

RUSSIAN STATE PRISONERS.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE PRISON LIFE OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.



IN considering the life of political prisoners in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, the reader must bear steadily in mind the fact that the men and women who thus languish for months or years in the silent bomb-proof casemates of the Trubetskoi bastion are all persons who have not had a trial. Their case is by no means that of condemned criminals undergoing just punishment for offenses of which they have been duly convicted in a court of justice. It is rather that of presumably innocent persons, deprived for an unreasonable length of time of the right to be heard in self-defense, and treated meanwhile as if their guilt were unquestionable. That a very large proportion of the men and women thrown into prison in Russia upon political charges are in fact innocent is not a matter of opinion, it is a matter of official record. I have shown in a previous paper that out of more than a thousand persons arrested for alleged participation in the so-called "revolutionary propaganda" of 1872-75 only 193 were ever brought to trial, and even of this relatively small number 90 were acquitted by a court of judges of the Government's own selection. Nine-tenths, therefore, of these prisoners were entirely innocent, not only of real crime but even of the vague and shadowy offenses set forth in Section 250 of the Russian Penal Code; and yet all of them were subjected before their release to from six months to three years of rigorous solitary confinement in the House of Preliminary Detention, or in the damp prison sepulchers of the Trubetskoi bastion. That a system which brings about such results is in the highest degree arbitrary and unjust, and that the subjection of presumably innocent persons to two or three years of such treatment pending trial is cruel in the extreme, are propositions that hardly admit of argument. Whether such wrongs and cruelties are adequate to excuse the violent measures of retaliation adopted by the terrorists is a question to which different answers may be given by different people; but it will, I think, be generally admitted that the confinement of an

innocent man for three years in a casemate of the Trubetskoi bastion under the conditions that I have described, and the final release of such a man without reparation or apology, and perhaps without even the formality of a judicial hearing, constitute extreme provocation. Such was the view taken by the eminent Russian advocate Gerard when, in the trial of the regicides at St. Petersburg in 1881, he endeavored to show that his client Kibalchich had been changed from a law-abiding citizen to a revolutionist by unjust treatment of precisely this character; and such was evidently the view also of the Court, which refused to allow Mr. Gerard to finish his statement, and which, when he persisted, informed him sharply that the Government's treatment of its subjects was "not a matter for his judgment."*

That undeserved imprisonment and cruel treatment before trial were important factors in the development of the Russian revolutionary movement clearly appears from the later history of the 90 prisoners who were acquitted at the end of the trial of the 193 in January, 1878. According to the judgment of a court not at all likely to err on the side of clemency, these 90 young people were wholly guiltless of any offense against the laws. They had not even rendered themselves amenable to the 250th section of the Russian Penal Code by manifesting "an intention to bring about a change of government . . . at a more or less remote time in the future," and yet they all had been punished with three years of the strictest solitary confinement in the House of Detention or the Petropavlovsk fortress, and had finally been denied even the poor boon of a public trial in an open court, where they might at least have made apparent to the world the injustice from which they had suffered. The result was that which might have been anticipated. Almost every one of the persons thus punished and then found not guilty ultimately became a revolutionist, and before 1885 more than a third of them were in Siberia, and two of them — Andre Zheliaboff and Sophia Perofskaya — had perished on the scaffold with the blood of Alexander II. upon their hands.†

I do not know a more significant illustration

* Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides, p. 217. St. Petersburg, 1881.

† Sentence of the Court in the case of the 193, p. 8.

Manuscript list of names of political exiles in Siberia, now in my possession. Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides, p. 260. St. Petersburg, 1881.

than this of one way in which revolutionary impulses in Russia are excited and kept alive. The agencies which transformed these innocent young people into revolutionists were unwarranted arrest, denial for an unreasonable length of time of the right to be heard in their own defense, and prolonged imprisonment under conditions that threatened to deprive them of health, sanity, or life. Three years — two years — or even one year of solitary confinement in a casemate of the Trubetskoï bastion is quite enough to embitter and exasperate to the last degree a consciously innocent man; and if to such unjust imprisonment be added the loss of a brother, sister, wife, or friend in prison before trial, the transformation of the surviving sufferer into a revolutionist becomes at least an understandable phenomenon.

THE FATE OF THE "CONDEMNED."

THIS, however, is by no means a complete presentation of that part of the revolutionist's case which relates to the fortress of Petropavlovsk. Political suspects awaiting trial are not the only persons therein confined, nor are the casemates of the Trubetskoï bastion the only cells in that vast state prison. The fortress is a place of punishment as well as a place of preliminary detention, and its gloomy walls hold the "condemned" as well as the "accused." When a burglar, murderer, or other common Russian felon has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude, he is, as a rule, released from the solitary confinement in which he has been held pending trial, is allowed to mingle with other prisoners of the same penal grade, and is forwarded without unnecessary delay to Siberia. When, however, a political offender has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude under the same code of laws, he is not released from solitary confinement, nor sent with reasonable promptness to Siberia, as he would be if he had merely killed his mother with an ax, but is thrown into a bomb-proof casemate in what is known as the "penal servitude section" of the Petropavlovsk fortress, or into one of the smaller cells of a "Central Convict Prison," and there lies in solitude and wretchedness for one, two, three, or even five years before he finally goes insane or is sent to the convict mines of Kara.* In what part of the fortress the "penal servitude section" is situated, the exiles whom I met in Siberia did not know. It is probable, however, that "condemned" politicals are distributed among various bastions and ravelins in that extensive fortification, and that the words "penal servitude section"

designate the criminal class or grade to which such prisoners belong, rather than the particular part of the fortress in which they are confined. The material environment of the "condemned" differs little from that of the "accused." They are shut up in the same spacious but damp and gloomy casemates, with the same high grated windows looking out upon a blank wall, with the same "Judas" pierced doors through which they are constantly watched, and in the same tremorless atmosphere of eternal silence. The difference between their life and the life of the "accused" is mainly a difference of treatment.

DEPRIVATION OF ALL CIVIL RIGHTS.

