

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

No. 5.

A WINTER JOURNEY THROUGH SIBERIA.



ON Friday, the 8th of January, 1886, Mr. Frost and I left Irkútsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, for a journey of about four thousand miles to St. Petersburg. The route that we intended to follow differed a little from that which we had pursued in coming into Siberia, and included two important towns that we had not yet visited, namely Minusínsk and Tobólsk. The former we expected to reach by making a detour of about four hundred miles to the southward from Krasnoyársk, and the latter by taking a more northerly route between Omsk and Tiumen than the one over which we had passed on our way eastward. Our equipment for this long and difficult journey consisted of a strongly built *pavóska*, or seatless traveling-sleigh, with low runners, wide outriggers, and a sort of carriage-top which could be closed with a leather curtain in stormy weather; a very heavy sheepskin bag six feet wide and nine feet long in which we could both lie side by side at full length; eight or ten pillows and cushions of various sizes to fill up chinks in the mass of baggage and to break the force of the jolting on rough roads; three overcoats apiece of soft shaggy sheepskin so graded in size and weight that we could adapt ourselves to any temperature from the freezing point to eighty degrees below; very long and heavy felt boots known in Siberia as *vállinki*; fur caps, mittens, and a small quantity of provisions consisting chiefly of tea, sugar, bread, condensed milk, boiled ham, frozen soup in cakes, and a couple of

roasted grouse. After having packed our heavy baggage as carefully as possible in the bottom of the *pavóska*, so as to make a comparatively smooth and level foundation, we stuffed the interstices with pillows and cushions; covered the somewhat lumpy surface to a depth of twelve or fourteen inches with straw; spread down over all our spare overcoats, blankets, and the big sheepskin bag; stowed away the bread, boiled ham, and roast grouse in the straw, where we could sit on them and thus protect them to some extent from the intense cold;¹ and finally, filled the whole back of the *pavóska* with pillows. At ten o'clock Friday morning all was in readiness for a start, and as soon as the driver came with the horses from the post-station we sang "Home, Sweet Home" as a prelude to the next act, wrapped up the banjo carefully in a soft rug and put it behind our pillows, took seats in the *pavóska* with our feet and legs thrust down into the capacious sheepskin bag, and rode away from the Hotel Dekó amid a chorus of good-bys and shouts of "May God grant you a safe journey!" from the assembled crowd of servants and clerks.

In an article entitled "Adventures in Eastern Siberia," which many readers of THE CENTURY will doubtless remember, I have already described our experience for the first four days after leaving Irkútsk, including our visit to the Alexandrófski Central Prison, and our difficult journey down the half-frozen Angará to the little settlement of Kámenka. Near the latter place we succeeded in crossing the river, by means of an ice-gorge, to the western bank, and stopped

¹ A temperature of forty degrees below zero will turn a boiled ham into a substance that is as useless for edible purposes as the famous "chunk of old red sandstone" from Table Mountain. You can neither cut it, gnaw it, nor break it in pieces with a sledge-hammer; and unless you have facilities for thawing it out, and time enough to waste in that way, you can no more

get nourishment from it than you could get beef tea from a paleozoic fossil. Having learned this fact from sad experience, Mr. Frost and I were accustomed to put articles of food that contained moisture either under us or into the sheepskin bag between us, where they would not freeze so hard.

for the night in the post-station of Cherómka on the great Siberian road. It is customary in Siberia, when traveling by post, to ride night and day without other rest than that which can be obtained in one's sleigh; but I was still suffering from the results of the previous night's exposure to storm and cold in the mountains of the Angara, and at every respiration was warned by a sharp, cutting pain in one lung that it would be prudent to seek shelter and keep warm until I should be able to breathe freely. But it was very difficult to keep warm in that post-station. Almost every hour throughout the night travelers stopped there to change horses or to drink tea, and with every opening of the door a cold wind blew across the bare floor where we lay, condensing the moisture of the atmosphere into chilly clouds of vapor, and changing the temperature of the room from twenty to thirty degrees in as many seconds. I had taken the precaution, however, to bring our large sheepskin bag into the house, and, by burying myself in the depths of that, I not only escaped being chilled, but succeeded, with the aid of medicinal remedies, in getting into a profuse perspiration. This soon relieved the pleuritic pain in my side, and in the morning I felt able to go on. Neither of us had had any sleep, but to the experienced Siberian traveler deprivation of sleep for a night or two is a trifling hardship. I do not think that Mr. Frost had two consecutive hours of sleep in the whole week that we spent on the road between the Alexandrofski Central Prison and Krasnoyarsk; but when we reached the latter place he went to bed, with his clothes on, and slept sixteen hours without waking.

In several villages through which we passed between Cheromka and Nizhnbhinsk the *étapes* were evidently occupied by exile parties; but we did not happen to see such a party on the march until Wednesday, and it came upon us then very suddenly and unexpectedly. The day was cold and stormy, with a high wind and flying snow, and we were lying half buried in our sheepskin bag, watching for the next verst-post. The atmosphere was so thick with snowflakes that we could not see the road distinctly for a greater distance than seventy-five or one hundred yards, and the party of exiles was fairly upon us before we discovered that it was not—as we at first supposed—a train of *obózes*, or freight-sleighs. I was not absolutely sure of its nature until the head of the column was so near us that I could make out the muskets of the advance-guard of Cossacks and hear the familiar clinking of the prisoners' leg-fetter chains. I then ordered our *yamshchik* to drive out into the deep snow at one side of the road and there stop. The general appearance of the party, as it passed

us, was very different from the appearance of the similar party whose departure from Tomsk we had watched in August. Then the convicts were all in their light summer costume of gray, their faces were black with sunburn, and they were enveloped in a cloud of fine yellow dust raised by their shuffling, slipper-clad feet from the powdery road. The exiles before us were all dressed in reddish *pólu-shúbas*, or short overcoats of sheepskin, and *bródnias*, or high-topped leather boots, their faces were pallid from long confinement in the Tomsk forwarding prison, and they were wading slowly and laboriously through fresh-fallen snow. The order of march was the same as in the summer, but on account of the storm and the condition of the road there seemed to be some relaxation of discipline and a good deal of straggling and disorder. The dress of the marching convicts consisted of the usual gray Tam o' Shanter cap, with a handkerchief, a ragged tippet, or an old stocking tied over it in such a way as to protect the ears; a *polu-shuba*, with the reddish tanned side out; long, loose leather boots, which had been stuffed around the feet and ankles with hay to make them warmer; woolen trousers, foot-wrappers, or short woolen stockings, and big leather mittens. The leg-fetters, in most cases, were worn inside the boots, and the chain that united them was looped in the middle by means of a strap attached to the leather waist-belt. From this point of support it hung down to the ankle on each side between the tucked-in trouser-leg and the boot. With some slight changes—such, for example, as the substitution of a fur hood for the flimsy Tam o' Shanter cap—the dress, it seemed to me, would afford adequate warmth in ordinary winter weather to men whose blood was kept in vigorous circulation by exercise; but it was by no means sufficient for the protection of sick or disabled convicts who were exposed for eight or ten hours at a stretch to all sorts of weather in open vehicles. I noticed a number of such incapables lying in the shallow, uncomfortable one-horse sleighs at the rear of the column, and clinging or crouching together as if to seek warmth in mutual contact. They all seemed to be half frozen to death.

As the straggling column passed us a convict here and there left the ranks, apparently with the permission of the guard, and approaching our pavoska with bared head and extended cap, begged us, in the peculiar, half-wailing chant of the *milosérdnaya*,¹ to "pity the unfortunate" and to "have mercy on the poor and needy, for Christ's sake." I knew that money given to them would probably be used

¹ The exiles' begging-song, which I have already described and translated.



A MARCHING PARTY OF EXILES PASSING A TRAIN OF FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

in gambling or go to the *maidánshchik*¹ in payment for *vódka*; but the poor wretches looked so cold, tired, hungry, and miserable, as they tramped past us through the drifting snow on their way to the distant mines of the Trans-Baikál, that my feelings ran away with my prudential philosophy, and I put a few *kopéks* into every gray cap that was presented to me. The convicts all stared at us with curiosity as they passed; some greeted us pleasantly, a few removed their caps, and in five minutes they were gone, and a long, dark, confused line of moving objects was all that I could see as I looked after them through the white drift of the storm.

After we passed the party of convicts our monotonous life of night-and-day travel was not diversified by a single noteworthy incident. Now and then we met a rich merchant or an army officer posting furiously toward Irkutsk, or passed a long caravan of rude one-horse sledges laden with hide-bound chests of tea for the Nízhi Nóvgorod fair, but we saw no more exiles; the country through which we passed was thinly settled and uninteresting, and the wretched little villages where we stopped to change horses or to refresh ourselves with tea were literally buried in drifts of snow. At the post-station of Kamishétskaya, five hundred and thirty versts west of Irkutsk, we overtook two political offenders named Shamárin and Peterson who had just finished their terms of administrative exile in Eastern Siberia, and were on their way back to European Russia. We had made their acquaintance some weeks before in Irkutsk, and had agreed to travel with them, if possible, as far as Krasnoyarsk; but our route differed somewhat from theirs at the outset, and, owing to our detention at the Alexandrofski Central Prison and to our various mishaps on the Angara, we had fallen a little behind them. They greeted us joyously, shared their supper with us, and after an hour or two of animated conversation, in which we related to one another our several adventures and experiences, we put on our heavy shubas, again climbed into our respective pavoskas, and with two *troikas* of horses went on together.

As we approached the town of Kansk, Thursday, January 14, the sky cleared and the weather suddenly became colder. The thermometer fell that night to thirty degrees below zero, and on the following night to forty degrees below. We continued to travel without stop, but suffered intensely from cold, particularly during the long hours between

midnight and dawn, when it was impossible to get any warm food at the post-stations, and when all our vital powers were at their lowest ebb. More than once, notwithstanding the weight and warmth of our outer clothing, we became so stiff and chilled between stations that we could hardly get out of our pavoska. Sleep, of course, was out of the question. Even if the temperature had not made it perilous, the roughness of the road would have rendered it impossible. Under the conjoint action of a dozen howling Arctic gales and four or five thousand pounding freight-sledges, the deep snow that lay on this part of the road had been drifted and packed into a series of huge transverse waves known to travelers in Siberia as *ukhábi*. These billows of solidified snow measured four or five feet vertically from trough to summit, and fifteen or twenty feet horizontally from crest to crest, and the jolting and banging of our heavy pavoska, as it mounted the slope of one wave and plunged into the hollow of the next, jarred every bone and shocked every nerve-ganglion in one's body. I finally became so much exhausted, as a result of cold, sleeplessness, and jolting, that at every post-station, particularly in the night, I would throw myself on the floor, without blanket or pillow, and catch five or ten minutes' sleep while the horses were being harnessed. At the lonely post-station of Kuskúnskaya, about eleven o'clock one night, I threw myself down in this way on a narrow plank bench in the travelers' room, fell asleep, and dreamed that I had just been invited to make an extempore address to a Sunday-school. The school was in the church of a religious denomination called the "Holy Monopolists." I inquired what the "Holy Monopolists" were, and was informed that they were a new sect consisting of people who believed in only one thing. I wanted very much to ask what that one thing was, but felt ashamed to do so, because it seemed to me that I ought to know without asking. I entered the Sunday-school room, which was an amphitheater of seats with a low platform in the middle, and saw, standing on the platform and acting in the capacity of superintendent, a well-known citizen of Norwalk, Ohio, whom I had not seen before since boyhood. All the scholars of the Sunday-school, to my great surprise, were standing in their places with their backs to the platform. As I came in, however, the superintendent said, "You will now please resume your seats," and the boys and girls all turned

¹ The *maidánshchik* occupies something like the same position in a convict party that a sutler occupies in a regiment of soldiers. Although a prisoner himself, he is allowed, by virtue of long-established custom, to keep a small stock of such luxuries as tea, sugar, and

white bread, for sale to his fellow prisoners; and at the same time, with the aid of the soldiers of the convoy whom he bribes, he deals surreptitiously in tobacco, playing-cards, and *vódka*.

around and sat down. The superintendent then gave out a hymn, and while it was being sung I made a few notes on the back of an envelope to aid me in the extempore address that I was about to deliver. I decided to give the scholars a talk on the comparative merits of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and I was just considering the question whether I

inform us who this lamented Alaskan euchre-player was. Instead of doing so, however, he bowed towards me and said, "The distinguished friend whom we have with us to-day will please tell us who was the first progressive-euchre player that after his death was brought back from Alaska amid the mourning of a nation." A cold chill ran down my spine. It suddenly



A VILLAGE ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.

should not also include fetishism when the hymn came to an end. The superintendent then announced, "We will now proceed to the lessons of the day." "Good!" I said to myself; "that will give me time to think up my speech."

