrance to the inner shrine, while beautiful
in themselves, are rather shocking from the close proximity of the bright blue and green. There are six fine colossal figures in mosaic, and the walls and floors of the Cathedral are of many-colored marbles from Siberia.

The singing in all the Russian churches is done by men and boys. There is never any instrumental music—a fact you can hardly believe when you hear the low organ tones of the adults, and the pure, sweet voices of the thoroughly trained boy choir. The officiating priests, with their long, snow-white hair and beards, are the personification of patriarchal dignity, and when in phenomenally deep notes they chant the "Gospodi pomilui!" (Lord, have mercy upon us!) it is certainly awe-inspiring, and, take it all in all, is the most wonderful singing I have ever heard, and the most impressive service I have ever witnessed.

Each time I have attended the services it has seemed to me that every man, woman, and child in St. Petersburg must be inside the walls of the Cathedral. There are no seats, but if you go early, and signify your desire to do so, you will be admitted inside the altar rail, and they seem to have a few stools hidden away somewhere. I was fortunate enough to get one, so,
out of the throng and seated comfortably, I watched the crowd. They were, with very few exceptions, the class who had worked hard through the week. All as they came in purchased a candle, lighted it and placed it in a stand for the purpose, bowing and crossing themselves all the while. The burning candles only helped to make the air more stifling for the poor things; but there they stood for three mortal hours. I think the only reason many of them did not drop to the floor was because they were packed so closely they could not.

The exterior of the Kazan Cathedral is in imitation of St. Peter’s at Rome. In it is a copy of the miracle-working Ikon of the Virgin, found at Kazan. Around the neck and forehead and on the wrists and fingers are ornaments of wrought gold and precious stones, said to be worth fifteen thousand pounds. The balustrade around the altar, the solid silver ikonostas, and the four massive silver candelabra were made from silver Napoleon took from the Russian churches during his disastrous campaign of 1812. It was recaptured by the Cossacks, and presented to the church. There are also a great number of flags taken in battle, a large majority being from the French.
The Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul is another notable one. In it are buried, with the exception of Peter II., all the sovereigns of Russia, from Peter the Great to the ill-fated Alexander II. This Cathedral also has quite a warlike appearance; besides a great many flags, there are quantities of other trophies, such as keys of fortresses, battle-axes, shields, etc., etc., captured in the numerous contests with the Swedes, Turks, Persians, and French. The spire of the Cathedral is the highest but one in Russia. Where other nations erect arches and monuments to commemorate a victory, the Russians build churches in memory of a national calamity as well as a national triumph.

At the extreme eastern end of the Nevski Prospekt are the Church and Monastery of Saint Alexander Nevski. This is the most noted monastic establishment in Russia; it, with the church, was erected to commemorate a victory won by Grand Duke Alexander over the Swedes and Germans in 1241. The battle was fought upon the bank of the Neva, and ever after the Grand Duke was known as Alexander Nevski. A beautiful stone church has just been erected upon the spot where eleven years ago the snow was dyed with the blood of the man whose
name will go down in history as the greatest emancipator the world has ever known.

No one who studies the face of Alexander II. can fail to see that he possessed an earnest, sincere, noble nature. In opposition to all of the so-called nobles of his great Empire, Alexander had, by his imperial edict, cast the shackles of slavery from the necks of forty million human beings. A constitution was being framed and was about to be signed, by which Russia would have had a more liberal form of government; and the deed which put an end to this hero's philanthropic work was the most diabolical in the annals of history. And by whom was this terrible act committed? Not by the people who had been freed from bondage, nor by any one who had the good of the nation at heart. It was done by a class, a sample of whose murderous propensities we have had in this country—a class who have nothing to lose, but who hope to gain from a reign of riot and carnage.

If the martyred Alexander had thought solely of himself his life would have been spared for the time at least. He had been making a call upon his father's sister, the aged Grand Duchess Constantine, and the carriage had just passed out of the grounds into the street when the first
bomb was thrown. This killed some and wounded others of the passers-by while the Emperor was not hurt in the least, and had he remained in the carriage as his attendant begged him to do he would have escaped. But he alighted at once, saying he must see that the injured people were cared for. The words had only passed his lips when the second bomb was thrown, and this time the deadly missile did its bloody work.
CHAPTER XII.

IMPERIAL STABLES, MONUMENTS, PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The museum of the Royal Carriages is interesting to visit. The walls are hung with the finest tapestries—most of them the Gobelins—and the gilt coronation carriages with jeweled hubs and doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and painted by master artists, making a gorgeous display. The richest one is that presented to the Empress Elizabeth by Frederick the Great. Here, too, you see a carriage, or, more properly speaking, a covered sleigh—for it is on runners—which was made by Peter the Great himself; the windows are made of small, diamond-shaped pieces of mica, and it is all very quaint throughout.

The Imperial stables are not usually open to the public, but if one admires fine horses—and who does not?—it is well worth while to gain admission if possible. The beauty of the stables
is a stallion presented to the present Emperor by the Shah of Persia. The noble animal looks at you with almost human intelligence in his lovely eyes.

The Foundling Hospital is another interesting but sad place to visit. There are usually eight or nine hundred infants in the institution. There is only one question asked when a baby is brought; that is, "Has this child been baptized?" If not, it is baptized at once and named for some saint, or if it happens to be the birthday of any of the Imperial family the child is given that name. For the first three months of a Russian baby's life it is dressed in such a way that it looks like a little mummy. The arms are put down to the sides and a piece of muslin a quarter of a yard wide and more than two yards long is wound around it spirally from the shoulders down, and no baby is without its cap. The peasant women, for the sake of the money and a home, often leave their own little ones in the country and hire themselves out to nurse one or more in the hospital. We saw the boxes with the little things in them where infants that are prematurely born are kept until they become strong enough to endure the same treatment as the others. Of course in the interests of science
this is a great thing; but in the case of those poor little waifs it is a question whether it is any kindness. It costs seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to pay the expenses of the hospital, which sum is gotten by the sale of playing-cards, and none but those made by the government are allowed used in the Empire. The food which is given to the nurses is shown to visitors, and the officials are always pleased to have them examine and taste it. It is both wholesome and nourishing.

St. Petersburg can boast of several fine monuments. That to the memory of Catherine II., on the Nevski Prospekt, is very handsome. It stands on immense blocks of Finland granite. The Ministers of Catherine, and one female figure—that of Princess Woronzoff Dashkof, the first president of the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg, and an authoress—are represented in rather more than life size around the base. Above them is the majestic figure of Catherine in her royal ermine.

The statue of Peter the Great, which is near the Neva, is no doubt the finest equestrian statue in Europe. It is a masterly piece of work. The horse is poised upon his hind feet, with his front feet high in air as if about to spring from
the huge rock upon which he stands; under his hind feet is a serpent, fit emblem of the difficulties that had been overcome by this wonderful man. The face of Peter—and it is said to be a correct likeness—is turned toward the Neva, and with one hand he points to the city he has built. The stone upon which the statue stands is one on which Peter himself once stood to watch the progress of a battle in Finland. That it was placed here by the expenditure of an enormous amount of money and strength one can readily believe.

There are many other monuments, but I will mention only one more. Standing in the space opposite the Winter Palace is the Alexander Column, the highest monolith in the world. It is of red Finland granite, and, including the base and pedestal, reaches the extraordinary height of one hundred and fifty-four feet.

To be sure, the Russians are twelve days behind us on their calendar, but they are years in advance of us in many other things. For instance, the government lends its aid for the advancement in all branches of the Arts and Sciences, and by its patronage encourages their devotees to strive for the highest standard of excellence. Even as long ago as the time of
Peter the Great young artists were sent to southern Europe for instructions, and in 1757 Empress Elizabeth established an Academy of Fine Arts. It was encouraged and favored by all the sovereigns, and in 1788 the magnificent building as it now stands was completed, and the manner in which this institution is conducted is calculated to nurture and mature the native talent. Not only the rich, but the poor peasants are taught free of charge. Their work is passed upon by competent judges, and a valuation put upon it. Fifty per cent. of this valuation is paid to the artist, and the work is left on exhibition. When it is sold, the whole amount, with the exception of a small per cent. for materials used, is given to the artist. And so it is with many other institutions of learning. The theaters are owned and controlled by the government, and large sums of money are expended yearly in the education of actors and ballet dancers; also for obtaining the best foreign talent. The singers in the churches are taught at the expense of the government.

Among other things that Alexander II. was doing for the good of his people when he came to his untimely death was the establishing of a new order of things in the village school system.
throughout the Empire. For generations they had been taught by the priests, but this fatherly Czar was not satisfied with the results of their teaching, and appointed more competent instructors. The good effects of this move are now being seen in the yearly increase in the percentage of the peasants who can read and write.

Opposite the park in which stands the statue of Catherine II. is the Imperial Public Library. It contains more than one million precious volumes. No money has been spared whenever it was possible to purchase a valuable collection, and as this has been going on for more than two hundred years the result is that the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg contains a greater number of unique books and manuscripts than any other library in Europe, the British Museum not excepted. A very fine reading-room has recently been added, in which all the leading periodicals of Europe and America are found. Any one, foreigner or native, can spend as much time here as he wishes, and all that is necessary in order to enable one to take books out is to give the name and address, and a card is given which allows this to be done.
CHAPTER XIII.

NEVSKI PROSPEKT.

I HAVE several times mentioned the Nevski Prospekt, but have neglected to say that it is the principal street—in fact, the Broadway of St. Petersburg. It is about one hundred and fifty feet wide and four miles long. A foreigner in going the length of this grand boulevard will see much that is novel and interesting. If you are sauntering leisurely along, the ever-alert ishvostchics jump from their droskies and solicit your patronage in what seems at first the most barbarous of languages. You are struck at once by the numbers of beautiful horses, with long, flowing manes and tails. A poor, bad looking horse is the exception in St. Petersburg. Here you will see pigeons by the thousands walking about among the horses’ feet. They are perfectly tame; the drosky drivers are very fond of them, and give them a share of their own scanty meals. None of the doves are ever killed, for they are
regarded as sacred birds, being the symbol of the Holy Ghost.

The strange looking signs are about the next things that attract one's attention. But you are never at a loss to know what sort of a shop it is, for pictures of the wares for sale inside are painted on the outside in gay colors. This custom undoubtedly comes from the fact that so many of the peasants can not read. There are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet, and what Roman letters there are in it do not mean the same as with us; for instance, bnha is wine, and Heba is Neva, and so on. Imagine a sign reaching the whole length of a building, with some Roman letters, a great many you do not know, and possibly a few figure threes scattered along here and there. They are the most exasperating things; if one were going to remain long he would have to learn the alphabet in self-defense to keep from going daft from curiosity.

When you come to one of the many churches, if you halt a few moments among the passers-by you will see not less than nine out of a dozen at least lift their hats and cross themselves, while many kneel and touch their foreheads to the ground. This seems to be largely a matter of habit; for I have seen babies in arms being
taught to make the sign of the cross, and men so intoxicated that they can not stand alone, will, when they see a church, try to take off their hats and do as they have been taught from infancy.

There is, I am sorry to say, a great deal of intemperance among the lower classes. Getting drunk is their only way of celebrating a holiday; but it never seems to make them quarrelsome; on the contrary, very affectionate and sometimes decidedly silly. It is quite common to see two or more men staggering along, trying to hold one another up, stop every few steps and hug and kiss.

The moving of heavy furniture is often done by hand; you will see four or six men, all keeping step, marching through the streets with a heavy piece of furniture or a piano on their heads. This class of men wear bright red shirts, belted at the waist and reaching to the knees. Both the male and female peasants are very partial to red. A Russian scene without some red shirts and skirts would not be at all natural.

Here comes a span of beautiful, prancing black horses, the driver and footman pompous looking individuals in the most gorgeous scarlet and gold regalia; this we soon learn to recognize
as belonging to the Imperial household. In the carriage are some of the Court ladies, quietly but handsomely attired.

Everywhere you see the officers in their long gray coats and much-wrinkled top boots. The Russian uniform is a becoming one. You see a great many young boys dressed in it, and their soldierly step and salute when they meet an officer are very manly and dignified; they are evidently in training at a military school. The Cossack uniform is exceedingly picturesque, resembling the Zouave, with the addition of cases on either side of the breast in which cartridges are carried. At any moment you may see a squad of cavalry headed by a band, or soldiers marching to the time of a Russian national song they are singing; stout peasant women with gay handkerchiefs over their heads and tied under their chins, instead of the picturesque way the Italian women wear theirs, with heavy baskets on their backs, the contents of which they are calling out in shrill, piping voices.

You can not go many squares without seeing a begging nun; there are great numbers of them in the city. They are coarse, masculine-looking women in a very ugly uniform. The order to which they belong is conducted in this way: the
members are allowed a certain time to collect a given sum of money; when this is accomplished they are entitled to a home for life.

The Greek priests, too, are a numerous class. They are clothed in long gowns, sometimes black, but often bright purple and other colors. They wear their beards and hair long, and on their heads a close, brimless hat. The priests of the Greek Church are obliged to marry once, but if the wife dies are not allowed to marry a second time.

The woman you see with the young baby in her arms would create quite a sensation if she should appear on the streets in one of our cities in that singular costume. It is a short, very full blue skirt, white waist, the neck bare with the exception of many strings of beads, long ear-rings of beads; on the head a blue velvet coronet, embroidered with beads and tied at the back with wide ribbons hanging to the bottom of the dress. The Russians are great sticklers for outward forms and established usages, and would not for the world have the nurse of a son and heir dressed in any other color than blue, and the baby must have no color but blue; while for a girl only pink is used.
Here a funeral procession going through the streets is an unusually distressing sight. It seemed to me a relic of barbarism. The sight of the horses is enough to send a chill over one. They are completely covered with black cloth, not even their feet showing; there are small holes cut for the eyes, and they are not driven, but there is a man at the head of each to guide them. The coffin is upon a wide platform on wheels, the whole covered with black cloth. Although the distance to the cemetery is some three miles there are no carriages; the mourners worn out with grief and watching—possibly they are aged people tottering along—blind with tears, walk the whole distance. Every Russian when he meets a funeral procession takes off his hat. It is a mark of respect that shows a kind heart, and is an honor to him.

In walking past the shops, after they are closed at night, you will notice that there are seals attached to each, in such a way that they must be broken in order to open the doors. These seals are placed there and only to be broken by the officer on duty, and answer a double purpose: if a burglar has gotten into the store the policeman in going his rounds will see the broken seal; and the owner can not enter
the building after it has been closed, to set fire to it for the sake of the insurance. At a certain hour in the morning the officer goes the rounds and breaks the seals.

The old market is a place of interest to most people. While it is in the very heart of the city, it is so completely surrounded by other buildings that one can hardly find it even when told exactly where it is. Here is to be seen the most incongruous collection imaginable—in fact everything from second-hand cooking utensils to the most beautiful carved ivory, and filigree work so delicate that it looks as though it might have been made by the hand of the Frost King. If one has the time and patience to search for these treasures they can usually be obtained for a mere bagatelle.
ON my first trip to Russia I went by the way of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, stopping at the principal cities. While in these places I went again and again to points that were of interest to me, in order to take a mental impression of them, often saying to myself, "I shall never dare to do this when I get to Russia, for fear of being arrested for plotting against the government." I was sure I should be immediately incarcerated in some underground dungeon, and be marched off to Siberia with the first batch of fellow unfortunates. But my views soon changed, and I am sure every American who has spent any time in Russia will say it has been his experience also. Our whole party did things in St. Petersburg which had we attempted to do in New York the doors would have been unceremoniously shut in our faces.
When we visited the Foundling Hospital we were not aware that there were stated hours for visitors, so presented ourselves at the door of the institution about an hour after the time had passed. We were politely told that it was too late, and asked to call another day; but we had only to say that we were Americans, and very anxious to be admitted then, as we were to leave the city soon. When the officers were told this, they ordered that our party be admitted, and they personally conducted us through the whole house. It must have inconvenienced every one in the establishment, for the nurses had removed their regulation dress, and were scrubbing and cleaning up for the day. But, notwithstanding all the trouble we were making them, we were treated with the greatest politeness, and given all the information in their power, as to the manner in which the institution is conducted.

We had the same good fortune when we visited the hut that Peter the Great built, and in which he lived while superintending the building of the city. We found upon arriving at the place that there was a house being erected just then around the hut to protect it from the weather, and there was a sign up forbidding any one to enter. There were policemen on guard,
and a crowd of people who wished to gain admittance. But we were the only Americans, and the only ones who were impudent enough to insist upon being admitted. We uttered our usual magic words, "We are Americans," and were allowed to enter, the only ones so favored.

It was the same at the Imperial stables. It was at a time of year that the horses are not shown, and, as I have already said, an especial permit is required. But we had nothing of the kind; however, our "Open Sesame," "Me Americansky" (We are Americans), was all that was necessary. By the way, we think of serving papers on a fellow American for infringement of our patent. He claims to have been the inventor, while we plume ourselves upon having invented it a year earlier.

It was not at all uncommon for our party to start out to find some particular place, and being at a loss to know which direction to take, would show the card upon which the address was written to the first person met—it might be a merchant hurrying to his business, but no matter, he would insist upon turning and going to the very door with us. Imagine a business man in our country doing such a thing for a foreigner! In fact, the Russians are a polite, kind people,
and their politeness is from the heart, and not like that of the French, simply a very thin coat of varnish; and an American, if he behaves himself, is as safe in the Empire of the Czars as upon his native soil.

But if he should attempt to do as an Englishman with whom we became acquainted at Constantinople confessed to having done, he would deserve to be treated with suspicion. In the course of conversation with this gentleman he learned that we had been in Russia. He asked how we liked it, and how we had been treated. We told him the substance of what I have just written. "Well," said he, "your experience was altogether different from mine. I was questioned very closely as to my business, and was followed and watched all the time I was in the country." But after awhile the fact came out that he was in Russia to buy grain. This was after the Czar had issued orders that no more grain should be shipped out of the country on account of the threatened famine. John Bull was very indignant, but I am sure that every right-minded person will say he was treated better than he deserved.
CHAPTER XV.

EASTER CUSTOMS, CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES.

The Russian peasants' intemperate habits prevent their being employed in hotels. The Tartars are much preferred. The one commendable thing in the Mahometan religion is that it strictly forbids the use of intoxicating liquors. And from the Tartars' well-known thievish habits the proprietors protect themselves by obliging all of them to enter into an agreement to make good any losses the guests or themselves may sustain at their hands. This plan works admirably, as it induces them to watch one another. "Set a thief to catch a thief."

The bank messengers have an association that would be a good thing in any country. If any one of their number is guilty of robbing his employer the amount of the theft is paid from the general fund of this association. The system
is calculated to make them watchful, and if any irregular conduct is discovered it is reported to their employers at once.

By the by, the president of one of the St. Petersburg banks told us that it was his invariable custom on Easter day to give one hundred rubles to each and every one of his employees—there were sixty all told. The custom of giving presents on this day is even more general than with us. Not only do one's own domestic servants expect presents, but every one who has done anything for you during the year, even to the telegraph and package boys.

Some years ago it was the custom on Easter day for all who met to kiss and embrace, saying joyfully, "Christos voskress" (Christ is risen), and the response, "Vo-istino voskress" (He is risen indeed), was as joyfully given. Even the Emperor kissed the meanest of his subjects, as a token that for the time all were on an equality. The houses were kept open nearly all night, and friends visited one another and were feasted. The consecrated bread and cheese were first partaken of. The custom of the exchange of joyful greetings and of various kinds of Easter eggs is still adhered to, but the kissing is confined to friends and acquaintances.
Two or three hundred thousand of the residents of St. Petersburg leave the city during the summer months; but by the middle of September the elegant private equipages and stylishly-dressed people reappear on the streets. But it is when the whole city is wrapped in a mantle of snow that the gayety begins. While there are only three or four hours of daylight, it is, in spite of this fact, the gayest capital in Europe.

"Masloneetza" (butter week) is a gay season for the peasants. This comes a week before Lent, and corresponds with the Roman carnival. During this week the peasants can go into the city with their queer sledges and dumpy little horses, and are allowed to carry passengers without paying a license. They flock to the city from hundreds of miles around, bringing the result of their labor for possibly the whole year. At this time they are allowed to erect booths on the sides of the streets, and also to sell their wares without paying any license. There are all sorts of street games and amusements, even to genuine Lapps with their reindeer and sledges.

If there is anything in the observance of fasts, the orthodox Russians must be the most devout people in the world, for about one half of the days in the year are fast days, and they
have more legal holidays than any other nation. Aside from Sundays there are at least fifty days in the year that the banks and other business houses are closed.

They have a custom that seems a little strange to us, although it is common with the Germans also; that is of once a year assembling in the cemeteries and having a feast over the graves of their departed friends. But the sale of liquors is forbidden, so that the people are orderly and quiet.

The fact of all the Russian cities being built in blocks instead of single houses makes it possible for the authorities to have a supervision over every family. One door answers for the families of the different floors. Near the door is the switzar's room, and no one enters, night or day, without his knowledge. He is appointed by the government but paid by the tenants, and would be deprived of his place and punished besides if any one were allowed to remain in the house without giving up his passport for official inspection. The switzar is usually a nice, gentlemanly fellow, who is always on hand to call the droskies or open the door and assist people to alight. In the hall are bells communicating with the different floors; by this means
the switzar makes known the arrival of a guest. He also receives the mail and takes charge of the apartments during the summer months while the families are absent. In fact, he is a great convenience.