WHEN a criminal in Russia is judicially condemned to a term of penal servitude, or "katorga," the sentence of the court carries with it deprivation of all civil rights. The political offender who incurs this penalty ceases to be a citizen, and loses at once not only all the privileges and immunities that appertain to his rank or social station, but also all control over his property, his family, and his own person, and all right to claim the protection of the laws, even when his life is imperiled by the treatment to which he is subjected. He is virtually outside the pale of the law, and may be dealt with by the officers of the state as if he were a slave. The fact that the term of penal servitude to which he has been condemned is a short one does not lessen the force of this secular excommunication. A hard-labor sentence of four years divests the criminal of all his civil and political rights as completely as a sentence to penal servitude for life. The property which was his before his condemnation descends to his legal heirs as if he were dead, or is sequestered by the state. The family of which he was the head ceases to belong to him, and the state may assume the custody of his children. The exemption from liability to corporal punishment which he has previously enjoyed is taken away from him, and he may be flogged with the "rods" or the cat. Finally, during what is officially known as the "period of probation," which lasts from a year and a half to eight years, he is not allowed to have either bed, pillow, blanket, money, books, writing materials, or communication with relatives; his head is kept half shaved longitudinally from the forehead to the nape of the neck; he must wear the coarse gray convict dress, must live on the convict rations, and must wear a chain and leg-fetters weighing five pounds. For violent insubordination, even when it is held in solitary confinement after sentence only in the castle of Schlüsselburg.

* There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, and Russian officials assert that political offenders are now

the result of delirium or partial insanity, he may be handcuffed, flogged, confined in a strait-jacket, fettered to the wall of his cell, or chained to a wheel-barrow.*

LIFE IN THE "PENAL SERVITUDE SECTION."

It is hardly necessary to point out the difference which this treatment makes between the life of the "condemned" and the life of the "accused," even although both may be imprisoned in the same fortress. For the "accused" there is always the hope of ultimate trial and release; for the "condemned" there is only the prospect of slow mental and physical decay in the solitude and gloom of a bomb-proof casemate, and finally death, insanity, or the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

You cannot imagine, Mr. Kennan [said a condemned revolutionist to me in Siberia], the misery of prolonged confinement in a casemate of the fortress under what are known as dungeon conditions [kartsernoi polozhenie]. My casemate was sometimes cold, generally damp, and always gloomy. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, I lay there in solitude, hearing no sound save that of the high-pitched, melancholy bells of the fortress cathedral, which slowly chimed the quarter hours, and which always seemed to me to half articulate the words, "Tee zdais seedeesh— ee seedee tee" [Here thou liest— lie here still]. I had absolutely nothing to do except to pace my cell from corner to corner and think. For a long time I used to talk to myself in a whisper; to repeat softly everything in the shape of literature that I could remember, and to compose speeches, which, under certain imagined conditions, I would deliver; but I finally ceased to have energy enough to do even this, and used to sit for hours in a sort of stupor, in which, so far as I can now remember, I was not conscious of thinking at all. Before the end of the first year I grew so weak mentally and physically that I began to forget words. I knew what ideas I desired to express, but some of the words that I needed had gone from me and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could recover them. It seemed sometimes as if my own language were a strange one to me, or one which, from long disuse, I had forgotten. I greatly feared insanity, and my apprehension was increased by the fact that two or three of my comrades in cells on the same corridor were either insane or subject to hallucinations; and I was often roused at night and thrown into a violent chill of nervous excitement by their hysterical weeping, their cries to the guard to come and take away somebody, or something which they imagined they saw, or their groans and entreaties when, in cases of violent delirium, they were strapped to their beds by the gendarmes. My inability to see what was happening in the cells from which these groans, cries, and sounds of violence came gave full play, of course, to my imagination, and thus increased my nervous excitement, until I was on the verge of hysterics myself. Several times, when I feared that I was losing all self-

control, I summoned the fortress surgeon, or the "feldsher," who merely gave me a dose of bromide of potassium and told me that I must not excite myself so; that nothing serious had happened; that two or three of the prisoners were sick and delirious; but that there was nothing to be alarmed about. As the fortress contained no hospital, insane and delirious patients were treated in their cells, and were rarely removed to an asylum unless they were manifestly incurable, or the care of them became burdensome. The effect of the eternal stillness, solitude, and lack of occupation on the mind was greatly heightened by the want of proper exercise and nourishment for the body. "Accused" prisoners awaiting trial in the Trubetskoi bastion were allowed to have money in the hands of the "smatritel," or warden, and could direct its expenditure for white bread, vegetables, tea, sugar, etc., to make up the deficiencies of the prison ration; but we, the "condemned," had to live upon black rye-bread, soup which it was often impossible to eat on account of the spoiled condition of the meat from which it had been made, and a small quantity of "kasha," or barley, boiled with a little fat and served without seasoning, and sometimes only half cooked. Such food, in connection with the damp, heavy air of the casemate and the lack of proper exercise, caused derangement of the digestive organs, and this was soon followed by more or less pronounced symptoms of scurvy. Madame Lebedeva, who was in the penal servitude section with me, suffered from scurvy to such an extent that her teeth became loose and her gums greatly swollen, and she could not masticate the prison bread without first soaking it in warm water. Scurvy, even in an incipient form, intensified, of course, the mental depression due primarily to other causes and made it almost insupportable. I never seriously meditated suicide,—it always seemed to me a cowardly thing to escape from suffering by taking one's own life,—but I did speculate upon the possibility of suicide, and wondered how I *could* kill myself in a casemate where there was absolutely nothing that could be used as an implement of self-destruction. Once I went so far as to see if I could hang myself from the small cylindrical hot-air pipe which projected two or three inches into my cell from the face of the brick oven. I did not really intend to take my life, but I felt a morbid curiosity to know whether or not I could do it in that way. As soon as I threw my weight on the pipe, it pulled out of the masonry, making, as it fell to the floor, a noise which attracted the attention of the guard in the corridor. I was forthwith removed to another cell, and I never again tried a similar experiment. They say that poor Goldenberg succeeded in committing suicide in the fortress, but I cannot imagine how he accomplished it. I became satisfied that I could not kill myself in my casemate in any other way than by biting into an artery or dashing my head against the wall, and I ultimately became so weak that I doubt very much whether I could have fractured my skull by the latter method.

ARE FORTRESS PRISONERS FLOGGED AND TORTURED?