As the recitation began I noticed, to my surprise, that all the scholars held in their hands big, round soda-biscuits, which they looked at now and then as if they were lesson-books. I did not have time, however, to investigate this remarkable phenomenon, because it was urgently necessary that I should get my extempore remarks into some sort of shape before the superintendent should call upon me to speak. I paid no heed, therefore, to the questions that he was propounding to the scholars until he came to one that nobody, apparently, could answer. He repeated it solemnly several times, pausing for a reply, until at last it attracted my attention. It was, "Who was the first progressive-euchre player that after his death was brought back from Alaska amid the mourning of a nation?" As I glanced around at the faces of the scholars I could see that everybody had given up this extraordinary conundrum, and I turned with interest to the superintendent, expecting that he would

flashed upon me that this must be an elementary fact that even school-children were expected to know—and I was so ignorant that I had never even heard of an Alaskan euchre-player. In order to gain a moment's time in which to collect my faculties I said, "Show me the question." The superintendent handed me a big, hot soda-biscuit, as if it were a book. I examined it carefully on both sides, but could not find on it anything that looked like printing. The superintendent thereupon pulled the two halves apart and showed me the question stamped in Thibetan characters around the inside of the biscuit about half an inch from the edge. I found in the queer-looking letters no clue to the answer, and in an agony of shame at being forced to confess to a Sunday-school of "Holy Monopolists" that I did not know who was the first progressive-euchre player that died in Alaska and was brought back amid the mourning of a nation I awoke. For a moment I could not recover my mental hold upon life. I was apparently in a place where I had never before been, and over me were standing two extraordinary figures that I could not remember ever having seen before. One of them, a tall, powerful man with black, bushy, Circassian-like hair, and blazing blue eyes,



SNOW-WAVES OR UKHABI, NEAR KRASNOYARSK.

was dressed in a long, spotted reindeer-skin *kukhlanka*¹ and high fur boots, while the other, who seemed to be an official of some kind, had on a blue uniform with a double row of brass buttons down the front of his coat, and was holding over my head a kerosene lamp. "What 's the matter, Mr. Kennan?" inquired the figure in the reindeer-skin *kukhlanka*. "You have been moaning as if you were in pain."

As memory slowly resumed its throne I recognized in the speaker my exile traveling companion Peterson and in the official the post-

¹ A very heavy fur blouse or over-shirt covering the body from the neck to the calf of the leg, and confined about the waist with a sash.

station-master. "I have had a bad dream," I replied. "How long have I been asleep?"

"We have been here only ten minutes," replied Peterson, looking at his watch, "and I don't think you have been asleep more than five. The horses are ready."

With stiff and aching limbs I hobbled out to the *pavoska*, crept into the sheepskin bag beside Mr. Frost, and began another long, cold, and dreary night ride.

Between Kuskunskaya and Krasnoyarsk we experienced the lowest temperature of the winter,— forty-five degrees below zero,— and had an opportunity to observe again the phenomena of extreme cold. Clouds of vapor rose all the time from the bodies of our horses; the

freight-wagon caravans were constantly enshrouded in mist, and frequently, after passing one of them, we would find the road foggy with frozen moisture for a distance of a quarter of a mile. When we opened the door of a station-house a great volume of steam seemed to rush into it ahead of us; little jets of vapor played around the holes and crevices of the windows and doors; and in a warm room white frost accumulated to a thickness of nearly half an inch upon the inner ends of iron bolts that went through the window-casings to the outside air. Throughout Friday and Saturday, January 15 and 16, we stopped to drink tea at almost every post-station we passed, and even then we were constantly cold. This was due partly to the extreme severity of the weather, and partly to the fact that we were compelled, every five or ten miles, to get out of our pavoska and help the horses drag it through the deep soft snow at the side of the road, where we had been forced to go in order to get past a long train of freight-sledges. Sunday, January 17, nine days after our departure from Irkutsk, we drove into the provincial town of Krasnoyarsk, having made, with forty-three relays of post-horses, a journey of about seven hundred miles. Mr. Frost and I took up our quarters in the same hotel at which we had stopped on our way into Siberia the previous summer, and Messrs. Shamarin and Peterson went to the house of an acquaintance.

In the course of the three days that we spent in Krasnoyarsk we renewed our acquaintance with Mr. Innokénti Kuznetsóf, the wealthy mining proprietor at whose house we had been so hospitably entertained on our way eastward five months before; took breakfast with Mr. Sávenkof, the director of the Krasnoyarsk normal school, whose collection of archæological relics and cliff pictographs greatly interested us; and spent one afternoon with Colonel Zagárin, inspector of exile transportation for Eastern Siberia. With the permission of the latter we also made a careful examination on Wednesday of the Krasnoyarsk city prison, the exile forwarding prison, and the prison hospital; and I am glad to be able to say a good word for all of them. The prisons were far from being model institutions of their kind, of course, and at certain seasons of the year I have no doubt that they were more or less dirty and overcrowded; but at the time when we inspected them they were in better condition than any prisons that we had seen in Siberia, except the military prison at Ust Kámenogórsck and the Alexandrofski Central Prison near Irkutsk. The hospital connected with the Krasnoyarsk prisons seemed to me to be worthy of almost unqualified praise. It was scrupulously clean, perfectly ventilated, well-

supplied, apparently, with bed linen, medicines, and surgical appliances, and in irreproachable sanitary condition generally. It is possible, of course, that in the late summer and early fall, when the great annual tide of exiles is at its flood, this hospital becomes as much overcrowded and as foul as the hospital of the forwarding prison at Tomsk; but at the time when we saw it I should have been willing, if necessary, to go into it for treatment myself.

The Krasnoyarsk city prison was a large two-story building of stuccoed brick resembling in type the forwarding prison at Tiumen. Its *kámeras*, or common cells, were rather small, but none of them seemed to be crowded, and the inscriptions over their doors, such as "murderers," "passportless," and "politicals," showed that at least an attempt had been made to classify the prisoners and to keep them properly separated. There were wheel-ventilators in most of the cell-windows and ventilating-pipes in the walls; the stone floors of the corridors were clean; the closet fixtures and plumbing were in fairly good condition; and although the air in some of the cells was heavy and lifeless and had the peculiar characteristic prison odor, it could be breathed without much discomfort, and without any of the repulsion and disgust that we had felt in the overcrowded cells of the prisons in Tiumen, Tomsk, Irkutsk, and at the mines. The exile forwarding prison, which stood near the city prison in a stockaded yard, consisted of three large one-story log buildings of the Tomsk type, and presented to the eye nothing that was particularly interesting or new. It did not contain more than half the number of prisoners that, apparently, could be accommodated in it; some of the *kámeras* were entirely empty, and the air everywhere was fresh and good.

By a fortunate chance we reached this prison just in time to see the departure of a marching party of two hundred and seventy male convicts destined for the province of Yakútsk and the mines and prisons of the Trans-Baikal. It was a bitterly cold morning, and two-thirds of the mustered party were walking back and forth in the prison-yard, trying, by means of physical exercise, to keep themselves warm while they were waiting for the medical examination of the other third. After watching them for a moment we entered a large new log building standing a little apart from the prison proper, where we found the prison surgeon, an intelligent, kindly-looking man, engaged in making a physical examination of seventy-five or eighty convicts who had declared themselves unable to march. To my inexperienced eye all of them looked thin, pallid, and miserable enough to be excused from



GOING AROUND A TRAIN OF FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

a march of twenty miles in such weather and over such a road; but the doctor, after a brief examination by means of scrutiny, touch, and the stethoscope, dismissed as imaginary or frivolous the complaints of nine men out of every ten, and ordered sleighs for the rest. In less than half an hour all was in readiness for a start. The soldiers of the convoy, with shouldered rifles, formed a cordon outside the gate to receive the party; the prison blacksmith made his appearance with hammers, rivets, and spare irons, and carefully examined the leg-fetters of the chained convicts as they came out; the incapables climbed into the one-horse sleighs that were awaiting them; an under-

officer counted the prisoners again, to make sure that they were all there; and at the command "March!" the whole party instantly put itself in motion, the soldiers at the head of the column setting so rapid a pace that many of the convicts were forced into a run. In three minutes they were out of sight.

Marching parties of exiles leave Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk every week throughout the winter, and go through to their destination without regard to weather and with no more regard to the condition of the road than is necessary to determine whether it is passable or absolutely impassable. It would be perfectly easy, by making use of horses and vehicles, to trans-

port the whole annual contingent of exiles from Tomsk to Irkutsk during the summer months, and thus relieve them from the suffering that they now endure as the necessary result of exposure to winter cold and winter storms; but for some unknown reason the Government has always persistently refused to take this step in the direction of humane reform. It cannot explain nor defend its refusal by pleading considerations of expense, because the cost of transporting ten thousand exiles from Tomsk to Irkutsk with horses would actually be much less than the cost of sending them on foot. Before me, as I write, lies an official report of Colonel Vinokúrof, inspector of exile transportation for Western Siberia, in which that officer shows that if all the convicts for the whole year were despatched from Moscow in the summer, and were carried from Tomsk to Achinsk in one-horse wagons instead of being forced to walk, the expense of delivering them in the latter place would be reduced by almost 50,000 rubles.¹

The late Colonel Zagarin, inspector of exile transportation for Eastern Siberia, told me in the course of a long conversation that we had on the subject of Krasnoyarsk, that in 1882 or 1883 he made a detailed report to Governor-general Anúchin in which he set forth the evils of the present system of forwarding exiles on foot the year round at the rate of only one party a week, and recommended that the Government restrict the deportation of criminals to the summer months, and then forward them swiftly to their destinations in wagons with relays of horses at the rate of a party every day. He showed conclusively to the governor-general, he said, by means of official statistics and contractors' estimates, that the cost of carrying the annual quota of exiles in wagons from Achinsk to Irkutsk (780 miles) during the summer months would be 14 rubles less per capita, and more than 100,000 rubles less per annum, than the cost of sending them over the same distance on foot in the usual way. Besides this saving in expense, there would be a saving, he said,

of at least sixty days in the time occupied by the journey, to say nothing of the saving of human life that would be effected by shortening the period of confinement in the forwarding prisons and étapes, and by making the season of exile-travel coincide with the season of good weather and good roads. The overcrowding of the Tomsk forwarding prison, with its attendant suffering and mortality, would be at once relieved by the daily shipment of exiles eastward in wagons; the periodical epidemics of typhus fever, due chiefly to overcrowding, would cease; the corrupting influence of étape life upon first offenders and upon the innocent families of banished criminals would be greatly weakened; and finally, the exiles would reach their destination in a state of comparative health and vigor, instead of being broken down on the road by the hardships and exposures of a thousand-mile winter march.

"Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, has this change not been made?" I said to Colonel Zagarin when he finished explaining to me the nature of his report. "If it would be cheaper, as well as more humane, to forward the exiles only in summer and in wagons, why does n't the Government do it? Who can have any interest in opposing a reform that is economical as well as philanthropical?"

"You had better inquire when you get to St. Petersburg," replied Colonel Zagarin, shrugging his shoulders. "All that we can do here is to suggest."

The reason why changes that are manifestly desirable, that are in the direction of economy, and that, apparently, would injure no one, are not made in Russia, is one of the most puzzling and exasperating things that are forced upon a traveler's attention. In every branch of the administration one is constantly stumbling upon abuses or defects that have long been recognized, that have been commented upon for years, that are apparently prejudicial to the interests of everybody, and that, nevertheless, continue to exist. If you ask an explanation of an official in Siberia, he refers you to St. Petersburg. If you inquire of the chief of the

¹ The part of the great Siberian road that lies between Tomsk and Achinsk, 260 miles in extent, is the only part of the exile marching route over which Colonel Vinokúrof has jurisdiction, and for that reason his figures and estimates relate to it alone. In the report to which I refer he makes an itemized statement of the cost of sending 9417 exiles on foot from Tomsk to Achinsk in the year 1884, and says: "It thus appears that the expense of forwarding 9417 exiles from Tomsk to Achinsk—on the basis of a twenty-one days' trip—is not less than 130,342 rubles. This is at the rate of 13 rubles and 75 kopeks for every marching prisoner, while the cost of a pair of post-horses from Tomsk to Achinsk, at the regular established rate, is only 11 rubles and 64 kopeks." In other words, according to Colonel Vinokurof's figures, it would be actually

cheaper to hire relays of post-horses for every convict and to send him to his destination as if he were a private traveler—or even a Government courier—than to march him across Siberia "by étape" in the usual way. Colonel Vinokurof then makes an itemized statement of the expense of carrying 9417 exiles from Tomsk to Achinsk in wagons with relays of horses, and shows that it would not exceed 80,817 rubles. The saving that would be effected, therefore, by the substitution of this method of deportation for the other would be 49,525 rubles, or about \$25,000 per annum, on a distance of only 260 miles. At the same rate the saving for the distance between Tomsk and the mines of Kara would be more than \$175,000 per annum, provided all the prisoners went through.



