

THE CROWNING OF A CZAR.

JOURNAL OF AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER III.

[The following account of the crowning of the late Czar is by a daughter of Sir Edward Thornton, who in 1881 terminated his thirteen years' tenure of the British Legation to the United States to accept the position of ambassador to Russia. In addition to its intrinsic interest, it is expected that it will be of assistance to readers interested in the approaching coronation of the Czar Nicholas, as we are authoritatively informed that the ceremonial in all essential respects is likely to be identical. The illustrations of the ceremonies are from the official record which was issued by the Russian government.—EDITOR.]

ST. PETERSBURG, April 12 (March 31) [1883].

YESTERDAY the regalia for the coronation were despatched to Moscow, the procession of carriages containing the crowns and scepter being escorted to the station by various dignitaries, and by a detachment of the Chevaliers Gardes. It was supposed to be a sight; but there was no band, and the gilded coaches were black! Old General de Glinka has charge of the regalia as far as Moscow, where Prince Dolgoroukov meets him and takes possession. Another procession conducts them to their destination in the ancient capital, and there, as here, people bare their heads along the route.

This observance, and the sobriety of the ceremonial yesterday, perhaps give an indication of the very religious character of a Russian coronation. The Czar, be it noted, is

not crowned, but, in virtue of the title «Head of the Orthodox Church,» crowns himself. I don't know whether a Czarina reigning alone would be allowed the same privilege.

The coronation is fixed for Sunday, the 15th of May, old style, the 27th ours. The entry into Moscow is some days beforehand, since the Emperor and Empress are to spend a quiet week there. Many court officials have already gone, and by the 7th or 8th most of the foreign representatives and the actual diplomatic body will be assembled at Moscow. We are deep in preparations (dresses first—I feel quite ready now to crown the Emperor!), and one hears nothing but discussions about horses, carriages, house arrangements, servants, etc. The ambassadors are exercised about horses for their state carriages, the Russian horse, with all his «points,» being too small. Besides, if they are too short, their tails are too long. The Austrians are having a stable from Vienna; but the French are boldly taking the Russian horses and getting over the tail difficulty by tying up these long natural tails and fastening on short false ones. They've had a dress rehearsal, and say the effect is excellent. What it is to be smart!

We have received three papers of the coronation: the programs of the festivities from the entry into Moscow to the return to St. Petersburg, of the ceremonial of the entry, and of the proclamation of the coronation. The account of the entry is very magnificent: the procession sounds as if it would stretch from the Petrovski Palace outside Moscow to the Kremlin itself. I suppose that the great mass of the people look forward to this more than to anything else. But to those who will have the good fortune to see the service of the coronation in the cathedral, the great interest must center there, where the show and state are invested with a meaning that is comparatively wanting in the other ceremonies.

Several orders have also appeared in the papers with regard to Moscow. No house proprietor is to let out his windows on the route of the procession. (Some one even said that no window was to be opened on the streets through which it passes.) No private person is to be on horseback during the three weeks, under penalty of a fine of 500 rubles (£50), so that only Prince Demidov will be able to afford a morning canter. No black is to be worn during the time of the coronation. A little Spaniard dined with us last night who has just been to Moscow, where he found great difficulty in seeing anything.

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As he said, they are so «precautious.» One precaution is rather ingenious. A double row of soldiers is to be placed on each side of the route of the procession, the men back to back, one row facing the procession and one the houses.

MOSCOW, May 16 (4).

WE reached Moscow this morning, mama and I; the rest of the embassy is to follow in three days. I have been ill for eight weeks, and the Russians recommended an escape out of the great thaw in Petersburg into real spring here. It is a delight to see the trees in leaf and the lilac-bushes in flower. We are early arrivals, and the crowds in the streets were pleased to see us, and thought that we were grand duchesses at least. The men swept off their hats, and the women bowed; and of course we were obliged to return their salutes for the sake of the royalties. Very amusing; but oh! the reaction from visions of green domes and white cupolas and golden spires to the reality of ups and downs of cobblestones for streets, and the most extraordinary succession of different dreadful smells that can be imagined! But from the top of this great high house I see a long stretch of town under a wide sky, with churches near and churches beyond, and farther, and quite far off. A «city of churches» indeed! I hope to receive all the proper impressions of Moscow presently.

May 17 (5).

ONE has heard of Russian dirt: Moscow is its highest expression, I'm sure. Our baker is excellent (what a *kalatch* for breakfast this morning!), but he has been put into prison twice for having such a dirty shop. In Russia! What must it have been! This beautiful house was discovered to be in a state of filth. Eight muzhiks were sent for, and two women, and they and Petersburg servants set to work yesterday. The superintending is difficult; for the men in Russia—noble creatures!—will not scrub, neither will they wash windows; and they needed much persuading, precept, and example. The china and glass man sends nothing. He has received orders for jugs and basins for the Kremlin (where it has just struck them, I suppose, that the mad foreigners would think them necessary), and neglects everything else. P— got only a frying-pan, to cook our humble beefsteak in, by seizing it herself and bearing it off from the shop.

May 21 (9).

PRINCE N. GALITZINE came to-day and told us that the Emperor arrived at the Petrovski Palace last night. To-morrow at twelve there

is to be a banquet (of course; when is there anything here without food!), and at two the Czar of all the Russias mounts his horse and rides into the ancient capital to be crowned, the Empress following in a gold carriage. His Majesty seems to be in about the middle of the enormously long procession. Already every available flag, I should think, has been hung on the line of march. As far as I can see on each side—to the Tverskaya Gate on the right, and to the governor-general's on the left—there is a flutter of red, white, and blue. There is, however, a decided sameness in the decorations, and I see no mottos or devices, for instance,—such a nice form of greeting,—with one striking exception. The nobles of Moscow have put up decorations opposite the governor-general's house, two of which are poles with tablets affixed. On the first is an inscription: «May thy scepter extend over»—I've forgotten what; the whole world, let us say. But the second has this, and, as it has been remarked, under a portrait of Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, called to the throne by the boyars, or great nobles: «Mayest thou listen to the voice of thy people—the people who elected thy ancestors; for the voice of the people is the voice of God.»¹ (Magna Charta over again!)

Tuesday, May 22 (10).

I HAVE seen the Emperor's entry into Moscow, and I realize now, for the first time, how much anxiety was really felt about its passing off well. Passing off well! That's rather vague, but we all talk in that way now; and after all, it's an undefined dread. The Emperor went by quite safe, and now he is at the Kremlin. «Thank God, that is over!» a Russian said to mama just now, with a sigh of relief. So say we all of us.

