

EXILE BY ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.



FEW pages in my Siberian notebooks are more suggestive of pleasant sensations and experiences than the pages that record the incidents of our life in the mountains of the Altai. As I now turn over the flower-stained leaves dated "Altai Station, August 5, 1885," every feature of that picturesque Cossack village comes back to me so vividly, that, if for a moment I close my eyes, I seem to hear again the musical splash and tinkle of the clear, cold streams that tumble through its streets; to see again the magnificent amphitheater of flower-tinted slopes and snowy peaks that encircle it; and to breathe once more the fresh, perfumed air of the green alpine meadow upon which it stands. If the object of our Siberian journey had been merely enjoyment, I think that we should have remained at the Altai Station all summer; since neither in Siberia nor in any other country could we have hoped to find a more delightful place for a summer vacation. The pure mountain air was as fragrant and exhilarating as if it had been compounded of perfume and ozone; the beauty and luxuriance of the flora were a never-failing source of pleasure to the eye;* the clear, cold mountain streams were full of fish; elk, argali, wild goats, bears, foxes, and wolves were to be found by an enterprising hunter in the wooded ravines and the high mountain valleys south of the station; troops of Kirghis horsemen were ready to escort us to the Mongolian boundary post, to the beautiful alpine lake of Marka Kul, or to the wild, unexplored fastnesses of the Chinese Altai; and Captain Maiefski, the hospitable commandant of the post, tempted us to prolong our stay, by promising to organize for us all sorts of delightful excursions and expeditions. The season of good weather and good roads, however, was rapidly passing; and if we hoped to reach the mines of Kara before winter should set in, we had not a day to spare. It was already the first week in August, and a distance of 2500 miles lay between us and the head-waters of the Amur.

Our next objective point was the city of Tomsk, distant from the Altai Station about 750 miles. In order to reach it we should be

* I brought back with me from the Altai an herbarium consisting of nearly a thousand species of flowering plants.

obliged to return over a part of the road which we had already traversed, and to descend the Irtysh as far as the station of Pianoyarofskaya. At that point the road to Tomsk leaves the Semipalatinsk road, and runs northward through the great Altai mining district and the city of Barnaul. There were two colonies of political exiles on our route—one of them at the Cossack station of Ulbinsk, 160 miles from the Altai Station, and the other in the town of Ust Kamenogorsk. In each of these places, therefore, we purposed to make a short stay.

On the morning of Thursday, August 6, we packed our baggage in the tarantas, ordered horses from the post station, took breakfast for the last time with Captain Maiefski and his wife, whose kindness and warm-hearted hospitality had made their house seem to us like a home, and after drinking to the health of all our Altai friends, and bidding everybody good-bye three or four times, we rode reluctantly out of the beautiful alpine village and began our descent to the plains of the Irtysh.

It is not necessary to describe our journey down the valley of the Bukhtarma and across the gray, sterile steppes of the upper Irtysh. It was simply a reversal of the experience through which we had passed in approaching the Altai Station three weeks before. Then we were climbing from the desert into the alps, while now we were descending from the alps to the desert.

At 6 o'clock Friday afternoon—we reached the settlement of Bukhtarma, where the Irtysh pierces a great out-lying spur of the Altai chain, and where the road to Ust Kamenogorsk leaves the river and makes a long détour into the mountains. No horses were obtainable at the post station; the weather looked threatening; the road to Alexandrofskaya was said to be in bad condition owing to recent rains; and we had great difficulty in finding a peasant with "free" horses who was willing to take our heavy tarantas up the steep, miry mountain road on what promised to be a dark and stormy night. With the coöperation of the station master, however, we found at last a man who was ready, for a suitable consideration, to make the attempt, and about an hour before dark we left Bukhtarma for Alexandrofskaya with four "free" horses. We soon had occasion to regret that we had not taken the advice of our driver to stop at Bukhtarma for the night and cross the mountains



THE ALEXANDROFSKAYA-SEVERNAYA RAVINE.

by daylight. The road was worse than any neglected wood-road in the mountains of West Virginia; and before we had made half the distance to Alexandrofskaya, night came on with a violent storm accompanied by lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. Again and again we lost the road in the darkness; two or three times we became almost hopelessly mired in bogs and sloughs; and finally our tarantas capsized, or partly capsized, into a deep ditch or gully worn out in the mountain-side by falling water. The driver shouted, cursed, and lashed his dispirited horses, while Mr. Frost and I explored the gully with lighted wisps of hay, and lifted, tugged, and pulled at the heavy vehicle until we were tired out, drenched with rain, and covered from head to foot with mud; but all our efforts were fruitless. The tarantas could not be extricated. From this predicament we were finally rescued

by the drivers of three or four telegas, who left Bukhtarma with the mail shortly after our departure, and who overtook us just at the time when their services were most needed. With their aid we righted the capsized vehicle, set it again on the road, and proceeded. The lightly loaded telegas soon left us behind, and knowing that we could expect no more help from that source, and that another capsize would probably end our travel for the night, I walked ahead of our horses in the miry road for half or three-quarters of an hour, holding up a white handkerchief at arms-length for the guidance of our driver, and shouting directions and warnings to him whenever it seemed necessary. Tired, at last, of wading through mud in Cimmerian darkness, and ascertaining the location of holes, sloughs, and rocks by tumbling into or over them, I climbed back into the tarantas and wrapped myself up in a



THE ULBINSK RAVINE.

wet blanket, with the determination to trust to luck. In less than fifteen minutes our vehicle was again on its side in another deep gully. After making a groping investigation by the sense of touch, we decided that the situation this time was hopeless. There was nothing to be done but to send the driver on horseback in search of help, and to get through the night as best we could where we were. It was then about 11 o'clock. The wind had abated, but the rain was still falling, and the intense darkness was relieved only by an occasional flash of lightning. Cold, tired, and hungry, we crawled into our capsized vehicle, which still afforded us some little shelter from the rain, and sat there in sleepless discomfort until morning. Just before daylight our driver returned with a Cossack from Alexandrofskaya, bringing lanterns, ropes, crowbars, and fresh horses, and with these helps and appliances we succeeded in righting the tarantas and dragging it back to the road.