EXAMINATION OF POLITICAL CONVICT'S LEG-FETTERS AT THE PRISON GATE.

prison department in St. Petersburg, he tells you that he has drawn up a "project" to cope with the evil, but that this "project" has not yet been approved by the Minister of the Interior. If you go to the Minister of the Interior, you learn that the "project" requires a preliminary appropriation of money,—even although its ultimate effect may be to save money,—and that it cannot be carried into execution without the assent and coöperation of the Minister of Finance. If you follow the "project"

to the Minister of Finance, you are told that it has been sent back through the Minister of the Interior to the chief of the prison department for "modification." If you still persist in your determination to find out why this thing is not done, you may chase the modified "project" through the prison department, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Finance, to the Council of the Empire. There you discover that, inasmuch as certain cross-and-ribbon-decorated senators and generals, who

barely know Siberia by name, have expressed a doubt as to the existence of the evil with which the "project" is intended to deal, a special "commission" (with salaries amounting to twenty thousand rubles a year and mileage) has been appointed to investigate the subject and make a report. If you pursue the commission to Siberia and back, and search diligently in the proceedings of the Council of the Empire for its report, you ascertain that the document has been sent to the Minister of the Interior to serve as a basis for a new "project," and then, as ten or fifteen years have elapsed and all the original projectors are dead, everything begins over again. At no stage of this circumrotatory process can you lay your hand on a particular official and say, "Here! You are responsible for this—what do you mean by it?" At no stage, probably, can you find an official who is opposed to the reform or who has any personal interest in defeating it; and yet the general effect of the circumrotatory process is more certainly fatal to your reformatory project than any amount of intelligent and active opposition. The various bureaus of the provincial governor-general's office, the chief prison department, the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of Finance, the Ministry of Justice, the Council of Ministers, and the Council of the Empire constitute a huge administrative maelstrom of ignorance and indifference, in which a "project" revolves slowly, month after month and year after year, until it is finally sucked down out of sight, or, perhaps, thrown by a fortuitous eddy of personal or official interest into the great gulf-stream current of real life.¹

On the occasion of our first visit to Krasnoyarsk, in the summer, we had not been able to find there any political exiles, or even to hear of any; but under the guidance of our new traveling companions, Shamarin and Peterson, we discovered three: namely, first, Madame Dubrova, wife of a Siberian missionary whose anthropological researches among the Buriats have recently attracted to him some attention; secondly, a young medical student named Urúsof, who, by permission of Governor Pedashénko,

was serving as an assistant in the city hospital; and, thirdly, a lady who had been taken to that hospital to recover from injuries that she had received in an assault made upon her by a drunken soldier. The only one of these exiles whose personal acquaintance we made was Madame Dubrova, who, in 1880, before her marriage, was exiled to Eastern Siberia for making an attempt, in connection with Madame Róssikova, to rob the Khersón Government Treasury. After the adoption of the so-called "policy of terror" by the extreme section of the Russian revolutionary party in 1878, some of the terrorists advocated and practised a resort to such methods of waging war as the forgery of imperial manifestos as a means of inciting the peasants to revolt, and the robbery of government mails and government treasuries as a means of procuring money to relieve the sufferings and to facilitate the escape of political exiles in Siberia. These measures were disapproved and condemned by all of the Russian liberals and by most of the cool-headed revolutionists; but they were defended by those who resorted to them upon the ground that they (the terrorists) were fighting against tremendous odds, and that the unjust, treacherous, and ferociously cruel treatment of political prisoners by the Government was enough to justify any sort of reprisals. Among the terrorists of this class was Madame Dubrova, or, as she was known before her marriage, Miss Anna Alexéiova. In conjunction with Madame Rossikova, a school-teacher from Elizabethgrad, and aided by an escaped convict from Siberia, Miss Alexeiova made an attempt to rob the Kherson Government Treasury by means of a tunnel driven secretly at night under the stone floor of the vault in which the funds of the institution were kept. Judged from any point of view this was a wild scheme for young and criminally inexperienced gentlewomen to undertake; and that it ever succeeded at all is a striking evidence of the skill, the energy, the patience, and the extraordinary daring that were developed in certain classes of Russian society at that time by the conditions of revolutionary life. Young, refined, and educated women, in all parts of the Empire,

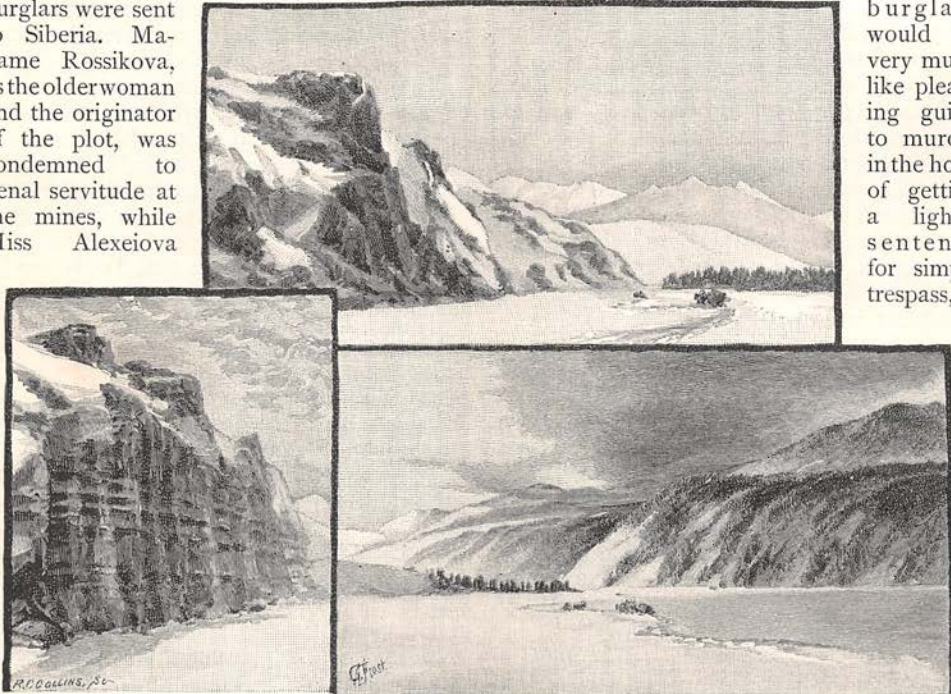
¹ This natural history of a Russian "project" is not imaginary nor conjectural. A plan for the transportation of exiles in wagons between Tomsk and Irkutsk has been gyrating in circles in the Sargasso Sea of Russian bureaucracy for almost thirty years. The projected reform of the exile system has been the rounds of the various circumlocution offices at least half a dozen times since 1871, and has four times reached the "commission" stage and been reported to the Council of the Empire. (The commissions were under the presidency respectively of Sollohub, Frisch, Zubof, and Grote. See "Eastern Review," No. 17, July 22, St. Petersburg, 1882.) Mr. Kokóitsef, assistant chief of the Russian prison department, announced, in a speech that he made to the International Prison Congress at Stock-

holm in 1878, that his Government recognized the evils of the exile system and was about to abolish it. (See "Report of the International Prison Congress of Stockholm," by E. C. Wines, United States Commissioner, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1879.) That was thirteen years ago, and my latest Russian newspapers contain the information that the "project" for the reform of the exile system has been found "unsatisfactory" by the Council of the Empire, and has been sent back through the Ministry of the Interior to the chief of the prison department for "modification." In other words, this "project" in the course of thirteen years has progressed four stages backward on the return gyration.

entered upon lines of action, and devised and executed plots that, in view of the inevitable consequences, might well have daunted the bravest man. The tunnel under the Kherson Government Treasury was successfully driven without detection, entrance to the vault was obtained by removing one of the heavy stone slabs in the floor, and the young women carried away and concealed a million and a half of rubles in available cash. Before they could remove the stolen money to a place of perfect safety, however, and make good their own escape, they were arrested, together with their confederate, the runaway convict, and thrown into prison. The confederate turned state's evidence and showed the police where to find the stolen money, and the amateur burglars were sent to Siberia. Madame Rossikova, as the older woman and the originator of the plot, was condemned to penal servitude at the mines, while Miss Alexeiova

at Krasnoyarsk, almost every variety of political offender from the shy and timid school-girl of sixteen to the hardened and embittered terrorist; but I had never before happened to make the acquaintance of a political treasury robber, and, when Mr. Shamarin proposed to take me to call upon Madame Dubrova, I looked forward to the experience with a good deal of curiosity. She had been described to me by Colonel Nóvikof, in Chita, as nothing more than a common burglar who had assumed the mask of a political offender with the hope of getting a lighter sentence; but as Colonel Novikof was both ignorant and prejudiced, and as, moreover, pretending to be a political with a view to getting a lighter sentence for

burglary would be very much like pleading guilty to murder in the hope of getting a lighter sentence for simple trespass, I



MOUNTAINS AND PALISADES OF THE YENISEI.

was sentenced merely to forced colonization with deprivation of certain civil rights. After her marriage in Siberia to the missionary Dubróf, she was permitted to reside, under police supervision, in Krasnoyarsk.

I had seen in Siberia, long before my arrival

did not place much confidence in his statements.¹

Shamarin, Peterson, and I went to see Madame Dubrova the next night after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk, and found her living in one half of a very plainly furnished house in a re-

¹ Colonel Novikof sat as one of the judges in the court-martial that tried Madame Rossikova and Miss Alexeiova, but he was either incapable of understanding the characters of such women or he was trying to deceive me when he described them to me as "nothing but common burglars and thieves." Madame Rossikova was represented to me by all the political exiles who knew her as a woman of high moral standards and self-sacrificing life. She was one of the young women who took part in the quixotic but generous movement

known as "going to the people," and lived for seven or eight months like a common peasant woman in a peasant village merely in order to see how that class of the people could best be reached and helped. As a revolutionary propagandist she was very successful, particularly among the Stúndists or Russian Baptists. She opposed terrorism for a long time, but finally became a terrorist herself under the influence of letters from her exiled friends in Siberia describing their sufferings.



SCENERY OF THE UPPER YENISEI.

spectable but not fashionable part of the town about half a mile from our hotel. She was a lady perhaps thirty years of age, with dark hair, large dark eyes, regular features, clear complexion, and a frank, pleasant manner. Ten years earlier she must have been a very attractive if not a beautiful young girl; but imprisonment, exile, disappointment, and suffering had left unmistakable traces in her face. She greeted us cordially, expressed particular pleasure at meeting a traveler from the United States, regretted that her husband was absent from home, and began at once to question me about the political situation in Russia and to make inquiries concerning certain of her exiled friends whom I had met in other parts of Eastern Siberia. A general conversation followed, in the course of which I had an opportunity to form a hasty but fairly satisfactory judgment with regard to her character. It was in almost all respects a favorable judgment. No one that was not hopelessly blinded by political hatred and prejudice could fail to see that this was a type of woman as far removed from "common burglars and thieves" as Charlotte Corday was removed from common murderers. You might possibly describe her as misguided, fanatical, lacking in sound judgment, or lawless; but you could class her with common criminals only by ignoring all the characteristics that distinguish a man like John Brown, for example, from a common brigand. The law may deal primarily with actions, and pay little attention to motives,

but in estimating character from the historical point of view motives must be taken fully into account. Madame Dubrova was arrested the first time—before she was eighteen years of age—for going with Madame Rossikova into a peasant village on an errand that was as purely and generously philanthropic as that of the educated young women from New England who went South during the reconstruction era to teach in negro schools. From that time forward she was regarded as a political suspect, and was harried and harassed by the authorities, and exasperated by unjust treatment of herself and her friends until, under the dominating influence of Madame Rossikova—a character of the true John Brown type—she became a terrorist. Like many other young Russians of ardent nature and imperfect acquaintance with the history of man's social and political experiments, she acted sometimes upon erroneous conceptions of duty or mistaken ideas of moral justification; but for this the Russian Government itself is again responsible. Upon the pretense of guarding the moral character of its young people and shielding them from the contagion of "seditious" ideas, it deprives them of the knowledge that is necessary to guide them in dealing with the problems of life, sets them an example of lawlessness by punishing them for social activity that is perfectly innocent and legal, and then, having exasperated them into crime by injustice and cruelty, holds them up

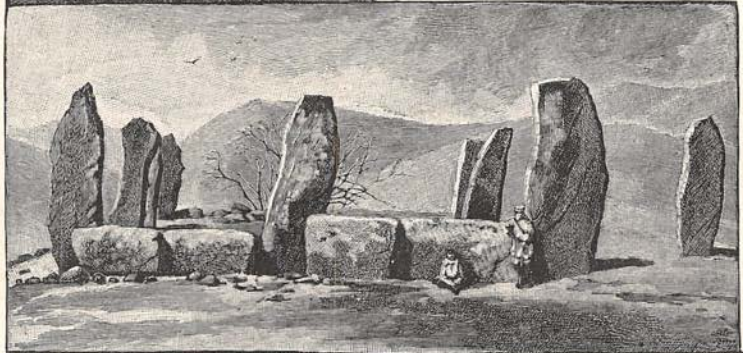
to the world as monsters of depravity. I have been accused by Russian officials of idealizing the characters of the political exiles; but when the history of the latter half of the nineteenth century shall have been written, it will be found, I think, that my portraits of the Russian revolutionists, imperfect and sketchy as they must necessarily be, are much more like the originals than are the caricatures of human beings left on record by the prosecuting attorneys of the Crown in their political speeches and indictments.