It is not my intention to create prejudice against the Russian government, nor to

* Russian Penal Code [Ulozhenie o Nakazaniakh], Official Edition, sections 22 to 25, inclusive, and sections 27 and 28: Government Printing Office, St. Petersburg, 1885. See also the rules for the treatment of convicts which are contained in the XIVth volume of the Russian Collection of Laws [Svod Zakonof], and particularly the Statutes Relating to Exiles [Ustav o Slynikh], Part II. An exception is made in the fortress to the rule that convicts shall wear leg-fetters, for the reason that the clanking of chains would facilitate communication between cells, and would break the

perfect stillness which is regarded as an essential part of prison discipline. The rule that there shall be no communication between the "condemned" and their relatives is sometimes so strictly enforced that a mother cannot even learn whether her son is living or dead. I met in Russia relatives and near friends of Muishkin, Nechaief, Gellis, and Madame Vera Phillipova, who told me that they had been unable to ascertain whether those unfortunate prisoners were in the castle of Schlüsselburg or in their graves.

excite sympathy for the Russian revolutionists, by exaggerating the sufferings of condemned politicals in the penal servitude section of the Petropavlovsk fortress. I desire to state only those things which I have the very strongest reason to believe are true. Stepniak and Prince Krapotkin have painted the life of condemned politicals in somewhat darker colors than my information would justify me in using. Of the fifty or more fortress prisoners whose acquaintance I made in Siberia, not one had ever heard of cells situated below the level of the Neva River; nor of the famous letter written by Nechaief in his own blood; nor of dungeons infested by rats; nor of the flogging of political prisoners with whips; nor of a single case of torture. I am not prepared to assert that the statements of Stepniak and Prince Krapotkin upon these points are inaccurate, or without foundation; but I must, in fairness, say that they are not sustained by the results of my investigations. There are cells in the fortress whose atmosphere is so damp that salt and sugar melt or liquefy in it after a few hours' exposure, and such cells are sometimes occupied by political offenders; but they are not situated below the level of the Neva. Nechaief was chained to the wall of his cell as a disciplinary punishment for striking the gendarme officer Potapoff; but previous to that time he had been treated fairly well, and if he was ever flogged, or ever wrote a letter in his own blood to Alexander III., or to any other person, the exiles in Siberia are ignorant of the fact. Condemned political prisoners in the fortress have frequently been beaten with the butts of guns and with the fists of the guard, but I have not been able to authenticate a single report of actual flogging with a whip, although the latter punishment is authorized by law. As for torture,—that is, the infliction of pain by means of artificial appliances,—I do not believe that it has recently been practiced, either in the fortress or in any other prison of European Russia. A distinguished revolutionist, who is well known to Stepniak and whose biography the latter has written, said to me in Siberia:

I assure you, Mr. Kennan, that torture in the fortress, in our time, has not so much as been heard of. The nearest approach to torture of which I had knowledge during my three-years' confinement there was the forcible administration of chloroform to Oboleshef and Madame Vitaniëva, for the purpose of rendering them unconscious while their photographs were being

taken.* Several of the prison guard revolted even at that, and one of them refused to assist in holding the struggling prisoners, declaring that he was not a "palach" [hangman], and that it was not a part of his duty to poison people.

EFFECTS OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN FORTRESS CASEMATES.

IN the main, however, the descriptions of fortress life given by Stepniak and Prince Krapotkin are much more nearly in accord with the results of my investigations than are those published by the Rev. Henry Lansdell and one or two other English travelers who visited and superficially inspected the Trubetskoi bastion some years ago. There can, I think, be no doubt—and in my own mind there is not even the shadow of a doubt—that prolonged solitary confinement in one of the casemates of a Russian fortress, without books, writing materials, bedding, proper food, or communication of any kind with the outside world, is a much more terrible punishment than death. Madame Vera Phillipova, a well-known revolutionist and a beautiful and accomplished woman, who was tried and condemned at St. Petersburg in 1884, asked as a last favor that she might be hanged instead of being sent to the castle of Schlüsselburg, but her request was denied. Suicides and attempts at suicide in fortress casemates are comparatively common, and condemned political prisoners frequently strike some officer of their guard with the hope of being tried by court-martial and shot. The presiding judge of a Russian circuit court, whose acquaintance I made in Moscow on my way home from Siberia, told me, in reply to an inquiry, that the revolutionist Muishkin was shot in the castle of Schlüsselburg in the summer of 1885 for striking the fortress surgeon. The desperate prisoner had resolved to escape from a life of hopeless misery by starving himself to death, and the prison surgeon had been sent to his cell to feed him by force. The high judicial officer who gave me this information was not a revolutionist, nor a sympathizer with revolution; he made the statement dryly, without comment and without manifestation of feeling, and there is, so far as I am aware, no reason for doubting its truth.

The inhumanity of the treatment to which condemned political prisoners are subjected in the penal servitude section of the Petropavlovsk fortress is clearly shown by the phys-

* Oboleshef and Madame Vitaniëva were thrown into the fortress upon a charge of participation in the plot to assassinate General Mezzentsef. They refused to allow their photographs to be taken, and were thereupon chloroformed by force. Madame Vitaniëva became unconscious and quiet; but the chloroform ex-

cited Oboleshef, and made him so delirious and violent that the attempt to photograph him was finally abandoned. There were present on this occasion Major Nikolski, an officer of gendarmes, Doctor Vilms, the fortress surgeon, and a number of "nadziratels," or prison overseers.

ical condition of such prisoners when finally released. In April, 1883, the Department of Imperial Police sent an order to the commandant of the fortress to make up a large party of condemned politicals for deportation to the East Siberian mines. The commandant, after consultation with the fortress surgeon and with the officer appointed to take charge of the convoy, reported that most of the political prisoners named in the order were so weak that they probably could not endure three days' travel, that more than half of them were unable to stand on their feet without support, and that the convoy officer declined to take charge of prisoners who were in such physical condition unless he could be freed from all responsibility for deaths that might occur on the road. In view of this state of affairs the commandant recommended that the condemned politicals who had been selected for deportation be removed to the House of Preliminary Detention, and be held there under more favorable conditions until they should recover strength enough to render their transportation to Siberia practicable. Acting upon this suggestion, the Director of the Imperial Police ordered the removal of twenty-two prisoners, including six women, from the casemates of the fortress to comparatively light and airy cells in one of the upper stories of the House of Detention.* Of the prisoners so removed six were already in an advanced stage of consumption, and twelve were so feeble that they could not walk nor stand, and were carried from their casemates to carriages, either in the arms of the prison

guard or upon stretchers.† In the House of Preliminary Detention these wrecks of human beings received medical care and were fed with nourishing food and stimulants for about three months, at the expiration of which time all except Fridenson and Emelianoff were reported convalescent. Orloff and Madame Lebedeva were still suffering from scurvy, and the others were mere shadows of their former selves; but they were officially regarded as strong enough to begin their toilsome journey of nearly five thousand miles to the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

THE DEPARTURE FOR SIBERIA.

I SHALL never forget, while I live [said to me an exile who went with these condemned prisoners to Siberia], the last night in the House of Preliminary Detention before our departure. It was the night of July 24-25, 1883. A rumor was current among the political prisoners that a large party would start for Siberia on the following morning, but no one knew who was to go, and all were awake and watchful. I did not notice any unusual sounds until shortly after midnight, when a cell near mine was thrown open, and I heard, passing my door, the once familiar footsteps of a dear friend and comrade, who had been long in prison, and whom I had not seen since the years of our early manhood, when we breathed together the air of freedom and worked hand in hand for the realization of our ideals. The convict party was evidently being made up, and my friend was to go with it to the mines of the Trans-Baikal. In ten or fifteen minutes I heard his footsteps returning, but they were not so rapid and assured as before and were accompanied by the sharp metallic clink and rattle of chains. He had been put into leg-fetters. I knew, of course, that this was inevitable, and yet the first sound of the chains chilled me with a vague sense of horror. It seemed unnatural and incredible that he—the man whom I loved like a

* The names of these prisoners, with their ages, stations in life, and terms of penal servitude, are as follows:

WOMEN.