We reached Alexandrofskaya in the gray light of early dawn, and after drinking tea and sleeping two hours on the floor in the post station, we resumed our journey with eight horses and three drivers. The road from Al-

exandrofskaya to Severnaya runs for five or six miles up the steep, wild ravine that is shown in the illustration on page 721. It then crosses a series of high, bare ridges running generally at right angles to the course of the Irtysh, and finally descends, through another deep, precipitous ravine, into the valley of Ulbinsk, which it follows to Ust Kamenogorsk. The mountains which compose this spur, or out-lying branch, of the Altai system are not high, but, as will be seen from the illustration on the opposite page, they are picturesque and effective in outline and grouping, and are separated one from another by extremely beautiful valleys and ravines.

Owing to the bad condition of the roads and the mountainous nature of the country, we were more than ten hours in making the nineteen miles between Severnaya and Ulbinsk, although we had eight horses on the first stretch and five on the second. The slowness of our progress gave us an opportunity to walk now and then, and to make collections of flowers, and we kept the tarantas decorated all day with golden-rod, wild hollyhocks, long blue spikes of monk's-hood, and leafy branches of "zhimolost," or Tartar honeysuckle, filled with showy scarlet or yellow berries.

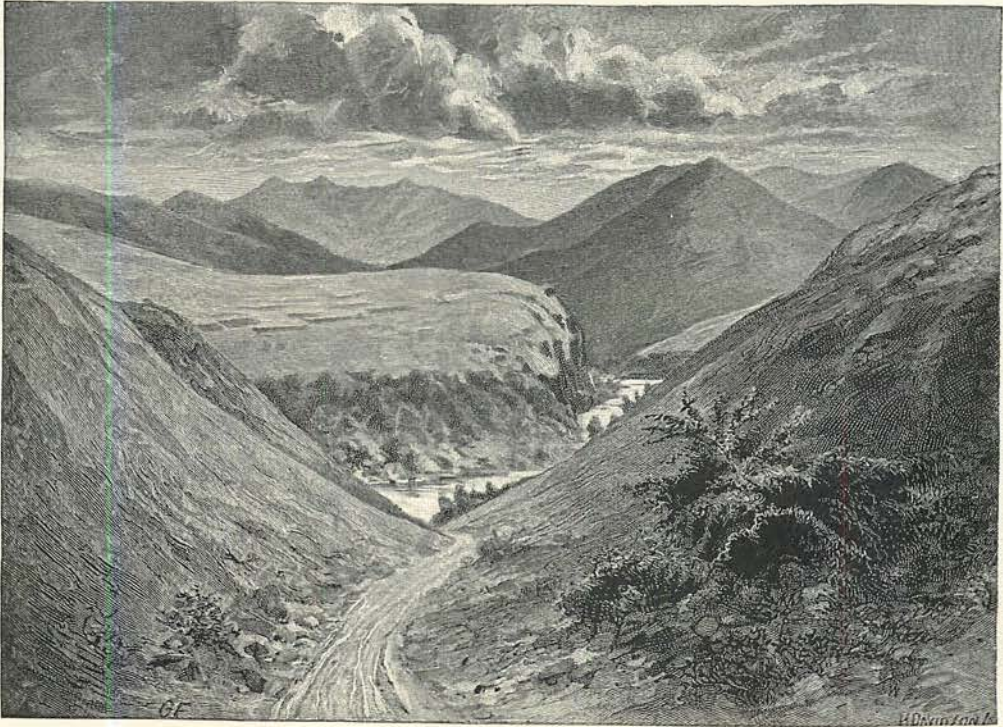
Late Saturday afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, we rode at a brisk trot down the long, beautiful ravine which leads into the valley of the Ulba, and before dark we were sitting comfortably in the neat waiting-room of the Ulbinsk post station, refreshing ourselves with bread and milk and raspberries.

Among the political exiles living in Ulbinsk at that time were Alexander L. Blok, a young law student from the city of Saratof on the Volga; Apollo Karelin, the son of a well-known photographer in Nizhni Novgorod; Severin Gross, a law student from the province of Kovno; and Dr. Vitert, a surgeon from Warsaw. Mr. Karelin had been accompanied to Siberia by his wife, but the others were, I believe, unmarried. I had learned the names, and something of the histories, of these exiles from the politicals in Semipalatinsk, and there were several reasons why I particularly wished to see them and to make their acquaintance. I had an idea that perhaps the politicals in Semipalatinsk were above the average level of administrative exiles in intelligence and education,—that they were unusually favorable specimens of their class,—and it seemed to me not improbable that in the wilder and re-

motor parts of western Siberia I should find types that would correspond more nearly to the conception of "nihilists" that I had formed in America.

Before we had been in the village an hour, two of the exiles — Messrs. Blok and Gross — called upon us and introduced themselves. Mr. Blok won my heart from the very first. He was a man twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, of medium height and athletic figure, with dark hair and eyes, and a beard-

regular features. He talked in an eager, animated way, with an affectionate, caressing modulation of the voice, and had a habit of unconsciously opening his eyes a little more widely than usual as an expression of interest or emotion. Both of the young men were university graduates; both spoke French and German, and Mr. Blok read English; both were particularly interested in questions of political economy, and either of them might have been taken for a young professor, or a



THE VALLEY OF ULBINSK.

less but strong and resolute face, which seemed to me to express intelligence, earnestness, and power in every line. It was, in the very best sense of the word, a *good* face, and I could no more help liking and trusting it than I could help breathing. Marcus Aurelius somewhere says, with coarse vigor of expression, that "a man who is honest and good ought to be exactly like a man who smells strong, so that the bystander, as soon as he comes near, must smell, whether he choose or not." Mr. Blok's honesty and goodness seemed to me to be precisely of this kind, and I found myself regarding him with friendly sympathy, and almost with affection, long before I could assign any reason for so doing. Mr. Gross was a rather handsome man, perhaps thirty years of age, with brown hair, full beard and mustache, blue eyes, and clearly cut,

post-graduate student, in the Johns Hopkins University. I had not talked with them an hour before I became satisfied that in intelligence and culture they were fully abreast of the Semipalatinsk exiles, and that I should have to look for the wild, fanatical "nihilists" of my imagination in some part of Siberia more remote than Ulbinsk.