On the second day after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk we narrowly escaped getting into what might have been serious trouble as the result of an unexpected perquisition in the house of the acquaintance with whom Shamarin and Peterson were staying. This acquaintance, it seemed, was under suspicion, and late in the evening, during the absence of the two young men from their quarters, the police suddenly appeared with orders to make a house-search. The search was duly made, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found except the two locked trunks of Shamarin and Peterson. In reply to a question as to what was in them the proprietor of the house said that he did not know, that they were the property of two of his acquaintances who had stopped for a few days with him on their way from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg. Upon being asked where these acquaintances were, he replied that he did not know, that they usually went out after dinner and returned between eleven and twelve o'clock. After a brief consultation the police officers decided that as they had no orders to search the personal baggage of the house-owner's guests they would not force the locks of the trunks, but would merely cord and seal them so that the contents could not be tampered with, and leave them until morning.

When Shamarin and Peterson returned to

their quarters about midnight they found their trunks corded and sealed so that they could not be opened. In one of them were many letters from political exiles and convicts in Eastern Siberia to friends and relatives in European Russia—letters describing my investigations and the nature of the material that I was collecting and asking the friends and relatives in European Russia to coöperate with me—and a photograph of myself that I had given to Shamarin with a dedication or inscription on the back that would reveal to any intelligent police officer the intimate nature

lecting and asking the friends and relatives in European Russia to coöperate with me—and a photograph of myself that I had given to Shamarin with a dedication or inscription on the back that would reveal to any intelligent police officer the intimate nature



A PREHISTORIC BURIAL-PLACE.

of my relations with political convicts. What was to be done? To break a police seal under such circumstances would be a penal offense and would probably lead to imprisonment and an investigation. To leave the letters and photograph in the trunk would be to insure their discovery and confiscation on the following morning, and that might create a very embarrassing situation for me, as well as for the authors of the letters and their friends. The two young men finally concluded to make an attempt to get the trunk open without removing the cords or breaking the seals, and as the letters and photograph were near the bottom, and as the lid could not be raised even if the trunk were unlocked, they decided to take out a part of the bottom and afterward replace it. By working all the rest of the night they succeeded in getting out one of the bottom boards, obtained the dangerous

letters and the photograph, put the board back without disturbing any of the seals, and when the police came in the morning stood by with unruffled serenity and saw the trunk searched. Of course nothing more dangerous than a hair-brush, and nothing more incriminating than a hotel bill, could be found.

There was another little episode at Krasnoyarsk which gave us some uneasiness, and that was the offensive behavior of two unknown men towards us one night in a bookstore. The readers of *THE CENTURY* will perhaps remember the mysterious pistol-shot that was fired through the partition of our room late one night in Chita. That incident first suggested to me the possibility of becoming accidentally involved in some sort of affray or mystery that would give the police a plausible excuse for taking us temporarily into custody and making an examination of our baggage. I knew that, on account of the nature of the papers and documents that I had in my possession, such a search would be absolutely fatal, and I resolved to be extremely careful not to fall into any snare of that kind should it be set for me. I even refrained, on one occasion, from going to the aid of a woman who was being cruelly and brutally beaten late at night in the other half of a house where I was calling upon a political convict. I felt sure that her screams would soon bring the police, and I not only did not dare to be found by them in that place, but I did not dare to be connected with an affair that would lead to a police investigation. But it was very hard to hear that woman's screams and not to go to her relief.

The Krasnoyarsk incident to which I refer was as follows:

Frost and I early one evening went into the principal bookstore of Krasnoyarsk to buy some provincial maps, writing-materials, notebooks, and other things of that kind which we happened to need. We were followed into the store by two men in plain citizen's dress whom I had never seen before, and to whom at first I paid little attention. In a few moments, however, I discovered that one of them had attached himself to me and the other to Mr. Frost, and that they were mimicking or caricaturing, in a very offensive way, everything that we did. They were not intoxicated, they did not address any of their remarks to us; in fact they did not make any original remarks at all. They simply mimicked us. If I asked to see a map of the province of Yeniseisk, the man by my side also asked to see a map of the province of Yeniseisk, and did so with an elaborate imitation of my manner. If I went to another part of the store and expressed a desire for writing-paper, he went to the same part of the store and also expressed a desire for writing-paper. The in-

tention to be offensive was so unmistakable, and the manifestation of it so extraordinary and deliberate, that I at once suspected some sort of police trap. No two sane and sober private citizens would follow perfect strangers into a bookstore and behave towards them in this studied and evidently prearranged manner without some definite object. I could imagine no other object than the provocation of a fight, and as I could not afford to engage in a fight just at that time, there was nothing left for me to do but to transact my business as speedily as possible and to get out of the store. The men followed us to the sidewalk, but did not speak to us, and we lost sight of them in the darkness. When I asked the proprietor of the store the next day if he knew the men he replied that he did not. In view of the mass of documents, letters, and politically incendiary material of all sorts that we had concealed about our persons and in our baggage, and in view of the tremendous interests that we had at stake generally, such episodes as these, whatever their significance may have been, were very disquieting. Long before I reached the frontier of European Russia, I became so nervous, and so suspicious of everything unusual, that I could hardly sleep nights.

Wednesday, January 20, having spent as much time in Krasnoyarsk as we thought we could spend there profitably, and having recovered from the fatigue of the journey from Irkutsk, we set out for the town of Minusinsk, which is situated on the northern slopes of the Altái, near the Mongolian frontier, in what is half seriously and half jocosely called "The Siberian Italy." The distance from Krasnoyarsk to Minusinsk is about two hundred miles, and the road between the two places in winter runs on the ice up the great river Yenisei. It is not a regular post-route, but the well-to-do and enterprising peasants who live along the river are accustomed to carry travelers from village to village at the established government post-rate, and there is no more delay than on the great Siberian road itself. The weather, when we left Krasnoyarsk, was cold and stormy, and the snow was drifting so badly on the ice that beyond the second station it became necessary to harness the three horses tandem and to send a fourth horse ahead with a light sledge to break a track. As the road was perfectly level, and the motion of the pavoska steady, Frost and I buried ourselves in the depths of our sheepskin bag as night came on and went to sleep, leaving our drivers to their own devices. All that I remember of the night's travel is waking up and getting out of the pavoska at intervals of three or four hours and going into some peasant's house to wait for the harnessing of fresh horses. Thursday we traveled slowly all

day up the river through deep soft snow in which the pavoska sank to its outriggers and the horses to their knees. The banks of the river became higher as we went southward, and finally assumed a wild mountainous character, with splendid ramparts of cliffs and stratified palisades here and there. Upon these cliffs Mr. Savenkof, the accomplished director of the Normal School in Krasnoyarsk, found the remarkable inscriptions and pictographs of which he has so large a collection. There are many evidences to show that the basin of the Yenisei was the home of a great and prosperous nation. On Friday, after leaving the seventh station from Krasnoyarsk, we abandoned the river for

a time and rode through a shallow, grassy, and almost snowless valley which was literally a great cemetery. In every direction it was dotted with innumerable gravestones, inclosing burial-mounds like that shown in the illustration on page 656. It is not an exaggeration, I think, to say that there were thousands of them, and throughout the whole day they were the most prominent features of every landscape.

Before daylight, Saturday morning, January 23, we reached our proximate destination, the town of Minusinsk, and found shelter in a two-story log house that for many years was the home of the distinguished political exile, Prince Alexander Kropotkin.

George Kennan.

THE WOOD-NYMPH'S MIRROR.

(ADIRONDACKS.)

I.

THE wood-nymph's mirror lies afar
Where yellow birch and balsam are;
Where pines and hemlocks lift their spires
Against the morn's and even's fires,
And where, as if the stone to break,
Rock-clinging roots of tamarack take
Strange reptile shapes whose coils are wound
The gray and lichened boulders round.

Across the face of that fair glass
No shallop e'er has sought to pass;
Only the white throat of the deer
Divides its surface dark and clear,
Or breasts of wild fowl that from high
Blue pathways of autumnal sky
Slant earthward their slow-wearying wings
To try the coolness of its springs.

But fairest things reflected are
In the nymph's mirror. Many a star
Beholds therein its beauty. Oft
The moon, unveiled, or wrapped in soft
Sky-tissues, paves a silver way
Or doubles her half-hidden ray,
While snowy cloud fleets, to and fro,
High o'er its dusky oval go.

II.

The frame that round this mirror runs
Was wrought by springtime's gentle suns
And tender rains, and these have made
A setting as of greenest jade.
In winter it may often be
A miracle in ivory.
In spring the wild wood-blossoms set
Rare gems, as in a coronet,

Around its rim; and summer comes,
And still the bee its burden hums,
Straying in jeweled paths to shake
The flower-bells for their sweetness' sake.

But of the seasons 't is confessed
That autumn's frame is loveliest;
For then the maple's green is lost
In crimson carnage of the frost;
The year's heaped gold is hung in reach
On twigs of silver-birch and beech;
The shrubs—gray-green, and gold, and red—
Rival the splendors overhead,
While all between these treasures bright
Is dusk with shadowy malachite.

III.

This glass, 't is said, hath power to tell
Of depths that in the bosom dwell
Unknown and unsuspected. He
Who feels its magic subtlety—
Who wins a single glance from her
Whose presence sets the veins astir—
Is straight transformed. No longer held
By chains the world delights to weld,
He is enfranchised; not to wear
Again the links her captives bear;
No more for greed of earthly gain
To give his all of brawn and brain;
No more to bear his quivering heart
Unto the Shylock of the mart:
But evermore to be as one
Whose thoughts to radiant summits run,
Piercing a way through which their light
Gilds all his toil, illumes his night,
And makes his humble action seem
Full of strange beauty as their gleam.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 6.

MY LAST DAYS IN SIBERIA.



MINUSINSK (Min-oo-sínsk), where we made our last stop in Eastern Siberia, is a thriving little town of 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, situated in the fertile valley of the upper Yenisei (Yén-iss-say), 3200 miles from the capital of the Empire and 150 miles from the boundary line of Mongolia. It corresponds very nearly with Liverpool in latitude and with Calcutta in longitude, and is distant from St. Petersburg, in traveling time, about twenty days. Owing to the fact that it lies far south of the main line of transcontinental communication, it has not often been visited by foreign travelers, and at the time of our visit it was little known even to the people of European Russia; but it had particular interest for us, partly because it contained the largest and most important museum of archæology and natural history in Siberia, and partly because it was the place of exile of a number of prominent Russian liberals and revolutionists.

We reached the little town about half-past five o'clock in the morning. The columns of smoke that were rising here and there from the chimneys of the log houses showed that some, at least, of the inhabitants were already astir; but as the close-fitting board shutters had not been taken down from the windows there were no lights visible, the wide streets were empty, and the whole town had the lonely, deserted appearance that most Siberian towns have when seen early in the morning by the faint light of a waning moon.

"Where do you order me to go?" inquired our driver, reining in his horses and turning half around in his seat.

"To a hotel," I said. "There's a hotel here, is n't there?"

"There used to be," he replied, doubtfully.

"Whether there's one now or not God knows; but if your high nobility has no friends to go to, we'll see."

We were provided with letters of introduction to several well-known citizens of Minusinsk, and I had no doubt that at the house of any one of them we should be cordially and hospitably received; but it is rather awkward and embarrassing to have to present a letter of introduction, before daylight in the morning, to a gentleman whom you have just dragged out of bed; and I resolved that, if we should fail to find a hotel, I would have the driver take us to the government post-station. We had no legal right to claim shelter there, because we were traveling with "free" horses and without a padarozhnaya (pah-dah-rózh-nah-yah); but experience had taught me that a Siberian post-station master, for a suitable consideration, will shut his eyes to the strictly legal aspect of any case and admit the justice and propriety of any claim.

After turning three or four corners our driver stopped in front of a large two-story log building near the center of the town which he said "used to be" a hotel. He pounded and banged at an inner courtyard door until he had roused all the dogs in the neighborhood, and was then informed by a sleepy and exasperated servant that this was not a hotel but a private house, and that if we continued to batter down people's doors in that way in the middle of the night we should n't need a hotel, because we would be conducted by the police to suitable apartments in a commodious jail. This was not very encouraging, but our driver, after exchanging a few back-handed compliments with the ill-tempered servant, took us to another house in a different part of the town, where he banged and pounded at another door with undiminished vigor and resolution. The man

who responded on this occasion said that he did keep "rooms for arrivers," but that, unfortunately, the full complement of "arrivers" had already arrived, and his rooms were all full. He suggested that we try the house of one Soldatof (Soll-dát-off). As there seemed to be nothing better to do, away we went to Soldatof's, where, at last, in the second story of an old, weather-beaten log building, we found a large, well-lighted, and apparently clean room which was offered to us, with board for two, at seventy cents a day. We accepted the terms with joy, and ordered our driver to empty the pavoska (pah-vóss-kah) and bring up the baggage. Our newly found room was uncarpeted, had no window-curtains, and contained neither washstand nor bed; but it made up for its deficiencies in these respects by offering for our

the character and disposition of the isprávník, or district chief of police. We therefore went to call first upon the well-known Siberian naturalist Mr. N. M. Martianof (Mart-yán-off), the founder of the Minusinsk Museum, to whom we had a note of introduction from the editor of the St. Petersburg "Eastern Review." We found Mr. Martianof busily engaged in compounding medicines in the little drug-store of which he was the proprietor not far from the Soldatof hotel. He gave us a hearty welcome.