1. Anna Pavlovna Korba; age 32; school-teacher, and afterward, during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, a Red Cross nurse in a field hospital at the front; 20 years' penal servitude.
2. Anna Yakimova; age 27; school-teacher; penal servitude for life.
3. Praskovia Ivanovskaya; age 30; school-teacher; penal servitude for life.
4. Tatiana Lebedeva; age 31; school-teacher; penal servitude for life.
5. Nadezhda Smirnitkaya; age 31; student in women's college [*Vvys'hi Zhenski Kursi*]; 15 years' penal servitude.
6. Antonina Lisovskaya; age 26; student in women's college; 4 years' penal servitude. [She died of consumption at the mines of Kara a few weeks previous to my arrival there.—G. K.]

MEN.

1. Mirski; age 26; student; penal servitude for life. [He had lain four years in a casemate of the Alexei ravelin.—G. K.]
2. Voloshenko; age 31; student; penal servitude for life.
3. Nagorni; age 25; student; penal servitude for life.

4. Fomin; age 25; army officer; penal servitude for life.
5. Yevseief; age 26; peasant; penal servitude for life.
6. Zlatapolski; age 35; technologist; 20 years' penal servitude.
7. Pribuiloff; age 25; physician; 15 years' penal servitude.
8. Kaluzhni; age 26; student; 15 years' penal servitude.
9. Orloff; age 27; student; 13 years' penal servitude.
10. Novitski; age 29; student; 12 years' penal servitude.
11. Hekker; age 19; 10 years' penal servitude.
12. Stephanovich; age 30; student; 8 years' penal servitude.
13. Liustig; age 27; army officer; 4 years' penal servitude. [I saw Liustig in the Irkutsk prison in September, 1885, but had no opportunity to talk with him alone.—G. K.]
14. Kuziumkin; age 21; peasant; 4 years' penal servitude.
15. Emelianoff.
16. Fridenson.

† The twelve prisoners carried out of the fortress were Mesdames Yakimova, Smirnitkaya, and Korba; and Messrs. Zlatapolski, Liustig, Voloshenko, Nagorni, Kaluzhni, Mirski, Hekker, Fridenson, and Emelianoff.

brother; the man whom I regarded as the embodiment of everything good, brave, and generous — had already been fettered like a common highway robber, and was about to go into penal servitude. For a time I paced my cell in uncontrollable nervous agitation, and at last, as prisoner after prisoner was taken from my corridor to the prison work-shop and came back in clanking fetters, I could endure it no longer, and throwing myself on the bed I covered my head with pillows and bed-clothing in order to shut out, if possible, the hateful sound of the chains.

About 3 o'clock in the morning an overseer unlocked and opened the door of my cell and said to me, "Come!" I followed him to the office of the prison, where the commander of the convoy made a careful examination of my person, noted my features and physical characteristics as set forth in a description which he held in his hand, compared my face with that of a photograph taken soon after my arrest, and at last, being apparently satisfied as to my identity, received me formally from the prison authorities. I was then taken down a flight of stairs to the *corps de garde*, a large room on the ground floor, at the door of which stood an armed sentry. The spacious but low and gloomy hall was dimly lighted by a few flaring lamps and candles, and in the middle of it, at two long bare tables, sat ten or fifteen men and women, in coarse gray convict overcoats, drinking tea. The heads of the men were half shaven, they all wore chains and leg-fetters, and on the back of every prisoner, between the shoulders, appeared the two black diamonds which signify that the criminal so marked is a hard-labor convict. Near the door, in a little group, stood six or eight uniformed gendarmes and officers of the detective police, who watched the prisoners intently, whispering now and then among themselves as if communicating to one another the results of their observations. The stillness of the room was unbroken save by the faint hissing of two or three brass samovars on the tables, and an occasional jingle of chains as one of the convicts moved his feet. There was no conversation, and a chance observer would never have imagined that the gray-coated figures sitting silently side by side at the tables were near friends, and in some cases relatives, who had long been buried in the casemates of the fortress, and who were looking into one another's faces for the first time in years.

As I entered the room, one of the prisoners, whose face I did not at first recognize but who proved to be an old friend, rushed forward to meet me, and as he threw his arms around me whispered in my ear, "Don't recognize anybody but me — the gendarmes are watching us." I understood the warning. The police really knew very little about the history and the revolutionary records of some of the political convicts who were present, and it was important that they should not be able to get a clew to any one's identity or past history by noting recognitions as prisoner after prisoner was brought in. The incautious manifestation of emotion by one convict as he met another might result in the return of both to the casemates of the fortress and their detention there until their mutual relations could be investigated. This was the reason for the silence which prevailed throughout the gloomy hall and for the seeming indifference with which the prisoners regarded one another. They were apparently strangers, but in reality they were bound together by innumerable ties of friendship and memories of the past; and as they looked into one another's faces, and noted the changes that time and suffering had wrought, they maintained their composure only by the most heroic effort. On one side of the table sat an old comrade of whom we had heard nothing in years and whom we had all supposed to be dead. On the other side were a young man and his betrothed, who for five years had not seen each other, and who, when thus reunited under the eyes of the gendarmes, did not dare to speak. Near

them sat a pale, thin woman about twenty-seven years of age, who held in her arms a sickly baby born in a casemate of the fortress, and who looked anxiously at the door every time it opened with the hope of seeing her husband brought in to join the party. Most of us knew that her husband was dead, but no one dared to tell her that she watched the door in vain.

Nothing could have been more dramatic than the scene in that gloomy hall at half-past 4 o'clock in the morning, when the last of the condemned prisoners had been brought in. The strange and unnatural stillness in a room filled with people; the contrast between the blue and silver uniforms of the gendarmes and the coarse gray overcoats, chains, and leg-fetters of the prisoners; the furtive whisperings of the detective police; and the silence and assumed stolidity of the pale, emaciated, shaven-headed convicts would have made the scene striking and impressive even to a chance spectator. To one, however, who could look beneath the surface of things; who could appreciate the tragic significance of the situation; and who could see with spiritual insight the hot tides of hatred, agony, sympathy, and pity which surged under those gray overcoats, the scene was not merely striking and impressive, but terrible and heart-rending.