Every block has a court, the entrance to which is a large double door. This is guarded by the dvornik, an under servant of the switzar, also appointed by the government and paid by the tenants. The city is divided into police districts, and it is this servant’s duty to report every night at one of these, and take the passports of any new-comers there may be in the block. He also keeps the court and sidewalk clean, and is the general utility man for rough work. Through the court the kitchens of the different floors are reached, and on the ground floor and basements around the court are the stables and wood-houses. In winter the dvornik wraps himself in sheepskin from head to foot, and sits at his post all night. This system is calculated to make a Russian city a poor place for burglars and sneak thieves, and a murderer or criminal of any sort would have a hard time keeping concealed.
CHAPTER XVI.

PASSPORTS, IKONS, FUNERAL OF THE EMPEROR'S OLD NURSE.

There seems to be a general misunderstanding regarding the passport regulations in Russia, and possibly a little explanation of the system would not be amiss here. In going to St. Petersburg by steamer the passports are taken up by the captain, but before landing they are returned. Then upon arriving at the hotel, if the traveler is to remain more than one day the passport is given to the portier to be sent to the police, and when it is registered it is returned with a few kopeks' charges. If a change to another hotel or private residence is made the passport would again be required.

Foreigners can leave the city for any other town in the Empire without permission, but when they wish to leave the country the passport must be sent to the police, and a permit is given asserting that there are no criminal
charges or debts against the individual. In going to Russia by land, as one passes into the custom-house at the border town the passport is taken for inspection and is returned before the train leaves. On my numerous visits to Russia this is all the inconvenience I or any of my party have ever been subjected to, and it is believed that the time is not far distant when any foreigner can enter Russia without a passport.

The natives are all obliged to have passports, which must be renewed once a year. These are graded according to the position in life, from three rubles to five hundred. Whenever a servant enters the service of a family the passport, after it has been inspected, is given to the mistress, and she keeps it as long as the servant remains. If, however, there has been any irregular conduct she can refuse to return it; but if signed by the last employer it is a recommendation. The large sum of money raised by the passport system is a considerable factor in the revenue of the government, and is doubtless one reason for its continuance.

There is no attempt at architectural effects outside or inside a Russian house, but the principal rooms are large, with polished floors, a
stove of tile reaching nearly to the ceiling. The walls of all the houses are three or four feet thick. The windows open on hinges, and before winter comes on another set is added on the inside and sealed with putty, but a section can be opened for ventilation. The fires are built once a day, and at just the right stage the stove is closed. So, by these means, while the temperature out of doors may be arctic, inside the houses it hardly varies the winter through. Tropical plants are to be seen in nearly all the windows. People in St. Petersburg are not given to dressing as warmly indoors as we do in our temperate climate, but of course when they go out they are wrapped in furs from head to foot; these are laid aside in the vestibule, no matter how short the call is to be.

Among other customs peculiar to Russia is what is called "Zakusa." In private houses, as well as in hotels, on a side-table in the dining-room are all sorts of relishes, such as fish, smoked and raw, cold meats—the dried reindeer meat is particularly appetizing—jellies, pickles, bread and butter, and of course caviare. Vodka, the national liquor, made from rye, is always to be found on the Zakusa table. Every one upon entering the dining-room goes to this
table, and while standing helps himself to whatever he wishes. This is simply an appetizer, and may be followed by an elaborate repast. There is a very pretty custom observed both in Russia and Finland; that is for each guest upon rising from the table to take the hand of the hostess and thank her for the hospitality.

I believe that every male Russian is born knowing that he must take off his hat upon entering a door, for he is sure there is an ikon somewhere in the room. An ikon is altogether unlike the Romish representations of Christ, the Virgin, or the saints; but is, in the high-priced ones, an oil painting of these. A lamp is usually kept burning before them. Sometimes only the face is seen, sometimes the hands, and even the feet; and if it be an ikon of the Virgin the neck may show, and have on it a necklace of precious stones. Over the picture is a plaque of embossed gold or silver, which sometimes outlines the figure, and is often studded with gems.

These ikons are all the way from two or three inches to several feet square. You are never out of sight of one, and a truly orthodox Russian might about as well go without a hat, for he no sooner puts it on, after crossing himself for one ikon, than he takes it off for another.
They are in all the public buildings, post and telegraph offices, depots, and railroad yards. They are on the outside of churches and many other buildings, and it is very common, as I have said before, when they come to one to prostrate themselves and touch their foreheads to the ground.

In fact, the ikons are everywhere, from the smallest butcher-shop to the banks and palaces. They are made in the provinces, but occasionally a priest, or even any one, may be informed in some mysterious way that he will find one in a spot named—sometimes they are buried and sometimes hanging upon a tree. These are supposed not to be made by human hands, and have the power to perform miracles. There are not miracle-working ikons enough to make them common. When one is found, the news spreads like wildfire, and the sick from far and near hasten to prostrate themselves before the heaven-sent picture. These ikons are highly prized and carefully guarded, and are a great source of revenue to the church so fortunate as to possess one.

I cannot refrain from giving here a touching incident which a resident American related to me during my last visit to Russia. He him-
self witnessed the street-scene, and the rest was obtained from a reliable source. It seems that an Englishwoman, who had been a nurse successively for the present Czar and his three younger brothers, and to whom they were all devotedly attached, died recently at a ripe old age. The Czar requested that his brothers and himself might perform the last sad offices for the faithful old servant. Her home had for many years been in the Winter Palace. Thither the four stalwart men repaired, and tenderly put her in the coffin, and, carrying it down stairs, placed it in the Imperial hearse. Then all the Imperial family followed the hearse to the church. The funeral services were held in the English chapel, the Czar requesting that out of respect for the dead they should be conducted in English. After this was over, the four brothers walked as mourners behind the hearse to the cemetery, the Empress and other ladies going in carriages, where they knelt with bowed heads around the last resting-place of her who during her life had been so faithful to them.

This evidence of sentiment and feeling on the part of the Emperor will be a revelation to those whose ideas as to the character of the Czar of all the Russias has been formed from the re-
ports that are commonly circulated through the papers; and those who have seen Alexander III. will, if they speak the truth, say, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, there is not the slightest evidence in the appearance of the Czar that he is addicted to any form of dissipation. His face indicates stability and firmness of character, and a consciousness of the great responsibility that devolves upon him as the ruler of a vast empire.
CHAPTER XVII.

EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PETERSBURG, AND THE FAR-SEEING PETER THE GREAT.

THERE are several delightful trips requiring a day each to be made from St. Petersburg. One is reached in an hour’s run by rail south from the city. This is Tsarskoe Seló. Here during the summer months are gathered forty or fifty thousand troops, and the maneuvers take place in August in the presence of the Czar. Peter the Great had here a cottage, a hot-house, and zoological garden. Later an Imperial residence was erected, and in the reign of Catherine II. it was the sans-souci of the Petersburgers. It is now a place so beautiful that it seems only by the help of an Aladdin’s lamp could it have been created. The parks and gardens are so extensive, the decorations so unique and numerous, that no pen picture could do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. The palace is exceedingly rich, particularly the so-
called Lapis-lazuli Room and the Amber Room. In the former the floor is inlaid in flowers of mother-of-pearl; in the latter, incredible as it may seem, the walls are inlaid with amber. Here Russia's greatest poet, Pushkin, resided when a child, and one of his poems lauds the beauties of the place.

An hour in the opposite direction from the city, and one comes to Peterhof. Here, as at Tsarskoe Seló, are lovely villas occupied by wealthy Petersburgers and those attached to the court. The palace was built by Peter the Great, and, notwithstanding that every succeeding sovereign has added to it, the original style has been adhered to—even the color is kept the same.

Peterhof is justly called the Russian Versailles. It was the ambition of Peter the Great to rival the regal splendors of that truly beautiful place, and in my opinion he succeeded in his endeavor, for the gardens of Peterhof are seemingly less artificial and not so level, and the close proximity of the sea lends a charm not found at Versailles. It may not be the verdict of everyone, but to me the Palace at Peterhof is the most interesting in Europe. By the way, the Imperial family do not reside in it, but in a
PALACE AND GROUNDS AT PETERHOF.
cottage near. The palace is situated upon a high embankment, with a charming vista to the sea, and overlooking a forest of a great variety of trees, making a lovely mingling of shades. The fountains were all set playing for us, and it was a beautiful sight.

In one of the rooms of the palace I should have liked to stay for hours. The walls are covered with female portraits, over eight hundred in number. They were collected at the order of Catherine II. They are said to be all Russians, and, to be sure, are in the costumes of the Russian Provinces, but from under many of the coquettish head-dresses gleam eyes suspiciously like those seen in a far warmer clime. However, they are all beautiful, and show a high degree of skill in the posing of each and arranging of the whole. In another room is a spinet which belonged to Catherine. One is sure to strike a chord to hear how it sounds, and just as sure to regret it.

Here are to be seen several pictures of Peter the Great. One is in tapestry, and depicts him in a sail-boat on Lake Ladoga in a frightful storm. The mast is broken and threatens to capsize the boat. The one sailor is cowering in the bottom, helpless with terror; but there is no
fear in the dauntless eyes of Peter as he stands cutting away the wreckage. This picture was made to commemorate an actual occurrence, for he nearly lost his life in a storm on the lake, and the boat is still religiously preserved at Schlüsselburg. In a painting he stands before you so life-like that he seems a living, breathing man, as he points toward the spot where he has determined to build his city. Of course there is a room in which is any quantity of the handiwork of this wonderful man, who seems to have had time for everything.

There are some lovely tapestries and beautiful vases of porcelain, marble, malachite, and many other things of value and interest, a minute description of which would weary my readers.

Another delightful day's journey is by boat to the source of the Neva. The banks of the river for miles are lined with extensive brickyards and immense manufacturing establishments with their towering chimneys. Farther up the river are many handsome villas, summer homes of the wealthy citizens of St. Petersburg. Twenty-seven miles above the city are the rapids, and at this point are the picturesque ruins of a castle.
In about five hours from the city the famous Schlüsselburg fortress is reached. It is situated on an island in the middle of the river where it takes its rise from Lake Ladoga. If the half we read of this fortress be true, its walls, could they speak, would tell many a blood-curdling tale. It was the scene of several desperate battles as early as 1200. It is used now as a prison for nihilists who are too dangerous to be trusted in Siberia.

Lake Ladoga is the largest body of fresh water in Europe. Seventy rivers, besides a majority of the Finland lakes, empty into it. It has an area of six thousand square miles, and a maximum depth of one thousand feet. At the north end of the lake are the granite quarries, from which the stone for the buildings and monuments of St. Petersburg has been obtained.

The city of Schlüsselburg is on the bank of the Neva, and its ten thousand inhabitants depend for subsistence upon Lake Ladoga and the canals, which are a part of the fluvial system connecting the Baltic with the North Sea, the Black Sea, and the Caspian. This water-way was begun by Peter the Great, and was the dream of his life. This far-seeing monarch realized to the fullest extent the importance of
a path to the ocean, and on the shore of that ocean itself a port so impregnable that it would be past the power of any foreign nation to shut them in. The sea-port town for this system was originally Archangel, on the White Sea; but this, on account of its extreme northern latitude, was useless for a great portion of the year, so that Peter determined to have a more southerly port. This was the chief cause of his fierce battles with the Swedes.

A river and canal connect Lakes Ladoga and Onega, and upon this river was built the fleet which finally captured the Schlüsselburg fortress from the Swedes, and which was the beginning of the Russian navy. On the west bank of the latter named lake are the extensive foundries where the cannon for the Russian government are cast.

The Volga, which is wonderfully rich in fish, and is two thousand two hundred and thirty-three miles long, is also a part of this waterway. The man whom Peter chose to conduct this great civil enterprise was a Danish soldier of considerable distinction, having served under Marlborough and Prince Eugene. Munnich possessed an hereditary talent for hydraulic engineering. This the astute Peter discovered
and turned to good account. But he did not live to see the work completed—long enough, however, to know that it would be in the near future. Peter's widow, Catherine I., continued the work as rapidly as possible, but she, too, died before it was finished. Under the next Empress, Anne, the great scheme was brought to completion, and its engineer was made field-marshal of Russia, and led her armies to victory over the Tartars and Turks.

The return trip from Schlüsselburg to St. Petersburg, owing to the rapid current, is made in less than four hours.

And now we are about to bid adieu to this magnificent city. While its existence extends over less than two hundred years, its creation is unparalleled in the annals of history. It was, so to speak, the work of one man. A port on the Baltic was of vital importance, and Peter waited no longer than until he had by force of arms gained possession of the site. This was simply an almost bottomless swamp with no building materials near, where even forests in other countries had to be leveled and brought to make a foundation upon which to build.

But, nothing daunted, Peter determined to build a capital on this spot, and so his mandate
went forth to all the provinces in his vast dominions, that for a stated time not a brick or stone house should be built in any of them. This was done in order to force that class of artisans to seek employment in what was to be the new capital. Every vehicle, no matter how small, and every craft, no matter how insignificant, that came to the site, must bring their quota of earth or stone to help make a foundation, and every one who was worth a certain amount was obliged to have a given number of houses erected.

The result of all this was that at the end of the first twelve months there were thirty thousand houses in St. Petersburg. To be sure, thousands upon thousands of the laborers died the first year from the severity of the climate and character of the ground. But while demanding superhuman tasks of his subjects, Peter did not spare himself nor shrink from sharing the dangers they were forced to encounter, and in this way the metropolis was built, and in no other way would it have been possible. His subjects in the provinces were a set of barbarians, and not manly barbarians at that. The men dressed like the women, and during the first conflicts with the Swedes their petticoats prevented their
running away as fast as their cowardly natures prompted them to do. This, however, Peter soon corrected by forbidding any man coming to the capital in such an unmanly attire, and no nation can boast of a braver set of men and officers than make up the Russian army and navy at the present time.

That Peter the Great was no saint is a fact that is undeniable, and equally undeniable is the fact that he was a wonderful man; and it is owing to his indomitable will, firmness, energy, and courage the Russian nation has been able in the last two hundred years to make such rapid progress in all branches of industry and learning that to-day they are acknowledged to be one of the great powers of the world.
CHAPTER XVIII.

ROAD TO MOSCOW, AND THE CITY.

As one leaves St. Petersburg on the train for Moscow the absence of suburban towns and villages that are usually seen near large cities is very noticeable. The train emerges almost immediately into the open country. This railroad is proverbial for being as straight as the traditional "bee line." The story told of it is this:

The engineer who originally made the survey had laid it out as railroads are generally run, to touch at the principal towns on the route. When this map was shown to the Emperor (Nicholas I.) he looked at it silently for a few moments, then taking a rule laid it on the map from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and drawing a line from one to the other laconically remarked, "Build the road upon that line." It is hardly necessary to say that it was built exactly upon that line, giving, if it happened to require it, the towns a wide berth.
MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN.
It used to be said that a squirrel could go from St. Petersburg to Moscow without lighting upon the ground, but at the present day it would be only the winged variety that could accomplish the feat; for, although there are miles of forests there are also many miles of open ground that resembles nothing else so much as one of our western prairies. The road being entirely free from curves is an exceedingly comfortable one to travel over, and the cars, while not by any means so elegantly equipped as the palace cars in America, are well arranged. The sleepers are entered from the end and the compartments open into a narrow passage-way that extends the whole length of the car. Many of the Russian travelers carry their own blankets, and it is not at all uncommon to see them come into the car with a bundle the size of a feather bed. This consists of two huge pillows, with which they proceed to prop themselves comfortably for the journey.

The same absence of suburbs is noticed as you approach Moscow. One moment you are in the wilderness apparently, and almost the next in Moscow itself, and here you see throngs of ishvostchics so exactly like those you left at the station in St. Petersburg that you almost
imagine they have in some mysterious way reached the city in advance of the train. But upon the second look you do discover that the droskies are not the same. These all have hoods, a convenience very few of the others possess—a fact you have reason to regret if ever caught in a shower.

With the ishvostchic the resemblance to St. Petersburg ceases. The streets through which we passed on our way to the hotel are much narrower, roughly paved, and quite hilly, while the houses, instead of being uniform blocks, apparently all erected about the same period, present rather an incongruous appearance. They are like many streets in other old towns—some of the houses have been replaced by new and better ones. There will be a fine three or four-storied stone mansion with its Corinthian columns, and next to it a small frame shop; then possibly a handsome church or government building, and then a row of one-storied houses.

But soon we reach our destination, which is not unlike many other hotels abroad. So far there is a little feeling of disappointment—not yet do we realize where we are. Our rooms engaged and breakfast over, we take a carriage for
GATE OF THE REDEEMER, CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL,
AND GROUP OF MININ.
a drive through the city, and very soon all feeling of disappointment vanishes; and as the tur- 
reted and battlemented walls of the Kremlin loom up before us we rub our eyes and wonder if we are really awake, and if the dream of years has at last become a reality. Yes, we are in historic Moscow, and as we pass in through the Gate of the Redeemer—the gate so sacred to the Russians that even the Emperor removes his hat as he enters—we remember—as who does not?—looking at the pictures of the Kremlin when we were children, and recall the visions we had of the wild scenes that were enacted here, when from far and near the terrified inhabitants flew to this stronghold for safety, hotly pursued by their implacable foes, the Tartars, who with fiendish cries brandished their murderous cimeters, and who finally gained possession and retained it for two hundred years; and how, later in history, after the Tartar hordes had been driven out and conquered, the inhabitants, at almost an hour's notice, when the "Holy City" was about to be invaded by the too-ambitious Napoleon, fled, leaving their homes, which were soon wrapped in flames.

What historical associations crowd around the very name Kremlin! While in reality the
word is not peculiar to Moscow—other Russian towns have their kremlins—yet, when one speaks of the Kremlin, it always means this one and no other. These kremlins were the same in ancient times as the Acropolis at Athens, Sparta, and the Capitol at Rome. But this possesses a charm all its own; for while there is a suggestion of Moorish, Byzantine, Persian, East Indian, and Chinese architecture and coloring, they are so blended that neither predominates, and the ensemble is so strange and oriental that it seems like a dream of a citadel reared by the magic wand of a genie of the East. It is so striking you imagine you would never tire of it; that there would always be some pretty bit of form or color before unnoticed.

The Kremlin is situated in the center of the city upon a slight elevation. It is triangular in shape and about three miles in circumference. The walls were originally of oak, surrounded by a moat, which has been converted into a beautiful boulevard. During the reign of Ivan the III. the walls were rebuilt in masonry. Italian architects were employed for this work, which accounts for its many towers—eighteen in number—bearing such a strong resemblance to those seen all over Italy.
There are five gates; the chief of these is the Spaski Vorota, or Redeemer's Gate, which takes its name from an ikon of the Savior that is placed over the entrance. This ikon is believed to have some superhuman power, and that all attempts by the sacrilegious invaders to destroy it have been futile. During the reign of Peter the Great all who wished to retain their beards were obliged to pay a fine in passing through this gate.

Within the walls of the Kremlin are churches, palaces, and numerous government buildings, such as the Treasury, the Senate (which is the supreme court), the Arsenal, and Artillery Barracks. But within these walls no shops of any kind are allowed. Here, too, we see the famous Tower of Ivan the Great. This contains a chime of thirty-six bells, some of them pure silver, and you may be sure the tones too are silvery. From this tower a magnificent view is obtained, and at its foot is the still more famous Tsar Kolokoe (king of bells), which needs no description, for who does not know it by heart? The Bolshoi Dvorets, or Great Palace, as it is called, was built during the reign of Nicholas, the others on this site having been destroyed by the numerous invaders. It contains no less than seven hundred
rooms of exceeding grandeur and richness. Of the three cathedrals within the Kremlin walls that of the Assumption is the most interesting, from the fact that it is considered the most sacred church in Russia. It is here the coronation ceremonies have taken place from Ivan the Terrible to the present Czar. It also contains many rich ecclesiastical treasures.

Near the Kremlin is another walled portion called the Kitai Gorod. This was built by the mother of Ivan during her regency, as the Kremlin had become too crowded. This wall has six gates and many picturesque towers, and unlike the Kremlin it contains not only cathedrals and palaces, but a "Gostinnoi Dvor," that perfect beehive of shops without which no Russian town is complete. Among the cathedrals is the deservedly famous Saint Basil. It was designed by an Italian architect for Ivan the Terrible, and tradition says that the monarch asked the architect if he thought it would be possible for him to design anything more beautiful. Of course he would not say that he could never do better, so, ignorant of the trap that had been laid for him, walked straight into it by saying he could do better another time. Whereupon the monarch caused his eyes to be put
out in order to make it impossible for him to design one which would eclipse this. However, as history does not corroborate this story, as it does many others told of this fiend in human shape, let us hope that it is a fabrication. But here the wonderful creation stands to the admiration of all beholders. It is, so to speak, a gigantic bouquet, composed of eleven bulbous-shaped cupolas, no two the same size, color, or design, and is the most oriental, fantastic edifice imaginable. The interior is equally peculiar in form and decoration. It is literally a labyrinth of chapels.