The Minusinsk Museum, of which all educated Siberians are now deservedly proud, is a striking illustration of the results that may be attained by unswerving devotion to a single purpose and steady, persistent work for its accomplishment. It is, in every sense of the word, the creation of Mr. Martianof, and it represents,



A STREET IN MINUSINSK. (FROM OUR WINDOW AT SOLDATOF'S.)

contemplation an aged oleander in a green tub, two pots of geraniums, and a somewhat anæmic vine of English ivy climbing feebly up a cotton string to look at itself in a small wavy mirror. As soon as our baggage had been brought in we lay down on the floor, just as we were, in fur caps, sheepskin overcoats, and felt boots, and slept soundly until after ten o'clock.

A little before noon, having changed our dress and made ourselves as presentable as possible, we went out to make a call or two and to take a look at the place. We did not think it prudent to present our letters of introduction to the political exiles until we could ascertain the nature of the relations that existed between them and the other citizens of the town, and could learn something definite with regard to

almost exclusively, his own individual skill and labor. When he emigrated to Siberia, in 1874, there was not a public institution of the kind, so far as I know, in all the country, except the half-dead, half-alive mining museum in Barnaul (Bar-nah-oól), and the idea of promoting popular education and cultivating a taste for science by making and exhibiting classified collections of plants, minerals, and archæological relics had hardly suggested itself even to teachers by profession. Mr. Martianof, who was a graduate of the Kazan (Kah-zán) university, and whose scientific specialty was botany, began, almost as soon as he reached Minusinsk, to make collections with a view to the ultimate establishment of a museum. He was not a man of means or leisure. On the contrary, he was wholly dependent upon his little drug-



A KACHINSKI TATAR WOMAN AND CHILD.

store for support, and was closely confined to it during the greater part of every day. By denying himself sleep, however, and rising very early in the morning, he managed to get a few hours every day for scientific work, and in those few hours he made a dozen or more identical collections of such plants and minerals as could be found within an hour's walk of the town. After classifying and labeling the specimens carefully, he sent one of these collections

to every country school-teacher in the Minusinsk district, with a request that the scholars be asked to make similar collections in the regions accessible to them, and that the specimens thus obtained be sent to him for use in the projected museum. The teachers and scholars responded promptly and sympathetically to the appeal thus made, and in a few months collections of flowers and rocks began to pour into Mr. Martianof's little drug-store



A KACHINSKI TATAR.

from all parts of the district. Much of this material, of course, had been collected without adequate knowledge or discrimination, and was practically worthless; but some of it was of great value, and even the unavailable specimens were proofs of sympathetic interest and readiness to coöperate on the part not only of the scholars but of their relatives and friends. In the meantime Mr. Martianof had been sending similar but larger and more complete collections to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, to various Russian museums, to his own alma mater, and to the professors of natural history in several of the great Russian universities, with a proposition in every case to exchange them for such duplicates of specimens from other parts of the Empire as they might have to spare. In this way, by dint of unwearied personal industry, Mr. Martianof gathered, in the course of two years, a collection of about 1500 objects, chiefly in the field of natural history, and a small but valuable library of 100 or more scientific books, many of which were not to be found elsewhere in Siberia. In 1876 he made a formal presentation of all this material to the Minusinsk town council for the benefit of the public. A charter was then obtained, two rooms in one of the school buildings were set apart as a place for the exhibition of the specimens, and the museum was thrown open. From that time forth its growth was steady and rapid. The cultivated people of Minusinsk rallied to Mr. Martianof's support, and contributions in the shape of books, anthropological material, educational appliances, and money soon began to come from all parts of the town and district, as well as from many places in the neighboring provinces.

After making a comprehensive but rather hasty survey of the whole museum, Mr. Frost

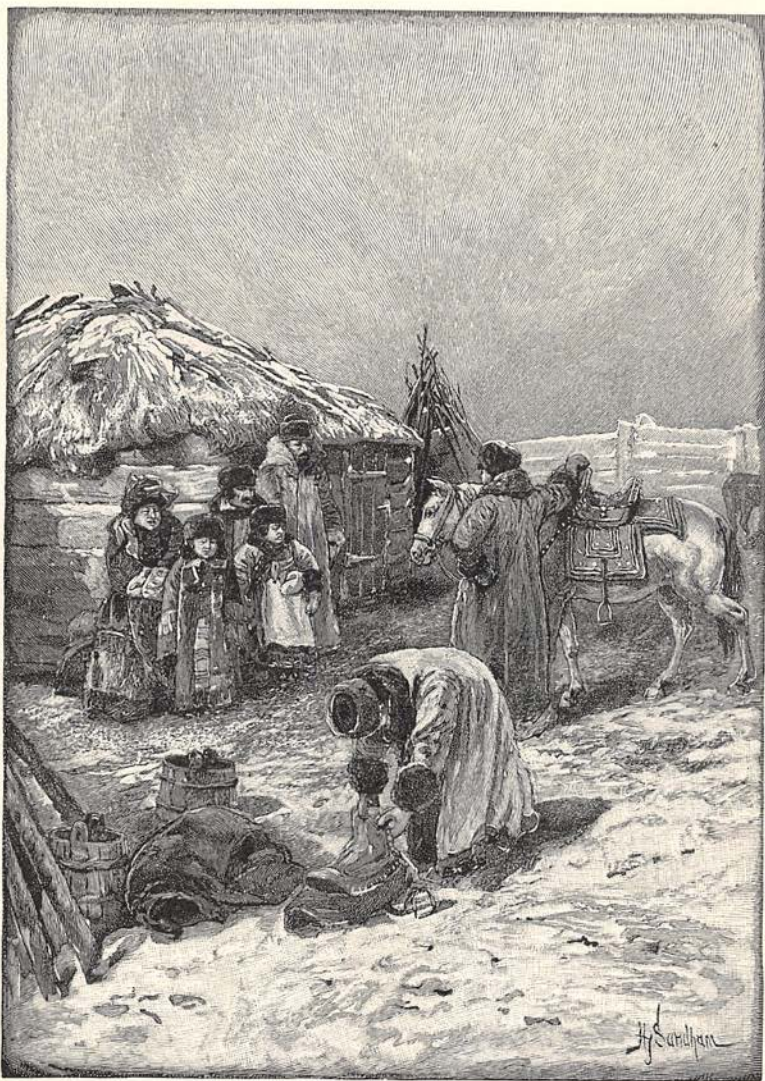
and I decided that the departments of archæology and ethnology were its most striking and interesting features, but that it was a most creditable exhibition throughout, and an honor to its founder and to the town. Its collections, at the time of our visit, filled seven rooms in the building of the town council, and were numbered up to 23,859 in the catalogue, while the number of volumes in its library was nearly 10,000. All this was the direct result of the efforts of a single individual, who had, at first, very little public sympathy or encouragement, who was almost destitute of pecuniary means, and who was confined ten or twelve hours every day in a drug-store. Since my return from Siberia the directors of the museum, with the aid of I. M. Sibiriakof (See-béer-ya-koff), Inokenti Kuznetsof (In-nokén-tee Kooz-net-sóff), and a few other wealthy and cultivated Siberians, have published an excellent descriptive catalogue of the archæological collection, with an atlas of lithographic illustrations, and have erected a spacious building for the accommodation of the museum and library at a cost of 12,000 or 15,000 rubles. The catalogue and atlas, which have elicited flattering comments from archæological societies in the various capitals of Europe, possess an added interest for the reason that they are wholly the work of political exiles. The descriptive text, which fills nearly 200 octavo pages, is from the pen of the accomplished geologist and archæologist Dmitri Clements (Dmeé-tree Clém-ents), who was banished to Eastern Siberia for "political untrustworthiness" in 1881, while the illustrations for the atlas were drawn by the exiled artist A. V. Stankevich (Stan-káy-vitch). It has been said again and again by defenders of the Russian Government that the so-called "nihilists"



A SOVOTE.

whom that Government banishes to Siberia are nothing but "malchishki" (contemptible striplings), "expelled seminarists," "half-educated school-boys," "despicable Jews," and "students that have failed in their examinations." Nevertheless, when the directors of the

opinion abroad, but it no longer deceives anybody in Siberia. Siberians are well aware that if they want integrity, capacity, and intelligence, they must look for these qualities not among the official representatives of the crown but among the unfortunate lawyers, doctors, natu-



A FAMILY OF KACHINSKI TATARS.

Minusinsk museum want the services of men learned enough to discuss the most difficult problems of archæology, and artists skilful enough to draw with minute fidelity the objects found in the burial-mounds, they have to go to these very same "nihilists," these "contemptible striplings" and "half-educated school-boys" who are so scornfully referred to in the official newspapers of the capital and in the speeches of the Tsar's *procureurs*. Such misrepresentation may for a time influence public

realists, authors, newspaper men, statisticians, and political economists who have been exiled to Siberia for political untrustworthiness.

After leaving the museum we called with Mr. Martianof upon several prominent citizens of the town, among them Mr. Litkin (Léetkin), the mayor, or head of the town council; Dr. Malinin (Mah-léen-in), an intelligent physician, who lived in rather a luxurious house filled with beautiful conservatory flowers; and a wealthy young merchant named Safianof (Saf-

yán-off), who carried on a trade across the Mongolian frontier with the Soyótes, and who was to accompany us on our visit to the Káchinski Tatárs. I also called, alone, upon Mr. Znamenski (Znáh-men-skee), the ispravnik, or

mounds, tumuli, and monolithic slabs that dotted the landscape as far as the eye could reach, and that were unmistakable evidences of the richness of the archæological field in which the bronze age collections of the Minu-



A TATAR INTERIOR—DISTILLING ARRACK.

district chief of police, but, failing to find him at home, left cards. About the middle of the afternoon we returned to Soldatof's, where we had dinner, and then spent most of the remainder of the day in making up sleep lost on the road.

Our excursion to the ulús of the Kachinski Tatárs was made as projected, but did not prove to be as interesting as we had anticipated. Mr. Safianof came for us in a large comfortable sleigh about nine o'clock in the morning, and we drove up the river, partly on the ice and partly across low extensive islands, to the mouth of the Abakán, and thence over a nearly level steppe, very thinly covered with snow, to the ulus. The country generally was low and bare, and would have been perfectly uninteresting but for the immense number of burial-

sinsk museum had been gathered. Some of the standing monoliths were twelve or fifteen feet in height and three or four feet wide, and must have been brought, with great labor, from a distance. All of these standing stones and tumuli, as well as the bronze implements and utensils found in the graves and plowed up in the fields around Minusinsk, are attributed by the Russian peasants to a prehistoric people whom they call the Chudi (Chóo-dee), and if you go into almost any farmer's house in the valley of the upper Yenisei and inquire for "Chudish things," the children or the housewife will bring you three or four arrowheads, a bronze implement that looks like one half of a pair of scissors, or a queer copper knife made in the shape of a short boomerang, with the cutting edge on the inner curve like a yataghan.

We reached the Kachinski ulus about eleven o'clock. I was disappointed to find that it did not differ essentially from a Russian village or a small settlement of semi-civilized Buriats (Boo-ráts). Most of the houses were gable-roofed log buildings of the Russian type, with chimneys, brick ovens, and double glass windows, and the inhabitants looked very much like American Indians that had abandoned their hereditary pursuits and dress, accepted the yoke of civilization, and settled down as petty farmers in the neighborhood of a frontier village or agency. Here and there one might see a yourt, whose octagon form and conical bark roof suggested a Kirghis khibitka (keebéet-kah), and indicated that the builder's ancestors had been dwellers in tents; but with this exception there was nothing in or about the settlement to distinguish it from hundreds of Russian villages of the same class and type. Under the guidance of Mr. Safianof, who was well acquainted with all of these Tatars, we entered and examined two or three of the low octagonal yourts and one of the gable-roofed houses, but found in them little that was of interest. Russian furniture, Russian dishes, Russian trunks, and Russian samovars had taken the places of the corresponding native articles, and I could find nothing that seemed to be an expression of Tatar taste, or a survival from the Tatar past, except a child's cradle shaped like a small Eskimo dog-sledge with transverse instead of longitudinal runners, and a primitive domestic still. The latter, which was used to distill an intoxicating liquor known as arrack, consisted of a large copper kettle mounted on a tripod, and furnished with a tight-fitting cover out of the top of which projected a curving wooden tube intended to serve as a condenser, or worm. The whole apparatus was of the rudest possible construction, and the thin, acrid, unpleasant-looking, and vile-tasting liquor made in it was probably as intoxicating and deadly as the poison-toadstool cordial of the wandering Koráks. The interior of every Tatar habitation that we inspected was so cheerless, gloomy, and dirty that we decided to take our lunch out of doors on the snow; and while we ate it Mr. Safianof persuaded some of the Tatar women to put on their holiday dresses and let Mr. Frost photograph them. It will be seen from the illustration on page 805 that the Kachinski feminine type is distinctively Indian, and there are suggestions of the Indian even in the dress. All of the Kachinski Tatars that we saw in the Minusinsk district, if they were dressed in American fashion, would be taken in any western State for Indians without hesitation or question. They number in all about ten thousand, and are settled, for the most part, on what is known

as the Kachinski Steppe, a great rolling plain on the left or western bank of the Yenisei above Minusinsk, where the climate is temperate and the snowfall light, and where they find excellent pasturage, both in summer and in winter, for their flocks and herds.