At nine o'clock this morning they began to place soldiers along the route, and the people began, as I thought, to assemble. It was amusing to see the inhabitants of the houses opposite already settled at their windows to make a day of it. But though those who came remained to the end, at no time was there any crowd on the narrow pavement behind the soldiers; and so respectable a set was it, so unmixed, that one could not help suspecting it was very much «arranged,» that every man's name was written on his forehead, to the eye of the police at least. At the side streets a cord had been stretched, where, being farther off, perhaps the people were not quite so picked; but I have never seen such swell muzhiks before. Behind the first cord

¹ These tablets were removed before the coronation.

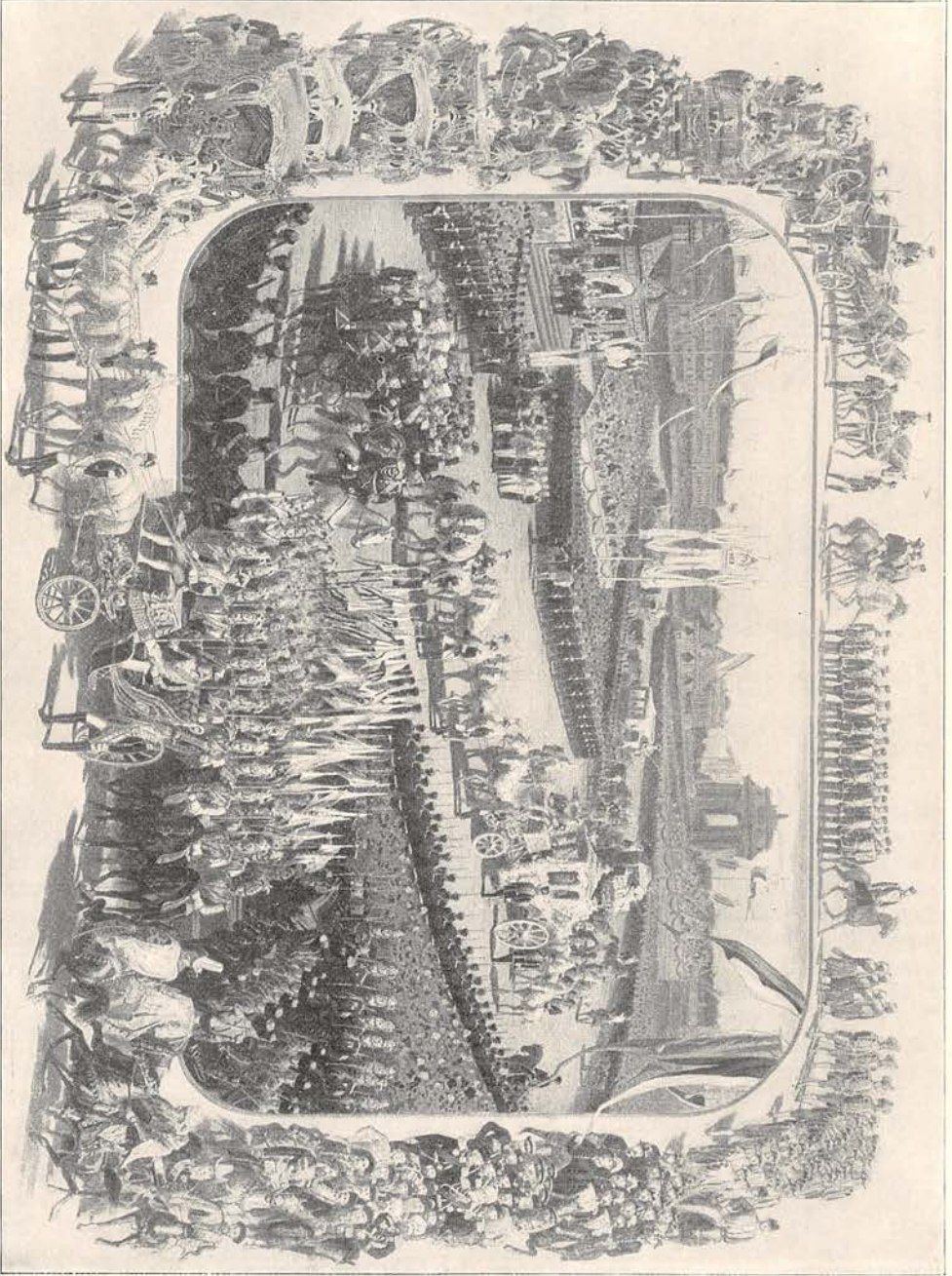
were the women—*place aux dames!* Behind the second, still farther back, came the men.

The governor-general had invited all the diplomats to see the procession from his windows. We, however, having a house on the route, thought we would remain under our own flag on our big balcony. The landlord had decorated it very well with red cloth, and a big Russian flag—yellow, white, and black—was hung out on a long pole from the center, supported on each side by the ambassador's flags. From one of the small balconies hung a Union Jack, and from the other a Russian mercantile flag—white, blue, and red.

After lunch (our friends opposite must have thought us mad not to come out before) we filed into our balconies, the men all in uniform and the ladies in their smartest dresses. Perhaps it would have been better to look on as entire strangers. We were distracted by personal interest in the people who composed the «sight»; bowing to half the society of Petersburg, it seemed to me, courtesying to grand duchesses, to the Empress, the Emperor himself, and returning the salutations of scores of the officers whom we know, who lowered their swords in our honor. I was certainly disappointed in the bit of the procession that I looked forward to most—the «Députés des Peuplades Asiatiques soumises à la Russie,» which promised to be the most original, something that one could see in Russia only. The opening of the procession was characteristic: Kozlov, the head of the police, and twelve policemen. Then came the Emperor's private escort, very handsome in red and gold, two Cossack regiments, the Cossack deputies, and my friends the Asiatics. No wonder I did n't find them imposing; for just as they were passing the bands struck up the national hymn, the horses started, and the deputies became a confused mass clinging to their horses' manes. The owner of a very beautiful yellow silk dressing-gown—all their costumes looked like dressing-gowns—kept his head and his seat; but I saw the Khan of Khiva's huge black fur hat bobbing up and down in a most un-khan-ny way.

The program here announced representatives of the *haute noblesse*. I did n't see them. I did see sixty footmen, the Emperor's Arabs, and twenty-five chasseurs on foot, all looking very much out of place. Then began a long line of state carriages, containing various state dignitaries. These carriages had each six white horses, and were very well appointed. Indeed, the number of fine horses, fine carriages, and fine things alto-

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.