At 5 o'clock we were taken in closed carriages to the station of the St. Petersburg and Moscow railway, were put into convict cars with grated windows, and began our long and eventful journey to Siberia. I could not describe, if I would, the scenes that I witnessed in that train, when we were at last freed from the espionage of the gendarmes; when we could greet and embrace one another openly without fear; and could relate to one another the histories of our lives during the long years of our enforced separation. The experiences of all were essentially alike, and the stories were an endless epopee of suffering. We talked all day, and should perhaps have talked all night had not the over-strained nerves of the weaker members of the party given way at last under the tension of excitement and the sudden in-rush of a flood of new sensations and new emotions. To a prisoner who had lived for years in the silence and solitude of a bomb-proof casemate the noise and rush of the train, the unfamiliar sight of God's green world, and the faces and voices of friends who seemed to have been raised suddenly from the dead, were at first intensely exciting; but the excitement was soon followed by complete prostration. Early in the evening one of my comrades, without the least warning, suddenly became hysterical, and in less than ten minutes seven men in our car were either delirious or lying on the floor in a state of unconsciousness. Some of them raved and cried, some went from one long faint into another, and some lay motionless and breathless in a profound swoon until we almost gave them up for dead. The surgeon who accompanied the convoy was summoned, stimulants were administered, water was dashed into the white, ghastly faces, and everything was done that could be done to restore the sufferers to a normal condition; but all night the car was filled with moans and hysterical weeping, and the women of the party — particularly Anna Pavlovna Korba, who was stronger and more self-possessed than any of the men — went from one fainting or hysterical patient to another with restoratives, stimulants, and soothing ministrations. When we arrived in Moscow nearly half of the party had to be carried out of the car in the arms of the guard, and our journey was temporarily suspended in order that they might receive medical treatment.

It may perhaps seem to the reader that the above description, which was first given to me orally by a member of the party, and which afterward, at my request, was written out in

detail, is sensational and exaggerated; but I have simply to say that the condition of that party has been described to me many times, not only by politicals, but by officers of the Exile Administration. One of the latter, who saw the party after it left Moscow and before it crossed the Siberian frontier, said to me that the prisoners who composed it were little more than epileptics—mere wrecks of human beings, who fainted at the least excitement. He probably would not have made this admission had he not been trying to prove in an argument with me that the condition of politicals in Siberia, and even at the mines, was far better than in the fortresses and central convict prisons of European Russia.

“BREAKING THE CHARACTERS” OF POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

I HAVE never been able to obtain from any officer of the Russian government a satisfactory explanation of the fact, that while condemned murderers, highway robbers, and other common felons are allowed almost unrestricted intercommunication and association in the forwarding prisons, and are deported as speedily as practicable to Siberia, political criminals of the same grade are thrown into fortress casemates, or into the “secret” cells of central convict prisons, are detained there for years in the strictest isolation, and are sent to Siberia only when their minds and bodies have been almost hopelessly wrecked by hardships, privations, and solitude. There is a story current among the exiles in Siberia to the effect that when the penal servitude section of the Petropavlovsk fortress was organized, a late director of the Imperial Police, whose name I purposely withhold, explained its object by saying that it was intended to “break the characters” of political offenders. Whether such a remark was really made or not, and whether, if made, it was the authorized statement of a real purpose, I do not know, but in any case the words express forcibly and concisely the actual tendency of this cruel

* At the time of that great spiritual and moral awakening of the youth of Russia which resulted in the so-called movement “to the people,” between the years 1870 and 1875, it was a common thing for a young man to emancipate a young woman from the patriarchal tyranny and the cramped life of a Russian provincial household, by contracting with her what was called a “fictitious marriage.” The ceremony was not fictitious in the sense of illegality,—it was, on the contrary, a valid and binding tie,—but the contracting parties did not live together and never expected to do so. The young man voluntarily sacrificed his domestic future, and all his anticipations of home and family, for the sake of liberating some young girl from the despotic power of the head of her household, and giving her an opportunity to educate herself and to make herself useful to “the people and the Fatherland.” Hundreds

of such marriages were contracted in all parts of Russia between 1870 and 1875, and in many cases the young men had never seen, previous to marriage, the young women to whom they bound themselves, and knew of their existence only through mutual friends. Sometimes fictitious husbands met and fell in love with their wives in prison or in exile many years after their nominal union; but in most cases their respective fields of activity were widely separated, and they remained strangers. The purpose of these fictitious marriages was a pure and noble one, but the method adopted to carry out that purpose was in the highest degree quixotic and impracticable, and it was ultimately abandoned. At the time when Donetski lay insane in the central prison of Kharkoff, his fictitious wife was under arrest upon a political charge in Moscow.

DELUSIONS OF INSANE POLITICAL CONVICTS.—“FICTITIOUS MARRIAGES.”—
THE EMPRESS’S PHOTOGRAPH.

IN the month of October, 1880, there arrived at the Russian provincial prison of Mtsensk a party of condemned politicals, who had just been released from four or five years of solitary confinement in the fortress of Petropavlovsk and the central convict prison of Kharkoff, and who were on their way to the East Siberian mines. It happened to be my fortune to find several of these condemned prisoners still alive in various parts of Siberia in 1885, and to make the acquaintance, near Irkutsk, of an exiled journalist named X—, who was in the Mtsensk prison when these convicts arrived there. The condition of the condemned party was pitiable in the extreme. Two of them—Plotnikoff and Donetski—were hopelessly insane, three or four others were hysterical or subject to hallucinations, and all were so worn, emaciated, and weak that it was found necessary to postpone their deportation to Siberia until they could be revived and restored to something like health by means of stimulants and nourishing food.

It was pitiful [said Mr. X—, in describing to me the appearance of these condemned convicts] to see how the mental powers of some of them had been wrecked by misery and solitude. Donetski, before his arrest, had contracted a “fictitious marriage” with a young girl in a Russian provincial town, for the purpose of freeing her from the patriarchal despotism of her home, and affording her an opportunity to educate herself at St. Petersburg.* He had parted from her at the church door and had never again seen her; but after he went insane in the central prison of Kharkoff, he constantly raved about her, and seemed to think that she would come to him if she were not prevented from doing so by the Government. He had obtained in some way while in prison a small card photograph of the Empress, taken when she was the Crown Princess

of such marriages were contracted in all parts of Russia between 1870 and 1875, and in many cases the young men had never seen, previous to marriage, the young women to whom they bound themselves, and knew of their existence only through mutual friends. Sometimes fictitious husbands met and fell in love with their wives in prison or in exile many years after their nominal union; but in most cases their respective fields of activity were widely separated, and they remained strangers. The purpose of these fictitious marriages was a pure and noble one, but the method adopted to carry out that purpose was in the highest degree quixotic and impracticable, and it was ultimately abandoned. At the time when Donetski lay insane in the central prison of Kharkoff, his fictitious wife was under arrest upon a political charge in Moscow.