Late in the afternoon, when Mr. Frost had made an end of photographing the women of the settlement, all of whom were eager to put on their good clothes and "have their pictures taken," we set out on our return to Minusinsk, and before dark we were refreshing ourselves with caravan tea and discussing Kachinski Tatars under the shadow of our own vine and oleander in Soldatof's second-story-front bower.

It must not be supposed that we had become so absorbed in museums, archæological relics, and Kachinski Tatars that we had forgotten all about the political exiles. Such was by no means the case. To make the acquaintance of these exiles was the chief object of our visit to Minusinsk, and we did not for a moment lose sight of it; but the situation there just at that time was a peculiarly strained and delicate one, owing to the then recent escape of a political named Maslof, and the strictness with which, as a natural consequence, all the other exiles were watched. The provincial procureur Skrinikof (Skrée-nee-koff) and a colonel of gendarmes from Krasnoyársk were there making an investigation of the circumstances of Maslof's flight; the local police, of course, were stimulated to unwonted vigilance by the result of their previous negligence and by the presence of these high officers of the Crown from the provincial capital; and it was extremely difficult for us to open communication with the politicals without the authorities' knowledge. In these circumstances it seemed to me necessary to proceed with great caution, and to make the acquaintance of the exiles in a manner that should appear to be wholly accidental. I soon learned, from Mr. Martianof, that several of them had taken an active interest in the museum, had been of great assistance in the collection and classification of specimens, and were in the habit of frequenting both the museum and the library. I should have been very dull and slow-witted if, in the light of this information, I had failed to see that archæology and anthropology were my trump cards, and that the best possible thing for me to do was to cultivate science and take a profound interest in that museum. Fortunately I was a member of the American Geographical Society of New York and of the Anthropological Society of Washington, and had a sufficiently general smattering of natural science to discuss any branch of it with laymen and the police, even if I could not rise to the level of a professional like Martianof. I

therefore not only visited the museum at my earliest convenience, and took a deep anthropological interest in the Kachinski Tatars, but asked Mr. Martianof to allow us to take a Soyote plow, a lot of copper knives and axes, and half a dozen bronze mirrors to our room, where we could study them and make drawings of them at our leisure, and where, of course, they would be seen by any suspicious official who happened to call upon us, and would be taken by him as indications of the perfectly innocent and praiseworthy nature of our aims and pursuits. The result of our conspicuous devotion to science was that Mr. Martianof kept our room filled with archæological relics and ethnological specimens of all sorts, and, moreover, brought to call upon us one evening the accomplished geologist, archæologist, and political exile, Dmitri Clements. I recognized the latter at once as the man to whom I had a round robin letter of introduction from a whole colony of political exiles in another part of Eastern Siberia, and also as the original of one of the biographical sketches in Stépniak's "Underground Russia." He was a tall, strongly built man about forty years of age, with a head and face that would attract attention in any popular assembly, but that would be characterized by most observers as Asiatic rather than European in type. The high, bald, well-developed forehead was that of the European scholar and thinker, but the dark brown eyes, swarthy complexion, prominent cheek-bones, and rather flattish nose with open, dilated nostrils, suggested the features of a Buriat or Mongol. The lips and chin and the outlines of the lower jaw were concealed by a dark brown beard and mustache; but all the face that could be seen below the forehead might have belonged to a native of any South Siberian tribe.

As soon as I could get my round robin certificate of trustworthiness out of the leather money-belt under my shirt, where I carried all dangerous documents likely to be needed on the road, I handed it to Mr. Clements with the remark that although Mr. Martianof had given me the conventional introduction of polite society, he could not be expected, of course, as a recent acquaintance, to vouch for my moral character, and I begged leave, therefore, to submit my references. Mr. Clements read the letter with grave attention, went with it to one corner of the room, struck a match, lighted the paper, held it by one corner between his thumb and forefinger until it was entirely consumed, and then, dropping the ash and grinding it into powder on the floor under his foot, he turned to me and said, "That 's the safest thing to do with all such letters." I was of the same opinion, but I had to carry with

me all the time, nevertheless, not only such letters but letters and documents infinitely more compromising and dangerous. After half an hour's conversation Mr. Martianof suggested that we all come to his house and drink tea. The suggestion met with general approval, and we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Martianof the remainder of the evening.

On the following morning we had our first skirmish with the Minusinsk police. Before we were up an officer in a blue uniform forced his way into our room without card or announcement, and in rather an offensive manner demanded our passports. I told him that the passports had been sent to the police-station on the day of our arrival, and had been there ever since.

"If they are there the nadzirátel [inspector] does n't know it," said the officer, impudently.

"It 's his business to know it," I replied, "and not to send a man around here to disturb us before we are up in the morning. We have been in the Empire long enough to know what to do with passports, and we sent ours to the police-station as soon as we arrived."

My aggressive and irritated manner apparently convinced the officer that there must be some official mistake or oversight in this matter of passports, and he retired in confusion; but in less than ten minutes, while I was still lying on the floor, virtually in bed, around came the inspector of police himself—an evil-looking miscreant with a pock-marked face and green, shifty, feline eyes, who, without his uniform, would have been taken anywhere for a particularly bad type of common convict. He declared that our passports were not at the police-station, and had not been there, and that he wanted them immediately. He had been directed, furthermore, he said, by the *ispravnik*, to find out "what kind of people" we were, where we had come from, and what our business was in Minusinsk. "You have been making calls," he said, "upon people in the town, and yet the *ispravnik* has n't seen anything of you."

"Whose fault is it that he has n't seen anything of me?" I demanded hotly. "I called on him the day before yesterday, did n't find him at home, and left my card. If he wants to know 'what kind of people' we are, why does n't he return my call in a civilized manner, at a proper time of day, instead of sending a police officer around here to make impertinent inquiries before we are up in the morning? As for the 'kind of people' we are—perhaps you will be able to find out from these," and I handed him my open letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He glanced through them, and then, in a slightly changed tone and manner, inquired,

"Will you permit me to take these to show to the *ispravnik*?"

"Certainly," I replied; "that 's what they are for."

He bowed and withdrew, while I went down to see the proprietor of the house and to find out what he had done with the passports. It appeared that they had been taken to the police-station at once, but that the police secretary could neither read them nor make anything out of them, and had stupidly or angrily declined to receive them; whereupon the proprietor had brought them back and put them away safely in a cupboard drawer. In the course of half an hour the inspector of police returned with the open letters, which he handed me without remark. I gave him the passports with a brief statement of the fact that his secretary had declined to receive them, and we parted with a look of mutual dislike and suspicion. We were destined shortly to meet again under circumstances that would deepen his suspicion and my dislike.

With the coöperation of Mr. Martianof and Mr. Clements we made the acquaintance in the course of the next three or four days of nearly all the political exiles in the place, and found among them some of the most interesting and attractive people that we had met in Siberia. Among those with whom we became best acquainted were Mr. Ivanchin-Pisaref (*Ee-ván-chin Péé-sar-eff*), a landed proprietor from the province of Yaroslav (*Yáhr-o-slav*); Dr. Martinof (*Mar-téen-off*), a surgeon from Stavropol (*Stáv-rah-pole*); Ivan Petrovich Belokonski (*Ee-ván Pe-tró-vitch Bel-o-kón-skee*), a young author and newspaper man from Kiev (*Keév*); Leonidas Zhebunof (*Zheb-oon-óff*), formerly a student in the Kiev university; Miss Zenaïd Zatsépina (*Zen-ah-éed Zah-tsáy-pee-nah*), and Dmitri Clements. The wives of Dr. Martinof and Mr. Ivanchin-Pisaref were in exile with them; both spoke English, and in their hospitable houses we were so cordially welcomed and were made to feel so perfectly at home that we visited them as often as we dared. Dr. Martinof was a man of wealth and culture, and at the time of his arrest was the owner of a large estate near Stavropol in the Caucasus. When he was banished his property was put into the hands of an administrator appointed by the Minister of the Interior, and he was allowed for his maintenance a mere pittance of fifty dollars a month. He had never had a judicial trial, and had never been deprived legally of any of his civil rights; and yet by order of the Tsar his estate had been taken away from him and he had been banished by administrative process, with his wife and child, to this remote part of Eastern Siberia. He was not allowed at first even to practise his profession; but this the

Minister of the Interior finally gave him permission to do. Some time in December, 1885, a few weeks before we reached Minusinsk, a man knocked at Dr. Martinof's door late one night and said that a peasant who lived in a village not far from the town had been attacked in the forest by a bear, and so terribly mangled and lacerated that it was doubtful whether he could recover. There was no other surgeon in the town, and the messenger begged Dr. Martinof to come to the wounded peasant's assistance. At that late hour of the night it was not practicable to get permission from the police to go outside the limits of the town, and Dr. Martinof, thinking that he would return before morning, and that the urgency of the case would excuse a mere technical violation of the rule concerning absence without leave, went with the messenger to the suburban village, set the peasant's broken bones, sewed up his wounds, and saved his life. Early in the morning he returned to Minusinsk, thinking that no one in the town except his wife would be aware of his temporary absence. The *ispravnik*, Znamenski, however, heard in some way of the incident, and like the stupid and brutal formalist that he was, made a report to General Pedashenko (*Ped-ah-shén-ko*), the governor of the province, stating that the political exile Martinof had left the town without permission, and asking for instructions. The governor directed that the offender be arrested and imprisoned. Dr. Martinof thereupon wrote to the governor a letter, of which the following is a copy.

MINUSINSK, December 3, 1885.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF YENISEISK: On this 3d day of December, 1885, I have been notified of the receipt of an order from Your Excellency directing that I be arrested and imprisoned for temporarily leaving the town of Minusinsk without permission. It seems to me to be my duty to explain to Your Excellency that I went outside the limits of Minusinsk for the purpose of rendering urgently needed medical assistance to a patient who had been attacked by a bear, and whose life was in extreme danger as the result of deep wounds and broken bones. There is no surgeon in the town except myself to whom application for help in such a case could be made. My services were required immediately, and in view of the oath taken by me as a surgeon I regarded it as my sacred duty to go, the same night I was called, to the place where the injured man lay. I had neither time nor opportunity, therefore, to give the police notice of my contemplated absence. Besides that, in the permission to practise given me by the Minister of the Interior there is nothing to prohibit my going outside the limits of the town to render medical assistance. If, notwithstanding this explanation, Your Excellency finds it necessary to hold me to accountability, I beg Your Excellency to issue such orders as may be

requisite to have me dealt with, not by administrative process, which would be inconsistent with section thirty-two of the imperially confirmed "Rules Relating to Police Surveillance," but by the method indicated in the "Remark" which follows that section, and which provides that a person guilty of unauthorized absence from his assigned place of residence shall be duly tried. In order that such misunderstandings may not occur in future, I beg Your Excellency to grant me, upon the basis of section eight of the "Rules Relating to Police Surveillance," permission to go temporarily outside the limits of the town to render medical assistance.

SERGE V. MARTINOF, M. D.

Governor Pedashenko did not condescend to make any direct reply to this letter, but merely sent the letter itself to the *ispravnik* Znamenski with the laconic indorsement, "Let him be tried." Of course an offender in Russia cannot expect to be tried in less than a year after the accusation is made, and up to the time of our departure from Minusinsk the accused in this case was still waiting for arraignment. Since my return to the United States I have been informed by letters from Siberia that five years more have been added to Dr. Martinof's term of exile. Whether this supplementary punishment was inflicted upon him because he dared to save a poor peasant's life without the permission of the *ispravnik*, or merely because his behavior generally was that of a self-respecting Russian nobleman, and not that of a cringing slave, I do not know. When the end of an exile's term of banishment draws near, the local authorities are called upon for a report with regard to his behavior. If the report be unfavorable, an addition of from one to five years is made to his period of exile. Perhaps the *ispravnik* Znamenski reported that Dr. Martinof was "insubordinate," and very likely he was insubordinate. He certainly had grievances enough to make him so. One peculiarly exasperating thing happened to him almost in my presence. There is an administrative regulation in force in most Siberian penal settlements requiring political exiles to appear at the police-station daily, semi-weekly, or weekly, and sign their names in a register. The intention, apparently, is to render escapes more difficult by forcing the exile to come, at short intervals, to the local authorities, and say, "I am still here; I have n't escaped." And as a proof that he has n't escaped they make him sign his name in a book. It is a stupid regulation; it affords no security whatever against escapes; it is intensely humiliating to the personal pride of the exile, especially if the authorities happen to be brutal, drunken, or depraved men; and it causes more heart-burning and exasperation than any other regulation in the whole exile code.