I will attempt a description of but one more of the hundreds of churches, not because there are no more worthy of note, but for want of time and space. The one I refer to is called the Temple of the Savior. It stands upon a slope in the midst of beautiful grounds, and is a most magnificent structure—a rival even of Saint Isaac's in appearance and richness. It was erected to commemorate the deliverance of Moscow from the French. The construction has taken many years, and it has only recently been completed; the cost was about ten million dollars. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, has a colossal central cupola surmounted by a
gilded cross which is thirty feet high. There are four smaller cupolas which, like Saint Isaac's, contain the indispensable bells. The interior is lofty, with a gorgeous display of many-colored, highly polished marble walls. The dome is beautifully frescoed, representing scenes from the life of Christ. The columns that support the walls are of porphyry, rhodonite, and jasper. There are almost countless numbers of superb candelabra and jewel-bedecked ikons, and the ikonostas is of fabulous value. Here, too, are many pictures of the wars of 1812, which in any but a Russian church would seem decidedly incongruous.

In the Cathedral of Archangel Michael are the tombs, forty-five in number, of all the Czars previous to Peter the Great. In the treasury, including a world of other things of great value, are the thrones and crowns of all the sovereigns. Among the thrones is one of exquisitely wrought ivory that was taken from Poland. The thrones are all profusely studded with precious stones. As for the crowns, the one presented by Peter the Great to Catherine I. eclipses all the others. It has, besides other costly jewels, two thousand five hundred and thirty diamonds.

There seems to be even a greater number of
shrines here than in St. Petersburg, and every one, from the nobleman behind his span of thorough-breds driven by a gorgeously liveried footman, to the foot-sore pilgrim, contributes something, which, in the aggregate, furnishes an enormous revenue for the churches.

There are said to be four hundred churches in Moscow, all with from one to thirty-five bells. They are, as a rule, sweet-toned and melodious, but one can well imagine that the din would be something terrific when they are all clanging, as they do on Easter morning.

One sees greater numbers of the very poor class of peasants here than in St. Petersburg. This being the Mecca of the Russians, they come here for the purpose of visiting every shrine, church, and monastery in the city. The men are clothed in sheepskin pants tucked into boots that look as though they had made them themselves; the flat soles are made of the same kind of leather as that of the legs. From the unkempt condition of their hair and beards one is led to believe that they have always had their own way without let or hindrance from comb or scissors; they have grown and tangled until they are like brush-heaps, and it is best not only to keep to the windward of these people, but to
give them as wide a berth as possible. Here, too, are more decided types of Asiatics, with very black eyes and hair, yellow skin, and high cheek bones.

Moscow is very irregularly laid out—in fact it seems never to have been laid out upon any plan unless it was to have the streets as crooked as possible. Many of the so-called streets are merely narrow alleys that wind about in the most eccentric manner. But it is the manufacturing city of Russia; while it is not the center of fashion and court gayeties, it is the center of commerce, the meeting ground for the European and the far Eastern nations. At the exchange can be seen any day groups of Persians, Bocarians, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, and East Indians, representatives from these countries bringing their national products to be exchanged for those of Europe. It is a perpetual Nijni-Novgorod on a smaller scale. There are immense woolen, cotton, and silk-mills which give employment to thousands of hands.

A short time ago the Czar purchased six hundred thousand acres of land in Siberia. It is land that requires irrigation, and the experiment of raising cotton by that means is to be tried. If this proves successful it will enable
the Russian Government not only to furnish all the cotton for its own mills, but to export to other countries in Europe.

Moscow is famous the world over for its exquisitely enameled silver-ware, and equally famous are the Russian bronzes. Moscow has the largest riding-school building in the world. The roof is the largest that has ever been built without columns of any kind for support; it is upheld simply by trusses and braces. It is for the use of the cavalry and infantry in severe weather.

Among other things that Russia exports is a very superior quality of hog’s bristles. There are a million dollars’ worth shipped to America annually, to say nothing of what is sent to England and other countries.

I believe I have neglected so far to mention the caravan tea one gets in this country. It is a delicious beverage, and every Russian drinks—I almost said barrels, but it is no exaggeration to say gallons of it daily. You see them in the shops, in the banks, and on the streets, drinking from glasses what at first you think is beer that has stood until the froth has settled; but it is tea, their national beverage, and one sees in the shops great varieties of samovars, from the cheap
ones used by the poorest peasant to those used on the tables of the nobles—all must have their samovars and chi.

It is evident that the Russians have never been taught mental arithmetic, for the abacus, or what the Germans call hand-reckoner, is used everywhere, from the smallest shop to the largest bank. One sees children carrying them to school with their books just as our children carry their slates.

The Foundling Hospital of Moscow is the largest institution of the kind in the world, and costs the government one million dollars annually, which sum is raised the same as in St. Petersburg, by the sale of playing-cards. The Russians are very much given to card-playing, and it is not always an innocent game; there is a vast amount of gambling done by all classes.
CHAPTER XIX.

SPARROW HILL, AND NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN.

In the estimation of the Moscow guides, second only in importance to a visit to the Kremlin is a drive to Sparrow Hill—or Salvation Hill, as it is sometimes called, from the fact that orthodox Russians always prostrate themselves when from this point they behold the sacred city—and I think every one who goes there agrees with the guides. On the way is seen a large grove composed entirely of birches which Peter the Great caused to be planted. They are uniform in size, standing very closely together in perfectly straight rows, and with their ever-trembling leaves of a delicate green, and slender, drooping branches through which gleam the snow-white trunks, they make a picture of mingled winter and summer scenery that is indeed charming.

The Hill is only about three hundred feet high, but this is sufficient to give a grand view
of the city. There is the Kremlin, with its tur- 
reted and battlemented walls and towers, clear 
cut against the blue sky; beyond are the walls 
and towers of the Kitai Gorod; here and there 
and everywhere the four hundred churches, with 
their more than four times four hundred cupo-
las in varied colors mingled with the silver and 
golden domes and crosses; the vermilion-roofed 
houses from among the green of the parks and 
gardens; and in and out amongst it all, in its 
tortuous course, glistens the river "like a silver 
serpent winding." The scene is beautiful! gor-
geously beautiful!!! and as one stands here fas-
cinated by the view, the chief episode in the 
eventful career of this historical city comes for-
cibly to mind.

It was from this very spot that Napoleon 
and his army first beheld the goal, to reach 
which they had waded in blood, and left their 
path heaped with dead and dying comrades. 
But at this long-wished-for moment all their 
hardships, all their losses, were forgotten, and 
they shouted in rapture, "Moscow! Moscow!" 
little dreaming that the prize over which they 
were gloating would so soon turn to ashes in 
their grasp.

History tells us that Napoleon in May, 1812,
left Paris to join his army, and in June reached the border and crossed the Nieman with four hundred thousand infantry, eighty thousand cavalry, and one thousand pieces of heavy ordnance. The remainder of the army, which was to be composed of his allies, would swell the number to about seven hundred thousand; these were to reach the seat of war by various routes, and this human avalanche was to advance upon Russia, sweeping everything before it.

But the Russian policy was a shrewd one: instead of taking a position and endeavoring to hold it against, as they said, "this army of twenty nations," they fought and retreated, leaving every village a heap of ruins, and the granaries empty. By this maneuver the Russians had greatly the advantage, as they were being furnished with both food and shelter, while the enemy were getting farther and farther from their base of supplies, and the dreaded winter would soon be upon them. Already their ranks were being thinned by starvation and diseases from exposure.

Napoleon failed to take warning by the sad experience of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, who, about one hundred years before, followed this very course, to the utter annihilation of his
entire army, and he himself barely escaped by fleeing to Turkey for protection. Napoleon frequently referred to that disastrous campaign, but always with the boast that the result of this one would prove to be the brightest jewel in his crown of victory. Thus encouraged, the army pressed forward in the track of the retreating Russians. There was almost constant fighting, but the first regularly organized battles were at Minsk, Vilna, and Smolensk. At all of these there was terrible slaughter, but the culmination of this horrible carnage was on the seventh of September, at the battle of Borodino, seventy miles west of Moscow.

In preparing for this battle the commanders on both sides did all in their power to arouse in their men an enthusiasm that would render them invincible. On the side of the French, who were veterans, they were told the eyes of all Europe were turned toward them, and that, did they win, so great would be the glory, all that had gone before would be as nothing in comparison to being able to say they had fought under the walls of Moscow. On the side of the Russians, who were simple peasants, strangers to the horrors of war, the most impressive religious ceremonies were conducted by priests
NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN.

Clothed in all the splendor of the sacerdotal robes of the Greek Church, bearing their most precious ikons, in this way causing a fanatical enthusiasm in the defense of their holy mother, Moscow.

The battle began with about one hundred and twenty thousand on either side, and before the sun went down, sixty thousand Russians and thirty thousand of Napoleon's army, including fifty generals, lay dead or dying upon the field. The Russians retreated to Moscow, and the enemy followed to within a short distance, and here Napoleon halted to wait for a deputation with the keys of the city. But no deputation came, and on the fourteenth of September he entered Moscow, to find the city, which before this invasion contained three hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, completely deserted, save by a few desperate criminals who had been released from prison; and that very night incendiary fires broke out in so many places simultaneously that it would have been useless for Napoleon's army to battle with the flames. They had met their conqueror at last, and were obliged to acknowledge themselves vanquished.

The whole city outside the walled portions
was soon a heap of ruins. Napoleon sought refuge in one of the palaces, but was driven out by the flames, and barely escaped with his life. He returned, however, for a short time, but winter was now upon them, and no food nor shelter could be provided for the remnant of his army, and on the nineteenth of October he began the retreat which has come down in history as the most disastrous the world has ever known. Out of the three hundred thousand of Napoleon’s own countrymen who went into the campaign, barely ten thousand lived to reach their homes.
Sparrow Hill are the prisons where the criminals who are to be sent to Siberia are assembled. All those whose punishment does not extend over two years serve out their time in the home prisons. These, which are all upon the most approved plans, are well ventilated and airy in summer, and thoroughly warmed in winter; the food is good and wholesome.

Every Sunday afternoon a band of exiles take their last look at the sacred city, and turn their sad faces toward Siberia. Before the days of railroads this was a weary march of more than a year, but even then, for those who could afford the luxury, conveyances were permitted, and they could take their families and as much luggage as they wished; but they were obliged to pay for the guards, which must be five in number. Now the prisoners are conveyed by rail and boat beyond Orenburg. No matter how
poor the prisoner may be, the husband can accompany his wife, or the wife and children the husband; but if the companions do not wish to exile themselves, it is a legal separation, and either party can marry again.

There are three classes of prisoners. The first are the worst criminals, such as would be hanged in America; these are condemned to work in the mines for life, or for an indefinite period; formerly they were sent into the mines on their arrival, and never again saw the light of day; now they are compelled to labor eight hours a day; the rest of the time, with the whole of Sundays and holidays, they spend above ground in their own homes. Often their entire family is with them. The second class are compelled to work for the government a certain length of time. During this period they are paid sufficient wages to enable them to accumulate something. At the end of this time, if they have conducted themselves properly, they are settled upon land which is given them, as is also timber with which to build a house. The third class are vagrants, habitual drunkards, or those who from any cause refuse to provide for their families. These are immediately settled upon the land; this is simply compulsory
colonization. The majority of this class are sent to southern Siberia.

Up to a few years ago the very name of Siberia was synonymous with everything that was horrible, not only as to the exile system, but also as to the climate and soil. But when one has the opportunity to look into this subject, and consider it from different standpoints, his views are certain to become greatly modified. In the first place, with the exception of the extreme northern portion of Siberia, no finer climate nor country is to be found. This is what the celebrated German traveler, Baron von Haxthausen, says of it:

"The country is romantically beautiful, the soil incredibly fertile, and the climate healthy; the cold, indeed, is severe in winter, but with a perpetually clear sky; and nowhere are there so many vigorous old people. The peasants, descended from the early convicts, are all very well off, some of them very rich; they only require industry, good behavior, and exertion for a few years to acquire a substantial position. Their whole outward condition is from the first favorable; as soon as they arrive in Siberia their past life not only lies like a dream behind them, but is legally and politically completely at an
end; their crime is forgotten; no one dares to remind them of it, or to term them convicts; both in the public official reports and in conversation they are only termed the unfortunate.”

The penal colony system, I am sure, was adopted by the Russian Government, not to make the condition of their criminals worse, but as a more humane method than hanging or imprisonment for life. It would not take long for either of these classes of criminals to decide between our present methods and that of being sent to Siberia. In the first place there is always a hope that if they are at large they may in some way be able to make their escape, and how eagerly does the poor wretch upon whom the sentence of death has been pronounced pray for a reprieve of even a few days. Does any one doubt whether he would prefer being sent even to Siberia? The writer is not alone in asserting that if for capital punishment and close confinement in prisons were substituted banishment to a penal colony it would be by far the more humane system. It is conceded now by all who take the humane side of this question that the punishment of a criminal should not be simply for the sake of making him suffer, but to endeavor to convince him of
the error of his way, and induce him to reform. It is certainly out of his power to reform if he is hanged, and about as effectually so if confined in prison the remainder of his days, with no hope for the future and no incentive to reform.

I trust I shall be pardoned for introducing here a few quotations from the letters of two well-known Irish political prisoners who were subjected to confinement in prison, and afterward sent to the English penal colony in Australia. Their testimony, it seems to me, should certainly have great weight.

"From my own experience in English prisons the Russian system is at once to be preferred. So far as it allows political prisoners to associate only with their own kind it is incomparably better than the English system, the makers or masters of which seem to delight in compelling the shameful association of political convicts with the criminal class. But, the political question aside, so far as the Russian system allows persons to associate and converse at labor, and during the confined hours, its humane forbearance, in my opinion, counterbalances all its evils, as compared with the British home convict prisons. Mental suffering is the worst suffering; and where there is association, there are
comfort and courage. The body suffers pain by labor and privation, but the suffering of the mind in privation, labor, and disgrace, with silence and loneliness, is agony."

It was a complete revelation to me to learn that an autocratic government, such as Russia is, should have a code of laws to regulate either the conduct of the powers that be toward the people, or their conduct toward one another. Like many others who have not looked into the matter, I supposed that the arbitrary decision of the Czar, one of his ministers or governors against a citizen, would be final. This was true many years ago, not only of Russia but of England and other countries as well; but during the reign of Catherine II. the first steps were taken in Russia for a radical change in this respect. A committee consisting not only of representatives from every city, town, and province, but from every station of life in these places, assembled first in Moscow then in St. Petersburg, and during a prolonged convention of this body the pros and cons of all vexed questions were discussed. Catherine gave them voluminous instructions relating to the code of laws they were to form. The following is a copy of some of these instructions:
“The nation is not made for the sovereign, but the sovereign for the nation. Equality consists in the obedience of the citizen to the laws alone. Liberty is the right to do all that is not forbidden by law. It is better to spare ten guilty men than to put one innocent man to death. Torture is an admirable means for convicting an innocent but weakly man, and for saving a stout fellow, even when he is guilty.” Under Nicholas the code thus begun was completed, and is the one now used.

Wishing, while in the Czar’s domains, to get as much as possible of the true inwardness of the situation we visited not only the prisons but the courts. Upon entering the vestibule of the court-house the gentlemen of our party were requested to leave their hats, over-coats, umbrellas, and canes; these were taken charge of by an official, while another conducted us to the court-room and assigned us seats. A trial for larceny was in progress at the time. This trial was before a bench of five judges and a jury of six men. One of our party, who is thoroughly conversant with court proceedings, said that the superior courts of the United States were not more impressively or better conducted. To me it seemed far more impressive than where the
judges and barristers are made ridiculous by their long gowns and white wigs that seem to be made in only one size—"a world too wide" for the small heads, and allowing the natural hair to show all around on the large ones. This does not impress one with the majesty and dignity of the law.

As I am about to take leave of Russia proper, I cannot refrain, at the risk of repeating myself, from saying again that I like Russia and her people, and from my experience of the Russian Bear I have every reason to speak well of him, and sincerely hope that the present friendly relations between this country and ours may continue for all time.
OUR route to Warsaw, which was to be our next stop, was through a rather swampy, low country, where small birches and pines were interspersed with not very productive looking fields. The journey was only interesting from the fact that the road followed the line taken by Napoleon in the campaign I have before referred to; and what a country for such a vast army to depend upon for subsistence! It does not have the appearance even now of being able to produce enough to sustain its own scattered inhabitants.

The ancient city of Warsaw, and the capital of Poland for the past four centuries, is situated on the Vistula, which is navigable for small boats. The present city is not particularly interesting. It is said that a country which has had no wars has no history; that being the criterion, Poland should have a most volumin-
ous one, for there are few countries that have had more vicissitudes than poor Poland. She has been taken and retaken, divided and subdivided until there is not much left. But she would probably not now be simply a province of Russia had she not first encroached upon Russian territory. She has always had the sympathies of Americans in her struggles for independence. Bravely her sons gathered around the standard of the noble Sobieski, not only in the defense of Poland, but for the purpose of expelling the hated Turks from Vienna. Indeed, to Poland, Russia, and Hungary are due the thanks of the whole of the civilized world for their having always heroically stood between the rest of Europe and the impious moslem hordes.

How the name of Warsaw brings back the time when in youth we devoured and wept over that story, Thaddeus of Warsaw, which seemed to us a most wonderful blending of romance and history; and if we had been told then that we should ever visit the scene of that hero’s childhood, and see the portrait of the handsome boy, as well as that of his pretty sweetheart, Mary Beauford, would not our eyes have opened wide!

In the Palace of Villanov, one hour’s drive
from Warsaw, you are shown the rooms that rang with his merry laughter before he knew of the cruel blight that had fallen upon his sweet mother's life. The palace was built by John Sobieski, and it was here he retired after his many brave battles, and here he died.

Inseparably connected with the thought of Poland, and a name dear to the heart of every loyal American is that of Kosciusko, the Polish patriot.

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

After the subjugation of Poland he was confined in prison at Cracow, but was finally released by Emperor Paul, who, upon obtaining a promise from Kosciusko that he would never again take up arms against Russia, tendered him his sword. Very sad and pertinent was the patriot's remark as he declined to accept the weapon: "I have no need of a sword, as I have no longer a country."

Warsaw has a population of four hundred and twenty-five thousand, and Russia has evidently taken every precaution to prevent its being in the power of the inhabitants to ever again revolt against their present rulers. The people have been forced, so to speak, to lay the
train by which their city can be destroyed any time, should there be an attempted uprising. They were obliged to build the citadel at their own expense as a punishment for their last revolt; this is said to be mined throughout, and from this eminence the town can be bombarded; but there does not seem to be any danger of another revolution, as every year the Poles are becoming more and more Russianized, and seem to be quite content with their king, as they call the Czar.

There is an old and new town; the former has narrow, crooked streets, with high, quaint houses; in the center of the latter is a fine, large park, with the usual fountain, large trees, and ornamental shrubs.

The theaters here, as in St. Petersburg and Moscow, are conducted by the government. By this means they prevent any incendiary dramas being introduced.

Warsaw contains a number of palaces, but the treasures that once adorned them have, to a great extent, been removed to St. Petersburg and Moscow. It also has a castle and a number of fine government buildings. There are several monuments, one I remember particularly; it was designed by Thorwaldsen, and
PARK AND PALACE AT WARSAW.
represents Copernicus, the great mathematician and astronomer, seated, holding a globe in his hand.

The Polish Jews, from their peculiar costume, are a distinctive feature of Warsaw. In their faces it seems to me can be read an epitome of the life of their race for generations. They have the appearance of having been a woefully down-trodden people, and with a meek, deprecatory sort of a look, as if half apologizing for their very existence, they slip along as though they would gladly go their way without attracting any notice; but this, their strange dress, as far as those who are unaccustomed to it are concerned, precludes; it is a very long, close-fitting, black gown, top boots, and queer, drooping cap.

The United States Consul at Warsaw, who is a Pole, and an agreeable, genial gentleman, entertained us in the most delightful manner. By the way, he has had rather an eventful career. He was many years ago imprudent enough to become involved in an intrigue against the government, was sent to Siberia, served out his time there, returned and went into the same business he was carrying on when exiled, and the same he is conducting now—a large banking house.
In relating his experience to us he said they served him exactly right; that he was in league with those who were trying to overthrow the government, and deserved his punishment.
CHAPTER XXII.

CRACOW AND VIENNA.

OUR next trip was an uneventful one, through an uninteresting country—the plains of Poland, consisting principally, as far as we could judge, of sandy pine barrens.

At the end of one day's journey Cracow is reached. This was the ancient capital of Poland, and later the capital of a small independent state, but finally, upon the division of that oft divided country, Cracow was ceded to Austria, and is now strongly fortified against Russia.

The city has a lovely situation on the Vistula, and not far away is a range of hills in the form of an amphitheater. It has seventy thousand inhabitants, at least fifteen thousand of whom are Jews. There are six Jewish synagogues and over thirty churches; several are handsome Gothic structures, but only one is particularly interesting. It is the Cathedral, and was built in 1359. It contains not only the
tombs of the kings, but also those of many of Poland's most noted heroes; among them are those of Sobieski (King John of Poland) and Kosciusko. To the memory of this beloved patriot the citizens have constructed a monument three hundred feet high, a short distance from the town; the earth was all brought from the numerous fields where the patriotic battles were fought.

The city has a schloss, which is a very imposing, grand old pile. Like every town where the Romans have had anything to do with the construction it was once walled; this wall has been converted into a beautifully shaded promenade. The old part of the town is far from attractive, except that here and there one sees pretty bits of ancient Gothic architecture.