Dagmar, and after he became insane he imagined that it was a photograph of his fictitious wife, and would look at it for hours with the most ardent affection and admiration. In the prison of Mtsensk, where he was put into a large cell with other political convicts, he would show to the latter this worn and soiled portrait of the Empress, and say, with a sort of childish pride, "This is my wife—is n't she beautiful?" Then with a mournful intonation he would add, "I have asked them so many times to send for her—I know she would come—but [hysterically] they don't do it—they don't do it!"

Could anything [said Mr. X—] be more touching and pathetic than to find a political convict in chains and leg-fetters cherishing as his dearest possession a photograph of her Majesty the Empress—to see a revolutionist insane from ill-treatment at the hands of the Government and in love with the wife of the Tsar!

THE INSANE POLITICAL PRISONER,
PLOTNIKOFF.

THE case of Plotnikoff, the other insane prisoner in this party of condemned politicals from the central prison of Kharkoff, was, if possible, even more pitiable than that of Donetsk. At the time of his arrest he was a student in the Moscow University—a quiet, modest young fellow about twenty years of age, with a very attractive and lovable character and a rather serious and thoughtful disposition. He had been well educated and was a good linguist, speaking fluently four or five languages, including English, French, and German. He had never been engaged in active revolutionary work, but was a member of a so-called "circle" of young people in Moscow, known from the name of its founder as the "Dolgu-shintsi." He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude, and the world of the living knew him no more.

When he came to Mtsensk [said one of my informants] he was a broken, insane, emaciated man about twenty-eight years of age, and had been eight years in solitary confinement. How long he had been insane I do not know; but his condition was evidently hopeless, as his mania had assumed a religious form and was accompanied by profound melancholy. He still retained consciousness of the fact that he was a political criminal, but that fact seemed to be a source of distress and humiliation to him, and he did not like to be reminded of it. He was particularly ashamed of his chain and leg-fetters, and used to try in every possible way to conceal them. When I first saw him he had carefully wrapped up all the links of his chain in rags, so that they should not jingle when he moved and thus call the attention of others to what he regarded as his disgrace. He saved carefully all the pieces of old clothing and foot-wrappers which fell into his hands, and finally made out of them a sort of ragged patchwork petticoat, which, when tied about his waist, fell to the floor all around like a woman's dress and entirely concealed from sight both his leg-fetters and his muffled chain. His hair was long on one side of the head and closely shaven on the other, and this, with his coarse gray prison shirt, and the patchwork petticoat hanging from his waist to the floor and concealing his legs, made him the most extraordinary figure I had ever seen.

During all the time that Plotnikoff had been in the penal servitude section of the fortress, and in the central prison of Kharkoff, his mother had neither seen him, communicated with him, nor had news of him; but as soon as she heard that he had been removed from the prison of Kharkoff to Mtsensk and was about to be sent to Siberia, she implored the Minister of the Interior to allow her a last interview with him. If the Minister had been aware that Plotnikoff was insane, he probably would have refused to allow the mother to see him; but high Government officials cannot be expected to remember the names of all the condemned politicals in Russian prisons who happen to be insane.

When Madame Plotnikoff, eager and excited, presented herself at the Mtsensk prison and asked to see her son, the warden, who was naturally a kind-hearted man, tried to dissuade her from her purpose by telling her that her son was about to go to Siberia for life; that he was virtually dead to her already; that he was greatly worn and broken by long imprisonment; and that she would be happier if she would content herself with remembering him as he was in boyhood, or as he appeared when she last saw him, and not lay up for herself a new store of bitter memories by insisting upon an interview that could only increase her grief and renew her sense of bereavement. The mother, however, would not be denied. She had been granted permission to see her son, and see him she would. The warden then tried to prepare her for a great change in her son's appearance, and finally told her frankly that he was broken down mentally and physically and that she might not know him. The mother, however, would not believe that she could fail to recognize her boy, however pale, however wasted by prison confinement, he might be. Seeing at last that argument, persuasion, and forewarning were all useless, the warden conducted the mother to the interview room of the prison, where her son sat reading a prison Bible. For a moment she gazed at him in amazement and horror. In the wild-looking figure before her, with its thin, yellowish face, half-shaven head, coarse gray prison shirt, and patchwork petticoat, she could not see even a suggestion of the boy from whom she had parted eight years before. As she looked at him, however, some maternal instinct told her that it was indeed her son, and with a cry, which was half joy and half terror, she threw herself upon him and clasped him in her arms. The insane prisoner shrank away from her in alarm and embarrassment, and as he strove to unclasp her arms and escape from her embrace she looked into his eyes and the truth suddenly

flashed upon her. The body was that of her son, but the mind was gone. The abruptness of this terrible shock was more than her overstrained nerves could bear. She sank on the floor in a deep swoon and was carried out of the room unconscious. Plotnikoff was sent to the insane asylum at Kazan, and shortly afterwards died there.

The facts above set forth I obtained partly from political convicts who were confined with Plotnikoff in the prison of Kharhoff, and partly from exiles who were in the Mtsensk prison when he arrived there and when he was visited by his mother. All of my informants are still in Siberia, and most of them are in the Trans-Baikal.

ARE EXILES' ACCOUNTS OF PRISON LIFE EXAGGERATED?

It may, perhaps, seem to the reader that accounts of prison life obtained from political exiles are likely to be overcolored and exaggerated — that it must in the nature of things be impossible for a man who has had such an experience to regard it fairly and judicially and to describe it without overstatement. I fully understand and appreciate this skeptical attitude toward such facts as those set forth in these papers; but I must say, in justice to the ex-prisoners whose acquaintance I made in Siberia, that they were reluctant, rather than eager, to live over again in narration these terrible months and years of their lives, and that when, by persistent questioning, I succeeded in getting at their darkest memories, it was often at the expense of an outburst of grief which was almost as painful to me as to the narrator. A Russian author, whose name is known even in Western Europe, and who is now an exile in Eastern Siberia, attempted to describe to me one night the death in the fortress of a comrade — an army officer — to whom he was tenderly and devotedly attached. Before he ended his recital my eyes were full of tears, and he himself was pacing the floor with tightly clinched hands, striving to control his emotion and to keep his voice from breaking, while his breast heaved with the tearless, convulsive sobs which make the grief of a strong man more painful to witness than even the uncontrolled weeping of a woman. He succeeded in finishing his story; but he would talk of the fortress no more that night. In the mind of any one who heard that recital there could have been no question of exaggeration or overstatement. Men are not thus profoundly moved by the simulated recollection of unreal experience.