We talked in the post station until about 9 o'clock, and then, at Mr. Blok's suggestion, made a round of calls upon the other political exiles in the village. They were all living in wretchedly furnished log-houses rented from the Ulbinsk Cossacks, and were surrounded by unmistakable evidences of hardship, privation, and straitened circumstances; but they seemed to be trying to make the best of their situation, and I cannot remember to have heard anywhere that night a bitter complaint

or a single reference to personal experience that seemed to be made for the purpose of exciting our sympathy. If they suffered, they bore their suffering with dignity and self-control. All of them seemed to be physically well except Mrs. Karelin, who looked thin, pale, and careworn, and Dr. Vitert, who had been three times in exile and ten years in prison or in Siberia, and who, I thought, would not live much longer to trouble the Government that

senger." In the house of Mr. Blok there was a small but well-selected library, in which I noticed, in addition to Russian books, a copy of Longfellow's Poems, in English; Maine's "Ancient Law" and "Village Communities"; Bain's "Logic"; Mill's "Political Economy"; Lecky's "History of Rationalism" (an expurgated Russian edition); Spencer's "Essays: Moral, Political, and Æsthetic," and his "Principles of Sociology"; Taine's "History



THE TOWN OF UST KAMENOGORSK.

had wrecked his life. Although only forty-five years of age, he seemed greatly broken, walked feebly with a cane, and suffered constantly from rheumatism contracted in damp prison-cells. He was one of the best-informed exiles that I met in western Siberia, and was the first to tell me of the death of General Grant. We had a long talk about the United States, in the course of which he asked many questions concerning our civil war, the constitutional amendments adopted after the war, the balance of parties in Congress, and the civil-service reform policy of President Cleveland, which showed that he had more than a superficial acquaintance with our political history. In the houses of all the exiles in Ulbinsk, no matter how wretchedly they might be furnished, I found a writing-desk or table, books, and such magazines as the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Russki Vestnik," or "Russian Mes-

of English Literature"; Laboulaye's "History of the United States"; and a large number of French and German works on jurisprudence and political economy. I need hardly call attention, I think, to the fact that men who read and carry to Siberia with them such books as these are not wild fanatics, nor "ignorant shoemakers and mechanics," as they were once contemptuously described to me by a Russian officer, but are serious, cultivated, thinking men. If such men are in exile in a lonely Siberian village on the frontier of Mongolia, instead of being at home in the service of the state — so much the worse for the state!

We spent the greater part of one night and a day with the political exiles in Ulbinsk. I became very deeply interested in them, and should have liked to stay there and talk with them for a week; but our excursion to the

Katunski Alps had occupied more time than we had allotted to it, and it was important that we should, if possible, reach the convict mines of eastern Siberia before the coming on of winter. Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock we set out for Ust Kamenogorsk. Messrs. Blok and Karelin accompanied us on horseback as far as the ferry across the Ulba, and then, after bidding us a hearty and almost affectionate good-bye, and asking us not to forget them when we should return to "a freer and happier country," they remounted their horses and sat motionless in their saddles, watching us while we were being ferried over the river. When we were ready to start on the other side, a quarter of a mile distant, they waved their handkerchiefs, and then, taking off their hats, bowed low towards us in mute farewell as we dashed away into the forest. If these pages should ever be read in one of the lonely cabins of the political exiles in Ulbinsk, the readers may feel assured that "in a freer and happier country" we have not forgotten them, but think of them often, with the sincerest esteem and the most affectionate sympathy.

We reached Ust Kamenogorsk before dark Sunday afternoon and took up our quarters in the post station. The town, which contains about 500 inhabitants, is a collection of 600 or 800 houses, generally built of logs, and is situated in the midst of a treeless plain on the right bank of the Irtish, just where the latter is joined by its tributary the Ulba. It contains one or two Tartar mosques, two or three Russian churches with colored domes of tin, and an ostrog, or fortress, consisting of a high quadrangular earthen wall or embankment, surrounded by a dry moat, and inclosing a white-walled prison, a church, and a few Government buildings. The mosques, the white-turbaned mullas, the hooded Kirghis horsemen in the streets, the morning and evening cry of the muezzins, and the files of Bactrian camels, which now and then come pacing slowly and solemnly in from the steppe, give to the town the same Oriental appearance that is so noticeable in Semipalatinsk, and which suggests the idea that one is in northern Africa or in central Asia, rather than in Siberia.

While we were drinking tea in the post station we were surprised by the appearance of Mr. Gross, who had come from Ulbinsk that morning, and had been



KIRGHIS CAMEL TEAMS.

impatiently awaiting our arrival. He had hardly taken his seat when the wife of the station master announced that a Russian officer had come to call on us, and before I had time to ask Mr. Gross whether his relations with the Russian authorities were pleasant or unpleasant, the officer, dressed in full uniform, had entered the room. I was embarrassed for an instant by the awkwardness of the situation. I knew nothing of the officer except his name, and it was possible, of course, that upon finding a political exile there he might behave towards the latter in so offensive a manner as to make some decisive action on my part inevitable. I could not permit a gentleman who had called upon us to be offensively treated at our table, even if he was officially regarded as a "criminal" and a "nihilist." Fortunately my apprehensions proved to be groundless. Mr. Shaitanof, the Cossack officer who had come to see us, was a gentleman, as well as a man of tact and good breeding, and whatever he may have thought of the presence of a political exile in our quarters so soon after our arrival, he manifested neither surprise nor annoyance. He bowed courteously when I introduced Mr. Gross to him, and in five minutes they

were engaged in an animated discussion of bee-keeping, silk-worm culture, and tobacco growing. Mr. Shaitanof said that he had been making some experiments near Ust Kamenogorsk with mulberry trees and Virginian and Cuban tobacco and had been so successful that he hoped to introduce silk-worm culture there the next year, and to substitute for the coarse native tobacco some of the finer sorts from the West Indies and the United States.

After half an hour of pleasant conversation

Kamenogorsk there was at one end of the social scale a peasant shoemaker and at the other a Caucasian princess, while between these extremes were physicians, chemists, authors, publicists, university students, and landed proprietors. Most of them were of noble birth or belonged to the privileged classes, and some of them were men and women of high cultivation and refinement. Among those with whom I became best acquainted were Mr. Konovalof, who read English well but



A LAKE IN THE ALTAI.