PHOTOGRAPH BY UHLENHUTH, COBURG.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

gether, and the sumptuousness of all the arrangements, were very remarkable, as were the quantities of troops collected in Moscow—an army in themselves. Then came a blaze of color: the first detachment of the Chevaliers Gardes, in their white uniform, with shining breastplates and helmets, above which soared the imperial eagle, followed by the Garde à Cheval on their splendid black horses, their uniform in every point the same except that of color. To see these troops sweep up toward the Kremlin, the light catching their shining silver and gold, and their red and yellow pennons fluttering in the wind, was a magnificent sight. Two military men who were with us were much impressed; and though in matter of detail these men are nowhere near ours at home, yet they thought it remarkable that such numbers should be turned out so well, and that the horses, for instance, far surpassed ours.

All this time the bells over the whole of Moscow were ringing (they almost drowned the noise of the cannon that announced the

entry), and those of the little church opposite us—whose priests, in gold vestments, were already gathered on the street and swinging incense before a little gold altar—were clanging so loud that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. Now they seemed to ring louder than ever; the bands played the Russian hymn with great fervor, and the murmur of the people and of the soldiers swelled into a cheer as the Czar himself came up to us.

He had crossed himself reverently before the holy images that the priests held toward him, and now he acknowledged graciously the salutations that greeted him. But I confess that he did not look to advantage, for his horse was very small for a man of his colossal size. Our Duke (of Edinburgh) had a place of honor close to his left hand, and immediately behind came the Czarevitch on a little gray pony; and then a great body of grand dukes, ministers, generals, aides-de-camp, foreign princes, etc., all in uniform and all on horseback. I caught sight of Lord Wolseley looking very jaunty on a little chest-



PHOTOGRAPH BY PASETTI, ST. PETERSBURG.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, THE PRESENT CZARINA.

nut horse that would not walk. He has told me since that the saddle was scarcely fastened, and his jiggy animal so shook him that the center of one of his Egyptian orders dropped out and was lost. It was a pity that his Majesty was so closely followed, and by so many people, as, instead of being the prominent figure of the procession, he seemed only to form a part of it. Indeed, there were evidences of flurry in the whole arrangements, and the ceremony of receiving bread and salt from the nobles opposite the governor-general's house was dispensed with altogether.

The cheering was very loud for the Empress, who now appeared in a carriage that was literally one mass of gold, and was drawn by eight splendid white horses. She was attended by the Master of the Horse, by pages, footmen, and grooms, and the little Grand Duchess Xenia sat beside her in the carriage, mother and daughter making a very pretty picture indeed. Her Majesty was bowing and smiling very sweetly, but the face that looked

up at us was pale, and I confess I pitied her. The grand duchesses followed, all in white, with diamonds and pearls in profusion; one caught the glitter through the glass of their beautiful red coaches. More troops, the Emperor's and Empress's cuirassiers, a third line of state carriages with the ladies and maids of honor, and still more troops, — hussars and lancers, — perhaps the prettiest part of the whole thing. These were supposed to close this magnificent entry; but after this we had the benefit of remaining squadrons of the different regiments, and, last of all, their bands in line. This was effective, since in the few yards past our house each band struck up its favorite air, and we had a fine potpourri of Russian music. Then an official or two rushed past, looking very important, as if the procession were still to follow; but we were not to be taken in, nor the people below. In two seconds they had swarmed over the strip of sand sacred to the triumphal entry. Where a little before had been the « ordered files » of

brilliant troops, the gleaming helmets and glittering lances, the white and red and silver and gold of uniforms, the less bright, but strikingly original Cossack dresses, the Asiatics in their splendid Eastern stuffs, each a new rainbow in itself, was now the somber, workaday crowd in long dark coats and dingy caps, the women scarcely distinguishable from the men, except that a white silk handkerchief round a head here and there, in honor of the great festival, brightened the crooked-looking dark mass below. It was a curious contrast—the birds with the fine feathers and the birds without them. Dress certainly makes the man, in a procession at least.

A very interesting day, and if one was at all disappointed in the splendid sight, it could have been only because a certain dread, inseparable from such events in Russia at this juncture, made one forgetful of half its gorgeousness.

Saturday, May 26 (14).

THIS morning I got up at 7:30. For two days there had been solemn proclamation of the coronation to the people with much ceremony, and I had seen nothing of it. Mr. B—— dined here last night, and fired me with enthusiasm. As he said, and as I think, the things to see are those that particularly belong to the coronation. As for balls, gala theaters, etc., one can see them at any time. So at 8:30 I found my fellow sight-seers sipping their tea. It was already raining; but my opinion being taken, we decided to go, nevertheless, taking the chasseur with us, that his feathers might get us a good place. They had all the desired effect; for, arrived at the Kremlin, our carriage was allowed to stand close to the «Czar Pushka,» inside the square formed by the troops and the crowd between the arsenal and the barracks. We were opposite a squadron of the Chevaliers Gardes and their band. Six white horses, with splendid coverings of gold, on which the imperial eagles were embroidered, stood close to our left, held by grooms, and beyond them were the horses for the heralds and masters of ceremonies, who presently began to mount.

The heralds were two good people I know very well by sight: one very tall and lanky, the other short and stout (so far as I can judge, a facsimile of King Henry the Eighth). And, alas! there was something ridiculous in these gentlemen being helped on to their horses (evidently very stiff from the unusual exercise), the rain making dirty splashes on their beautiful white trousers; in the lanky herald peering over spectacles that looked

strangely out of keeping with his ancient herald's dress of yellow embroidered silk; and finally in «listening» to the reading of the great proclamation—which means to say that we suppose that it was read, for the people took off their hats, the troops saluted, the bands of the Chevaliers Gardes and the Garde à Cheval played the national anthem; but we heard nothing at all. All this was so comical that I was not impressed as I had expected to be. The rain began to come down faster than ever as the «military» went past us on the noisy stones (it was great fun to say, «How do you do?» to the heralds from under an umbrella), so we gave up our idea of following the cortège to the first of its halting-places, and came home to breakfast instead, like reasonable people. The proclamation is read all over the town, and leaflets of it in Slavonic characters are distributed among the people, which would be more interesting if they could read them!

We all mean to go to bed very early for our start to-morrow morning. At a quarter to six we must get up and dress, and put on our trains and veils and feathers (the men say it's very uncomfortable to breakfast in uniform); and Mrs. T—— must even leave her downy bed at five o'clock to prepare for the hair-dresser! I don't expect to sleep much. The coronation, the Emperor, and the state of the country in general, have already cost me restless nights in Petersburg. And here I am in Moscow, in the very heart of Russia, stirred just now to its depths!