No one who goes to Cracow should fail to visit the wonderful salt mines at Wieliczka, ten miles distant. They were discovered in 1250, and have been constantly worked since that time, and it is believed they were worked as early as the ninth century. They extend under the whole town, and are four stories deep. In the second story is a salt lake, and in the third you are told that you are exactly under this lake. The miners have cut many beautiful things in
the rock, such as a Gothic chapel, images, obelisks, and chandeliers. By the payment of a small sum for each room the guide will burn Bengal lights, and no one can imagine anything more beautiful than these glittering crystal walls and ceilings illumined in this way.

Two days is all we can give to Cracow, and as we leave this ancient capital, shorn of its pristine glory, we sadly revert to its history. Poor, beleaguered Poland, how has thy grandeur departed! Thy beautiful language and thy nationality are fast being exterminated, and even the last resting-place of thy kings and heroes has been absorbed by thy hereditary foes!

For some distance after reaching the main line the road ran through the same character of country as from Warsaw to Cracow, but gradually this changed; the pines and sand disappeared, and we had pretty, green valleys, neat villages, and many well-kept orchards, with great numbers of plum trees laden with the luscious fruit—in fact, a fine, productive, farming country.

This line takes us near the scene of two of Napoleon's famous and victorious battles, and by which he gained possession of Vienna for a short time—Austerlitz and Wagram. In the
distance we could see the Little Carpathian mountains; farther on the country became flat, and soon we were in Vienna. I had always heard so much of the beauty of this place that I was very anxious to see it, and, after having seen it, fully agree with all who have pronounced it a beautiful city. But as it has been visited by Americans for so many years, and has been so often and so ably written about, a minute description here would be superfluous; suffice it to say that we took the many charming drives and promenades, and saw the miles and miles of palatial residences, and from the tower of St. Stephen's Church, the most noted and ancient structure in Vienna, saw very distinctly the battle-field of Wagram, as well as several others of less importance, besides the grand view of the city. Of course we spent an evening at the Volks-garten listening with delight to the enchanting strains of the Strauss orchestra. On this occasion we were so fortunate as to have in addition to our own party the society of our vice-consul and his father, a clergyman from America, both affable, intelligent gentlemen.

Vienna may well be proud of her picture galleries, for while they are not equal to those in Florence, Rome, or even Dresden, they are well worth a visit.
I had always thought of Vienna as being on the Danube, but found to my surprise that it is on a canal, or branch of the river. A stay of several weeks instead of days in this gay city would have delighted us, but this was not to be thought of. However, a trip on the Danube was in anticipation.
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DANUBE.

ONLY small boats run on the canal. The river boats, while not palatial, are neat, comfortable steamers.

At sight of the river I involuntarily exclaimed: “Where is the ‘Beautiful Blue Danube?’ can it be possible that it is this muddy stream?” But so it was, and one more pet delusion of my youth vanished, never more to return. It has gone to keep company with many others. I remember feeling really hurt and aggrieved when told by a friend some years ago that I should be disappointed on seeing the Rhine, if I expected it to be as described by Longfellow in that sweetest of poems “Hyperion”; that it is in truth a very muddy river. I could not believe it, so of course was disappointed as far as the beautiful, sparkling water I expected to see was concerned, for the navigable portion was muddy enough; but then one did not care a whit what the water was like after all, for there
was the scenery to look at, and that at least was quite up to even my most extravagant expectations; while here, on the Danube, for many miles the shores are flat and not attractive.

But I have always had, so to speak, the greatest respect for this river, for if one may be allowed to use such an expression in connection with a river, I should say it is a cosmopolite, for in its course from the Black Forest to the Black Sea it is at home in many countries, and listens to many tongues. It is a grand river, too, and not without interest, being, as it is, the great commercial water-way of southeastern Europe.

There are the quaint grist-mills all along, on either side of the steamer. I have not made a mistake in saying on either side of the steamer, for they are anchored in the river itself, and their ponderous, clumsy wheels are turned by the current. I can not say anything as to the smallness of these grists rivaling that of the traditional “Mills of God,” but I think they must grind quite as slowly. The Danube does its part, ‘for it puts its broad shoulder to the wheel, and labors if it does not laugh.’ There are hundreds and hundreds of these queer mills to be seen during one day’s run, and it is by them the flour used by the peasants is made.
The costume of the male population all along the river was decidedly primitive, to say the least. I know now where a certain would-be reformer of female attire found the inspiration for that hermaphrodite garment, the divided skirt; it was from the pants worn by the men along the lower Danube. Theirs are a little different, to be sure, but they have the same appearance; they are made of white cotton cloth, with a whole width in each leg, and all the fullness gathered in at the waist. When you see them at a distance, with the wind blowing their skirt-like pants, they look like so many women.

Our party were the only Americans on the steamer, and I am sure every party, if not every individual, hailed from a different quarter of the globe; so there was enough that was sufficiently novel and interesting to make the time pass pleasantly.

The upper Danube is quite rich in castles, and even this portion is not destitute of them; in fact, every elevation has been utilized. If nature had provided more rocks and hills, men would have built more castles. As one travels over the Old World one sees that in all the hilly, rocky portions, wherever a commanding spot could be found, a castle has been built; and in
countries where there were no elevations upon which to build, the castles were surrounded by impassable moats. What food for thought there is in this! I for one am thankful that I did not make my advent into this world in the days when every man's hand was against his neighbor, and might alone made right. The day has passed when even kings can wantonly trample upon the rights of their meanest subjects. There is not now upon this broad earth a spot so remote or hidden that any outrageous wrong, such as was only too common in the feudal days, could be committed without its being known, and in an hour flashed around the world and find its way into the morning papers of every city, and all the civilized world be indignant and ready to unite in righting the wrong. In visiting these countries with histories of hundreds of years, one easily drifts into such a train of thought.

I remember that these things came vividly to my mind as I stood in the rooms in the Palace of the Doges, where the Council of Ten and the Council of Three held their diabolical meetings, and saw the letter-box in the wall, where the communications were placed. Does any one believe that in the nineteenth century man, woman, or child could be taken out of bed at
night and disappear as effectually as though the earth had opened and swallowed them, without there being the slightest notice taken of it, except by the friends of the injured person, and they powerless to revenge the wrong? No, I can not agree with the pessimists, who assert that the world is growing more and more wicked every day, for I am sure it is quite the contrary.

When we listen to the legends of these castles we are apt to be a little incredulous as to the verity of them, but no doubt each and every one has a history possibly more tragic than any that has come down to us. They have doubtless all resounded to the merry voices of happy childhood, as well as the din of battle. Beautiful women, both good and bad, have been the incentives to deeds of valor or crime. These walls have witnessed scenes of love, hate, jealousy, and despair. What thrilling tales might be told even if nought but the truth were related! But we have digressed sadly, and in the meantime are passing our first castle; it is at Deutsch Altenburg. Here also is an artificial mound about sixty-five feet high, called in English "Hat Hill," from the fact that it was formed by the people carrying the earth in hatfuls. This was built to commemorate the conquest over the hated Turks.
The next castle is picturesquely situated upon an isolated rock in the river below the pretty town of Hainburg, with its old Roman wall and watch-towers. This place was once a formidable stronghold, and, with the fortress at Theben, the next town on the opposite bank, commanded the Danube, and for generations the Turks were unable to pass these barriers on their way to their coveted goal, Vienna. By these annual raids the people on the lower Danube and Save were kept in constant terror, and when at last the Turks succeeded in conquering these castles, they wreaked their vengeance for the many baffled attempts, on the helpless inhabitants, men, women, and children alike, and the record of their fiendish brutality has no parallel in history.

The next town is Theben; here the March river, which forms the boundary between Austria and Hungary, empties into the Danube. Here, too, are the ruins of a grim, old castle.

The scenery continues pretty, until Pressburg is reached. This has a fine situation upon the foot-hills of the Little Carpathian Mountains at a considerable elevation from the river. It is a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, and was once the capital of Hungary and the place
where the kings were crowned. Upon an eminence above the town, surrounded by a wall, are the ruins of the royal palace, which was destroyed by fire.

Soon after leaving Pressburg the banks become low and flat, with here and there a little village of thatched roofed houses, but about five in the afternoon we came to a narrow channel where the bank on our left was high and rocky, and crowned by a grand old castle, with its battlemented walls and lofty tower standing like a silhouette against the sky. This castle was inhabited by the Hungarian Kings as early as the eleventh century. You could easily imagine you were on the storied Rhine. But soon this illusion vanishes, for the rocks and castle disappear, and we are again in a level country, which continues the same until on our right and left are the lights of the double city, Budapest.
VIEW OF BUDAPEST.
CHAPTER XXIV.

BUDAPEST.

To say Budapest, is as though one were to say New Yorkbrooklyn, for it is apparently two cities. The formality of the custom-house was soon over, and we were ensconced in the spacious and elegant Grand Hotel Hungary, which is on the Pesth quay, and we were so fortunate as to secure rooms overlooking the river. The view they commanded was a magnificent one. Close under our windows was the Corso, teeming with life, light, and gayety. All the people of the city seemed to be out in their best attire. We thought it must be a holiday, but if so, all the days of our stay were holidays, for it was the same every evening.

Evidently all classes of society go to the Corso for a promenade, and all, from the elegantly uniformed officer and noblemen, with their handsome companions upon their arms, to the peasants in their picturesque costumes, seem
upon pleasure bent. Every few steps there are comfortable seats, which are always filled with interested spectators of the brilliant scene.

Below this promenade is a wagon-way, which is also the wharf; all along this are the many-colored lights to distinguish the different landings. Up to these glide numerous double-ended, lively little boats, which halt a moment to exchange one lot of human freight for another, then hurry away again to the other side. The whole river seems fairly alive with them.

A short distance up the river is a magnificent bridge, but all we can see of it now are the lights, which look like a golden bow spanning the stream.

All along the opposite shore are the gay-colored lights; beyond rises abruptly the Schlossberg, or Castle Hill, upon which old Buda is situated. The whole face of this, from the base to the summit—which is at one end nearly eight hundred feet high—is studded with twinkling lights. It was a beautiful sight. No wonder that from one and all of our party there was an exclamation of delight.

On seeing the city by daylight we were not disappointed in our expectations; it is a wonderfully interesting, beautiful place, and as the sage
ALEXANDER PETOFTI'S STATUE AT THE END OF THE CORSO,
AND VIEW OF BUDA.
of our party remarked, Old Dame Nature has, as usual, permitted a fine river to run past a large city. In fact, there is no more lovely picture mirrored in the Danube, from its source to its outlet, than the twin cities of Buda-Pesth. The two towns were united in 1872, and incorporated under the double name of Budapest. It has a population of about seven hundred thousand, and in commercial importance ranks second to Vienna, being, as it is, the emporium of a vast agricultural country.

The Hungarians do not speak of Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, as their emperor, but as their king. At the time of the consolidation of the two countries the agreement was that the king should spend eight months in Vienna and four in Budapest. But the Hungarians are becoming prosperous and powerful, and they are now insisting upon it that the king shall divide his time equally between the two countries. In fact, Hungary is in a position to assert herself, and it will not be at all surprising if upon the death of Francis Joseph she should declare her independence.

The present situation is this: each country has an upper and lower house of parliament of its own. There is also a joint, or over parlia-
ment; these are chosen, twenty from the upper, and forty from the lower house of each country. The former deal simply with their own local questions; the latter is similar to our senate and house of representatives, and deals with national questions, and their relations to other countries.

The native Hungarians are proud of being able to trace their ancestry to the Magyars, a noble race. The class who emigrate to America from this country are not Hungarians, they are Slavaks, usually from the mining districts. A majority of the population of Budapest is German.

Pesth is a substantially built city, with many wide streets, all in first-class condition. The finest is the Andrassy Street, so named in honor of Count Andrassy, the Premier. There is not in any city a more beautiful boulevard than this. The promenades are well shaded, and on either side are elegant mansions. The city has fine public buildings, lovely parks, and the most perfect electric railroad I have ever seen; all the wires are out of sight under ground.

It is not in the evening alone that the Corso is interesting; from the early morning to midday it is, on the river side, lined with market stalls; the peasants are there in force with the
products of their farms and gardens, and I never saw a larger quantity of, or better looking vegetables and fruit; the plums especially were very fine. It did not seem possible that such an immense amount could be disposed of, but in a few hours it would all disappear like snow in the sunshine, and by noon all signs of the market had been removed.

Budapest has any number of handsome churches. Seventy per cent. of the population is Catholic, but all of the Protestant denominations are represented; among them is a Unitarian Church, with a large and very wealthy congregation.

We visited the permanent Exposition and were greatly interested, not only in the exhibits, but in learning the system upon which the institution is conducted. The display consists of articles made in Hungary. Many things, such as rugs, embroidered silks and linen for curtains, portiers, and the like, are made by the peasants in their own homes, and are sold at a reasonable price. The government appoints the officers who have charge of this exposition, and the expenses are defrayed by retaining five per cent. from the proceeds of each article when sold. There is an extensive display of exquisite Hun-
garian pottery—new and beautiful varieties that have not yet found their way to our markets. There was also an exhibit of native wines, and the plum brandy, which is famous the world over.

The Danube at the city has been narrowed by a wall on the Pesth side, so that it is only about a half mile wide, but we were told that it is three hundred feet deep. It is spanned by two magnificent bridges. There is a fine quay on the Buda side; along this for some distance is the bazaar, and an inclined railroad takes you to the beautiful terraced grounds of the palace above. Castle Hill has not only many fine new buildings, but many ancient and interesting ones.

By a zigzag carriage-road farther on the citadel is reached. The panorama from this point is superb; it is only from here that one realizes the extent and importance of Pesth. The grand river just below you is a busy scene, with its numerous crafts in a variety of shapes and sizes; there are miles and miles of immense buildings flanking broad, regular streets; here and there are the parks with their fine old trees; beyond are the suburban residences in the midst of well-shaded grounds; still farther, the exten-
sive fertile plains of Hungary. Up the river a short distance is the Margaret Island; this is owned by a cousin of the Emperor, and he has spared no expense in making it a charming resort, in spite of the fact that every year it is flooded to the depth of ten or fifteen feet. One can hardly believe this, when the handsome hotels and beautiful villas are seen. The grounds around them are in exquisite order and gorgeous with parterres of blossoms brought to that perfection which no one but a German florist can induce them to reach. Boats run to and from the city at short intervals up to a late hour. Thousands visit the island for a social glass of wine or beer, while they listen to the weird, fantastic strains of the gypsy band.

The gypsies seem to have a monopoly of the music in Hungary. At our hotel we have the gypsy band during table d'hôte. I am free to confess that while it is all right out of doors it is a little too much under a roof. Wagner's wildest musical discords are tame in comparison to those produced by a Hungarian gypsy band. We were told that the gypsies had in former years so overrun Hungary, and were such a pest, that if any one saw fit to shoot them down in cold blood no notice was taken of it by the authorities.
At the Buda end of the lower bridge is a tunnel through the Schlossberg hill. Upon passing through, one finds that this side rises abruptly from the plain. On this plain are not only several hot sulphur springs, but a number of springs, where the noted Hunyadi water, which is sent all over the world, is obtained. The Consul, while we were in the office one day, signed a certificate for the shipment of five hundred cases of this water, which was to be sent to one house in New York.

Beyond this basin is a range much higher than Schlossberg; these are the Buda Hills; they are ascended by a cog-railroad, starting from Buda. This was a delightful trip; the road wound about among the terraced, vine-clad hills, and as we ascended the view was lovely.

The road terminated upon a broad plateau, and here we found a suburban city, composed of beautiful summer villas, fine parks and pleasure grounds. We were accompanied on this trip by our Consul, a native Hungarian, a charmingly entertaining gentleman, who was extremely kind and attentive to us throughout our entire stay in his interesting city.

The citizens of Budapest are fortunate in possessing, within easy reach, so delightful a spot
SUSPENSION BRIDGE FROM THE BUDA SIDE.
for summer homes. The air was deliciously pure and cool, many degrees below the temperature of the city. From this commanding situation even the Castle Hill seems in comparison but a slight elevation, and the view of the whole valley is grand.

In the last ten years extensive excavations have been made in Buda, on the site of the ancient Roman city, Aquincum. An amphitheater, a summer and winter gymnasium, and baths, have been unearthed; also an aqueduct, by means of which the thermal water from the springs was conveyed to the town. These ruins are of great interest to the antiquary. In Buda, too, is a bath which was built by the Turks. This is still used by the common people.
CHAPTER XXV.

HUNGARY.

‘If the earth be God’s crown,
Our country is its fairest jewel.”

Thus sang Alexander Petöffe, the greatest of Hungary’s poets, and it is but fair to say that those who have had the opportunity of seeing his country are not inclined to dispute the poet’s assertion.

The Carpathians, its mountain range, are equal to the Alps in grandeur and beauty, and rival them in extent. Some are vine-clad, and from these comes the famous Tokay wine; others are well wooded, making a paradise for hunters; others still are perpetually clothed in a mantle of snow. Upon many of these are lakes of crystal clearness and unfathomable depths. These lakes are poetically called “Eyes of the Sea”; of these, interesting legends have been handed down from remote ages. The popular belief is that the lakes are connected with the sea, al-
though many of them are seven thousand feet above sea-level.

Hungary can lay claim to possessing the lion's share of the second largest river in Europe. The Volga is its only rival, and the plains of Hungary, thirty-five thousand square miles in extent; are in fertility fully equal to our western prairies.

It is believed by archaeologists that the cradle of the Magyars was in the Altai Mountains; that about the second or third century after Christ the Turks drove them from their homes, some to the North, others to the South. They lived a nomadic life for several generations, migrating westward, until finally they reached Hungary, which in the ninth century was inhabited by scattered tribes that were easily conquered by the more warlike Magyars, who were far more civilized than the tribes they subjugated. Eleven years, ending with 895, saw the conquest of Hungary completed.

At the time of the invasion the Hungarians were pagans, professing the Shamanism doctrine, a faith common to Uralo-Altaic races. Adherents of this belief are still found in southern Siberia and western Mongolia. They adored, besides one Supreme Being whom they called
Isten, minor divinities, such as the gods of the rivers, of storms, woods, and mountains. Their services, which were conducted in the woods, usually near springs, consisted of prayers of adoration and supplication, also of sacrifices of cattle, and on very solemn occasions a white horse was sacrificed. These pagan rites were continued for more than a hundred years after the Hungarians had taken possession of the country. At the end of that time the Christian doctrine was taught them, and a large majority embraced Christianity. There were occasional attempts to revive the ancient practices, but the Christians finally triumphed.

For two hundred years the Crusaders passed through Hungary in going to and returning from the Holy Lands. Richard Cœur de Lion, it is said, was captured and for fifteen years confined in one of the castles on the Danube. Many of the crusading armies were composed of such a motley, lawless host that they would have been a grievously disturbing element in the country, but fortunately for Hungary the kings who reigned during this period were men of firmness of character, and the Crusaders were kept within bounds.

Under their first king, St. Stephen, Buda
was founded. This king reigned for thirty-five years. These were very prosperous years for the Hungarians, and they made rapid advancement on the road to civilization.

For two centuries after the death of Saint Stephen Hungary continued to keep pace with the western world, but then internal feuds arose, and so occupied the attention of the people that they did not heed the gradual approach of the Mongols, and before they realized their danger the Mongolian hordes had crossed the Carpathians, and the smoke of the villages they were destroying could be seen from the walls of Pesth, and the army that Hungary was able to raise, although they fought with a bravery unsurpassed, were completely annihilated on the plains of Muhi.

The infidels overran all Hungary, and the Christian altars everywhere were soon a mass of ruins. This state of things existed for some time, but finally the Mongols retired, leaving the whole country in a most desolate condition. "Since the birth of Christ no country has ever been overwhelmed by such misery," says the historian.

But the brave King Bela, the regenerator of Hungary, rose to the emergency, and by his
aid, Phœnix-like she sprang from her ashes and again started upon the high road to prosperity. In five years the desolated cities were restored and new ones founded.

In 1246 the wars with their neighbors, the Austrians, began. They were soon obliged, however, in self-defense, to bury their own differences for the time, and unite their armies against a common enemy, Ottokar, King of Bohemia. The result was the destruction of Ottokar's Slavic kingdom.

For the next two hundred years Hungary was again torn by internal feuds and wars with other nations, and was in most desperate straits, when in 1456 John Hunyadi came upon the scene, a full-fledged general, invincible in battle. He was at once dubbed the Raven Knight, from the fact that there was a raven emblazoned on his shield. He was here and there, and everywhere that the fight raged the fiercest, and wherever he went the enemy either fled or were slain.

On his first appearance he was not known even by the Hungarians, and they believed that the god of war himself had espoused their cause.

The Turks, who had about this time begun their depredations, showed a superstitious fear
of him. While this fear kept them from Hungary itself, they preyed upon the vassal states. Hunyadi possessed the most indomitable will and sleepless, untiring energy, and kept the Turks at bay, meeting and foiling the marauding expeditions.

The Turks attached such importance to the capture of Hunyadi, dead or alive, that large rewards were promised to the soldiers who should accomplish this. One of Hunyadi's followers, who resembled him, heroically volunteered to personate his leader by donning his uniform and mounting the well-known charger. The brave fellow at almost the outset of the battle was overpowered and killed. The Turks thinking their hitherto invincible foe had been conquered at last, were wild with joy, but when suddenly the real Hunyadi appeared among them, the whole Turkish army became panic-stricken and fled, leaving a vast amount of booty. And so it was up to the hour of his death, which took place very suddenly after a signal victory over the Turks at Belgrade—a victory so brilliant that all Europe rang with the praises of the Raven Knight.