Mr. Shaitanof bade us good-night, and Mr. Gross, Mr. Frost, and I went to call on the political exiles. In anticipation of our coming, ten or fifteen of them had assembled in one of the large upper rooms of a two-story log-building near the center of the town, which served as a residence for one of them and a place of rendezvous for the others. It is, of course, impracticable, as well as unnecessary, to describe and characterize all of the political exiles in the Siberian towns and villages through which we passed. The most that I aim to do is to give the reader a general idea of their appearance and behavior, and of the impression that they made upon me. The exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk did not differ essentially from those in Ulbinsk, except that, taken as a body, they furnished a greater variety of types and represented a larger number of social classes. In Ulbinsk there were only professional men and students. In Ust

spoke it imperfectly; * Mr. Milinchuk, a dark-haired, dark-bearded Georgian from Tiflis; and Mr. Adam Bialoveski, a writer and publicist from the province of Pultava. The last-named gentleman impressed me as a man of singular ability, fairness, and breadth of view. He was thoroughly acquainted with Russian history and jurisprudence, as well as with the history and literature of the west European nations; and although he was disposed to take rather a pessimistic view of life, and avowed himself a disciple of Schopenhauer, he bore the heavy burden of his exile with cheerfulness and courage. I had a long talk with him about the Russian situation, and was very favorably impressed by his cool, dispassionate review of the revolutionary movement and the measures taken by the Government for its suppression. His statements were entirely free from exaggeration.

* Mr. Konovalof committed suicide in Ust Kamenogorsk about six months after we left there.

geration and prejudice, and his opinions seemed to me to be almost judicially fair and impartial. To brand such a man as a "nihilist" was absurd, and to exile him to Siberia as a dangerous member of society was simply preposterous. In any other civilized country on the face of the globe except Russia he would be regarded as the most moderate of liberals.

The colony of political exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk was the last one that we saw in the steppe provinces, and it seems to me desirable, before proceeding with the narrative of our Siberian journey, to set forth, as fully as space will permit, the salient features of what is known in Russia as "exile by administrative process."

Exile by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that, in most civilized countries, precede or attend deprivation of rights and the infliction of punishment. The person so banished may not be guilty of any crime, and may not have rendered himself amenable in any way to any law of the state; but if, in the opinion of the local authorities, his presence in a particular place is "prejudicial to social order," he may be arrested without a warrant, and, with the concurrence of the Minister of the Interior, may be removed forcibly to any other place within the limits of the empire, and there be put under police surveillance for a period of five years. He may, or may not, be informed of the reasons for this summary proceeding, but in either case he is perfectly helpless. He cannot examine the witnesses upon whose testimony his presence is declared to be "prejudicial to social order." He cannot summon friends to prove his loyalty and good character without great risk of bringing upon them the same calamity which has befallen him. He has no right to demand a trial, or even a hearing. He cannot sue out a writ of habeas corpus. He cannot appeal to the public through the press. His communications with the world are so suddenly severed that sometimes even his own relatives do not know what has happened to him. He is literally and absolutely without any means whatever of self-protection.

As an illustration of the sort of evidence upon which the presence of certain persons in the cities and provinces of European Russia is declared to be "prejudicial to social order," I will give two typical cases from the great number in my notebooks. Some of the readers of *THE CENTURY* may still remember a young naval officer named Constantine Staniukovitch, who was attached to the staff of the Grand Duke Alexis at the time of the latter's visit to the United States. From the fact that I saw in Mr.

Staniukovitch's house in Tomsk a number of visiting cards of people well known in the cities of New York and San Francisco, I infer that he went a good deal into society here, and that he may still be recalled to mind by persons who met him. He was the son of a Russian admiral, was an officer of great promise, and had before him the prospect of a brilliant career in the Russian naval service. He was, however, a man of broad and liberal views, with a natural taste for literary pursuits, and after his return from America he resigned his position in the navy and became an author. He wrote a number of novels and plays which were very successful, but of which the Government did not approve, and in 1882 or 1883 he purchased a well-known Russian magazine in St. Petersburg called the "Diello," and became its editor and proprietor. He spent a considerable part of the summer of 1884 abroad, and in the latter part of that year left his wife and children at Baden-Baden and started for St. Petersburg. At the Russian frontier station of Virzhbolof he was suddenly arrested, was taken thence to St. Petersburg under guard, and was there thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk. His wife, knowing nothing of this misfortune, continued to write to him at St. Petersburg without getting any answers to her letters, until finally she became alarmed, and telegraphed to the editorial department of the "Diello," asking what had happened to her husband and why he did not write to her. The managing editor of the magazine replied that Mr. Staniukovitch was not there, and that they had supposed him to be still in Baden-Baden. Upon the receipt of this telegram, Mrs. Staniukovitch, thoroughly frightened, proceeded at once with her children to St. Petersburg. Nothing whatever could be learned there with regard to her husband's whereabouts. He had not been seen at the editorial rooms of the "Diello," and none of his friends had heard anything of or from him in two weeks. He had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At last, after days of torturing anxiety, Mrs. Staniukovitch was advised to make inquiries of General Orzhefski, the Chief of Gendarmes. She did so, and found that her husband was a prisoner in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress. The police, as it afterward appeared, had for some time been intercepting and reading his letters, and had ascertained that he was in correspondence with a well-known Russian revolutionist who was then living in Switzerland. The correspondence was perfectly innocent in its character, and related solely to the business of the magazine; but the fact that an editor, and a man of known liberal views, was in communication with a political refugee was

regarded as sufficient evidence that his presence in St. Petersburg would be "prejudicial to social order," and his arrest followed. In May, 1885, he was exiled for three years by administrative process to the city of Tomsk, in western Siberia. The publication of the magazine was of course suspended in consequence of the imprisonment and ultimate banishment of its owner, and Mr. Staniukovitch was financially ruined. If the Russian Government deals in this arbitrary way with men of rank, wealth, and high social position in the capital of the empire, it can be imagined what treatment is accorded to physicians, students, and small landed proprietors whose presence is regarded as "prejudicial to social order" in the provinces.

In the year 1879 there was living in the town of Ivangorod, in the province of Chernigof, a skillful and accomplished young surgeon named Dr. Baillie. Although he was a man of liberal views, he was not an agitator nor a revolutionist, and had taken no active part in political affairs. Some time in the late winter or early spring of 1879 there came to him, with letters of introduction, two young women who had been studying in one of the medical schools for women in St. Petersburg, and had been expelled and ordered to return to their homes in central Russia on account of their alleged political "untrustworthiness" (*neblagonadezhnost*). They were very anxious to complete their education and to fit themselves for useful work among the peasants; and they begged Dr. Baillie to aid them in their studies, to hear their recitations, and to allow them to make use of his library and the facilities of his office. As they were both in an "illegal" position,—that is, were living in a place where, without permission from the authorities, they had no right to be,—it was Dr. Baillie's duty as a loyal subject to hand them over to the police, regardless of the fact that they had come to him with letters of introduction and a petition for help. He happened, however, to be a man of courage, independence, and generous instincts; and instead of betraying them, he listened with sympathy to their story, promised them his aid, introduced them to his wife, and began to give them lessons. The year 1879 was a year of intense revolutionary activity in Russia. Attempts were constantly being made by the terrorists to assassinate high Government officials; and the police, in all parts of the empire, were more than usually suspicious and alert. The visits of the young girls to Dr. Baillie's house and office soon attracted the attention of the local authorities in Ivangorod, and they took steps to ascertain who they were and where they had come from. An investigation showed