We saw a beautiful stretch of this picturesque town yesterday from the terrace of the Kremlin, the river below running between its white quays, and beyond lines and lines of green-roofed houses, broken continually by the darker clumps of trees in some charming Moscow garden, or by the shining cupolas and spires of the famous Moscow churches. And yet, with its charm of an existence of centuries, Moscow seems to me to possess very little of the quiet of age. In the churches, for instance, some of the art is so barbaric as to carry one straight back to dark days. It is impossible to escape from historical associations of ignorance and cruelty, as one might in some Western town; and I begin to think that it is because the Russians themselves are not entirely removed from the superstition and despotism of that time. The contrast is less, the association easier to call up, till every bit of the Moscow of to-day is striking by what it suggests. Even from the beautiful Kremlin terrace one sees the rush of wild Tatars up the slopes; the quiet summer day



THE CZARINA MARIA FEODOROVNA, NOW THE DOWAGER CZARINA,
IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

is full of noise; and where one's foot now presses the soft green grass the ground is red with blood.

Sunday, June 3 (May 22).

I HAVE been too much occupied and too tired till now for writing. But I think that to have seen the Russian coronation was worth a great deal of fatigue, to judge by myself. I stood during the five hours of the service (with only some instants' exception now and then), so impressed and so interested that I did not realize till it was all over and we were at home again how tired I was. The longest relief from this position was when all knelt to pray for the Emperor, he alone standing in the midst of the kneeling priests and congregation; and perhaps this was the most solemn moment of all. The doors of the cathedral were open, and the crowds outside knelt too. The signal spread from street to street, across the river, and far into the outskirts of the town; so that the whole of Moscow, it may be said, was in prayer for the Czar. In the church the scene was very moving. The Emperor himself was visibly affected, and it is no shame to confess that one followed the general example. There are hopes and fears in Russia just now that invest this coronation with a gravity and a significance beyond those of any preceding one, I am sure. Alas for the hopes! If Alexander III. has been crowned with all ancient traditions of splendor, he seems to have been confirmed as much as the czars before him («autocrat of all the Russias.») The manifestos of Monday appear to have cast a chill on popular enthusiasm, whatever that was. They are certainly not liberal; and a too zealous mayor, having given the people hopes of a «good time coming,» is already under severe displeasure.

Apart from all this, however (if one can forget the reverse of the medal), the ceremony of the coronation was one of great splendor and magnificence. I have read all the accounts of it that I could get, and none exaggerate it, nor even do it justice.

We were asked to be at the German embassy, where the diplomatic corps were to assemble, at a quarter to eight, but started later with easy consciences—Russian royalty is always unpunctual. Mrs. T—— and I packed our gorgeousness into the brougham, and agreed that we felt nothing strange in being in such a costume at such an hour. I should have remembered my court dress no more, but that it and F——'s were so much admired, and that the talkative little French ambassador sang their praises till the service actually began, and till I could willingly have

strangled him with the ends of my veil. One inquisitive lady asked where we got them, and when we said London, answered, «Really!» in a tone that implied so clearly, «Can a good dress be got in London?» that we all laughed.

Our baby procession of four carriages joined the diplomatic line just as it was forming. The special ambassadors' state coaches were very gorgeous, but I am happy to say that the every-day British ambassador's was the best turned out of all. The whole line was very pretty as I saw it going round the street corners and through the masses of people into the Kremlin gates.

At the palace we were received by several masters of ceremony, and General Schweinitz gave my mother his arm to take her to the cathedral, the rest of the diplomats following in a long procession. I confess that I felt excited. We walked through the Winter Garden and the long passages of the palace, through a hall and vestibule lined with Chevaliers Gardes, and out upon the famous Red Stair, leading down by the wall of the Granovitaya Palata to the group of the Kremlin churches. «Let us stop to look at this,» said General Schweinitz; «it is wonderful.»

Just as we got into the open air the sun was hidden by a cloud, so that we could distinctly see the beautiful sight before us. The broad stair on which we stood commanded the vast inclosure that is bounded by the tower of the big bell (Ivan Velikii) and the wonderful churches on each side of it. Big tribunes had been built close up to the church walls, and in their red-and-gold galleries all sorts of notabilities and their wives had already been waiting an hour or more.

What may be roughly called the square had been separated into four divisions by a royal pathway in the shape of a cross, and in these divisions were massed the crowd, who pressed up close to the barriers, and tried to peer between the rows of soldiers who lined the balustrades on the «king's highway.» The scene was striking—the line of the bright crimson flooring, throwing up through the dark crowd the brilliance of the guards in their white uniforms, all new and spotless for the «holy coronation»; the sea of faces before us; the crowded tribunes beyond, raised against the gray church walls; and lastly, the churches themselves, and the tall tower of Ivan Velikii, holding up their cupolas and shining crosses to a deep blue sky over which broad white clouds were sweeping. But the people were, as usual, the most interesting thing. There was an expectancy about them that one could n't help sharing,



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

and I really felt for a little as if I were a Russian.

Once in the Cathedral of the Assumption, F—— and I congratulated ourselves that we should see most of the service, though we should miss the anointing before the holy doors and the approach of the Emperor to the altar to communicate. The screen, of enormous height in this church, rose directly to our left, and one of the four huge pillars in the body of the church shut out its doors from our sight. Otherwise the diplomatic tribune was so high as to command the very place of the coronation, which was to be on a platform raised between the four big pillars, from which we were separated by only a narrow passage. Round this passage masters of ceremony were hurrying, showing people to their seats (that is not a word for a Greek church, by the way, where everybody must stand). The thrones were immediately to our right, rather to the back of the platform, and under a baldachin, or canopy, of gorgeous stuff, adorned with tufts of yellow and white feathers. I must have had exaggerated ideas of thrones: these looked like two very swell chairs. They stood on a dais of red; the whole erection in the middle had been covered with red cloth; a gold balustrade ran round it, and gold balustrades marked the divisions for the members of the imperial house, for the foreign princes, the council of the empire, etc. In the tribune corresponding to ours, on the opposite side of the platform, were the *dames d'honneur à portrait*, *dames d'honneur* without it, and various «ladies of high degree,» among others Skobeleff's sister, Mme. de Beauharnais, one blaze of jewels, and Mme. Shérémétiev, *née* Strogonov, looking quite splendid in the Russian court costume, which I saw for the first time. Its chief distinctions seem to be the long flowing sleeves, and the *kakoshnick*, or head-dress. This is more or less an inverted crescent in shape, and distinctly suits or does not suit its wearer. The maids of honor have it in scarlet velvet to match the velvet of their embroidered trains, with long veils of tulle depending from it behind over their shoulders. With married ladies this tulle was replaced by lace, I think, and their *kakoshnicks* were a mass of jewels; old Princess K—— looked like a witch under her green velvet and pearls. Some of them, besides, wore from their *kakoshnicks*, close down to their eyebrows, a sort of net or lace, from which pearls or other stones hung on their foreheads; this is a matter of fancy merely, and not *de rigueur*, I was told. The tribune behind

the thrones, at the back of the church, was full of men; and a line of black-coated newspaper correspondents was visible among the uniforms—a little nineteenth-century addition to the pageant.