If his Imperial Majesty the Tsar, to whose eyes I hope these pages may come, will sum-

mon the officer who was warden of the Kharhoff Central Prison in 1880, and the commandant and the surgeon who served in the Petropavlovsk fortress in 1883, and will personally examine those officers, and, if necessary, their subordinates, as to the mental and physical condition of the political convicts who left those prisons for Siberia in the years named, he will learn at least one of the reasons why, when he goes from St. Petersburg to Moscow, it is necessary to guard the railway with twenty thousand soldiers.

THE HOUSE OF PRELIMINARY DETENTION.

ONE of the most interesting prisons in European Russia, and the only one containing politicals that I was permitted to inspect, is the House of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg. It is not, properly speaking, a political prison, since most of the persons therein confined are common criminals; but it has held at times as many as three hundred political offenders awaiting trial or exile to Siberia. It is, in a certain sense, the great show prison of the empire, and has been particularly commended by the Rev. Henry Lansdell as an illustration of "what Russia can do" in this particular field. It was constructed in 1873-75, under the supervision of a special commission appointed by the Minister of Justice and the Minister of the Interior jointly, and in accordance with plans drawn by Actual State Counselor Maiefski. It cost more than 800,000 rubles (about \$400,000 at the present rate of exchange), contained all sorts of modern improvements in the shape of heating and ventilating apparatus, and was believed to embody the latest results of scientific experiment in the department of prison architecture. From the fact, however, that a criminal suit based on alleged incompetence was instituted against the architect before the building had been fairly completed, it would appear that its defects as a prison soon became manifest. To what extent, when completed, it answered the purposes for which it was designed may be inferred from the fact that between 1875 and 1880 it was formally condemned by three successive prison commissions.*

In the summer of 1886, armed with a permit from Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, I presented myself at the door of the House of Preliminary Detention, sent my card to the warden, and was promptly admitted. The prison is situated in the heart of the city, on a corner of the Liteni Prospekt, directly behind the Circuit Court.

* "Prison and Exile" [Tjurma i Sylka], by V. N. Nikitin [one of the Directors of the St. Petersburg Prison Committee], p. 519. St. Petersburg, 1880.

It is a large, square, rather showy building, with high arched windows, and suggests to an American a town-hall or an opera-house rather than a prison. The exterior of the building, however, is merely an ornamental mask, designed apparently to disguise the real character and purpose of the structure. From the outside it appears to be only four stories in height, but upon entering the court-yard, or quadrangle around which it is built, one discovers that the high external windows are deceptive, that the building really consists of six stories, and that all the cells look out into the completely inclosed court-yard. Whether the high outside windows serve any useful purpose or not I failed to ascertain; but they certainly do not light any of the cells, and it is impossible for a prisoner to get through these windows, or any others, so much as a glimpse of the outside world. By standing on his stationary wash-basin he can look down into the quadrangle, but that is all.

The prison contains 317 solitary confinement cells, and 68 *kameras*, or cells for more than one person, and was designed to hold 700 prisoners. The solitary confinement cells, which are all alike, seemed to me to be about 12 feet long by 7 feet wide and 7½ feet high, with whitewashed brick walls and concrete floors. They contain a gas fixture, a stationary wash-basin, an iron bedstead which can be folded up against the wall, two hinged slabs of iron which fold up in the same way, and serve respectively as a table and a chair, and finally, in the end of the cell near the window, a modern water-closet seat and basin, with a round cover and a water trap to exclude noxious air from the soil pipe. As it is not my purpose to describe this prison more minutely than may be necessary in order to explain certain events of which it was the scene, I will merely say, briefly, that the cells and corridors shown me were scrupulously clean, and that the light in the upper stories

on a pleasant day in summer was fairly good. The lower stories, however, seemed to be dark and damp, and the ventilation to be bad everywhere. As the cells all open through their windows upon the quadrangle, which is virtually nothing more than a deep square well, the wind rarely blows into or through them, and the circulation of air secured by artificial means is sluggish and inadequate. The sanitary condition of the building, as shown by hospital records, is very unsatisfactory. Even when it was new, 20 per cent. of its criminal population received hospital treatment some time in the course of the year,* and in 1884 it furnished 116 cases of anæmia and scurvy.†

The treatment of political offenders in the House of Preliminary Detention is generally lenient and fairly considerate. They are not obliged to wear any particular dress, they are allowed to have interviews with relatives and to receive from the latter unobjectionable books and articles of clothing, and they may keep money of their own in the hands of the warden and order all their own meals, if they choose, from a restaurant.

The difference between confinement in such a prison as this and incarceration in a case-mate of the fortress is very great.

When I was transferred from the Trubetskoi bastion to the House of Detention [said Dr. Sokolof to me in Siberia], it was like going from a sepulcher to a watering-place hotel. The sound of footsteps, the rumble of ventilating apparatus, the comparative lightness and airiness of the cells, the doves flying about the windows, and the faint roar of vehicles in the adjacent streets, which suggested the busy life and activity of the world, all combined to give me a sense of unwonted exhilaration. In the "monastery"‡ I never saw a human being except the guard, and rarely heard a sound except, perhaps, the low tapping of a prisoner in an adjoining cell. In the House of Detention, on the contrary, I heard noises of all sorts, and soon found myself in communication with everybody. Before I had been there a day, some one in the cell below mine knocked out to me on the steam pipe which ran up beside my door, "Scoop the water out of your basin." I went and looked into my wash-basin and found it to be empty. In a few moments the command came again in a slightly different form, "Scoop the water out of your water-closet basin." Then the significance of the direction flashed upon my mind. Somebody wished to talk to me through the soil pipe with which his basin and mine were in communication. I succeeded, after some trouble, in clearing the trap, and as I did so a babel of hollow human voices came up through the basin, and I found myself able to talk freely with the inmates of eleven other cells, most of whom were political.

"PIPE CLUBS" OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

If the reader will imagine six capital Y's placed over one another in such a manner that the stem of each rests in the fork of the next one below, he will have a rough general idea of the way in which the soil pipes of the

* There were imprisoned in the House:

	<i>Men.</i>	<i>Women.</i>
In 1876	1502	173
" 1877	1148	149
" 1878	1195	138
	3845	460
Total		4305

Of this number there were taken sick:

	<i>Men.</i>	<i>Women.</i>
In 1876	146	33
" 1877	287	45
" 1878	296	40
	729	118
Total		847

† "Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884," p. 234.

‡ The fortress of Petropavlovsk has received from political offenders the nickname of the "monastery."