One morning about a week after our arrival in Minusinsk I was sitting in the house of Ivanchin-Pisaref, when the door opened and Dr. Martinof came in. For a moment I hardly recognized him. His eyes had a strained expression, his face was colorless, his lips trembled, and he was evidently struggling with deep and strong emotion.

"What has happened?" cried Mrs. Ivanchin-Pisaref, rising as if to go to him.

"The *ispravnik* has ordered Marya [his wife] to come to the police-station," he replied.

For an instant I did not catch the significance of this fact, nor understand why it should so excite him. A few words of explanation, however, made the matter clear. Mrs. Martinof was in hourly expectation of her confinement. I remembered, when I thought of it, that only the night before I had had an engagement to spend the evening at Dr. Martinof's house, and that he had sent me word not to come because his wife was ill. As it happened to be the day that all of the political exiles were required to sign their names in the police register, Dr. Martinof had gone to the *ispravnik*, explained his wife's condition, said that she was unable to go out, and asked that she be excused. The *ispravnik* made a coarse remark about her, which must have been hard for a husband to bear, but which Dr. Martinof dared not resent, and said that if the woman was not able to walk of course she could not come to the police-station. This was Friday afternoon, and it was on the evening of that day that Dr. Martinof sent word to me not to come to his house on account of his wife's illness. It turned out, however, that her suffering was not decisive, and early the next morning, by her husband's advice, she took a walk of a few moments back and forth in front of the house. The *ispravnik* happened to drive past, and saw her. He went at once to the police-station, and from there sent an officer to her with a curt note in which he said that if she was able to walk out she was able to come to the police-station, and that if she did not make her appearance within a certain short specified time, he should be compelled to treat her "with all the rigor of the law." The poor woman, therefore, had to choose between the risk, on the one hand, of having her child born at the police-station in the presence of the *ispravnik* and his green-eyed assistant, and the certainty, on the other, of having it born in one of the cells of the Minusinsk prison. If her husband should attempt to defend her, or to resist the officers sent to take her into custody, he would simply be knocked down and thrown into a solitary confinement cell, and then, perhaps, be separated from her altogether by a sentence of banishment



THE "PLAGUE-GUARD."

to the arctic region of Yakutsk on the general and elastic charge of "resisting the authorities." The stupid brutality of the *ispravnik's* action in this case was made the more conspicuous by the circumstance that Mrs. Martinof's term of exile would expire by limitation in about two weeks, and she would then be a free woman. Not only, therefore, was her condition such as to render escape at that time utterly impossible, but there was no imaginable motive for escape. Long before she would recover from her confinement sufficiently to travel she would be free to go where she liked. This made no difference, however, to the *ispravnik*. A certain administrative regulation gave him power to drag to the police-station a delicate, refined, and cultivated woman at the moment when

she was about to undergo the great trial of maternity; and drag her to the police-station he did. I think that his action was the result rather of stupidity and senseless formalism than of deliberate malignity. The rules and regulations which control the actions of a petty Russian bureaucrat — as contradistinguished from a human being — require the periodical appearance of every political exile at the police-station. No exception is made by the law in favor of women in child-birth, or women whose term of banishment is about to expire, and the *ispravnik* Znamenski acted in the case of the wife just as he had previously acted in the case of the husband; that is, obeyed the rules with a stupid and brutish disregard of all the circumstances.

The two weeks that we spent in Minusinsk were full of interest and adventurous excitement. The ispravnik was evidently suspicious of us, notwithstanding our open letters, and did not return our call. The green-eyed inspector of police surprised me one day in the house of the political exile Mr. Ivanchin-Pisaref, and doubtless made a report thereupon to his superior officer, and it seemed sometimes as if even science would not save us. I suc-

ceeded, however, in establishing pleasant personal relations with the colonel of gendarmes and the Government procureur from Krasnoyarsk, told them frankly all about our acquaintance with Clements, Ivanchin-Pisaref, and the other political exiles, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for us to meet them on account of our common interest in archæology, anthropology, and the museum, and behaved, generally, as if it afforded me the greatest pleasure to tell them—the colonel of gendarmes and the procureur—all that I was doing in Minusinsk, and to share with them all my experiences. What reports were made to St. Petersburg with regard to us I do not know; but they had no evil results. We were not searched and we were not arrested.



INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S HOUSE NEAR TOMSK.

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Upon the advice of some of my friends in

a package, and that there was little probability of its being opened or examined in St. Petersburg. They thought that the danger of losing my notes and papers in the mails was not nearly so great as the danger of having them taken from me as the result of a police search. The material in question amounted in weight to about forty pounds, but as packages of all sizes are commonly sent by mail in Russia, mere bulk in itself was not a suspicious circumstance. I had a box made by an exiled Polish carpenter, took it to my room at night, put into it the results of my whole Siberian experience,—most of the dangerous papers being already concealed in the covers of books and the hollow sides of small boxes,—sewed it up carefully in strong canvas, sealed it with more than twenty seals, and addressed it to a friend in St. Peters-



MERCHANTS' FREIGHT-SLEDGES RETURNING FROM THE IRBIT FAIR.

burg whose political trustworthiness was beyond suspicion and whose mail, I believed, would not be tampered with. Thursday morning, about half an hour before the semi-weekly post was to leave Minusinsk for St. Petersburg, I carried the box down into the courtyard under the cover of an overcoat, put it into a sleigh, threw a robe over it, and went with it myself to the post-office. The officials asked no question, but weighed the package, gave me a written receipt for it, and tossed it carelessly upon a pile of other mail matter that a clerk was putting into large leather pouches. I gave one last look at it, and left the post-office with a heavy heart. From that time forward I was never free from anxiety about it. That package contained all the results of my Siberian work, and its loss would be simply irreparable. As week after week passed, and I heard nothing about it, I was strongly tempted to telegraph my friend and find out whether it had reached him; but I knew that such a telegram might increase the risk, and I refrained.

On many accounts we were more reluctant to leave Minusinsk than any other town at which we had stopped on our homeward way, but as a distance of 3000 miles still lay between us and St. Petersburg, and as we were anxious to reach European Russia, if possible,

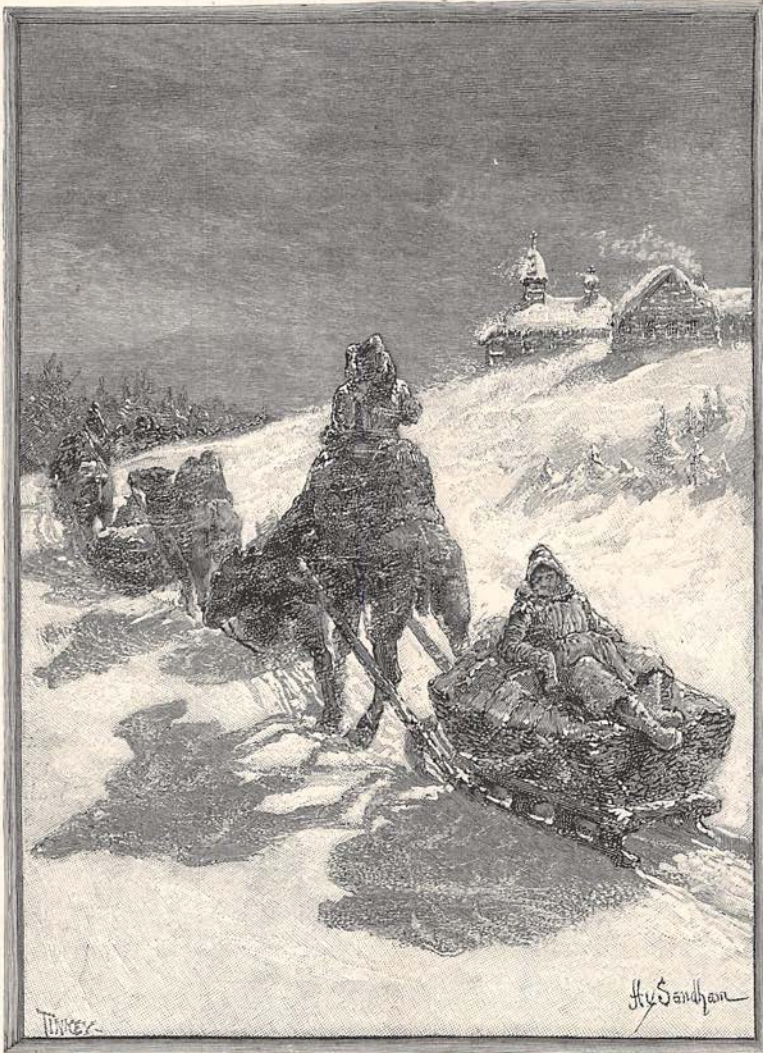
before the breaking up of the winter roads, it was time for us to resume our journey. Thursday, February 4, we made farewell calls upon the political exiles as well as upon Mr. Martianof, Mr. Safianof, and Dr. Malinin, who had been particularly kind to us, and set out with a troika (tróy-kah) of "free" horses for the city of Tomsk, distant 475 miles. Instead of following the Yenisei River back to Krasnoyarsk, which would have been going far out of our way, we decided to leave it a short distance below Minusinsk and proceed directly to Tomsk by a short cut across the steppes, keeping the great Siberian road on our right all the way. Nothing of interest happened to us until late in the evening, when, just as we were turning up from the river into a small peasant village, the name of which I have now forgotten, both we and our horses were startled by the sudden appearance of a wild-looking man in a long, tattered sheepskin coat, who, from the shelter of a projecting cliff, sprang into the road ahead of us, shouting a hoarse but unintelligible warning, and brandishing in the air an armful of blazing birch-bark and straw.

"What's the matter?" I said to our driver, as our horses recoiled in affright.

"It's the plague-guard," he replied. "He says we must be smoked."

The cattle-plague was then prevailing extensively in the valley of the upper Yenisei, and it appeared that round this village the peasants had established a sanitary cordon with the hope of protecting their own live stock from conta-

overtaken by a howling Arctic gale on a great desolate plain thirty or forty versts west of the Yenisei and about 150 versts from Minusinsk. The road was soon hidden by drifts of snow, there were no fences or telegraph-poles to



KIRGHIS CAMELS DRAWING SLEDGES.

gion. They had heard of the virtues of fumigation, and were subjecting to that process every vehicle that crossed the village limits. The "plague-guard" burned straw, birch-bark, and other inflammable and smoke-producing substances around and under our pavoska until we were half strangled and our horses were frantic with fear, and then he told us gravely that we were "purified" and might proceed.

On Friday, the day after our departure from Minusinsk, the weather became cold and blustering. The road after we left the Yenisei was very bad, and late in the afternoon we were

mark its location, we could not proceed faster than a walk, and every three hundred or four hundred yards we had to get out and push, pull, or lift our heavy pavoska from a deep soft drift. An hour or two after dark we lost the road altogether and became involved in a labyrinth of snowdrifts and shallow ravines where we could make little or no progress, and where our tired and dispirited horses finally balked and refused to move. In vain our driver changed them about, harnessed them tandem, coaxed, cursed, and savagely whipped them. They were perfectly well aware that they were



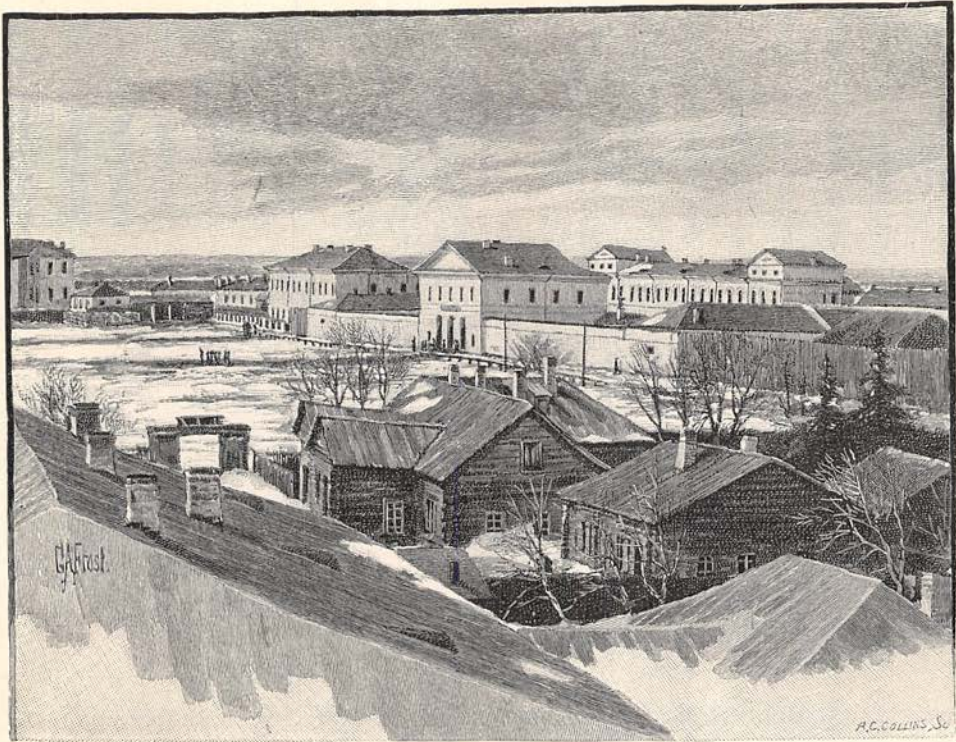
THE CITY OF TOBOLSK.