We had not been waiting long when there was a certain stir, and the place reserved for royalties began to fill quickly. The Czarevitch and the little Grand Duchess Xenia were quite in front, of course, and the Duke of Edinburgh had a very prominent place. His Royal Highness, who looked remarkably well and animated, was wearing the collar of the Garter, fastened with the regulation white knots on each shoulder; and this seemed to interest my little French neighbor more than anything else in the coronation, except the Empress's difficulty in holding up her imperial mantle. The scene was already very beautiful, and I think that the comparative smallness of the chapel—for it is scarcely more—rather added to than detracted from it. Certainly there is a barbarity of taste in the cathedral, in some of its huge, uncouth figures in gilded plaster and evident tinsel, side by side with much real splendor (to say nothing of the representation of God the Father, which may constantly be seen in the Greek churches, and which shocks otherwise than by the eye alone); but the general effect is one of great originality and picturesqueness.

The Chevaliers Gardes already stood with drawn swords on the steps that led to the throne; the twelve bishops, a splendid group in their «clothing of wrought gold,» had moved to the doors to meet the Emperor; and rows of priests were swinging their smoking censers before the screen. And when, amid ringing of bells and chanting of priests and choir, preceded by the imperial insignia carried on cushions, the Emperor and the Empress entered the cathedral and placed themselves in front of the thrones, one wondered if anywhere else so much magnificence and so much interest could be centered in so small a space. The Emperor and Empress stood while the crowns, the seal and sword, and scepter and globe, were arranged on a table made ready for them. On his Majesty's left were his supporters, the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis; on the Empress's right, her brother, the Prince of Denmark, and the Grand Duke Sergius. Colonel Shipoff, as colonel of the Chevaliers Gardes, stood just behind, between the thrones, immovable, sword and helmet in hand; and toward the front were grouped various high dignitaries who carried the ends of the imperial mantles, such as the minister of war, the



THE CORONATION OF THE CZARINA BY THE CZAR.

aide-de-camp general for the day, the general commanding the military household, etc. So many «militaries»! Certainly a thousand swords could have leaped from their scabbards at a word. The imperial standard (each czar has a new one) was displayed on the steps of the platform, with its motto, in Slavonic letters, «God with us.»

The service began with the Emperor's confession of faith, which was so like our own that I could follow it easily. The metropolitan came forward to hear him make it, and responded at the end, «May the grace of the Holy Ghost abide with thee.» I understood comparatively little of the rest; but they say that the prayers are wonderfully beautiful.¹ From the first moment to the last the Emperor was the central figure. If one looked away, it was only to see how every one was watching him. His voice certainly trembled when he began to read, but it gained confidence as he went on, and he looked (as he always does, to my mind, with or without a crown) every inch an emperor. Throughout the whole service he bore himself with great dignity, and in a manner worthy of such an occasion. After the creed and the reading of the epistle and the gospel, he ordered the imperial mantle to be brought, which was clasped round his neck with the collar of St. Andrew, lifted the magnificent crown from the cushion on which it was presented, and receiving the benediction from the metropolitan, «in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,» placed it on his head, and holding the scepter in his right hand and the globe in his left, seated himself upon his throne, looking a very noble presentment of a czar of all the Russias. The Empress seemed to have caught something of his air, for that day a certain stateliness was added to all her charm. She was very pale, but I thought that I had never seen her look more sympathetic. She now left her place, and went to kneel before her husband on a cushion which had been placed for her at his feet by Prince Waldemar. The Czar lifted his own crown from his head, and placed it an instant on hers before replacing it. Then, taking her crown from its bearer, he held it in place while the four dames d'honneur fastened it securely to her head. These

were Countess Adlerberg, Princess Viasemski, Princess Kotchoubey, and one I did not know—the oldest in rank in Russia, I believe; and they also helped to fasten the imperial mantle of cloth-of-gold and ermine, of great weight. As the Czarina returned to her place, she turned a face full of emotion to her husband and held out her hand, and he taking it and stooping down, they kissed each other. His Majesty now received the scepter and globe again, and Emperor and Empress stood crowned before their thrones and wearing the imperial mantles, while the priests proclaimed the titles of the autocrat of all the Russias at full length;² and the beautiful chants that followed were drowned in a clanging of bells and a noise that seemed loud enough to announce the coronation to the whole of Russia. During the singing the imperial family left their places to come and congratulate the Emperor and Empress, the little Czarevitch first. There was much embracing and plenty of tears.

It was after this that, as the noise of the bells and cannon died away, the Emperor took the book from the metropolitan and knelt to pray, reading the prescribed words, he alone kneeling, while priests and congregation stood. This was the prayer:

O Lord God of our fathers, and supreme Ruler of sovereigns, who hast created everything by Thy word, and in Thy wisdom hast set up man that he may govern the world in holiness and righteousness; Thou hast chosen me as Czar and judge of Thy people. I confess Thy inscrutable providence with regard to me; and, in giving thanks, bow down before Thy majesty. And Thou, my Lord and God, instruct me in the work for which Thou hast sent me; enlighten my path and direct me in this great ministry; let the wisdom of Thy throne abide with me, send it down from Thy holy heavens, that I may know what is pleasing in Thy eyes, and what is in accordance with Thy commandments. Let my heart be in Thy hand, that I may order everything to the advantage of the people intrusted to me and to Thy glory, so that even in the day of judgment I may without condemnation render my account to Thee: by the mercy and bounty of Thy only-begotten Son, with whom, and with Thy holy and good and life-giving Spirit, Thou art blessed unto the ages. Amen.

As the Emperor rose from his knees we all knelt down, and then followed the prayer of priests and congregation for him, led by the metropolitan, the Emperor alone standing in the crowded church. As I have said before, this was the most impressive moment of all.

The choirs now sang again—that beautiful, unaccompanied singing of the Greek Church,

¹ I was given, in Russia, an account of a previous coronation, which I have had translated. It is to be supposed that the form does not vary; so I have put in one of the prayers from this account further on.