that one of them was living on a forged passport, while the other had none, and that both had been expelled from St. Petersburg for political "untrustworthiness." Their unauthorized appearance in Ivangorod, when they should have been at their homes, and their half-secret visits—generally at night—to the house of Dr. Baillie, were regarded as evidence of a political conspiracy, and on the 10th of May, 1879, both they and the young surgeon were arrested and exiled by administrative process to Siberia. Dr. Baillie eventually was sent to the arctic village of Verkhoyansk, latitude 67.30, in the province of Yakutsk, where he was seen in 1882 by Engineer Melville, Lieutenant Danenhower, Mr. W. H. Gilder, and all the survivors of the arctic exploring steamer *Jeanette*. At the time of Dr. Baillie's banishment, his wife, a beautiful young woman, 24 or 25 years of age, was expecting confinement, and was therefore unable to go to Siberia with him. As soon as possible, however, after the birth of her child, and before she had fully recovered her strength, she left her nursing baby with relatives and started on a journey of more than 6000 miles to join her husband in a village situated north of the Arctic Circle and near the Asiatic pole of cold. She had not the necessary means to make such a journey by rail, steamer, and post, as Lieutenant Scheutze made it in 1885-86, and was therefore forced to ask permission of the Minister of the Interior to travel with a party of exiles.* As far as the city of Tomsk in western Siberia, both political and common criminal exiles are transported in convict trains or barges. Beyond that point the common criminals walk, and the politicals are carried in telegas, at the rate of about sixty miles a week, stopping in an *étape* every third day for rest. At this rate of progress Mrs. Baillie would have reached her husband's place of exile only after sixteen months of incessant hardship, privation, and suffering. But she did not reach it. For many weeks her hope, courage, and love sustained her, and enabled her to endure without complaint the jolting, the suffocating dust, the scorching heat, and the cold autumnal rains on the road, and the bad food, the plank sleeping-benches, the vermin, and the pestilential air of the *étapes*; but human endurance has its limits. Three or four months of this unrelieved misery, with constant anxiety about her husband and for the babe that, for her husband's sake, she had abandoned in Russia, broke down her health and her spirit. She sank into deep dependency

* By Russian law a wife may go to her exiled husband at the expense of the Government, provided she travels with an exile party, lives on the exile ration, sleeps in the road-side *étapes*, and submits generally to prison discipline.



VERA FIGNER.*

and eventually began to show signs of mental aberration. After passing Krasnoyarsk her condition became such that any sudden shock was likely completely to overthrow her reason — and the shock soon came. There are two villages in eastern Siberia whose names are almost alike — Verkholensk and Verkhoyansk. The former is situated on the river Lena, only 180 miles from Irkutsk, while the latter is on the head-waters of the Yana, and is distant from Irkutsk nearly 2700 miles. As the party with which she was traveling approached the capital of eastern Siberia, her hope, strength, and courage seemed to revive. Her husband she thought was only a few hundred miles

* Vera Figner was one of the ablest and most daring of the Russian revolutionists and organized in Odessa in 1882 the plot which resulted in the assassination of General Strelmkoff. She was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, but her sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Schlüsselburg. She is believed to have died there in 1885.

away, and in a few more weeks she would be in his arms. She talked of him constantly, counted the verst-posts which measured her slow progress towards him, and literally lived upon the expectation of speedy reunion with him. A few stations west of Irkutsk she accidentally became aware; for the first time, that her husband was not in Verkholensk, but in Verkhoyansk; that she was still separated from him by nearly 3000 miles of mountain, steppe, and forest; and that in order to reach his place of banishment that year she would have to travel many weeks alone, on dog or reindeer sledges, in terrible cold, through the arctic solitudes of north-eastern Asia. The sudden shock of this discovery was almost immediately fatal. She became violently insane, and died insane a few months later in the Irkutsk prison hospital, without ever seeing again the husband for whose sake she had endured such mental and physical agonies.

I have been compelled to restrict myself to the barest outline of this terrible tragedy; but if the reader could hear the story, as I heard it, from the lips of exiles who traveled with Mrs. Baillie, who saw the flickering spark of her reason go out, and who helped afterward to take care of her, he would not wonder that "exile by administrative process" makes "terrorists," but rather that it does not make a nation of "terrorists." †

It would be easy to fill pages of *THE CENTURY* with a statement of the cases of Russians who in the last ten years have been exiled to Siberia by administrative process, not only without reasonable cause, but without even the shadow of a cause. The well-known Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko, one of whose books has recently been translated into English and published in Boston, was exiled to eastern Siberia in 1879, as the result of what the Government itself finally admitted to be an official mistake. Through the influence of powerful friends, he succeeded in getting this mistake corrected before he reached his destination, and was permitted to

† My authorities for the facts of this case are: first, a well-known member of a Russian provincial assembly, a man of the highest character, who was personally cognizant of the circumstances attending Dr. Baillie's arrest and banishment; secondly, exiles who went to Siberia in the same party with Dr. Baillie; and, thirdly, exiles — one of them a lady — who were in the same party with Dr. Baillie's wife.



SOPHIA NIKITINA.

return from Tomsk. Irritated by this injustice, and by many months of prison and *étape* life, he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III. upon the accession of the latter to the throne, and for this obstinacy was exiled to the province of Yakutsk.*

Mr. Borodin, a well-known writer for the Russian magazine "Annals of the Fatherland," was banished to the province of Yakutsk on account of the "dangerous" and "pernicious" character of a manuscript found in his house by the police during a search. This manuscript was a copy of an article upon the economic condition of the province of Viatka, which Mr. Borodin had sent to the above-named magazine, but which up to that

time had not been published. Mr. Borodin went to eastern Siberia in a convict's gray overcoat with a yellow ace of diamonds on his back, and three or four months after his arrival in Yakutsk he had the pleasure of reading in the "Annals of the Fatherland" the very same article for which he had been exiled. The Minister of the Interior had sent him to Siberia merely for having in his possession a "dangerous" and "pernicious" manuscript, and then the St. Petersburg Committee of Censorship had certified that another copy of that same manuscript was perfectly harmless, and had allowed it to be published, without the change of a line, in one of the most popular and widely circulated magazines in the empire.†

A gentleman named Otchkin, in Moscow, was exiled to Siberia by administrative process in 1885 merely because, to adopt the language of the order which was issued for his arrest, he was "suspected of an intention to put himself into an illegal position." The high crime which Mr. Otchkin was "suspected of an intention" to commit was the taking of a fictitious name in place of his own. Upon what ground he was "suspected of an intention" to do this terrible thing he never knew.