The Knight was not without his enemies, who caused the death of the elder of his two
handsome sons. The other, after the death of the reigning monarch, was made King of Hungary. The young ruler was not only gallant and utterly fearless, but shrewd as well, and through the entire reign of the "Upstart King," as the enemies of his father styled Matthias, the advancement and prosperity of Hungary was phenomenal. "Matthias the Just" died in 1490, and, to the regret of his admirers, without leaving a son to succeed him.

Then came dark days for Hungary. There were weak, incompetent rulers, and dissatisfied subjects, and in the short space of thirty years she sank as rapidly as she had previously advanced, and seems to have reached a very low ebb at the time of the disastrous battle with their old enemies, the Turks, at Mohacs. Then Belgrade was taken. This startled the Hungarians, but there was so much bitter feeling between the adherents of the new Lutheran doctrine and the Catholics they did not heed the danger that menaced them, and dearly they paid the penalty, for the Turks captured Budapest and placed the atrocious Janizaries in charge of the ill-fated city.

The Turks soon overran all Hungary, and for one hundred and forty-five years the Hun-
Hungarians groaned under the Turkish yoke. During this period Hungary made no advancement, as history shows has been the case with every nation that has had the misfortune to fall under the domination of the Turks; but the spirit of patriotism was not dead within them, and finally, when by the aid of nearly all of Christendom the abhorred invaders were overpowered and driven out, the news was received with joy by the whole of civilized Europe.

But the Hungarians could not, unaided, protect themselves against the infidels. Austria seemed the one to whom she should most naturally turn for assistance. Austria's promises were fair enough, but were not kept; she took advantage of the opportunity, and Hungary was soon under the Hapsburg sovereignty. For two hundred years she was, so to speak, between the hammer and the anvil. It would have taken her, even under the most favorable circumstances, many years to recover from the terrible calamity of a Turkish occupation, and the Austrian oppression was almost as hard for a liberty-loving nation to bear. She did not wear the yoke tamely; many attempts to gain her freedom were made from time to time.

At last, under less oppressive rulers, some of
Hungary's demands were acceded to, and on the occasion of her coronation ceremonies the Empress Maria Theresa so won the hearts of the Hungarians that during her reign there was comparative peace between the two countries, and the conquered subjects were able auxiliaries in the wars with other nations.

But her successor, Joseph II., while he strove for the advancement of the country itself, sought to Germanize the Hungarians, and blot out their language and nationality. To this the Hungarians would not submit. However, when Joseph was about to die he retracted all of his arbitrary edicts, and reestablished the ancient constitutions of the country.

The next ruler, Leopold II., respected these conditions. He reigned but a short time, and was succeeded by his son, Francis I., who was on the throne during the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon, that disturber of the peace of the world, did all in his power to induce the Hungarians to join him against Austria, but they remained true, even at the cost of many lives and the financial ruin of the country, and this fidelity Austria poorly repaid.

Now we come to the days of Hungary's champion, Louis Kossuth, a nobleman by birth,
but proud to be called a child of the people. What he sought for his country was free speech, free press, and the emancipation of the peasants. But the brave champion was a martyr to his country's cause, for he was thrown into prison, where he remained for two years. During this period he applied himself so diligently to the study of the English language, and became so proficient in it that on his subsequent visits to England and America he was enabled to charm all hearers by his masterly style of oratory.

In 1840 Kossuth was pardoned and again became the leader of the liberal party, who swore by the God of the Magyars to be slaves no longer. They were gallantly sustained by the Hungarian army, and bravely they struggled for nine years, and it is more than probable that Hungary would have gained her independence at last if Russia had not responded to Austria's appeal for aid; but this she did to the number of two hundred thousand troops; this, added to the Austrian forces, made a power against which it was worse than useless for the patriots to struggle.

Many of the distinguished Hungarians, with Kossuth, sought refuge in Turkey and other countries, and for ten years were exiles from
home and country, until they were pardoned at the time of the coronation, in 1868 at Budapest, of Francis Joseph and his consort as king and queen of Hungary. Kossuth, however, who is now ninety years of age, resides in Turin, a self-exile, true to his vow never to return to his beloved country so long as it remains under the Hapsburg dynasty.

Hungary has made such wonderful advancement in the past ten years that she is now one of the foremost nations in Europe.

We have gladly given to Budapest all the time we could possibly spare, and have enjoyed every moment of our stay, and now must bid adieu to the beautiful metropolis, and continue our journey toward the Orient.
Peterwardein. This is an ancient town, having been founded by the Romans, as were many others in this vicinity. Here upon an elevation is a fortress whose guns command the river. A few more stations and the Save is reached; this is the largest tributary of the Danube, and with the Temes and Morava constitutes its navigable tributaries.

The Save crossed, and in a moment we are at Belgrade, the capital of Servia. Few towns are more famous in history, but aside from its history it is not particularly interesting. It is built on the site of a Roman town which existed long before the birth of Christ. Belgrade is a city of forty thousand inhabitants, and has been, we were told, improving rapidly in the past ten years. It has a beautiful park between the city and the fortress, which is a favorite resort of the people during the summer season.

The city is composed of three parts. In the old Turkish portion, which is fast going to decay, remains of numerous mosques, with their slender minarets, are still to be seen; these are of interest to us, as they are reminders that we are soon to be in that city of minarets, Constantinople. In the Turkish town are also the ruins of a castle which once belonged to Prince Eu-
The old Servian-town is on a side hill, and its steep, narrow streets give it an exceedingly quaint appearance. The principal street in the new town is named for the present king; on this are the old and new palaces. To those who care for such things the Museum of Servian Antiquities is of considerable interest.

The fortifications are upon a hill overlooking the confluence of the two rivers. This fortress was a formidable stronghold in ancient times, but would not stand long against the present implements of warfare.

As I have said before, it was up the Danube and Save the Turks made their marauding expeditions for hundreds of years, and the junction of these two rivers was the key to the situation. This the fortress of Belgrade commanded, so it will readily be seen why such great importance was attached to securing this position, both on the part of the Mahomedans, who were determined to still farther encroach upon Europe, and on the part of Austria and Hungary, who were equally determined they should go no farther. So poor little Servia’s position was anything but an enviable one. Lying, as she did, helplessly between the great Powers, she was for hundreds of years simply a bone of con-
tention, and was almost annually devastated by the contending nations.

All who have traveled in Servia agree that it is a beautiful country. It is one of the Balkan states, and has an area of twenty thousand square miles, with a population of about two and a half millions. It is very mountainous, but there are none much more than three thousand feet high, neither are there any well-defined ranges. These mountains are rich in minerals—gold, silver, copper, and lead. There are evidences that in ancient times the Romans worked the lead mines. If this long-suffering people can only have peace, these valuable mines will be developed, and will doubtless prove a source of great wealth. The hills are heavily wooded, principally with primeval oaks; on the fruit of these great numbers of hogs are fattened. Hog-raising is not only exceedingly remunerative, but is considered a respectable calling.

Many of the valleys are not under cultivation, but those that are show the soil to be extremely fertile. A great variety of fruits and flowers that are raised in other countries only by careful cultivation grow spontaneously here in profusion. The farming implements we saw
used were of the most primitive description. The wheat was being thrashed by horses or cattle tramping over it, and the winnowing was done by throwing the grain high in the air.

The Servians are not an aggressive people; they much prefer peace, but not peace at the expense of their freedom. An intense love of liberty is first and always in their hearts, and even surrounded by their enemies, as they have always been, they have constantly and often successfully asserted their independence. They now stand among the first of the Slavic nations. The feudal system has never existed in Servia, consequently there has been no serfdom, and no down-trodden peasantry. Their boast is that the native Servians are all noblemen. It is greatly to be hoped that they will be able to retain the dearly bought, complete independence which they finally gained in 1878.
THE Servians are the only civilized race who still adhere to so many of their primitive customs and institutions. The communal system, in all its ancient simplicity, still exists in the country districts. These communities are usually composed of relatives, although outsiders are admitted. One of the members, who has the confidence of the whole, is elected "House Father," as he is called; this patriarch is the head of the commune.

These communes constitute little villages in themselves. The house for the leader is usually in the midst of and much larger than the others; in this is the common room, where all eat together and congregate to spend their evenings. The old men discuss the communal affairs, the young men are employed making or repairing the farm and household implements, the women are busy making and mending their
simple garments, the children romping and playing, or grouped around one of the rhapsodists, who, while he twangs an accompaniment on a one-stringed instrument, which is identical with the one we saw in Finland, chants of the heroic deeds of their ancestors, or of any occurrence he may choose, for by this poetic people every event of any interest is put into verse. Can anything more primitive, sweet, and innocent be imagined than such a scene?

A favorite theme for the minstrels is the famous battle of Kossovo. One of these songs Owen Meredith has translated into English, a few lines of which I will quote. It seems that in the Servian epic poems the raven is invariably the bearer of ill tidings. After the battle in which both the good Tzar Lazarus and the Turkish Sultan were killed, two ravens come to the castle where is the queen, whose father and nine brothers were also in the battle. Thus the queen addresses the ravens:

"In God's great name, black ravens, say,
Whence came ye on the wind to-day?
Is it from the plains of Kossovo?
Hath the bloody battle broke?
Saw ye the two armies there?
Have they met? and, friend or foe,
Which hath vanquisht? How do they fare?"
"And the two black fowls replied:
In God's great name, Militza, dame,
From Kossovo at dawn we came.
A bloody battle we espied:
We saw the two great armies there,
They have met and ill they fare,
Fallen, fallen, fallen are
The Turkish and the Christian Tzar.
Of the Turks is nothing left,
Of the Serbs a remnant rests,
Hackt and hewn, carved and cleft,
Broken shields and bloody breasts."

Then comes a faithful old servant, who, though wounded nigh unto death, hastens to his mistress with the sad tale. He is revived with wine, and after giving a graphic description of the battle, says:

"There rests to Servia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old.
There remaineth to Servia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!
They are gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave, and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation
Of the mourning heart of a widow'd nation,
Their memory waketh an exultation!
Yea, so long as a babe shall be born,
Or there resteth a man in the land—
So long as a blade of corn"
Shall be reapt by a human hand—
So long as the grass shall grow
On the mighty plain of Kossovo—
So long, so long, even so,
Shall the glory of those remain,
Who this day in battle were slain."

The Servians believe that their defeat in this battle was due to the treachery of one Vouk Brankovitch. The queen, in her wild despair, questions the old servant as to the fate of not only her beloved lord, the tzar, her aged father, and her nine brave brothers, but of all whose names she can recall, among them that of Vouk Brankovitch, and although the warrior’s eyes are growing dim, and the death damp is upon his brow, almost with his last breath he pronounces this fearful curse upon the traitor:

“And as for what ye inquire
Of Vouk—when the worm and mole
Are at work on his bones, may his soul
Eternally singe in hell-fire!
Curst be the womb that bore him!
Curst be his father before him!
Curst be the race and the name of him!
And foul as his sin be the fame of him!
For blacker traitor never drew sword—
False to his faith, to his land, to his lord!
And doubt ye, doubt ye, the tale I tell?
Ask of the dead, for the dead know well;
Let them answer ye, each from his mouldy bed,
For there is no falsehood among the dead;
And there be twelve thousand dead men know
Who betrayed the Tzar at Kossovo.”

At the close of the introduction the author modestly says: “But I have said enough. I will only add of the contents of this little volume that, whether they be weeds or flowers, I have at least gathered them on their native soil, amidst the solitudes of the Carpathians, and along the shores of the Danube.”

The Servians are said to be comparatively free from many of the grossest vices of other nations. A professional lawyer would have a slender income in the country districts of Servia. The people have a holy horror of this fraternity. These simple-minded folk seem to know by instinct what more civilized people only learn by bitter experience—that

“By litigation a dispute
Grows oft from bad to worse;
The gold is swallowed in the suit,
You gain an empty purse.”

Each village has its Council of Elders, who meet every Sunday afternoon in the “Reconciliation House,” or in the open air, and decide all differences free of charge.
There are a few Catholics and Jews in Serbia, but the Oriental Greek is the national religion.

The Servians and Russians have about the same alphabet, which is known as the Cyrillic, having been invented in the year 860 by Cyril, who reduced the Slavonic language to writing. Cyril and his brother Methodius translated the Holy Scriptures into the Slavonic language, and this translation is still used in the Greek Church in Russia, Serbia, and Bulgaria. The Russian and Servian languages are quite similar, so much so that the two nations have no difficulty in understanding each other.

The similarity of language and the coreligion seem to constitute a bond of union between the two nations, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that Russia has always, with one exception, come to the aid of Serbia in her struggles for freedom. The exception I refer to was during the war with Napoleon in 1812, when the Turks, seeing that Russia had quite as much as she could attend to at home, took advantage of this opportunity, and once more swooped down on Serbia, and she was again for a time under the heel of the diabolical Janizaries. But, as I have said, she now rejoices in her freedom, and
PASS IN THE BALKANS.
PASS IN THE BALKANS.
along the line, and in reply to our inquiry as to the cause we were told that the Bulgarians, in assembling their troops for the annual maneuvers, had encamped nearer the border than the Servians approved of. They, fearing there might be some mischief on foot, had called out several companies of the Servian army. It is not to be wondered at that this small, independent kingdom should be suspicious of every move of her neighbors, and, no doubt, eternal vigilance is her only safety.

At the last station on the border were gathered several squads of soldiers from both armies, and we had a good opportunity to compare the men of the two countries. The Servians are much the fairer race, but they were not so well uniformed, possibly because they had been called out suddenly. The men of both armies were rather above the medium height—brave, fine-looking fellows—and, as one of our party remarked, standing them up to be shot at was a very poor use to put them to. However, there was no blood shed that time, for we learned after we reached Constantinople that the Sultan advised the Bulgarian commanders to retire from the border with their troops. The Sultan's sensible advice was followed, and in a few days the warlike demonstrations had subsided.
CHAPTER XXVIII.

BULGARIA.

AFTER crossing the mountains we were over the border, and soon arrived at Zaribrod, the first station in Bulgaria. The road runs across the southwest corner of that country, and in a few hours we were at Sofia, the capital, and the ancient sacred city of the entire Bulgarian race.

This state comprises about twenty thousand square miles; its northern border is washed by the Danube, which is the boundary between Bulgaria and Roumania, the eastern by the Black Sea; on the west is Servia, and to the south, beyond the Balkan Mountains, is Roumelia. What is called East Roumelia has recently cast off the Turkish yoke and placed itself under the protection of Bulgaria, which is a principality nominally paying tribute to Turkey. She chooses her prince, but he must be one approved by the Sultan, as well as the European Powers.
Sofia is a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, ten thousand of whom are Jews and Turks. The city is situated on a plain which is nearly two thousand feet above sea-level. A small portion of the town that is built around the palace is quite new, but the Turkish portion is in a tumble-down condition, and anything but attractive. There are a great number of mosques still standing; many are used for other purposes, while some that were originally Christian churches were converted into mosques, and are again used as churches. During the period of the Bulgarian kingdoms, before the Roman invasion, this was a great commercial mart between the far eastern nations and western Europe, and the merchants who carried on the caravan trade became very rich. The remains of immense warehouses where the goods were stored are still to be seen.

The Bulgarians show plainly their Tartar origin. They were mentioned by historians as early as six hundred years before Christ. At that time they were said to have come from beyond the Caspian, and to have invaded the Armenian kingdom. They were an exceedingly formidable, warlike race. They gradually migrated westward until they were near the seat of the
new Roman Empire, and were a terror to that nation during the period of its decline. They made annual raids on the Christians, and enslaved or tortured those they captured. In the year 670 A. D. they crossed the Danube and settled permanently in the region between that river and the Balkan Mountains.

For two hundred years after they established themselves in this country they remained pagans, but the doctrine of Christianity was introduced through the Christians whom they captured and held in bondage, and their own people, who, during their captivity in Byzantium were taught the Christian religion, and returned to teach it to their pagan kindred. For a time they wavered between the Latin and the Greek Church, but finally decided to adopt the latter, and to this faith they have ever since adhered.

In 860, as I have said, Cyril arranged their alphabet, and his translation of the Scriptures is held sacred by Russians, Servians, and Bulgarians, and to this day the names of Cyril and his brother Methodius are spoken with reverence by the whole Slavonic race.

For a time after they were converted to Christianity the Bulgarians made rapid strides toward civilization, but when they had been in
the country some three hundred years they were conquered by the Byzantine Empire, and were in their turn not only forced to pay tribute to their conquerors, but were treated with inhuman cruelty. They remained subject to the Romans for one hundred and seventy-five years. Soon after the close of this period they were conquered by the Turks, and their last state was, if possible, worse than the first.

When the Greek Church was established in Bulgaria it was an independent national Church, and continued so for a long time after the Turkish conquest, but finally Constantinople ecclesiastics were placed over them. This was touching them in a vital part, for they are devoted to their Church, and this last indignity was worse than all that had gone before. Priests who did not even know their language were put over them, and the people were ground to the earth and robbed of everything. Finally, long after patience had ceased to be a virtue, they resorted to means which, with the aid of Russia in 1872, rid them of the Constantinople bishop and priests, and reestablished an independent national Church. After this their condition was a little more bearable, but even still so bad that no nation less patient would have endured it.
There is no doubt about the primitive Bulgarians having been a race of warriors, but their descendants have been under Turkish rule so long that if they have not become subdued they have at least learned to submit to the inevitable patiently and stolidly. They have long since ceased to look back on their ancient glory or forward to any to come. Another reason that is given for this great change is that the race inhabiting the country when they took possession was not at all warlike, and that this mixture has, so to speak, diluted the fierce blood. Possibly it is another example of the "survival of the fittest."

There are more Bulgarians in the Turkish Empire than any other Christian nation, and they have suffered more from Turkish oppression and extortion. They have from time to time made attempts to free themselves, but having neither arms nor leaders they were not only always conquered, but their punishment was invariably horrible in the extreme. After the Berlin treaty, to which I shall refer later, not only Bulgaria, but all of the European Turkish provinces have been comparatively free, and consequently are improving rapidly.

The Bulgarians are said to be exceedingly
industrious, frugal, and honest. They are not as jovial and merry as the Servians; life to them has been for many generations a very serious subject, and keeping the wolf from the door they have been obliged to make the chief aim of their existence. In the agricultural districts their homes are mere huts, with little but the roofs above ground, and scarcely better in outward appearance than the one for the horse, for no matter how poor the peasant may be, like his ancestors of the Steppes, he is never without his horse. The dwelling hut, however, in spite of its unpromising appearance externally, is scrupulously neat within.
CHAPTER XXIX.

ROUMELIA.

Our stay at Sofia is at an end, and we are once more on our way; in a few hours are through the pass in the mountains, and over the border in Roumelia.

Our first stop is at Philippopolis, the capital of east Roumelia, which is a decidedly interesting city of about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is on the Maritza river (the ancient Hebrus), which is navigable from this point to its outlet in the Ægean Sea. The principal portion of the town is picturesquely situated upon three granite hills, on the site of a Roman town which had the appropriate appellation of Trimontium.

Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, captured the town from the Thracians, and for a time this was his frontier post, and in spite of the many changes there have been, his name still clings to it. The new portion of the town, which has sprung up since the Berlin
treaty, has wide, clean streets, and handsome houses, and a general air of prosperity prevails. But the Turkish part is squalid and dirty. The fact that in the swampy plains around Philippopolis rice is grown shows that the climate is mild. Our stay at this place was short, as we wished to make one more stop in Roumelia.

This was not a good year to give one a favorable impression of this usually fertile valley, for the blighting drought that had made a desert of southern Russia had extended to the Ægean Sea. The whole of eastern Roumelia looked as if a fire had swept over it, burning every blade of grass and drinking every drop of water. The few herds of cattle we saw seemed to be little better than the frames with the hides over them. The drought had not come early enough to effect the wheat crop however, for we saw quantities of it being trampled out.

The few English speaking travelers one meets along this route are sure to get on the not very reassuring subject of the brigands. The mountains off to our right are said to be infested by these gentry. They have terrorized the inhabitants of the villages in southwestern Roumelia to such an extent that many have been obliged to seek homes elsewhere.
So long as the brigands confined their depredations to the natives the Turkish government did not pay much attention to it; but in the past two years the robbers have become so bold that they frequently attack the trains, and have carried a number of travelers to their mountain fastnesses and held them for ransom, which the Turkish government was obliged to pay. This has roused them to the necessity of taking the matter in hand vigorously. There were soldiers on guard at every station through this district. A short time before we went over the road a heavy ransom was paid for a Frenchman who had been retained for three months. A week after we reached Constantinople the brigands attempted to reach the train, but were stopped by the gendarmes, and some lives were lost on both sides.

We are now about three hundred miles from Constantinople, and of course every mile brings unfamiliar sights, so that one's interest never flags.

The swarthy, brigandish looking people we have been seeing ever since we struck the Danube are gypsies. It is said that there are not less than half a million of them in the valley of
ADRIANOPLE.
ADRIANOPEL.
CHAPTER XXX.

ADRIANOPL€.