² «Sweet to a Russian heart,» my chronicler says, «this picture of an immense state occupying the ninth part of the world!»

IMPERIAL BANQUET IN THE HALL OF THE PALAIS À FACETTES.



though here it had an accompaniment of all the Kremlin bells. After a magnificent Te Deum the mass began, in which, before communicating, the Czar was to be anointed with the holy chrism (the «seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost») on forehead, eyelids, nostrils, lips, ears, breast, and hands. The oil for this anointing is prepared by the priests with the greatest care, in vessels of silver; and they themselves fast absolutely for sixteen hours before a coronation, spending the time in prayer. After the Emperor, the Empress is anointed at the holy doors, but only on the forehead. Also in the holy communion she receives as an ordinary member of the Greek Church; but the Emperor, on the day of his coronation, «in view of the sovereignty that resides in his person,» receives as the priests receive, in both kinds separately.

Of all this I saw nothing because of the intervening pillar. But I did see their Majesties leave their thrones, and go down the steps of the platform to the holy doors of the screen, closely attended by the colonel of the Chevaliers Gardes with his drawn sword, and preceded and followed by endless high dignitaries, returning in the same order after the anointing and the holy communion. After this there was very little more of the ceremonial in the cathedral. At the end of the usual service there were some special prayers and chants for the newly crowned pair,—«Long life to the crowned of God!»—and in the silence that followed the priests held up the cross for their Majesties to kiss, the Emperor replaced the crown, which he had laid aside at the beginning of the mass, and carrying the globe and scepter, moved with the Empress toward the cathedral doors.

My little French neighbor breathed a long sigh of relief (we had been standing just five hours), and began, so to speak, to pick up his wife and daughter and be off. «Wait a minute,» I said; «let 's hear how they greet him outside.» And at that instant the people must have caught sight of the Emperor, for we heard a tremendous acclamation again and again repeated. Mr. M—— looked dubious when I told him of the enthusiasm. «They were probably told to do it,» he said; and I'm afraid they were. For from where E—— sat in the tribune he could see the crowd in the inclosures perfectly well; how each man who came in showed his ticket, and was probably known without that to the police guarding the entrances; and how the cheering was led each time by the same people posted in different parts of the crowd. Be that as it may, cheering continued all along the Czar's

route as he went to each cathedral of the Kremlin to «salute» the tombs of his forefathers and to kiss the holy relics. He and the Czarina walked under a baldachin that was a replica of the one in the cathedral, only bigger. This most splendid umbrella since the world began was carried by Chevaliers Gardes (all the honorable duties of the coronation day fall to this regiment, and I really don't know how anybody could be crowned without them); but I did n't like it, for it looked very heavy, and almost hid the royal pair, though I did catch the shine of the diamond crowns and gold mantles. All this time we were waiting on the route the Emperor had already gone, and in a real crowd and a real noise,—cheering and clash of trumpets at the national hymn,—our veils pulled one way and our trains another, our heads in a very hot sun, and our feet in thin shoes on the wet red cloth, which had got soaked in the showers of rain. One tremendous crush, and we could breathe again. The Emperor had passed up the Red Stair, had turned to salute his people, receiving a tremendous acclamation in answer, and had passed into the palace.

I had thought we were now to follow his Majesty up the stair and see the imperial «banquet.» Not a bit of it. We were led at once to the «diplomatic lunch» spread in the Salle d'Or, or Hall of the Czarina. I was extremely disappointed. It seemed to me a break in the ceremonial which robbed it of half its effect, and so I found that it did when, our long meal over, we were taken to the Granovitaya Palata and ranged in order before the throne, but at some distance from it, to see the Emperor and Empress served. One could not help feeling, after so long a pause between the church services and the banquet, that their crowns had been off in the interval, and that they had certainly had a «snack» of something or other, and perhaps a cigarette. For me the pomp and dignity and splendor worthy of the coronation were over when the Czar turned from the Red Stair into the palace door.

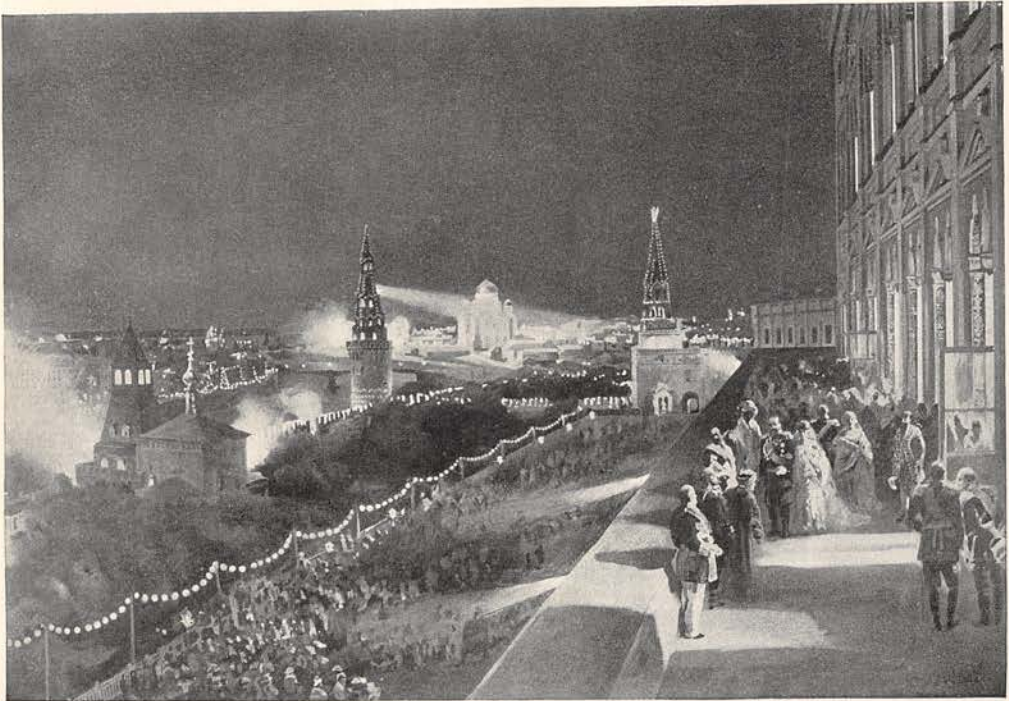
The Granovitaya Palata is a room of endless associations in Russian history. In appearance it is very characteristic—a room that one does not forget. It was already very full when we were summoned there. The dais on which their Majesties were to be served was placed in one corner of the room, under a high canopy; and facing it at an angle, but hidden by the huge column that holds up the ceiling, were the orchestra and choir who were to make music during the feast. Tables



CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. SAVIOUR.

were spread in different parts of the room for ladies in waiting, etc. On the dais a small table had been set before the two thrones, and at the corners of the dais stood four Chevaliers Gardes, sword in hand. Of course we waited a long time (that «snack»!), and my Frenchman became so impatient and noisy that Stürmer, a master of ceremony, had to announce the Emperor several times to keep

and were on duty without food till three in the afternoon; and Mr. L—— says that it was torture to smell the good things as they were carried under his nose. I wonder he could resist transfixing a cutlet with his sword. When at last he got home to food, he was too tired to touch it, and could only throw himself upon his bed and sleep and sleep. We found ourselves very tired, too, that night, when the



ILLUMINATION OF THE KREMLIN.

him quiet. At last, just as a gray pigeon had flown in at the window, circled above our heads, and flown out again («Very lucky,» said the Russians), here his Majesty was. We were to go when he asked for wine, after an old custom; for John the Terrible, it seems, was so violent in his cups that the foreigners were allowed to retire when he began to drink, leaving him to his faithful subjects. Mr. Stürmer seemed very anxious for our safety, for Alexander III. had not got through his soup even when he bundled us off. I longed to rush up to the throne and ask if I might n't stay. As we left we met another dish, being escorted by six Chevaliers Gardes to the Grand Maréchal de la Cour, who served the Emperor. I am surprised that it got past the soldiers outside. An officer whom we saw there has told us since that they left their barracks at half-past three in the morning,

curtain was down on all these splendors. But even «la sévère mees,» as the Frenchman called me, might yawn then. The play was over. I looked out of my windows as I got into bed, and tried to imagine a glimmer in the sky over the Kremlin, the theater of the morning. Nothing of the sort! Instead, the dark and rain were shutting out the last lights. Good night, Emperor and Empress!

On Monday evening, the 28th (16th), was the third great sight of the coronation after the entry and the service itself—the state ball in the Kremlin palace and the illumination of Moscow. I put them together, for on the three nights of illuminations it was the only time that I saw the lighting of the Kremlin, and it remains to me a part of the state ball. It was lovely, and curious, too, to look out from the windows of the Granovitaya Palata at the wonderful tower Ivan Velikii

outlined in light against the deep blue night sky, and to step upon the palace terrace from one of the enormous halls was like stepping into fairyland. I was with Mr. S—— and Colonel B——. The former has seen all the beautiful illuminations of Rome, and the latter the best of Paris and the whole of Italy; yet they agreed that this surpassed them all. It certainly was quite, quite beautiful. With the best possible judgment, every architectural line had been followed in the lighting, and the Kremlin stood revealed in the darkness, «mystic, wonderful.» One's eye followed the lights along the top of the wall to each curious tower; along the wall again to the grouped churches with every outline marked; and «up, the pinnacled glory reached,» to the shining crosses that crowned the whole, and looked as if they were made of the stars themselves. It was an unforgettable sight.

The «polonaise ball» in its way was very fine and stately. There was no dancing except the polonaise, and that is not a dance! And it was gone through by Emperor and Empress, senior grand dukes and grand duchesses, foreign princes, one or two court officials, ambassadors and ambassadresses alone. The diplomats were all collected in the Granovitaya Palata, where each turn of the polonaise began and ended, so that we saw very well. And once General Greig asked me to join the procession with him, my shining train spread out at full length behind with great effect. I was delighted, for one could go only with some Russian notability; and in this way I saw everything, as we followed the imperials, to the music of the polonaise from «Life for the Czar,» across the curious carpet of the Granovitaya Palata, and over what seemed miles of polished floor in the splendid rooms beyond. The last of these rooms was given up to ladies, whose Russian court dress was very effective in such brilliant light. Just as we got into this room the Empress turned to lead the way back; and the procession was striking as it came through these glittering ranks—the almost uniform white of the ladies' dresses throwing up the men's uniforms and the wonderful cloth-of-silver and diamonds of Empress and grand duchesses. General Greig and I squeezed into the doorway to let all this splendor pass, and then followed it back to the Granovitaya Palata. And here he made a very deep bow, and I made him a very deep courtesy and retired into humble life again.

The procession having passed, we went to look at the illuminations again, and to see the beautiful rooms more closely, and the splendid

pieces of plate that had been sent to the Czar with the offering of bread and salt by the various governments of Russia. Perhaps the finest was one from the government of Moscow, a very handsome gold plate with enameled arms in medallions. The salt-cellar with this plate was a tiny copy of the famous crown of Monomachus, every detail exact, and even the bordering of fur imitated in all its softness in silver. In the throne-room the insignia were spread out on their velvet cushions, looking more gorgeous than ever under the thousands of lights. But I preferred seeing them on the Emperor and Empress. Altogether, we all enjoyed our evening, and —— retailed her conversation with the royalties with her usual knack. They all appear to have been very much interested in the pigeon's flying in on the coronation day, and evidently thought it too good to be true. The pigeon will be a more sacred bird than ever in Russia.

I pass over the ball at the governor-general's on Tuesday, the ball given by the nobility of Moscow on Thursday, and the ball at the German embassy on Friday. For this last the Emperor of Germany sent the silver all the way from Berlin.

The gala performance at the theater on Wednesday evening, May 30 (18), was considered a great success. For my part, I did n't think it remarkable, except for the ladies' jewels and the men's decorations. The pit was given up to men entirely, and not one man in it was undecorated, from Dolgoroukov, the governor-general, with rows and rows of orders upon his breast, to some very young subalterns in the back seats, with five decorations each. As for the imperial box, it was absolutely lighted by the diamonds in it. From crown of head to waist, the Empress and the other ladies were a mass of jewels. Over collars and necklaces of diamonds, strings of big pearls hung one after the other upon the bodies of their dresses. A wonderful display certainly, but the jewels of this court are extraordinary in beauty and profusion. At the coronation the Emperor gave each grand duchess a splendid present in precious stones, and they threw them into a drawer, somebody said, as if they had been nothing at all. The only person here who can rival the imperials is Mrs. ——, the wife of the «bonanza king,» who has appeared at the fêtes in new necklaces and tiaras each time. And she evidently could have cut them out. Somebody having expressed admiration of her jewels to her husband, «Oh,» he said, «I guess she's only brought a few little things along.» We have kept our illuminated theater pro-

grams as mementos of the coronation—very pretty, with Russian pictures, and greetings in Slavonic characters. I saw Count Hans Wildezek with his roll under his arm to take back to Vienna.