Another exile of my acquaintance, Mr. Y——, was banished merely because he was a friend of Mr. Z——, who was awaiting trial on the charge of political conspiracy. When Mr. Z——'s

case came to a judicial investigation he was found to be innocent and was acquitted; but in the mean time, Mr. Y——, merely for being a friend of this innocent man, had gone to Siberia by administrative process.

In another case a young student, called Vladimir Sidorski (I use a fictitious name), was arrested by mistake instead of another and a different Sidorski named Victor, whose presence in Moscow was regarded by somebody as "prejudicial to social order." Vladimir protested that he was not Victor, that he did not know Victor, and that his arrest in the place of Victor was the result of a stupid blunder; but his protestations were of no avail. The police were too much occupied in un-

* A statement of the circumstances of Mr. Korolenko's first banishment to Siberia was published in the Russian newspaper "Zemstvo" for 1881, No. 10, p. 19.

† "Zemstvo," 1881, No. 10, p. 19. It is not often, of course, that facts of this kind, which are so damaging to the Government, get into the Russian news-

paper press. The account of Mr. Borodin's experience and of the exile of Mr. Korolenko was published at the time when the liberal ministry of Loris Melikoff was in power, just at the close of the reign of the late Tsar, and when the strictness of the censorship was greatly relaxed.

earthing "conspiracies" and looking after "untrustworthy" people to devote any time to a troublesome verification of an insignificant student's identity. There must have been something wrong about him, they argued, or he would not have been arrested, and the safest thing to do with him was to send him to Siberia, whoever he might be — and to Siberia he was sent. When the convoy officer called the roll of the out-going exile party, Vladimir Sidorski failed to answer to Victor Sidorski's name, and the officer, with a curse, cried, "Victor Sidorski! Why don't you answer to your name?"

"It is not my name," replied Vladimir, "and I won't answer to it. It's another Sidorski who ought to be going to Siberia."

"What is your name then?"

Vladimir told him. The officer coolly erased the name "Victor" in the roll of the party, inserted the name "Vladimir," and remarked cynically that "It does n't make a — bit of difference!"

In 1874 a young student named Egor Lazaref was arrested in one of the south-eastern provinces of European Russia upon the charge of carrying on a secret revolutionary propaganda. He was taken to St. Petersburg and kept in solitary confinement in the House of Preliminary Detention and in the fortress for about four years. He was then tried with "the 193" and acquitted.* One would suppose that to be arrested without cause, to be held four years in solitary confinement, to be finally declared innocent, and then to have no means whatever of redress, would make a revolutionist, if not a terrorist, out of the most peaceable citizen; but Mr. Lazaref, as soon as he had been released, quietly completed his education in the University, studied law, and began the practice of his profession in the city of Saratof on the Volga. He had no more trouble with the Government until the summer of 1884, when a police officer suddenly appeared to him one morning and said that the governor of the province would like to see him. Mr. Lazaref, who was on pleasant personal terms with the governor, went at once to the latter's "konsilaria," or office, where he was coolly informed that he was to be exiled by administrative process to eastern Siberia for three years. Mr. Lazaref stood aghast.

"May I ask your high excellency for what reason?" he finally inquired.

"I do not know," replied the governor. "I have received orders to that effect from the Ministry of the Interior, and that is all I know about it."

* Indictment in the case of the 193, and sentence in the same case. The original documents are in my possession.

Through the influence of friends in St. Petersburg, Mr. Lazaref obtained a respite of two weeks in which to settle up his affairs, and he was then sent as a prisoner to Moscow. He reached that city after the last party of political exiles had been dispatched for the season, and had to live in the Moscow forwarding prison until the next spring. While there he wrote a respectful letter to the Department of Imperial Police, asking, as a favor, that he might be informed for what reason he was to be exiled to eastern Siberia. The reply that he received was comprised in two lines, and was as follows: "You are to be put under police surveillance in eastern Siberia because you have not abandoned your previous criminal activity." In other words, he was to



PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

be banished to the Trans-Baikal because he had not "abandoned" the "previous criminal activity" of which a court of justice had found him not guilty! In the Moscow forwarding prison, soon after Mr. Lazaref's arrival, a number of the political prisoners were comparing experiences one day and asking one another for what offenses they had been condemned to banishment. One said that forbidden books had been found in his house; another said that he had been accused of carrying on a revolutionary propaganda; and a third admitted that he had been a member of a secret society. Finally Mr. Lazaref's turn came, and upon being asked why he was on his way to Siberia, he replied simply, "I don't know."

"Don't know!" exclaimed one of his com-



GREGORIE MACHTET.

HELENE MACHTET.

rades. "Did n't your father have a black and white cow?"

"Very likely," said Mr. Lazaref. "He had a lot of cows."

"Well!" rejoined his comrade triumphantly, "what more would you have? That's enough to exile twenty men — and yet he says he does n't know!"

On the 10th of May, 1885, Mr. Lazaref left Moscow with an exile party for Siberia, and on the 10th of October, 1885, after twenty-two weeks of travel "by *étape*," reached the town of Chita, in the Trans-Baikal, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

The grotesque injustice, the heedless cruelty, and the preposterous "mistakes" and "misunderstandings" that make the history of administrative exile in Russia seem to an American like the recital of a wild nightmare are due to the complete absence, in the Russian form of government, of checks upon the executive power, and the almost equally complete absence of official responsibility for unjust or illegal action. The Minister of the Interior, in dealing with politicals, is not restrained to any great extent by law; and as it is utterly impossible for him personally to examine all of the immense number of political cases that come to him for final decision, he is virtually forced

to delegate a part of his irresponsible power to chiefs of police, chiefs of gendarmes, governors of provinces, and subordinates in his own ministry. They in turn are compelled, for similar reasons, to intrust a part of their authority and discretion to officers of still lower grade; and the latter, who often are stupid, ignorant, or unscrupulous men, are the persons who really make the investigations, the searches, and the examinations upon which the life or liberty of an accused citizen may depend. Theoretically, the Minister of the Interior, aided by a council composed of three of his own subordinates and two officers from the Ministry of Justice, reviews and re-examines the cases of all political offenders who are dealt with by administrative process;* but practically he does nothing of the kind, and it is impossible that he should do anything of the kind, for the very simple reason that he has not the time. According to the Russian newspaper "Strana," in the year 1881 there came before the Department of Imperial Police 1500 political cases.† A very large

* Vide "Rules concerning Measures to be taken for the Preservation of Civil Order and Public Peace," approved by the Tsar, August 14, 1881. Chapter V., section 34.