WHILE we have been discussing the gypsy question our train has been speeding on, and we have arrived at our destination, which is Adrianople. Its ancient name was Ushadama, but during the reign of the Emperor Hadrian it was given his name. After the Turkish conquest it was made the capital of that empire, and remained so for one hundred years.

The whole distance from our last stop the people and places along the route have become more and more Turkish, and now it does not seem that Constantinople itself can possibly be more so.

Adrianople is a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and is situated at the junction of the Maritza with the Tunja and Arda. It occupies a beautiful location in the midst of a lovely country. There are about thirty mosques in the city, and their slender minarets give it at a distance a very picturesque appearance. But,
like all Turkish towns, upon a near view the illusion vanishes. The streets are narrow, dark, and dirty. The ancient town was upon a hill; the ruins of the citadel and wall by which it was surrounded are still to be seen. The newer portion is on the bank of the Tunja.

Among the numerous mosques is the justly famous one of Sultan Selim II., said to be the finest Mahometan temple in the world. The interior is composed of marble, Egyptian granite, verd antique, and other handsome materials. It is said to have nine hundred and ninety-nine windows, but the Mussulman's word must be taken for this, as Christians are not permitted to enumerate them. The superstitious Turks believe that if this were allowed it would bring them ill luck.

The once splendid Palace of the Sultans is now in ruins. The Bazaar of Ali Pasha is very striking in appearance; is about one thousand feet long, and composed of red and white brick.

The famous Turkey red dye is made in Adrianople, as well as rose water and the attar of roses. There is a valley near, which is called the Cashmere of Turkey; in this the roses are grown. Adrianople also exports raw silk, cotton, and opium, and the best Turkish wine is made here.
CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN HORN.
CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN HORN.
was ours, and he had a carriage for us; but as we had sent none, that ruse did not catch us. I am sure the strongest and most persistent of them would have captured us bodily had not a gentleman, who was a resident of the city, and with whom we had been in conversation on the train, come to our assistance and rescued us and our belongings from the howling multitude. He was soundly abused by all of the disappointed ones; they accused him of trying to palm himself off on us as a dragoman when he was not one; but with the gentleman’s aid the custom-house formalities were soon over, and we, under the care of the right guide, were on our way to the Hotel De Londres.

Among the crowd at the station were a number of very hard-looking customers, with thick pads on their backs. These are the porters. Those we engaged each took a trunk and trotted off with it as if it were a feather’s weight, and although the distance must be a mile and a half at least, and up hill at that, they made it almost as quickly as we did driving. It is astonishing, the loads these men carry. I have seen them carry lumber that looked heavy enough to break the back of an elephant.

We were in raptures over the beautiful pic-
ture Constantinople presented in the distance, but upon a nearer view we found that there was another side to the picture, and one that is disenchanted, it is true, but at the same time wonderfully interesting from its novelty. The streets are narrow, crooked, hilly, roughly paved, and filthy, and are darkened by high, weather-beaten, dilapidated houses. All in the Turkish part have closely-latticed windows. The groundfloors are occupied by mere cupboards of shops, with the owners squatted cross-legged in the doors, either sleepily sucking away at their nargiles or plying their trades.

Hardly any two of the men we see in the shops or on the streets are dressed alike, even if a majority do have for a head-gear a fez or turban, on their feet some style of slippers or sandals, and wear the baggy Turkish pants, with the indispensable sash, and short, sleeveless jacket. The cause of this variety of dress, even among the Mahomedans, is that they are just now in an unsettled condition on the dress question. The old men, and even some of the young ones, who do not want to make the change too suddenly, are, so to speak, in a transition state. They have modified some of their garments, but are adhering to the original in others.
THE GREAT BAZAAR.
THE GREAT BAZAAR.
ancient enough to be the original one built on this site six hundred and fifty-eight years before the shepherds "saw the star in the east." No wonder it was chosen as a spot on which to build a city even that long ago, and that the whole world for twenty-five hundred years has coveted the location, for it has no equal. Until now I had supposed that Rome was the only one entitled to be called the City of Seven Hills, but it is much more appropriately applied to the city of the Bosphorus.

The Golden Horn we see runs through the city, with Galata and Pera on one side, and Stamboul on the other. The beautiful stream is spanned by a very long and very broad bridge. Of this bridge the stereotyped saying is that if one stands on it for an hour any day one will see representatives of seventy-five nations, clothed in as many different costumes, and speaking as many languages. While this is hackneyed, it is doubtless also true, for it is well known that Constantinople is the most cosmopolitan capital in the world. Across the Bosphorus is the old city of Scutari, which we are to visit in a few days.

One of the first places a stranger naturally wishes to see is the celebrated Bazaar of Stam-
boul. It is an enormous stone structure, of Byzantine architecture, surrounded by high walls. The roof is composed of hundreds of little cupolas, with holes in them for the purpose of admitting light to the shops in the interior. There is a perfect labyrinth of arcaded streets, and a network of narrow alleys branching off in every direction. These people must think there is life in competition, for each little street or alley is devoted to a particular line of goods. There is the shoe bazaar, the brass bazaar, the fez bazaar, and so on; these consist of a regular honeycomb of little shops, and in the door of everyone is the proprietor, who solicits your patronage; and as Dionysius interprets the invitation it is exceedingly persuasive and alluring. Each assured us that he had the finest and rarest goods in the whole Bazaar, and that he would scorn to ask us the price his neighbor would charge for an inferior article, while the said neighbor declared we could take anything in his choice collection at our own price. The variety and contrast of the articles for sale is astonishing and bewildering; there is everything from pearls to prunes. It is surprising what beautiful things one does see in these miserable little dens. In the embroidery bazaar in particular
there are quantities of the most exquisite articles; it hardly seems possible they could have been made by human hands.

The Turks do possess one commendable trait: they do not make beasts of burden of their women. About the only kind of work they seem to do is embroidery. In all the time we were in Turkey we saw but one woman carrying a heavy load on her back, while in almost every other country in Europe the women seem to do the most of the hard work.
CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MOSQUES.

The view from my window at the hotel is so fascinating that at the first gleam of day I am up scanning the scene with a glass, and can hardly take time to make my toilet. At dawn the whole city is enveloped, so to speak, in a mystic veil, which gradually rises like the lifting of a curtain. It is a beautiful sight. The city seems to grow as if by magic, until the whole lovely panorama lies spread out before you. One never tires of the distant view. The hundreds of mosques, with their bulbous domes and slender minarets, make a charming Oriental picture, but on close inspection they are dirty, shabby, and disappointing. Most of them are curious and many are interesting, but it would require a person with a very vivid imagination to see anything beautiful about them. But if they were modern all the novelty would be gone. We can not have spick-and-span newness and antiquity all in one.
Among the mosques we were to visit of course our first choice was the Saint Sophia, which, from its great antiquity—nearly fourteen hundred years have come and gone since its erection for a Christian temple—is by far the most interesting.

There does not seem to be any fixed number of minarets a mosque shall have; they range anywhere from two to six. Winding stairs lead to a door which opens onto a balcony surrounded by a parapet, where five times a day, namely, dawn, noon, four o'clock, sunset, and night-fall, the muezzin appears to call the faithful to prayer. If you listen you will hear him as he turns to each of the four points of the compass and chants slowly and solemnly in a sad, weird tone, "God is great! There is but one God! Mahomet is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come, and be saved! God is great! God is one alone! Come to prayer!"

"In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets."

The Saint Sophia is in the form of a Greek
cross, is of huge dimensions and massive material, but handsome it is not. The hundred and seventy pillars are each a monolith of precious marble, rifled from ancient temples at Ephesus, Baalbec, Heliopolis, and Athens, but they are grimy and defaced. On one we are shown a mark which is said to be the imprint of the bloody hand of Mahomet II., made as he rode in on his horse over the bodies of the Christians who had taken refuge in this sacred edifice.

The Romans, could they come back, would hardly recognize the church of which they were so proud, and which was the scene of so many grand pageants in the days of the Roman emperors. The floor is covered with a dirty matting, but even this is considered too good for the shoes of a "Christian dog," so we must slide along with our feet in slippers the size of snow-shoes.

One interesting feature would not be noticed if the attention were not called to it. Under all of the frescoed emblems of the Mahometan religion can be dimly traced the sacred pictures of the Christian Church. The latter are done in Byzantine mosaic, and are said to be very handsome. It is greatly to be hoped that at no distant day they may be uncovered by Christian conquerors and the cross replace the crescent.
The immense audience-room was comparatively empty. A thousand people would be lost in it. But here and there were a few turbaned sons of Mahomet kneeling on their prayer-rugs and bowing to the floor.

All of the mosques that were originally erected as mosques stand in such a way that as the worshipers kneel facing the altar they are also facing Mecca; but in Saint Sophia, in order to face Mecca, their rugs must be placed diagonally. Two or three priests were reciting the Koran, running all the words together in a monotonous, sing-song tone that rolled and echoed through the vast edifice, with its dome like an inverted chasm over our heads.

After being in the Greek churches for some time, where a large majority are women, the absence of them here is very noticeable. This is explained by the fact that as Mahomedans believe women to be soulless, they think it useless for them to pray, so they are seldom seen in the churches.

In the same inclosure, but not under the same roof, with the Saint Sophia we were shown a sight and told a tale that made our blood run cold. In a large stone building, with grated and glazed windows, through which we peeped,
we saw that the rooms were filled with coffins of a uniform size, standing as close together as they could be packed, and one upon the other. Dionysius told us—and we have no reason to doubt his word—that up to one hundred and fifty years ago all but one of the sultans' sons were smothered when they arrived at the age of seven years. This was done in order to prevent any rivalry for the heirship. I would hesitate to repeat such an incredible tale if my own eyes had not beheld the evidence of its truth.

The next mosque we visited was the Bajazid, or Pigeon Mosque. We were there at the regular time the pigeons are fed. They seem to know the hour they must be on hand to get their share of the food. They came into the court in flocks of thousands and thousands, all making a soft, cooing noise that sounded very sweet. It was a beautiful sight, and only equaled by the pigeons of St. Marco's Square at Venice. Here, too, as in Venice, both children and grown people bring food, and the pigeons are so perfectly tame that they will light on their shoulders and eat from their hands. After watching them awhile we attempted to enter the mosque, but were peremptorily motioned back by a fierce-looking Turk, who
was evidently on guard for that purpose, as it was the hour of prayer, and the mosque we could see was filled with the faithful.

The Mahometan religion teaches men to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." They will not kill a pigeon or dog, but not many years ago thought nothing of consigning a wife to the cold embrace of death by having her tossed into the Bosphorus. It is not supposed that this is done now, but may be for aught any one knows to the contrary. There is now at the old Seraglio point—a place of infamous memory—a prison for the refractory inmates of the harems. When they are sent there, as far as the outside world goes, they are never heard of again.
CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DERVISHES.

WE took advantage of the first day the Dancing and the Howling Dervishes held their services to witness the heathenish spectacle. These orders are the same to the Mahometan Church that the monks are to the Catholic Church. It is ridiculous to speak of the places where the dervish rites are held as temples; they are dilapidated, old frame houses, little better than mere sheds.

The dancing order are simply comical, but the howlers are revolting. When we went into the house where the former were the exercises had begun. The musicians were in a gallery out of sight. The music consisted of a heathenish noise that I suppose they call singing, and a banging on some sort of an instrument. Both the singing and accompaniment sounded exactly like the noise I have heard issuing from a Chinese quarter in California during the New Year's festival.
The officiating priests were in a sort of pen, fenced off in the center of the room. They were clothed in long white robes with flowing sleeves, confined at the waist by a cord; their feet bare, and on their heads a hat made of écru felt, the shape of a piece of stove-pipe, and almost as long as a joint of pipe. They hold both arms straight out from them on a line with the shoulders, palms downward, and spin around by crossing one foot over the other rapidly. They start fast enough so that in a few rounds their skirts stand out from them in the shape of a bell, then they go so fast that it makes one's head swim to look at them. They not only whirl, but they also go around the inclosure. There is a director going about among them, evidently keeping them in their places so as to prevent their skirts or hands touching one another.

I can not say how long this had been going on when we arrived, but they kept it up at least an hour afterward. Twice in the meantime they stopped to breathe just a moment or two, the perspiration rolling down their faces. They began one at a time; each turned his face toward the east, bowed low, and started whirling again. There were no closing exercises; they simply
stopped, and taking their camel's hair tunics that had been thrown on the railing, put them on over their dancing costumes and went their way without a word even to one another.

The place where the exercises were held was in a valley, and the descent was so steep and the streets in such a condition that it was impossible to drive, so we had dismissed our carriage at the top of the hill. I thought as we proceeded to the first place, and later when we went to the second, that we surely were seeing the very worst side of this filthy city. But bad as it was we did not see the worst until the day we drove around the walls—but of that hereafter.

The howlers, too, were under way when we reached their den, which was so bad the first place seemed clean in comparison. In this shed we were seated in a gallery overlooking the performers. They were standing shoulder to shoulder in a line reaching across the room, with their backs against the wall opposite us. No two were dressed alike. All but one, however, had on long, loose cotton wrappers, but not alike in color. The one exception was a jet-black man in a soldier's uniform; it must have been pretty shabby in the back by the time he was through.
The proceeding, as nearly as I can describe it, is this: They sway to the right as far as possible, then to the left, then back to the right, and while there, bend forward from the waist, keeping the hips against the wall; as they straighten up they come to the original position and start to the right again. They gradually increase the rapidity of the motion, all the time repeating the same words, a short sentence which is finished as they bend forward. As I said, they gradually get faster, and finally when this has been going on for more than an hour the motion has gotten so rapid and the miserable creatures have become so exhausted and so hoarse that there is nothing but a howl and a bark as they bend forward. One or two gave out and went staggering from the room; but there were more in reserve, so the line was kept full.

While this was going on there were other howlers who did not stand. These were seated Turk fashion on rugs placed in front of the line, in the form of three sides of a square. These people seemed to be the audience. They were dressed as they came in from the street, some in Turkish costumes, some in a mixture of European and Turkish. There were boys among
them who came with their fathers. All of these swayed their bodies back and forth, and they seemed to regulate the key for the howling. Those in the line followed their lead.

There were still other actors in this scene; these were very aged priests, and the object of all this performance was to work them up to an ecstatic state which would enable them, as they believe, to perform miracles. Then the worst part of the outrageous ceremony commenced. Rugs were spread on the floor, and the sick men and children were brought in and laid down one at a time in front of the priest, and he stood on them with both feet. It is claimed by the Islam- ites that the priest is upheld by invisible beings; but the unbelievers think that the feeble old priest, the mere shadow of a man, was very light, and that the two stout men on either side really supported most of the weight, while they apparently only steadied him as he stepped on and off the subjects. Be that as it may, he stood on children less than a year old; but some that looked to be only a week or two old he made a few passes over, and blew in their faces. One poor child about five or six years of age was frightened almost into a spasm. He screamed and fought with all the strength he possessed,
THE TRIPLE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
THE TRIPLE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
CHAPTER XXXIV.

AROUND THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

ONE of the regulation things to do in Constantinople is to take the drive (which is thirteen miles) around the city walls. There are, or rather were, three walls. The inner one, where it is intact, shows it to have been about thirty-five feet high, and six feet thick at the top, and at regular intervals there were square towers. The next wall was not so high, and had round towers; and to protect the outer one, which was still lower, was a wide, deep moat through which the sea ran. Anywhere but in Turkey the moat would have been cleared of débris and converted into a boulevard, but here the wild vegetation has been allowed to have its own sweet will. The seeds sown by the wind among the battlements and towers ages ago are now huge trees, and from every niche and crevice droops nature's graceful drapery, the slender, flowing vine.
The points where the desperate attacks and heroic defenses were made are plainly discernible, and what horrible scenes the sight of these bring up! What ponderous engines must have been brought to bear against these massive walls until they tottered to their foundations, and through the breach rode Mahomet with his horde over the heaps of dead and dying Christians! Thus the capture of Constantinople was accomplished, and the foul Turk had and still has possession of the jewel of the universe.

The road almost the entire distance was all but impassable, and the houses of the poorest and meanest description. For miles and miles it ran along the edge of cemeteries in which every foot of ground was occupied. If you did not before realize the ages that had rolled by since Constantinople was founded, you would when these populous cities of the dead are seen.

In going this round, of course the convent in which the miraculous fish are to be seen must be visited. The story that is unblushingly told is this: During the siege of the city a pious monk was frying fish for his supper when a brother monk rushed in, exclaiming that a breach had been made in the wall and the Turks were already in the city. The monk declared
that it could not be true; that he would not believe it until those fish should jump out of the frying pan. Whereupon the fish immediately leaped out, with one side done to a turn, and the other the original color. And how can anyone doubt the tale when there are the fish?

We saw while taking this drive a breed of sheep that were a curiosity. They are called "Fat-Tail," and are appropriately named, for the tails are about the shape of a ham, and on the full-grown ones must weigh ten pounds. They are from Persia, and are valued for the richness and beauty of their skins.

Everything in the way of houses along the route had been bad enough, but after we entered the city again we passed through the really poor quarters, the slums of Stamboul, and unless one has seen this very place no imagination can picture anything so terrible as the homes—it is a sacrilege to style them homes—of these miserable creatures. Even the children seemed to realize the utter hopelessness of their condition, and to hate the sight of any one able to ride in a carriage, for they made faces and ran their tongues out at us as we passed. What can be expected of children reared with such surroundings, but that they will grow to be desperate creatures! Poor things, God pity them!
The thousands of homeless dogs are the next saddest sight in this strange city. It is really distressing to see them. It is said they are not so numerous as they were a few years ago, but it does not seem possible there could ever have been more. I did not attempt to count all I saw during any walk or drive, but a gentleman at the hotel told us that in fifteen minutes' walk one morning he saw one hundred and twenty. Although the Turk considers them an unclean animal, and that his house would be contaminated if one were allowed to enter his door, yet he will not permit them to be disposed of. Several of the sultans have attempted to abate the nuisance, but the populace would not allow it.

Frequently rich Turks leave legacies toward the support of the dogs, but from their starved condition I judge the wills are not very conscientiously executed. They are so feeble from starvation that even the puppies have no strength to waste in playfulness. Most of the time is spent in sleeping, and when they are so famished they can not sleep, they drag themselves around in search of a scrap of food, and anything short of tin or glass will go down. In many of the pavements earthen crocks have been sunk in which water is kept for them.
One would suppose there would be any amount of hydrophobia here, but, strange as it seems, people who have resided in Constantinople for years say they never heard of a case. I say the dogs are homeless—they are, so far as a roof or master is concerned—but they have their own districts, and woe betide the dog that ventures a foot in a neighboring one; no matter how sneakingly he may slip along, some dog is sleeping with one eye open and gives the alarm, and then there is a dog-fight that would delight the heart of a New York newsboy.

The Turkish marriage ceremony is exceedingly simple: it is merely a blessing by the Iman; and the divorce is equally simple: before the marriage a certain sum is agreed upon that is to be paid to the wife if she is put away; this sum being paid, the husband obtains from the Iman a paper on which is written the religious formula authorizing the divorce. The husband then uses the consecrated phrase, "Let my wife be free." It is only the husband who can ask for a divorce. If there are children, the boys go with the father, and the girls with the mother.

The public slave bazaar has become a thing of the past, but the traffic in slave girls is con-
tinued privately. Custom requires that once a year—at the festival of Bajiam—a new wife be presented to the Sultan.

The Turks have a ridiculous way of reckoning time, which causes a vast amount of confusion. Their day begins at sunset; at that time they set their clocks at twelve. Of course this necessitates setting them every day.

We noticed that the same custom for distributing the milk prevails here as in Naples and other places in Europe. The goats or cows are driven around to the houses, a servant comes out with a cup, and the milking is done while she waits.

We were told that Constantinople has a population of twelve hundred thousand, only four hundred thousand of whom are Turks. Three hundred and fifty thousand are Greeks, three hundred thousand Armenians; the remainder consists of Jews and other representatives from every inhabited land on the face of the earth. Of the entire population of Turkey in Europe not more than one third are Turks. The business of Constantinople is done by Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. The Greeks and Armenians are so much more shrewd and industrious, and the latter particularly are so tricky, that it has
become a common saying there that it takes three Turks to be equal to one Greek, and three Greeks to be equal to one Armenian.

With the exception of mercenaries from other countries as officers, none but Turks are allowed in the army. The Sultan will not trust any but the faithful in the ranks. At the close of our war many of the confederate officers enlisted in the Turkish army. While the Turks are obliged to go into the army, as one compensation they are exempt from taxation.

It is a curious fact that any nation that sees fit to do so can establish a postoffice of its own in Constantinople. For instance, Austria, England, and France have each a postoffice, and the stamps of these countries are used; but the letters must be mailed at the respective offices.

The Turks as a race are the personification of laziness. They would starve and freeze in a short time if they were prohibited from purchasing food and fuel from the outside world. They are too lazy to grind their wheat, so they sell it and buy flour. They have fine coal in their own territory, but it is not mined. All the coal in their market comes from England; their meat and butter also are imported. It is much to be deplored that all Europe are so jealous of
each other that neither one will permit another to take possession, and so between them all the miserable Turk is allowed peaceable possession of what would be under any other nation the garden spot of the earth. Through mere wantonness the most valuable forests in the world are being destroyed, and through their destruction the streams are drying up, and, as a result, a country that should be a bower of blossoms is becoming a barren wilderness.
CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BOSPHORUS.