Yesterday, Saturday, June 2 (May 21), was the great popular fête on the Hodinskoye Polye, an open space beyond the exhibition buildings (out in the country really), where big reviews take place, and which will be used for the review of all the troops in Moscow next Saturday. Yesterday it was covered by a still greater army of muzhiks, tightly packed together. Not an inch of the wide plain seemed to be unoccupied. As far as the eye could reach, to the very horizon, there was nothing but heads, heads, heads. I could n't have pictured so many people in the world as I saw before me. I thought it gave one an idea of the day of judgment. I suppose not. But as every face of that endless crowd turned to greet the Emperor as he came into his pavilion, it was a most impressive sight. One could n't help thinking what power there was in such a mass with anything to rouse it. But the people seemed wonderfully well disposed and quiet, as if they said to themselves, «Our little father, the Czar, is feasting us; we must be good children.» We neither saw nor heard of any disturbance; but one of the servants reports that five people were killed by the pressure of the crowd.

The numbers on the Hodinskoye Polye were reckoned at more than 500,000. Mr. T— came up to me with an important face. «The five hundred thousandth basket has just been given out,» he said. For each person received a little basket with a loaf of bread, a meat pie, a sweet pie, a bag of sweeties, and a brown mug with the arms of the imperial donor upon it. I envied them the mug, I must say, but there were none left over. Some of the muzhiks with mercenary souls would sell theirs, but ask four, five, and ten rubles; and some are noble and say, «I cannot sell it; it is the gift of the Czar.» Besides these baskets there were huge vats of drinkables on the ground, enormous things that giants could have quaffed from, and into which anybody might dip his mug; there were greased poles with prizes at the top—so fine as silver watches; there were big open theaters; and there was, besides these and many other things, a procession showing the return of spring and its gifts, when we saw the monster who had held the earth in thrall through the long winter led to execution, and the big knife that laid him low. All this the people

seemed to enjoy, but in their own quiet way. The cheering was faint, very faint; and the rows of «old believers,» ticketed and numbered, who had the honor of standing next to the pavilion, scarcely opened their lips. Mama said since to one of the young American naval officers who are here: «How lacking in heartiness the Russian cheering is, is n't it? Just think of it compared with English or American!» «Why, madam,» he answered, «it's a *moan.*» And so it is. The popular fête would have been long if it had not been so interesting to watch the people. Five hundred thousand! I should have said millions.

To-day we have been talking it all over, and wondering if we have anything so interesting to see as the things we have seen. Some dashing Cossack manœuvres this afternoon (Sunday), that I was sorry to miss.

Sunday, June 10 (May 29).

MONDAY came the second court ball, that morning the fête of the Preobrajenski regiment; Tuesday, the diplomatic state dinner at the palace; Thursday, the consecration of St. Saviour's Church, built in commemoration of the deliverance of 1812—a magnificent service. The French embassies, actual and special, refused to go, which was a matter for them to decide. But we hear that the French consul's wife, not content with a silent disapproval, went to the church all in black, and was refused admittance, as was her husband. To Russians, who lay aside even deep mourning to come to their friends on a «name-day» in light colors, this was indeed an insult. Stupid woman! I believe more every day that the English are the only people who know how to be beaten. Friday, nothing; we went sight-seeing on our own account to the Kremlin, where our guide, Prince S—, told us that he had been in charge of 4000 servants. Saturday, review of 50,000 troops in a cloud of dust; and end of the coronation festivities.

PAPA and I have been to church; that is, to the German church, in which our service is held when its own is over at twelve o'clock. There were not many people,—fifty or sixty, perhaps,—and all as far apart as possible. An English church is in process of building in Moscow, and from the plans that we've seen, it will be big and rather handsome.

The coronation may be said to be quite, quite over.

The Emperor spent Friday night at the Petrovski Palace, to which he came on his arrival in Moscow; and here, after the re-

view yesterday, he took leave of the foreign princes, and, I believe, of the special ambassadors, before starting in the evening for Petersburg and Peterhof. The interview was very cordial, no doubt; for they have all received something or other from his Majesty—a ribbon, a star, or a diamond snuff-box. I am so glad that English diplomatists are out of all this, and that broad red and blue ribbons don't fall over their shoulders just because they happen to be standing in the way.

Monday, June 11 (May 30).

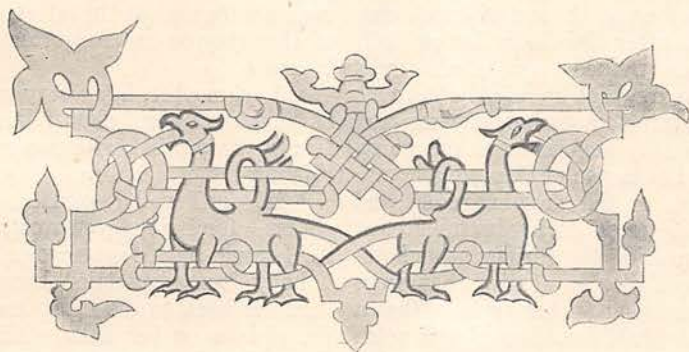
ASKED to a monster picnic to-morrow at Prince Youssouppoff's place, twenty-two versts from here. I wonder that there are enough people left for it: for the last few days Moscow has been emptying itself fast into foreign watering-places, or the «terres»

that everybody possesses in Russia; and with the Emperor and Empress's departure on Saturday night the coronation was over even for the jaded officials. Poor creatures! even its recollections seem to weigh upon them; but they always add apologetically, «C'était très beau.» Now for the country to recover; somebody said that would take twenty years. The coronation is generally reported to have cost it 40,000,000 rubles—exactly £4,000,000.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 16 (4).

I HAD no idea that I should be so sorry to leave Moscow. The streets looked very dreary on Wednesday without their flags and banners. The coronation seems to have waked the place up to the life and movement of long ago, and now to have left it to sink again into oblivion.

Mary Grace Thornton.



THE LOST CHILDREN OF THE CITY.

(A SCENE AT THE STATION-HOUSE.)

«LEAVE hope behind, all ye who enter here:»
 As the sad Florentine, upon the gate
 Of endless night, beheld those words of fate,
 So darken they our thought as we draw near
 These haunts unused to prayer or softening tear.
 But lo! like flowers that on fire's pathway wait
 To comfort lands laid waste and desolate,
 How the lost children light these shadows drear!

As tinkling springs that on a sudden greet
 The traveler in a wild, rock-set and sear,
 So rise the tones of childish laughter sweet—
 Of little ones beguiled of grief and fear.
 Then seems some tender echo to repeat,
 «There yet is hope, all ye who enter here!»

Edith M. Thomas.