† Quoted in newspaper "Sibir" for Jan. 31, 1882, p. 5.

proportion of these cases were dealt with by administrative process, and if the Minister of the Interior had given to each one of them a half, or one-quarter, of the study which was absolutely essential to a clear comprehension of it, he would have had no time to attend to anything else. As a matter of fact he did not give the cases such study, but, as a rule, simply signed the papers that came up to him from below. Of course he would not have signed the order for the exile of Mr. Korolenko to the province of Yakutsk if he had known that the whole charge against the young novelist was based on a mistake; nor would he have signed the order for the exile of Mr. Borodin if he had been aware that the magazine article for which the author was banished had been approved by the St. Petersburg Committee of Censorship. He accepted the statements passed up to him by a long line of subordinate officials, and signed his name merely as a formality and as a matter of course. How easy it is in Russia to get a high official's signature to any sort of a document may be illustrated by an anecdote that I have every reason to believe is absolutely true. A "stola-nachalnik," or head of a bureau, in the provincial administration of Tobolsk, while boasting one day about his power to shape and direct governmental action, made a wager with another chinovnik that he could get the governor of the province — the late Governor Lissogorski — to sign a manuscript copy of the Lord's Prayer. He wrote the prayer out in the form of an official document on a sheet of stamped paper, numbered it, attached the proper seal to it, and handed it to the governor with a pile of other papers which required signature. He won his wager. The governor duly signed the Lord's Prayer, and it was probably as harmless an official document as ever came out of his office.

How much of this sort of careless and reckless signing there was in the cases of political offenders dealt with by administrative process may be inferred from the fact that, when the liberal minister Loris Melikoff came into power in 1880, he found it necessary to appoint a revisory commission, under the presidency of General Cherevin, to investigate the cases of persons who had been exiled and put under police supervision by administrative process, and to correct, so far as possible, the "mistakes," "misunderstandings," and "irregularities" against which the sufferers in all parts of the empire began to protest as soon as the appointment of a new Minister of the Interior gave them some reason to hope that their complaints would be heeded. There were said to be at that time 2800 political offenders in Siberia and in various remote parts of Eu-

ropean Russia who had been exiled and put under police surveillance by administrative process. Up to the 23d of January, 1881, General Cherevin's commission had examined the cases of 650 such persons, and had recommended that 328, or more than half of them, be immediately released and returned to their homes.*

Of course the only remedy for such a state of things as this is to take the investigation of political offenses out of the hands of an irresponsible police, put it into the courts, where it belongs, and allow the accused to be defended there by counsel of their own selection. This remedy, however, the Government persistently refuses to adopt. The Moscow Assembly of Nobles, at the suggestion of Mr. U. F. Samarin, one of its members, sent a respectful but urgent memorial to the Crown, recommending that every political exile who had been dealt with by administrative process should be given the right to demand a judicial investigation of his case. The memorial went unheeded, and the Government, I believe, did not even make a reply to it.†

Before the year 1882 the rights, privileges, and obligations of political offenders exiled to Siberia by administrative process were set forth only in secret circular-letters, sent from time to time by the Minister of the Interior to the governors of the different Siberian provinces. Owing to changes in the ministry, changes in circumstances, and changes of ministerial policy, these circular-letters of instruction ultimately became so contradictory, or so inconsistent one with another, and led to so many "misunderstandings," "irregularities," and collisions between the exiles and the local authorities in the Siberian towns and villages, that on the 12th of March, 1882, the Minister of the Interior drew up, and the Tsar approved, a set of rules for the better regulation of police surveillance and exile by administrative process. An official copy of this paper, which I brought back with me from Siberia, lies before me as I write. It is entitled, "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." ("Polozhenie o Politzeskom Nadzore.") The first thing that strikes the reader in a perusal of this document is the fact that it declares exile and police surveillance to be, not *punishments* for crimes already committed, but measures of precaution to prevent the commission of crimes that evil-minded men may contemplate. The first section reads as follows: "Police surveillance [which includes administrative ex-

* An official announcement by the Government, quoted in the newspaper "Sibir" for Jan. 31, 1881, p. 1.

† Newspaper "Zemstvo," 1881, No. 10, p. 21.

ile] is a means of preventing crimes against the existing imperial order [the present form of government]; and it is applicable to all persons who are prejudicial to the public peace." The power to decide when a man is "prejudicial to the public peace," and when exile and surveillance shall be resorted to as a means of "preventing crime," is vested in the governors-general, the governors, and the police; and in the exercise of that power they pay quite as much attention to the opinions that a man holds as to the acts that he commits. They can hardly do otherwise. If they should wait in all cases for the commission of criminal acts, they would not be "*preventing crime*," but merely watching and waiting for it, while the object of administrative exile is to *prevent* crime by anticipation. Clearly, then, the only thing to be done is to nip crime in the bud by putting under restraint, or sending to Siberia, every man whose political opinions are such as to raise a presumption that he *will* commit a crime "against the existing imperial order" if he sees a favorable opportunity for so doing. Administrative exile, therefore, is directed against ideas and opinions from which criminal acts may come, rather than against the criminal acts themselves. It is designed to anticipate and prevent the acts by suppressing or discouraging the opinions; and, such being the case, the document which lies before me should be called, not "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," but "Rules for the Better Regulation of Private Opinion." In the spirit of this latter title the "Rules" are interpreted by most of the Russian police.

The pretense that administrative exile is not a punishment, but only a precaution, is a mere juggle with words. The Government says, "We do not exile a man and put him under police surveillance as a punishment for holding certain opinions, but only as a means of preventing him from giving such opinions outward expression in criminal acts." If the banishment of a man to the province of Yakutsk for five years is not a "punishment," then the word "punishment" must have in Russian jurisprudence a very peculiar and restricted signification. In the case of women and young girls a sentence of banishment to eastern Siberia is almost equivalent to a sentence of death, on account of the terrible hardships of the journey and the disease-saturated condition of the étapes — and yet the Government says that exile by administrative process is not a punishment!