For some days we have had in anticipation a trip up that unrivaled stream, the Bosphorus. As to its depths the largest war ships can run so near that they brush the foliage growing along the shore, and the beauty of the scenery is acknowledged by all. The strait is sixteen miles long, and from a half mile to a mile and a half broad, and has a fearfully rapid current. The shores are peculiar; they have the appearance of having been pulled apart, for where there is a point of land on one side there is a bay corresponding in size on the other bank. They look as though they would exactly fit if the two edges could be brought together.

For several miles the shores on either side are lined with the residences of the rich pashas. The day was a lovely one, and the inmates of the harems were all out, squatted on the sidewalks in little groups, sunning themselves.
They were gayly dressed, and were holding bright-colored parasols. These gaudy groups, with the quaint houses and the beautiful hills for a background, made an extremely picturesque scene as we glided by.

We passed several immense marble palaces with jealously guarded windows. The Sultan preceding the present one had a mania for building palaces, and spent the most fabulous sums on them. Some have never been occupied.

At every landing we lost and gained passengers, every one of whom from some peculiarity of dress or manner was of interest to a stranger, particularly those who were evidently the wives of a wealthy pasha, under the care, or the espionage rather, of a jet-black keeper, reminding us forcibly of the horribly degrading position a Turkish wife holds.

An interesting point on the Bosphorus is that where are seen the so-called "Towers of Europe," erected by Mahomet II. to commemorate the capture of Constantinople. It is called the Romolo-Hissar. Near it is the Robert College, an institution founded and endowed by Mr. Robert, of New York. It was opened in 1868. Mr. Robert, during his life, donated two hundred
and ninety-six thousand dollars, and left a legacy of one hundred and twenty-five thousand. The college has been and is doing a work of inestimable value to the country.

Upon our right as we glide along is the outlet of a little stream called the "Sweet Waters of Asia." Along the banks of this river is a beautiful promenade that is a favorite resort in summer. Farther on is the aristocratic suburban town of Therapia, where the foreign ministers and ambassadors reside.

In a short time we are in sight of the entrance to the Black Sea. The Turks have a holy horror of this sea. They say everything that is bad comes from it; the cold winds, the plague, and the Russians. The entrance is guarded by strong forts, not so strong, however, as to prevent the Russians from taking them quickly enough if they were allowed to have their own way.

This is the largest of the inland seas, and one of the most dangerous to navigate, and in Lord Byron's estimation is the worst on earth for a "land-lubber." It is said that out of a fleet of one thousand vessels, five hundred will be wrecked sooner or later.

Being in sight of the Euxine we are remind-
ed that in connection with this coast are events dating back to the earliest and faintest dawn of history and legendary lore. Here Xenophon came during his famous retreat of the ten thousand, 405 B. C. In 513 B. C., Darius crossed the Bosphorus on a bridge of boats with an army of seven hundred thousand, on his expedition against the Scythians, north of the Danube. The east coast of this sea is the scene of Jason's adventures when he captured the Golden Fleece. In 495 B. C., Herodotus, the father of history, visited these shores, and after his sojourn among the Scythians he returned to Byzantium, where he spent the winter.
A BEAUTIFUL, bright day near the close of our stay in Constantinople was chosen for a visit to Scutari. We called it going to Asia, because that seemed to mean more. As I have said, the day was beautiful, and the Bosphorus was alive with crafts of every description. At this point the stream is only a mile wide, so in a few moments we stepped on the shore of Asia. Near the landing is the English cemetery, where the victims of the Crimean war are interred. The city of Scutari was occupied by the Turks more than a hundred years before they gained possession of Constantinople, and it is also a starting point of the caravans for India and interior Asia. There is an ancient cemetery here, celebrated for its beautiful cypress trees, in which it is said three million Turks are buried, and many of the Mahometans are still buried here, for at heart the Turks believe that eventually they will be driven out of Europe.
Everything on the Asiatic side is antiquated enough, and no European costumes are seen. We drove through the town, and beyond it ascended a hill about a thousand feet high, which commanded a view of surpassing beauty. Below us is the quaint city of Scutari; beyond is the Bosphorus with its countless ships, and still beyond is Constantinople; at our left is the Sea of Marmora (ancient Propontis), and the Isles of the Princess; at our right is the Black Sea (the ancient Euxine).

Surely Nature was in her happiest mood when she fashioned this, the beauty spot of the world. She gave here, with a lavish hand and wanton prodigality, all that is requisite to make a perfect picture: emerald-tinted seas, verdant isles, and rivers surrounded by land molded by her hand into the loveliest undulations. To these the hand of man has added marble palaces that are reflected on the broad bosom of the waters, and the hills from base to crown are studded with a thousand domes and minarets. It is charming in whatever light it is seen, whether under a dazzling, cloudless sky, that makes every golden star and crescent glitter again, and every ripple in the glorious Bosphorus seem capped with diamonds, or under a
darkening sky that turns the waters to an inky blackness, the islands purple-hued, and paints in somber tints the structures reared by hands that have gone to dust ages ago. It has not its equal on earth, and had we only seen it from here we should have gone away believing it the land of enchantment our fancy had pictured the East to be.

A few moments' drive south of Scutari is the town of Kadikeui. It is opposite ancient Byzantium, and on the site of ancient Chalcedon, founded by the Megarian Greeks 675 B. C. It was there the council was held in 451 A. D. for the purpose of drawing up a doctrine in regard to the nature of Christ, a doctrine that has ever since been adhered to by all Christian nations.

When the location of this town is compared with that of the opposite shore, one does not wonder at the sarcasm of the Greek oracles who, as tradition has it, in instructing their people where to found a colony, told them to look for a city built by blind men, and to build opposite them, meaning the site upon which Constantinople now stands. If the oracles had never caused their dupes to do anything worse than this they would have been very safe advisers.
Kadikeui is the western terminus for the railroad that is now being constructed to Brussa, the capital of Asia Minor, situated at the foot of Asiatic Olympus. About seventy-five miles of the road is now completed.
CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

SINCE we have been in the Levant I have frequently had in mind, and have referred to a subject often seen mentioned in our American papers, namely, "The Berlin Treaty," or "The Eastern Question"; and possibly a brief review of it may enable some of my readers to comprehend the situation more clearly.

By a moment's glance at the map, or a thought given to the matter, it will readily be seen that both from a strategical and commercial point of view this position is one of the most coveted in the world, and Russia, who so greatly needs a southern port, has realized for hundreds of years the paramount importance of gaining this position. "The rushing floods of that great land flow not more eagerly toward the Black Sea than do the yearnings of the Russians toward the Bosphorus."

According to the oracle of our party the gist
of the "Eastern Question" is this: In 1875–6 the Balkan states were so oppressed in their finances and in their Church by the Turkish government that the sympathies of all European nations were aroused in their behalf. More particularly was this the case in Russia, where there is, as I have shown, a bond of union from their mutual Slavonic ancestry, their similarity of language, and their coreligion.

All the Powers of Europe, however, united in demanding a conference, which was held in Constantinople in 1877. The Turks, thinking themselves strong enough to stand alone, would not agree to any of the numerous propositions made to them, the last of which was that governors for the dissatisfied provinces should be appointed for five years, with the consent of the Powers, and that a commission, composed of both Christians and Turks, should be appointed to regulate the affairs of these provinces. Finding the Turks obdurate, the members, in disgust, took their departure, leaving them to their own destruction.

The Porte soon had reason to regret their foolish obstinacy, for Russia saw at once that now was the opportunity for which she had long wished, and the Czar soon declared war. At
first the Turks were victorious. At Plevna the Russians and their allies, the Roumanians, suffered a loss of eight thousand men, but after this defeat fortune favored the Russians. They finally captured Plevna, and the whole of the Sultan’s army surrendered to them unconditionally. Then the Russians, who were encamped within sight of Constantinople, and were in a position to completely destroy the city, proceeded to dictate terms to the Porte, who, situated as they were, were forced to sign what is known as the "Treaty of San Stefano." This was drawn up at a town of the same name, through which we passed just before reaching Constantinople. This treaty gave entire independence and increase of territory to Montenegro, Servia, and Roumania; also a war indemnity of a billion dollars to Russia, instead of which sum, however, the Czar was to accept a part of Armenia, which possessed strong fortifications.

But the portion of this treaty relating to Bulgaria was considered by all Europe to be of such vital importance that it came near bringing on a general European war, and finally led to the assembling of the Berlin Congress. The objectionable article was this: The Principality of Bulgaria was to include nearly all there was left
of European Turkey. It was to be tributary to Turkey, but was really to be a dependency of Russia, which would have virtually given Russia possession not only of the Bosphorus, but of the Grecian Archipelago and the Mediterranean. This was giving her her heart’s desire, and the very thing all Europe are determined she shall not have.

Therefore a halt was called by all the Powers, headed by the English government, and a Congress composed of the highest officials of Europe convened at Berlin on the 14th of June, 1878. By this treaty Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro were made independent states, on the condition that perfect religious freedom should be allowed to all the inhabitants. And the same religious privileges were to be extended to all in the Turkish Empire. The boundaries of the independent states were fixed, as well as the boundaries of Greece and Turkey.

The Ottoman Empire, by this treaty, has been deprived of much of her European possession, and her power in Europe is broken, it is to be hoped, for all time. But while this is the case, Turkey is in a much safer and surer position in Europe than she has ever been, for, at the slightest sign of a warlike demonstration on
the part of Russia, the Powers will intercede to protect her. It is not that England or the other Powers have any love for Turkey, or owe her any consideration, but from the simple fact that they love Russia still less.
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ADIEU TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

I THINK every one must leave Constantinople with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. There is no desire to remain permanently, but you are more than delighted that you have seen this curious city. When the time came for our departure we had decided, as I have said, to take the advice of Dionysius and go by the Egyptian line, which is owned and operated by an English company.

In Turkey your trunk is examined upon leaving, and you pay a tax on what you have bought. But as the salaries of the officials are as uncertain as the weather, they depend principally upon fees, and if one is given, the inspection of the luggage is a mere form.

When we reached the quay the little caiques were darting here and there, taking passengers to and from the steamer. None of the boats in this part of the world that run to foreign ports
ever anchor at the quays. In some places, of course, the water in the harbors is not deep enough to allow them to do so, but that is not the case here. The anchoring out has a treble purpose: it prevents thieving by the natives, avoids the danger of "stow-a-ways," and is said—but I can not see for what reason—to be a protection against smuggling.

The government boats, with the revenue officers, are constantly plying about the steamers. This fashion of going in a small boat to the large one is not always pleasant. In a rough sea they pitch and toss about so that it is not easy to get into and out of them, but there are always strong hands to help one, and when you are safely landed on deck, it is, in this strange country, a wonderfully interesting sight to watch the loading of the ship, and curious to note the difference in the dispositions of the boatmen. Some are noisy and belligerent, fighting like demons for the most advantageous positions where there is the best chance for catching a passenger. Others struggle for their rights for a time, and then submit to be pushed back, and sit with a hopeless look on their faces and watch the strong-voiced and strong-willed ones get what would have saved them and theirs from
starvation. Then, again, it is a case of Greek meeting Greek, and you think surely one or the other will be dirked or thrown overboard.

We wondered why there were so many caiques huddled at the side of the steamer when it was about sailing-time, and all the passengers seemed to have arrived, for the decks were crowded; but when the whistle blew, more than half the people made a rush for the stairs, that are on the side of the steamer. They had only come to bid adieu to their friends. Then there was a pandemonium among the boatmen. It is a wonder they can ever get through such a scene without more or less of them getting drowned. Some secured such large parties that it seemed their boats would be swamped; others lingered around until the last moment, and then rowed away without a passenger.
OUR anchor is up, our engine in motion, we have rounded Seraglio Point, are out of the Bosphorus, and in the Sea of Marmora. In a few moments we pass on our left the Isles of the Princess. They are nine in number, five being inhabited, and are not only beautiful, but replete with historic interest. Aristotle, in speaking of them, mentions the fact that on one gold dust is found "which is valuable for those suffering from the eyes." It is another instance of nothing new under the sun, for there are plenty of people nowadays who think the mere sight of gold dust "good for sore eyes."

The ancient Greeks and Romans appreciated the beauty of these islands, and made their homes here twenty-five hundred years ago, and when the Turks conquered Constantinople, the Greeks residing there were allowed to take what they had saved from pillage and retire to
the islands, and here are to be seen the purest Greek types to be found anywhere. It is said that among them are the most beautiful women in the world.

We have steamed past the islands, and looking back we see the domes and minarets on the seven hills growing misty and dim—but they are not dim in my memory. It is a bright, beautiful picture, and I can say with truth of the Ottoman capital, 'with all thy faults I almost love thee.' And soon we cease to look back on the pleasures past, and turn our faces toward those in anticipation.

East of the Isles of the Princess, on the mainland is the Province of Bithynia in Asia Minor. History tells us that Hannibal, the Carthaginian hero, after his eventful career retired to that country, and when the Romans demanded that he should be given up, rather than fall into their hands, put an end to his life by poison, and it is said his grave is still to be seen.

On our left, purple from the distance, is Asiatic Olympus, and soon this too has disappeared, and as there is no longer anything to be seen but a waste of water we turn our attention to the little world around us.
It is not necessary to enumerate the nationalities that are represented on board our steamer; the modest assertion that there are people from almost every inhabitable country on the face of the earth is broad enough to cover it, I believe. Every one, particularly on the second-class deck, was dressed in his or her own barbarous fashion, and indulging in their own national peculiarities, so, as may well be imagined, there was no lack of novel sights and sounds. Some of the followers of Mahomet, who were on the second-class deck, were of the high-turbaned, devout kind, and one could tell the time of day by the regularity of their genuflections. The followers of the Prophet must think personal cleanliness necessary to godliness, for every time before their devotions they lave their hands and feet. There are fountains at the mosques for this purpose.

After a run of about ten hours we reached the Dardanelles. At the entrance is Gallipoli. It was once strongly fortified, and remains of its castle and tower are still to be seen. It is the first town captured by the Turks in Europe, and is the most important one on the Hellespont, as it was called in ancient times. This name is inseparably connected with the picture
of beautiful Hero, the priestess of Venus, holding the lamp to guide her lover to her side. They tempted fate once too often. Her lover comes again, but not as she had dreamed he would—to clasp her in his ardent embrace—but brought by the cruel waves and cast lifeless at her feet.

"The winds are high on Helle's wave
As on that night of stormiest water,
When Love who sent forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave."

So the legend has it. Lord Byron proved that the feat could be accomplished even with no stronger motive than the love of a daring adventure.

It will be remembered that a less romantic event is also connected with this part of the Hellespont. It was here, between Lemnos and Nagara (ancient Abydas), the imperious Xerxes caused pontoon bridges to be built. According to Herodotus, the first one was destroyed by the force of the wind and waves, which so angered the Persian despot that he not only put to death the builders of the bridge, but commanded that the Hellespont should receive three hundred lashes and a pair of golden fetters. This must have settled old Neptune for a time, for the
next construction was a success, and in 480 B.C. the army of Xerxes, consisting of five millions, crossed on their way to his campaign in Greece, which ended so disastrously. The historical reminiscences connected with every foot of the country through which we are passing are of course familiar to scholars.

Near us on one side is the tomb of Hecuba, wife of Priam, king of Troy; on the other that of Ajax, the would-be rival of Ulysses for the arms of the hero. The approach to Constantinople from the south is well-guarded. The banks on either side are lined with formidable fortifications. Soon after passing out of the strait we see in the distance the plains of Troy. Homer placed the city at the foot of snow-capped Mount Ida, which is back some distance from the coast. But Dr. Schlieman and other archaeologists have excavated a city much nearer the coast that they are satisfied is ancient Troy.

As we leave the Dardanelles and enter the Grecian Archipelago it makes our pulses quicken when we realize where we are. It matters not in which direction we turn our eyes they are sure to fall upon some shore fraught with mythological, historic, or poetic interest. For we remember that it was here, when the world
was young, came or were born men whose wisdom and heroic deeds, and women whose beauty and talents have been the theme of historians, poets, and artists, since history, poesy, and art have been known. Every island and every port in these classic waters have their stories, and are of interest to the student and lovers of Homer and Virgil; to their lyric gems is added Byron's immortal verse. Not the least beautiful among them comes often to mind:

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece, Where burning Sappho loved and sung, Where grew the arts of war and peace— Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung! Eternal summer gilds them yet, But all except their sun is set."

We passed between the islands of Tenedos and Lemnos, the one famous as the rendezvous of Agamemnon during the siege of Troy. It has always been considered the key to the Dardanelles. On the other, which is of volcanic origin, the ancient poets located the workshop of Vulcan. This island has four fine harbors. It belongs to Turkey, but the inhabitants are wholly Greeks, engaged in the culture of grapes. After passing these islands our steamer bears
BAY OF SMYRNA.
EPHESUS.
within two miles of the site. The excavations show it to have been a city of great wealth and magnificence. There were palaces, temples—among them the great Temple of Diana—and theaters of vast dimensions. It was here, the Bible tells us, the Apostle Paul abode for two years; here, in the very hot-bed of mysticism, spiritualism, and necromancy, Paul, for the sake of the cause he lived to advance, became "all things to all men," and, according to the Scriptures, by the power that was given him, met and vanquished the sorcerers.

The few monuments of the ancient splendor and grandeur of these cities the hand of man has spared, have been destroyed by earthquakes. Of these terrific visitations Smyrna and Ephesus have had their full share.

In traveling through this country, which was the cradle of epic poetry, you will find that not less than seven towns lay claim to the honor of having been the birthplace of Homer, among them Smyrna.

There has been, as we know, a vast amount of discussion among learned men as to whether the Iliad and Odyssey were written by one man, or, as some contend, were a succession of rhapsodies, first gathered together by Pisistratus.
Walter Savage Landor, in his "Pericles and Aspasia," makes the former say of Homer: "His beautiful creation lies displayed before us; the creator is hidden in his own splendor. I can more easily believe his hand constructed the whole, than that twenty men could be found, at nearly the same time, each of genius sufficient for the twentieth part, because in many centuries there arose not a single one capable of such a production as that portion." That there were other singers there is no doubt, but they sank into obscurity and were lost sight of by the overshadowing genius of the blind bard.

The influence of the Homeric poems at the time can not be overestimated. The minstrel with his harp or lute was the feature of every gathering.

"Then to the lute's soft voice prolonged the night
Music the banquet's most refined delight."

They made immortal the deeds of the gods, the heroes, and the kings. Learned writers assert that in the Iliad itself there is every evidence that it was written by an Asiatic Greek, and place him about two hundred years after the Trojan war.

In "New Smyrna," the second city that was built, there was a Homerium, and Homer was
TEMPLE OF MINERVA AT COLONNA.
TEMPLE OF MINERVA AT COLONNA.
ATHENS.
THE distance from Piræus to Athens is about six miles. They told us it was twelve, but failed to state, what is the fact, that we could go by rail. However, we were well satisfied that at the first moment of setting foot on Attic soil we were not brought in contact with anything so prosaic, for as we seated ourselves in a carriage we thought an Athenian chariot would be more in harmony with the high-wrought state of our feelings.

We did not need to be told to look for the Parthenon; we were thinking of nothing else, and our souls were stirred to their very depths when we beheld in the distance—with the marvelous distinctness this transparent air affords—the matchless ruins of the most beautiful temple ever created by man.

Our thoughts are too busy with the past to give any heed to the present. We are thinking we are on the classic soil of Greece; the soil
where more than two thousand years ago lived the most wonderful race of men the world has ever known—a race whose works of art, literature, philosophy, and science are the standards of perfection for all aspirants in these fields. To ancient Greece every student in every branch turns for a model. When we read and think of the men of this period—Socrates, Pericles, Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, Æschylus, Phidias, and these are not a fourth of the galaxy of brilliant stars whose light still shines with undiminished splendor—they seem a higher order of beings than the ages before or since have ever produced.

But we are now in modern Athens, a city that is again in the freshness of early spring after the decay and death of a winter of a thousand years' duration. One hundred years ago there was not a habitable house in Athens. It had been under Turkish rule for four hundred years, and what worse calamity than that could befall any country! It has now a population of one hundred thousand, with streets and houses to equal the new and best portions of any of the cities of Europe. When the carriage stopped at our hotel, De la Grande Bretagne, we found it one that would do credit to New York or
Paris. It is on a beautiful street, facing the palace gardens, and, best of all, from its broad portico the Acropolis, with its glorious crown, can always be seen. Both streets and houses are all either of white stone or Pentelic marble. These in the bright sunlight make a glare that dazzles the eyes as does snow and sunshine combined.

We were told that Athens is so fortunate as to have patriotic sons, who, having become rich and prosperous abroad, frequently remember the city of their love by liberal donations. In this way Athens possesses several fine public institutions; most notable among them are the Academy and the Museum. The former has just been completed at a cost of nearly two million dollars; it is constructed of Pentelic marble, and modeled after the Parthenon. The front has a colossal group of statuary representing the birth of Minerva. The details of the ornamentation of the exterior portion are beautiful. It is here we first see the painted marble. To the molding of the soffits, the capitals of the columns, and along the cornice, beautiful colors have been applied, and the effect is exquisite.