off the road, and that nothing was to be gained by floundering about aimlessly the rest of the night on that desert of drifted snow. The driver ejaculated, "Akh Bozhemoi! Bozhemoi!" ["O my God! my God!"], besought his patron saint to inform him what he had done to deserve such punishment, and finally whimpered and cried like a school-boy in his wrath and discouragement. I suggested at last that he had better leave us there, mount one of the horses, find the road, if possible, go to the nearest settlement, and then come back after us with lanterns, fresh horses, and men. He acted upon the suggestion, and Frost and I were left alone on the steppe in our half-capsized pavoska, hungry, exhausted, and chilled to the bone, with nothing to do but listen to the howling of the wind and wonder whether our driver in the darkness and in such weather would be able to find a settlement. The long, dismal night wore away at last, the storm abated a little towards morning, and soon after day-break our driver made his appearance with ropes, crowbars, three fresh horses, and a stalwart peasant from a neighboring village. They soon extricated us from our difficulties, and early in the forenoon we drove into the little settlement of Ribalskaya (Ree-bahl-skah-yah), and alighted from our pavoska after fourteen hours' exposure to a winter gale on a desolate steppe without sleep, food, or drink. When we had warmed and refreshed ourselves with hot tea in a peasant's cabin, we ate what breakfast we could get, slept two or three hours on a

plank bench, and then with fresh horses and a new driver went on our way.

The overland journey in winter from the boundary line of Eastern Siberia to St. Petersburg has often been made and described by English and American travelers, and it does not seem to me necessary to dwell upon its hardships, privations, and petty adventures. We reached Tomsk in a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero on the fifth day after our departure from Minusinsk, renewed our acquaintance with the Tomsk colony of exiles, gave them the latest news from their friends in the Trans-Baikal and at the mines of Kara (Kah-ráh), and then continued our journey homeward. On the 22d of February—Washington's birthday—we reached Omsk, stopped there twenty-four hours to rest and celebrate, and then went on by what is known as the "merchants' short cut" to Tobolsk. We were again surprised in the vicinity of Omsk by the appearance of camels. We had of course reconciled our preconceived ideas with the existence of camels in Siberia during the summer, but we had never stopped to think what became of them in the winter, and were very much astonished one frosty moonlight night to see three or four of them drawing Kirghis sledges.

Beyond Omsk we began to meet enormous freight-sledges of a new type drawn by six or eight horses and loaded with goods from the Irbit (Eér-beet) fair. Some of them were as big as a cottage gable-roof with a little trough-shaped box perched on the summit for the



THE TOBOLSK CONVICT PRISON.

driver, the merchant, and his clerk. The great annual fair at Irbit in Western Siberia is second in importance only to the world-renowned fair of Nizhni Novgorod (Neézh-nee Nov-górod), and is visited by merchants and traders from the remotest parts of northern Asia. The freight-sledges that go to it and come from it in immense numbers in the latter part of the winter cut up the roads in the vicinity of Tiumen and Tobolsk so that they become almost impassable on account of deep ruts, hollows, and long, dangerous side-hill slides. We capsized twice in this part of the route notwithstanding the wide spread of our outriggers, and once we were dragged in our overturned pavoska down a long, steep hill and badly shaken and bruised before we could extricate ourselves from our sheepskin bag and crawl out. Rest and sleep on such a road were of course almost out of the question, and I soon had reason to feel very anxious about Mr. Frost's health. He was quiet and patient, bore suffering and privation with extraordinary fortitude, and never made the least complaint of anything; but it was evident, nevertheless, that he was slowly breaking down under the combined nervous and physical strain of sleeplessness, jolting, and constant fear of arrest. When we reached Tobolsk on the last day of February, and took off our heavy furs in the little log hotel under the bluff to which we had been recommended,

I was shocked at his appearance. How serious his condition was may be inferred from the fact that about midnight that night he crept noiselessly over to the place where I was lying asleep on the floor, pressed his lips closely to my ear, and in a hoarse whisper said, "They are going to murder us!" I was so taken by surprise, and so startled, that I snatched my revolver from under my pillow and had it cocked before I waked sufficiently to grasp the situation and to realize that Mr. Frost was in a high nervous fever, due chiefly to prolonged sleeplessness, and that the contemplated murder was nothing but an hallucination.

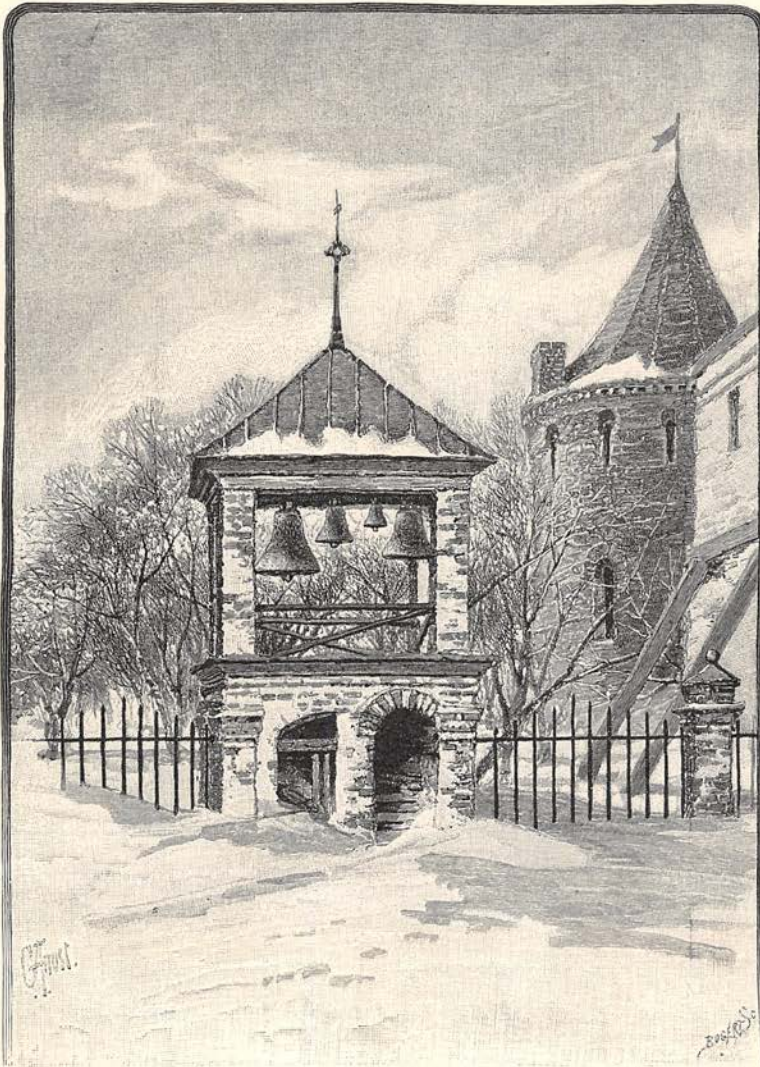
In the course of the next day I made, under the guidance of the chief of police, a very superficial examination of two convict prisons, but did not find much in them that was of interest. I also visited the belfry where now hangs the first exile to Siberia—the famous bell of Uglich (Oo-glitch), which was banished to Tobolsk in 1593 by order of the Tsar Boris Gudenof for having rung the signal for the insurrection in Uglich at the time of the assassination of the Crown Prince Dmitri. The exiled bell has been purged of its iniquity, has received ecclesiastical consecration, and now calls the orthodox people of Tobolsk to prayers. The inhabitants of Uglich have recently been trying to recover their bell upon the plea that it has been sufficiently punished by three

centuries of exile for its political untrustworthiness in 1593, and that it ought now to be allowed to return to its home.

Late in the afternoon I walked over to the little plateau east of the city where stands the

can appreciate who have traveled eight thousand miles in springless vehicles over Siberian roads.

We reached the Russian capital on the 19th of March, and as soon as I had left Mr. Frost



THE EXILED BELL OF UGLICH.

monument erected in honor of Yermak, the conqueror of Siberia, and then, returning to the hotel, paid our bill, ordered post-horses, and proceeded to Tiumen, reaching the latter place on the following day.

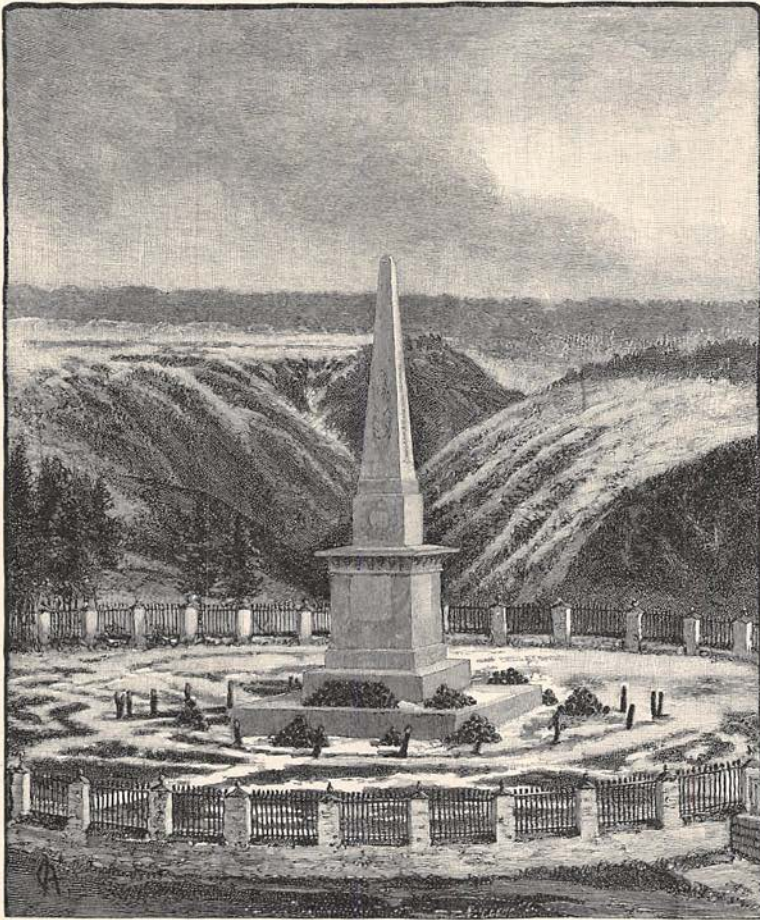
A week's rest at Tiumen, with plenty of sleep and good food, and the inspiring companionship of English-speaking people, restored Mr. Frost's strength so that we were able to start for St. Petersburg by rail Tuesday, March 9. How delightful it was to move swiftly out of Tiumen in a luxurious railroad car only those

at a hotel with our baggage, I called a drosbky, drove to the house of the friend to whom I had sent my precious box of note-books and papers, and, with a fast-beating heart, rang the bell and gave the servant my card. Before my friend made his appearance I was in a perfect fever of excitement and anxiety. Suppose the box had been opened by the post-office or police officials, and its contents seized. What should I have to show for almost a year of work and suffering? How much could I remember of all that I had seen and heard?

What should I do without the written record of names, dates, and all the multitudinous and minute details that give verisimilitude to a story?

My friend entered the room with as calm and unruffled a countenance as if he had never

Again my heart sank; evidently he had not received it. "Oh, yes," he continued, as if with a sudden flash of comprehension; "the big square box sewed up in canvas. Yes; that 's here."



YERMAK'S MONUMENT, TOBOLSK.

heard of a box of papers, and my heart sank. I had half expected to be able to see that box in his face. I cannot remember whether I expressed any pleasure at meeting him, or made any inquiries with regard to his health. For one breathless moment he was to me merely the possible custodian of a box. I think he asked me when I arrived, and remarked that he had some letters for me; but all I am certain of is that, after struggling with myself for a moment, until I thought I could speak without any manifestation of excitement, I inquired simply, "Did you receive a box from me?"

"A box?" he repeated interrogatively.

I was told afterward that there was no perceptible change in the gloomy March weather of St. Petersburg at that moment, but I am confident, nevertheless, that at least four suns, of the largest size known to astronomy, began immediately to shine into my friend's front windows, and that I could hear robins and meadowlarks singing all up and down the Nevski Prospect.

I sent the precious notes and papers out of the Empire by a special messenger, in order to avoid the danger of a possible search of my own baggage at the frontier, and four days later Mr. Frost and I were in London.

George Kennan.