In 1884 a pretty and intelligent young girl named Sophia Nikitina, who was attending school in Kiev, was banished by administrative process to one of the remote provinces of

eastern Siberia. In the winter of 1884-85, when she had accomplished about 3000 miles of her terrible journey, on the road between Tomsk and Atchinsk she was taken sick with typhus fever, contracted in one of the pestilential étapes. Physicians are not sent with exile parties in Siberia, and politicals who happen to be taken sick on the road are carried forward, regardless of their condition and regardless of the weather, until the party comes to a lazaret, or prison hospital. There are only four such lazarets between Tomsk and Irkutsk, a distance of about a thousand miles, and consequently sick prisoners are sometimes carried in sleighs or telegas, at a snail's pace, for a week or two — if they do not die — before they finally obtain rest, a bed, and a physician. How many days of cold and misery Miss Nikitina endured on the road that winter after she was taken sick, and before she reached Atchinsk and received medical treatment, I do not know; but in the Atchinsk lazaret her brief life ended. It must have been a satisfaction to her, as she lay dying in a foul prison hospital, 3000 miles from her home, to think that she was not undergoing "punishment" for anything that she had done, but was merely being subjected to necessary restraint by a parental Government, in order that she might not sometime be tempted to do something that would have a tendency to raise a presumption that her presence in Kiev was about to become more or less "prejudicial to social order."

Helene Machtet (born Medvedieva), whose portrait will be found on page 732, and whose reading of Turgenev's "Virgin Soil" to her "pipe club" in a St. Petersburg prison I have referred to in a previous article, died in Moscow in 1886 soon after her return from a long term of exile in western Siberia. Her husband, Gregorie Machtet, one of the most talented of the younger novelists of Russia, was arrested on the very threshold of a brilliant literary career and exiled to Siberia by administrative process. His portrait may recall him to the minds of some of the readers of THE CENTURY in Kansas, where he lived for a time during a visit that he made to the United States.

Prince Alexander Krapotkine, a most accomplished gentleman and fine mathematician and astronomer, was exiled to Siberia by administrative process, mainly because he was the brother of Prince Pierre Krapotkine, the well-known Russian revolutionist, who now resides in London. Alexander Krapotkine lived ten years in banishment, and then committed suicide at Tomsk in 1886.

Victoria Gukofskaya, a school-girl only fourteen years of age, was banished from

Odessa to eastern Siberia in 1878, and hanged herself at Krasnoyarsk in 1881.

An administrative exile named Bochin went insane at the village of Amga, in the province of Yakutsk, in 1883, and after killing his wife, who also was an administrative exile, and his child, which had been born in exile, he took poison.

In the face of all these terrible tragedies, and of many more to which I cannot now even refer, the Russian Government pretends that exile by administrative process is not a "punishment," but merely a wise precaution intended to restrain people from wrong-doing.

I have not space in this article for a tenth part of the evidence which I collected in Siberia to show that administrative exile is not only cruelly unjust, but, in hundreds of cases, is a punishment of barbarous severity. If it attained the objects that it is supposed to attain, there might, from the point of view of a despotic Government, be some excuse if not justification for it; but it does not attain such objects. Regarded even from the side of expediency, it is uselessly and needlessly cruel. In a recent official report to the Minister of the Interior, Major-General Nicolai Baranof, the governor of the province of Archangel, in discussing the subject of administrative exile says:

From the experience of previous years, and from my own personal observation, I have come to the conclusion that administrative exile for political reasons is much more likely to spoil the character of a man than to reform it. The transition from a life of comfort to a life of poverty, from a social life to a life in which there is no society whatever, and from a life of activity to a life of compulsory inaction, produces such ruinous consequences, that, not infrequently, especially of late, we find the political exiles going insane, attempting to commit suicide, and even committing suicide. All this is the direct result of the abnormal conditions under which exile compels an intellectually cultivated person to live. There has not yet been a single case where a man, suspected with good reason of

political untrustworthiness and exiled by administrative process, has returned from such banishment reconciled to the Government, convinced of his error, and changed into a useful member of society and a faithful servant of the Throne. On the other hand, it often happens that a man who has been exiled in consequence of a misunderstanding, or an administrative mistake, becomes politically untrustworthy for the first time in the place to which he has been banished — partly by reason of his association there with real enemies of the Government, and partly as a result of personal exasperation. Furthermore, if a man is infected with anti-Government ideas, all the circumstances of exile tend only to increase the infection, to sharpen his faculties, and to change him from a theoretical to a practical — that is, an extremely dangerous — man. If, on the contrary, a man has not been guilty of taking part in a revolutionary movement, exile, by force of the same circumstances, develops in his mind the idea of revolution, or, in other words, produces a result directly opposite to that which it was intended to produce. No matter how exile by administrative process may be regulated and restricted, it will always suggest to the mind of the exiled person the idea of uncontrolled official license, and this alone is sufficient to prevent any reformation whatever.*

Truer words than these were never written by a high Russian official, and so far as the practical expediency of exile by administrative process is concerned, I should be content to rest the case against it wholly upon this frank report of the governor of Archangel. The subject, however, may be regarded from a point of view other than that of expediency — namely, from the point of view of morals, justice, and humanity. That side of the question I shall reserve for further discussion in future. In this paper I have tried to show how recklessly, carelessly, and unjustly Russian citizens are banished to Siberia by administrative process. In subsequent articles I shall describe, as fairly, fully, and accurately as I can, the conditions of the life which political exiles in Siberia are compelled to live.

* "Juridical Messenger" (the journalistic organ of the Moscow Juridical Society, or Bar Association), October, 1883, p. 332.

George Kennan.

OLD AGE'S LAMBENT PEAKS.

THE touch of flame — the illuminating fire — the loftiest look at last,
 O'er city, passion, sea — o'er prairie, mountain, wood — the earth itself;
 The airy, different, changing hues of all, in falling twilight,
 Objects and groups, bearings, faces, reminiscences;
 The calmer sight — the golden setting, clear and broad:
 So much 't the atmosphere, the points of view, the situations whence we scan,
 Bro't out by them alone — so much (perhaps the best) unreck'd before;
 The lights indeed from them — old age's lambent peaks.

Walt Whitman.