The Museum, too, is a fine building. It contains the precious treasures Dr. Schliemann has
brought to light, as well as the painted statuary that has recently been exhumed; also quantities of Egyptian relics that have been found on all the Grecian islands.

One can hardly believe that this nation and the Russians are coreligionists. There could not be a greater contrast than in the churches of the two countries, as well as in the outward demonstrations of the people. The few churches are unpretentious. There are no ikons to be seen on the streets, and in all the time we remained at Athens we did not see a person making the sign of the cross.

A frequent and curious sight on the streets is the Albanian costume, which has also been adopted by the Greeks. The most striking portion of the male costume is the skirt; it is of white cotton cloth, about the length of the Highland kilt, but fuller than the skirts of a ballet dancer. There are said to be anywhere from thirty to sixty yards in them. The white shirt is made with full sleeves, gathered into a band at the wrist. Over this is a Turkish jacket of either black or colored velvet, embroidered in colors and gold. The sleeves of this jacket are only sewed together at the wrist, and are usually allowed to hang down, but if the arms
feel the need of more covering, the hands are slipped through where the sleeves are closed at the wrist. Fastened about the waist is a leather pouch, from which protrude knives and pistols. On the lower limbs are stockings, either white or colored, that cover the knees; low shoes with silver buckles are worn, and to complete this singular costume is a red head covering that fits like a fez, but instead of being flat across the top, is prolonged to a sharp point and finished with a tassel, the prolongation falling to one side and reaching to the shoulder.

The female costume is very ugly: it consists of a long, white skirt composed of two breadths of muslin. Over this is a straight, white flannel, sleeveless sacque reaching below the knees. On the head is sometimes a handkerchief, but often a cap like those worn by the men.

The water-works question is one that Athens will soon have to consider very seriously. The only place from which a sufficient supply can be obtained is at such a great distance that the expense will be enormous. The supply now is so inadequate that only one or two of the streets are sprinkled, and even these very sparingly, and as there is a dry season of about seven months, from March to October, the floury
dust is very disagreeable. The whole country becomes so parched that nothing can grow, and the wonder is how enough can be raised to supply the home demand. One can not help doubting that the Attic plain was ever a "paradise of fertility." But at that time the mountains around the basin, no doubt, were heavily wooded, and the destruction of these forests has dried the streams, which may account for the barrenness of the country. In fact, it is a mystery what the modern Athenians live upon. There is very little business done, and still the city is growing rapidly, and seems prosperous.
PORTICO OF THE ERECHTHEION.
PORTICO OF THE ERECHTHEION.
THEATER OF DIONYSUS.
SEATS IN THEATER OF DIONYSUS.
At the stated season—the festival of the wine god—all Hellas from far and near flocked to Athens, and so anxious were the people that Athens should have all the glory that no foreigners were allowed to appear before the audiences. This festival was held sacred. The theaters were under the control of the government, and the plays were representations of some well-known legend or historical event connected with Athens, such as the siege of Troy, or any other of considerable importance.

At another point at the base of the Acropolis is the theater or odeion of Herodes Atticus. This was built by a wealthy Roman in memory of his wife. The remains of this theater show it to have been roofed.

The Arch of Hadrian is an isolated gateway, supposed to have been built by Theseus as a part of the city wall. On the side next the city is this inscription: "This is Athens, the old city of Theseus," and on the other side: "This is the city of Hadrian, and not of Theseus."

The temple of the Olympian Zeus is the second largest Greek temple known. It consists now of fifteen huge Corinthian columns. There were originally one hundred. Some were removed by the Turks to be used in the construc-
tion of mosques, and others have been thrown down by earthquakes. There is a legend connected with this temple—it is, that on this spot the last water of the Deluge disappeared, and that the foundation of this temple was laid by Deucalion, the father of the new human race.

The Stadion is of great interest. It would seem that the quarries of Pentelicus must have been exhausted in furnishing seats for the fifty thousand spectators it is said to have contained. What scenes there must have been within this inclosure as the vast audiences watched the contestants for the championship in exciting races and games. At one side of the Stadion is an underground passage. This, it is said, was the exit for the vanquished, while the victors passed out of the arched gateway with a flourish of trumpets.

Even Tyche, the goddess of chance, has not been neglected, for near the Stadion is a temple to this deity.

The “Tower of the Winds” is octagon in shape; it is believed to have been built in the last century before the Christian era, and is in a good state of preservation. On each of the eight sides of the structure are figures in relief, illustrating the effect of the wind from various
THE AREOPAGUS, OR MAR'S HILL.
THE AREOPAGUS, OR MAR'S HILL.
nothing to recommend him, knew that unless he caught the attention of his audience at the very outset they would, if nothing worse, laugh him to scorn and turn away in derision, leaving him without a hearer for the great truths he had come to utter. There was no offense in his first words, as some assert they can be rendered: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very religious, for as I passed by and beheld your devotions I found an altar To The Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

One would suppose that all of ancient Athens must have been uncovered long before this, but it is not so; hardly a day passes without something of interest being found. A short time before our visit several houses had been burned. In rebuilding it was discovered they were over some ruins. The archaeological society purchased six lots, and while we were there the work of excavating was in progress. The ruins proved to be those of a large market. They were covered with about fifteen feet of earth, and what seems strange is the fact that utensils—oil-jars and the like—were found within the market, as though the place had been suddenly covered while still in use. One can understand
this of Pompeii, but not of Athens. The archaeological society of Greece is doing a noble work, of which the whole world can have the benefit. Every one in Athens, King George included, takes great interest in the uncovering of these ruins.

The work of excavating the Street of the Tombs is still being carried on. Many handsome ones have been unearthed. Vases and small objects have been removed to the museum; others remain as they have been found.

It will be remembered that Greece is a constitutional monarchy, and that King George is a brother of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia. It seemed strange to me that Greece should go to a foreign land for a ruler, and I asked while there why this was done, and was told that too much jealousy existed among themselves to admit of any one of their number being chosen king. But why have a king at all, is the question.
A VISIT to Eleusis should be made by all means. It is twelve miles from Athens. The road is along the ancient Sacred Way, which began at what was known as the Dipy-lon, or double gate. The ancient Athenians had the same custom as the Romans—that of burying their dead along a highway outside the city gates. On either side of the Sacred Way were tombs, a few remains of which are still to be seen. It was through this the procession passed on their way to the Temple of the Mysteries. The olive groves bordering this road they tell us are not less than two thousand years old, and you do not doubt it when you see them, for with their gnarled and twisted trunks they look like veritable tree Methuselahs.

We stopped on the route to visit the Temple of Apollo, where we saw some fine Byzantine mosaic. Farther on is the beautiful bay of
Eleusis on the one hand, and on the other solid rocks, with niches where in ancient times votive offerings were placed. There was also a temple to Aphrodite here. Soon in the distance we see the ruins of Eleusis, where were celebrated with great pomp and splendor the Eleusian Mysteries.

There were the Great and the Lesser Mysteries. The celebration of the former was in the spring, the latter in the fall. They were in honor of the goddess Demeter, or Ceres, and Persephone. The ancients worshiped Demeter as goddess of the cornfield, just as they did Dionysus, god of the vineyard. At the time Herodotus was initiated into these mysteries the following legend was firmly believed:

Persephone, the daughter of Demeter and Zeus, was, without the mother's consent, promised by the father in marriage to Pluto, and while she, with other maidens, was gathering flowers, "herself a fairer flower," the earth opened and Pluto carried her to his dominions in the nether world. The mother, inconsolable for the loss of the daughter, sought her everywhere for nine days and nights.

On the tenth day she met Hecate, a maiden who had been with Persephone gathering flow-
ers, and Demeter learned the fate of her daughter. In her despair she refused any longer to partake of the nectar and ambrosia, and renouncing the society of the gods, her husband Zeus included, took up her abode on earth with mortals, whom she determined to reward or punish according to their deserts.

In this state of mind, and worn out by grief and fasting, she came to Eleusis, which was then a kingdom under Celeus. The king took pity on her and employed her as a nurse for his only son. But Demeter was down-hearted and would neither eat nor smile, until a servant of the household named Lambe succeeded by her jollity and pleasantry in cheering her up. Still Demeter would not partake of the food that was offered, but did finally break her fast with a dish of barley meal.

Under her care the young infant throve finely. Demeter, determining to make a god of the child, had not given him food, but had instead anointed him with nectar and ambrosia, which made him insensible to the fire in which she held him nightly. During this proceeding the mother, who on one occasion had the curiosity to watch the nurse, screamed out, whereupon the goddess angrily put the child down,
and appearing in her real character—for she had personated a decrepit old woman—turned to the mother and informing her who she was upbraided her for meddling, saying that by so doing she had robbed the infant of immortal life; that she, Demeter, would have made him exempt from old age and death, but that if the people of Eleusis would build her a temple, and perform certain religious rites, which she would teach them, her anger would be appeased.

When the king learned to whom they had given shelter, and what she wished, he at once set about having the temple erected. This was soon accomplished, and in it the goddess took up her abode. But she still grieved for her daughter and refused to allow the grain and fruit to grow. This continued for a year, and unless the angry goddess could be persuaded to relent, the whole human race would die of starvation. Demeter refused to listen to any of the gods who tried to reason with her. Nothing less than the restoration of her daughter would pacify her, so at last Zeus sent a messenger to Hades to bring Persephone to her mother.

Persephone was delighted at the prospect of returning to earth, but Pluto, before he allowed her to depart, persuaded her to swallow a seed
of pomegranate. This was a charm which would oblige her to return to him before the close of a year.

Demeter, rejoicing at the restoration of her daughter, became reasonable, and allowed the grain, fruit, and flowers to grow, but she could not keep Persephone an entire year; she was obliged to permit her to return every spring and remain with Pluto for a third of the year. Demeter finally returned to Olympus, but before her departure she taught the king and his daughters the art of preparing the ground and sowing the seeds, as well as the rites which she required them to perform. The Lesser Mysteries were to be observed in February, the seed-time; this was in honor of her daughter; the Greater in August, the harvest, in honor of herself. By the Greeks at the present day it is believed that the origin of the Mysteries was the celebration of the seed-time and harvest.

Cicero is said to have been initiated into these Mysteries. Some think they were a sort of free-masonry, others that the advanced thinkers, like Socrates, who were searching after the truth, believed in one god instead of many, but dare not reveal to the masses what they were convinced was the truth.
Herodotus says of these rites, that the high priest who administered the solemn oaths, and prepared him for the ceremonies, was attired in a gorgeous purple robe, his hair arranged in a peculiar style, and a sparkling diadem on his brow.

The first day of the impressive ceremonies of the Great Eleusinia was occupied in receiving all the mystae of Athens; the second in their purification. For this they marched in a solemn procession to the sea-coast. The third day was a fast, religiously kept. This was broken only by a food made of barley meal, in imitation of that partaken of by Demeter after her long fast. In the case of the mystae this was followed by a meal of cakes made of sesame and honey. On the fourth day the sacrifices were performed, being preceded by a procession of women carrying small mystae cases in their hands. But the chief feature of this procession was a wagon on which was a vessel containing pomegranate and poppy seeds, the wagon being drawn by oxen.

The fifth day was the torch day, for on that night there was a procession of the mystae, wearing purple robes, and crowns of myrtle on their heads; all bearing torches, marched along
the Sacred Way from Athens to Eleusis. This represented Demeter searching for Persephone. The priests in sacerdotal robes led the way, chanting sadly solemn hymns.

The sixth day was called Iacchus (the son of Demeter, the Eleusian Dionysus), and was to celebrate the return of Persephone to earth. The statue of Iacchus was crowned with myrtle and carried along the Sacred Way, followed by a throng of worshipers clad in festal garments and crowned with flowers. These as they marched sang joyful hymns of praise to the god Iacchus. Sometimes the number of this procession reached as high as twenty-five or thirty thousand. To the populace this was an occasion of great rejoicing, but to those who had been, or were about to be, initiated it was of solemn import, for on that night the mysterious ceremonies were to be held. As the day waned and night came on, those who were to take part in the rites, all clothed in their sacred fawn-skins, assembled in the vestibule of the temple, the outer and inner propylæa being closed. Then the officiating priest announces that if there are any present who are not of the mystæ, or who have not been prepared for the initiation, they must immediately depart. There
is a dead silence for a time, then strange sounds are heard in the distance, apparitions of the dead are seen, loud thunder and vivid lightning follow each other in quick succession; in fact, from the description it must have been a first-class seance held in the infernal regions. When this had been continued for some time the doors of the holies of holies were thrown open, and the statue of Demeter in gorgeous robes was seen. This portion of the ceremony was rendered as impressive as possible by colored lights and music from an invisible choir. Visions were seen illustrating the creation, the part the great goddess Demeter had taken in elevating the human race from savages to the state of civilization, the theft of Persephone and her return to earth.

On the seventh day the initiated returned to Athens in a body. Before reaching the city, however, they were met by a jolly throng, who were laughing merrily at the jests of a man who was elevated above the crowd. He was dressed to represent the servant Iambe, who had succeeded in cheering the despondent Demeter. This worthy was a privileged character for the day. He was no respecter of persons. All who came in his way, no matter how high
their rank or standing, became a butt for the sarcastic, witty Iambe. This, it is supposed, was done to dispel the impressions the solemn ceremonies had left on the minds of the mystæ.

From the extent of the ruins the temple must have been of vast dimensions. The original structure was destroyed by the Persians. The second was begun in the time of Pericles, but not completed until a hundred years later. This was destroyed by the Goths in 396 A. D. Up to that time the anniversaries had been religiously observed with no diminution of the ancient splendor. We were shown an underground passage that was used in connection with the initiatory rites.

There had been for generations an Albanian village on this spot, but in 1882 it was discovered that there were ruins here, and the archaeological society immediately took the matter in hand, the village was removed to lower ground, the work of excavating was commenced, and now the remains of the wonderful temple are uncovered. It was a hundred and seventy-eight feet long and one hundred and seventy broad, and contained forty-two columns.

Near the temple was the Eleusian citadel, which is inseparably connected with the short but bloody reign of the thirty tyrants, 403 B. C.
There is a museum here containing the articles found during the work of excavating.

From the ruins we could overlook the bay of Salamis. This it will be remembered was the scene of the celebrated naval battle between the Greeks and the Persians, 480 B.C. Across the bay you can see a stone seat on which it is said Xerxes sat to watch the great battle, which, much to his surprise, ended so disastrously for his army.

Æschylus, the father of tragic poetry, was born and always resided at Eleusis. It is to be regretted that out of the more than one hundred poems he wrote only seven have come down to us, the most noted being Prometheus Bound and The Story of Orestes. His two brothers and himself took part in the battles of Salamis and Marathon.

I must not forget to tell you of a scene we witnessed as we were about leaving this most interesting place. It was enough to make its ancient votaries turn in their graves. Without any warning a dozen or more women, all in a huddle, came running out of one of the miserable hovels. They were biting and scratching one another and tearing out handfuls of hair. So far there had been no noise, but all seemed
BAY OF SALAMIS AND ELEUSIS.
GULF OF CORINTH AND MOUNT PARNASSUS.
GULF OF CORINTH AND MOUNT PARNASSUS.
change came we can not tell—the water of the Αἰγæan Sea is as green as liquid malachite, while this is like liquid lapis lazuli (excuse the alliteration). A lovelier body of water never was seen.

Across the gulf, rising majestically from the shore to the height of eight thousand feet, is the historic Mount Parnassus, from whose summit nearly the whole of Greece can be seen—the point the ancients considered the center of Hellas. At the foot of the mountain is the town of Castei, on the site of ancient Delphi, and a little above the town, on the mountain slope, is the famous fountain of Castalia, the holy water of the Delphic temple. In this water the ancients who came to consult the oracles were wont to purify themselves, and the Romans believed the poetic muse would inspire those who partook of the sparkling water. And opposite us, also across the gulf, is the Pass of Thermopylæ, where the memorable battle was fought, where Leonidas and his brave Spartans, when all hope had fled, cheerfully laid down their lives in obedience to the Spartan law.

The shore of the gulf the entire distance is exceedingly mountainous; indeed, the whole of Greece is broken up and diversified; it is volcanic in all its features. There are numerous
gaseous fountains; earthquakes are frequent, and destructive floods are not uncommon; in fact, here the terrific forces of nature seem, since the creation of the world, to have held high carnival; and to these unforeseen and unaccountable manifestations of power in nature are due the superstition and rich mythological lore of the ancient Grecians; and while groping in the dark in search of causes for the phenomena, they brought to light the germs of the philosophy and science of the present day.

The country through which we are passing has the appearance of being an arid waste; but there is something peculiar about the soil, for here and on the island of Zante are the only places where the Zante currants will grow. The shore is lined with gardens of them.

After a delightful ride the entire length of this beautiful gulf we arrive at Patras, which is situated on the west coast of Greece. It is the largest town in Peloponnesus, having a population of thirty-five thousand. It was in ancient times a town of considerable wealth, and is at present the most important commercial town on the continent of Greece, but as late as 1821 it was entirely destroyed by the Turks. After the close of the revolution it was rebuilt in modern style.
Patras and Mesolongion, a town at the mouth of the Gulf of Patras, have the honor of originating the rebellion that resulted in the independence of Greece. The latter town was the headquarters of Lord Byron during the Greek revolution. It was there he died. His body was removed to England, but his heart was allowed to remain with the people in whose cause he lost his life. He is very much beloved by every patriotic Greek, and a fine monument to his memory has been erected at Mesolongion.

During our stay in Patras we witnessed the funeral ceremony of a notable personage, a man who had been mayor of the city and governor of the province. First came the band, playing a solemn dirge, then the banner-bearers, followed by a great number of priests in all the magnificence of their sacerdotal robes. These were followed by men bearing the lid of the coffin, which was covered with flowers. Then came eight men, and resting on their shoulders was the bier on which was the open coffin. This being uncovered the body was exposed to view. Following this were more priests and banner-bearers, and a vast concourse of people wearing white scarfs. There were no women among them.
CHAPTER XLVI.

OLYMPIA.

A NIGHT'S rest and a few hours to see the town, and we are ready for the trip to the world-renowned Olympia. It is sixty miles south of Patras. The railroad, which has recently been completed, follows the coast nearly all the way, and when Olympia is reached we find it is beautifully situated in a lovely valley, where two rivers (the Alpheios and Kládeos) join. It is one hundred and forty feet above sea-level.

From the dates of coins found here it is believed that about a century after the Roman occupation was the first of the inundations that finally covered the whole of Olympia to the depth of more than twenty feet. Over this a village had been built. The work of excavation was begun by the German government in 1875 and was completed in 1881.

The ancient Olympia was never a permanent place of abode for any but the priests. It consisted of temples, shrines, and public buildings.
The whole inclosure of Olympia is about four thousand feet long and two thousand feet broad. In the center of this inclosure is the temple of Zeus, built, it is said, in the fifth century before Christ, by the Lucians, from the spoils of Pisa. It was a magnificent structure. The columns lie just as they were thrown down by an earthquake. In this temple was the masterpiece of Phidias, a colossal statue of Zeus. It was about forty feet high. Nothing remains of it, however, except a portion of the pedestal. The statue itself is said to have been removed to Constantinople, in the Byzantine period, and to have been destroyed during a conflagration. Pausanias, in his account of the olympiads, says that this image was kept covered, except on festal occasions, by a gorgeous curtain of royal purple heavily embroidered in gold. Here were also paintings and numberless statues.

Not far from this temple is the Pelopion, or sacred enclosure of Pelops. Near this are the ruins of an altar, around which more than a thousand small bronze and terra-cotta images have been exhumed. This altar is the most ancient one known, and the temple of Heraean near by is the most ancient in Greece. It is of prehistoric times. According to Pausanias, be-
tween the columns of this temple were statues; one of these—Hermes, with the young Dionysus—by Praxiteles, was found here.

The Philippeion, built by Philip of Macedon, bears the date of 336 B.C. The interior of this structure was adorned by Corinthian columns, and contained gold and ivory statues of Amyntas, Philip II., and Alexander the Great; also of Eurydice and Olympias, grandmother and mother of Alexander.

The Prytaneion contained a large hall in which the Olympian victors were entertained. There is also within the Olympian inclosure a structure in which terminated an aqueduct that extended from this point to the upper valley of the Alpheios. In this building were originally statues of the family of Herodes.

There are remains of a temple to Metron, the mother of the gods. This was erected in the fourth century before Christ. There are many altars here and there about the inclosure. There is a long row of buildings called the Treasuries; here the votive offerings from the different towns and states, as well as the weapons and disks for the games, were kept.

The arch through which the competitors entered the Stadion has been partially restored.
BAY AND ISLAND OF CORFU.
BAY AND ISLAND OF CORFU.
CHAPTER XLVII.

CORFU.

AFTER returning to Patras we took the first steamer for the island of Corfu, our last stop on the soil of Greece. We were fortunate in having pleasant weather for our trip to Corfu, and enjoyed it immensely. Before reaching the island we saw Turkish soil again—the province of Albania.

The island of Corfu (ancient Corcyra) is charming as viewed from the sea. We anchored out, and the confusion among the boatmen was the worst we had encountered. However, we found an English-speaking guide who took us in charge. On landing we saw some queer costumes, and on the quay, the old portion of the town, some exceedingly quaint houses.

A carriage was soon engaged for a drive around the island. This we found a contrast to the mainland of Greece. The vegetation was of the most luxuriant growth, and had the fresh, light-green foliage of June with us. The