House of Detention are arranged. The arms of the Y in each story terminate in the water-closet basins of two adjoining cells, while the stem forms a section of the large perpendicular pipe which runs from the roof to the ground, and with which twelve cells are thus connected. All that it is necessary to do, therefore, in order to open oral communication with the occupants of these twelve cells is to clear the water-traps. The political prisoners confined in the House of Detention soon discovered that they could talk with one another through these pipes, and when the number of such prisoners was so great that the dark punishment cells of the prison would not hold a tenth part of them, the authorities of the prison were almost powerless to prevent such intercommunication. Before 1876 all attempts to prevent it had been virtually abandoned, and the political prisoners had formed what they called "Water-closet Clubs" or "Pipe Clubs," for social intercourse and mutual improvement. Each club consisted of ten or twelve members, and had its own name and rules. Frequently, when I asked a political exile in Siberia whether he knew such or such a person, he would reply, "Oh, yes! I have never seen him, but I know him well—he was a member of my pipe club in the House of Detention." Educated political prisoners gave lessons through these pipes to the uneducated; languages were taught through them; newspapers were read through them; and they served all the purposes for which speaking and pneumatic tubes are employed in large public buildings. Miss Medvedieva, who afterward became the wife of the Russian author Machtet, read aloud to the members of her pipe club the whole of Turgenieff's novel "Virgin Soil." The political prisoners, however, were not contented with mere oral communication through these pipes, but made them useful also as a means of conveying packages from cell to cell within the limits of each club. A prisoner, for example, in one of the upper stories, would ravel out a part of one of the sheets from his bed, twist the threads into a long cord, fasten to it a securely inclosed package, throw or push the package through the branch pipe of the water-closet basin into the main perpendicular pipe, and then lower it. The prisoner in the cell below for whom it was intended could not reach it, as it hung in the main pipe, but he would have ready another similar cord with a small weight attached, would throw that out through the branch pipe into the main pipe, and the two prisoners would then jerk their respective cords up and down until they became intertwined, when the lower prisoner would haul in the package through his branch pipe and basin.

In this way, and by means of weighted cords, swung like pendulums from window to window between clubs, small articles were circulated and distributed throughout the whole prison.

PRISON CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY.

In the summer of 1876, when there were confined in the House of Detention more than three hundred political offenders, it was decided to have a general prison celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July—the birthday of the American Republic. As early as the first week in June the prisoners began to make preparations for the proposed celebration, by requesting relatives who visited them to send to the prison for their use as many red and blue handkerchiefs, neckerchiefs, shirts, and pairs of red flannel drawers as could be sent without exciting suspicion, and at the same time all the prisoners who were permitted to have movable lights began to purchase and hoard candles. The colored garments were torn into strips, the candles were cut into inch-long bits, and both were distributed by means of the water-closet pipes throughout the whole prison. Some of the women, who were allowed to have needles and thread and to sew in their cells, succeeded in making rude American flags, and before the 1st of July almost every political offender in the prison had either a flag, or a few strips of red, white, and blue cloth, and an inch or two of candle.

Day breaks in the latitude of St. Petersburg, in summer, very early, and on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1876, hours before the first midnight cannon announced the beginning of the great national celebration in Philadelphia, hundreds of American flags and streamers of red, white, and blue fluttered from the grated windows of the politicals around the whole quadrangle of the great St. Petersburg prison, and the members of the prison "clubs" were faintly hurrahing, singing patriotic songs, and exchanging greetings with one another through the water-closet pipes which united their cells. The celebration, of course, was soon over. The prison guard, although they had never heard of the Declaration of Independence and did not understand the significance of this extraordinary demonstration, promptly seized and removed the flags and tricolored streamers. Some of the prisoners, however, had more material of the same kind in reserve; and at intervals throughout the whole day scraps and tatters of red, white, and blue were furtively hung out here and there from cell windows or tied around the bars of the gratings. Late in the evening, at a preconcerted hour, the

politicals lighted their bits of candle and placed them in their windows, and the celebration ended with a faint but perceptible illumination of the great prison quadrangle.

There seems to me to be something profoundly mournful and touching in this attempt of three hundred political offenders to celebrate together, in the loneliness and gloom of a Russian prison, the centennial birthday of a free people. Compared with the banners, the fireworks, the martial music, and the glowing pageantry of triumphant liberty in Philadelphia, the rudely fashioned stars and stripes hung out from grated cell windows, the faint hurrahing and singing of patriotic songs through water-closet pipes, and the few bits of tallow candle, illuminating faintly at night the dark, silent quadrangle of the prison in St. Petersburg, may seem pitifully weak, ineffective, and insignificant; but judged by a spiritual standard, the celebration in the House of Preliminary Detention in the Russian capital of the American Centennial Fourth of July, is an event almost as extraordinary, and to the heart and imagination of a freeman almost as impressive, as the splendid demonstration in Philadelphia. Human actions are not to be judged solely by the scenic effect which they produce, but are also to be regarded as manifestations of human emotion and purpose. When Mary Magdalene anointed the feet of her Lord and Master as an expression of her devotion and love it was a simple thing,

almost a trivial thing, but Christ said, "She hath done what she could." When the Russian revolutionists hung out rude imitations of the star-spangled banner from their cell windows and lighted at night their hoarded bits of candle as an expression of their devotion to liberty and their sympathy with the rejoicings of a freer and happier people, it too was a simple thing, almost a trivial thing, but they did what they could. Some of them were weak from sickness and long solitary confinement; some of them had just come from the voiceless casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress, where they had lost count of days and months; some of them were living in anticipation of the unknown hardships and privations of Siberia, and upon some of them rested already the dark shadow of the scaffold; but in all their solitude, their loneliness, and their misery they did not forget the Centennial Fourth of July. What little they could do to show their devotion to the cause of freedom and their sympathy with a freedom-loving people on the centennial anniversary of the latter's emancipation, that little they bravely did; and the spirit by which they were animated transfigured their pitiful celebration, with its tricolored rags and its paltry bits of candle, and made it something infinitely more significant in the world's history than all the pomp and ceremony which attend the coronation of a Tsar.

George Kennan.



BISMARCK.

TWO colossal figures stand forth in the history of this century overtopping all their contemporaries, the first Napoleon and Bismarck, both creators of great empires—Napoleon, the first warrior of his time, who welded the revolutionary forces of France into a military machine to satisfy his own imperial ambition in subduing all Europe and making its kings his vassals; Bismarck, the foremost statesman of his time, the political leader of a mili-

tary people, whose strength he called forth to satisfy their yearnings for national unity, their ambition to become once more a great national power. Napoleon's gigantic plans broke down, after a period of amazing military triumphs, because the statesmanship which guided his warlike enterprises lost itself in fantastic conceptions, and, satisfied with no achievement or conquest, exhausted his means in attempting the impossible. Bismarck's statesmanship,