

"And when the body was laid on the bier, Peter and Paul uplifted it, and the other apostles ranged themselves around it." (Then comes a description of the carrying of the body of Mary to the tomb.)

"And the apostles laid the body of the Virgin in the tomb." (This is the particular portion forming the subject of the picture.) "And they watched beside it three days, and on the third day the Lord appeared with a multitude of angels, and raised up Mary, and she was received, body and soul, into heaven."

"According to some accounts," says Lindsay, "the apostle Thomas was not present at the Virgin's assumption"; and this accounts for there being only twelve apostles around the Virgin at her entombment, instead of thirteen, which the addition of Paul would make had Thomas been present.

Speaking of the coloring of Duccio, Eastlake, in a few superficial remarks, says he is "devoid of relief" in this respect. I leave the reader to judge, from the last example shown, how totally at variance with the truth this is. In some instances his coloring is Titianesque — warm, lustrous, and deep. The garment of the Virgin in the entombment is a deep blue, of a most charming hue. That of the apostle next to Peter and immediately above the head of the Virgin is also a blue, but of a different, warmer, and softer tone, so that here, for instance, is a relief of color very subtle and harmonious. That of the apostle John, who holds the palm-branch, is a rose-pink in the high

lights, shading to a deeper red. The contrast this makes with the lovely blues is the most pleasing thing imaginable to look upon. Now the garments of the apostle whose head comes just above the stars of the palm-branch are also red, similar in tone to the deep shading in John's garment; but there is a softness of tone about it that gives just the proper relief to the latter. Then the palm-branch, of which the stars are gold, is a delicious soft, tender green, shading gently deeper to one side, and this again is properly relieved against the deeper green of the garment of the apostle the top of whose head comes just behind three of the stars. This apostle, from the type of his face and his long hair, is evidently James, the brother of our Lord. The garment of the one next to him, whose hand comes in proximity with those of the Virgin, is a charming mixture of warm purple and greenish-blue tints. That of the one next to him is of a warm brown, well relieved against the brownish shadows of the rock behind. So on throughout — always a pleasing variety and subtle relief of color. The marble tomb is of a reddish, warm tone, roughly hewn, as I have engraved it. The trees, carefully worked up in detail, are of various shades of lustrous green, and the sky and glories around the heads are gold. The flesh tints are warm brownish yellows, while the flesh of the Virgin is relieved from that of the others, being deader in tone. The whole is a most harmonious combination of color — a true symphony in color.

T. Cole.

## LIFE ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.



THE extension of our acquaintance in Tomsk, on one side with Government officials and on the other with political exiles, led now and then to peculiar and embarrassing situations. A day or two before our departure for Irkutsk, while two of the politicals — Messrs. Volkhofski and Chudnofski — were sitting in our room at the European Hotel, a servant suddenly knocked, threw open the door, and announced his Excellency Actual State Councilor Petukhof, the governor *pro tem.* of the province. My heart, as the Russians say, went into my fingers' ends. I did not know what relations existed between the banished revolutionists and Governor Petukhof. We had called several times upon the latter without referring in any way to our acquaintance with this class of criminals; and in all our intercourse with the Tomsk officials we had treated the subject of political exile with studied indifference, in order to avert suspicion and escape troublesome inquiries. To be then surprised by the governor himself while two prominent politicals were sitting in our room and writing at our table was, to say the least, embarrassing. I had just had time to ask Volk-

hofski and Chudnofski whether or not I should introduce them to the governor, when the latter, in full uniform, entered the room. There was a curious expression of surprise in his good-humored face as he took in at a glance the situation; but the removal of his heavy overcoat and galoshes gave him an opportunity to recover himself, and as he came forward with outstretched hand to greet Mr. Frost and me there was nothing in his manner to indicate the least annoyance or embarrassment. He shook hands cordially with the two political exiles, who had been condemned by a court of justice to penal servitude; began at once a conversation in which they could join, and behaved generally with so much tact and courtesy, that in five minutes we were all chatting together as unceremoniously as if we were old acquaintances who had met accidentally at a club. It was, however, a strangely constituted group: an American newspaper man; an American artist; two political exiles who had been punished with solitary confinement, leg-fetters, and the strait-jacket; and, finally, the highest provincial representative of the Government that had so dealt with these exiles — all meeting upon the common footing of per-

sonal character, and ignoring, for the time, the peculiar network of interrelations that united them. Whether or not Governor Petukhof reported to the Minister of the Interior that we had made the acquaintance of the political criminals in Tomsk, I do not know—probably not. He seemed to me to be a faithful officer of the Crown, but, at the same time, a man of culture, ability, and good sense; and while he doubtless disapproved of the revolutionary movement, he recognized the fact that among the banished revolutionists were men of education, refinement, and high personal character, who might, naturally enough, attract the attention of foreign travelers.

The number of politicals in Tomsk, at the time of our visit, was about 30, including 6 or 8 women. Some of them were administrative exiles, who had only just arrived from European Russia; some were "poselentse," or forced colonists, who had been banished originally to "the most remote part" of Siberia, but who had finally been allowed to return in broken health to a "less remote part"; while a few were survivors of the famous "193," who had languished for years in the casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress, and had then been sent to the plains of Western Siberia.

I was surprised to find among the administrative exiles in Tomsk men and women who had just returned from long terms of banishment in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk. "How did it happen," I said to one of them, "that you, a mere administrative exile, were sent to the worst part of Eastern Siberia? I thought that the province of Yakutsk was reserved as a place of punishment for the more dangerous class of political offenders, and for compulsory colonists from the mines of the Trans-Baikal."

"That is not quite the case," he replied. "It is true that administrative exiles are usually sent to some part of Western Siberia, but they are frequently transferred afterward to the province of Yakutsk. I myself was sent to Western Siberia in the first place, but in 1881 I was transported to Yakutsk because I would not take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III."

"Do you mean," I said, "that the Government, while punishing you for treason, required you to take an oath of loyalty?"

"Precisely," he replied; "and because I could n't and would n't do it, I was banished to a Yakut ooloos."<sup>1</sup>

"But," I exclaimed, "that was not only unjust, but stupid. What was the use of asking a political exile to swear that he was a loyal citizen?"

"There was no use of it," he answered; "but it was done. The Government did not even content itself with exacting an oath of loyalty, but required me to swear that I would tell all I knew about the revolutionary movement; or, in other words, betray my friends. I could not do that, even if I had been changed into a loyal subject by banishment."

Further inquiry elicited the fact, which was then a new one to me, that all administrative exiles who were living in Western Siberia when Alexander III. came to the throne in 1881 were required by the Minister of the Interior to take the oath of allegiance to the new Tsar. It was unreasonable, of course, to expect that men who were already undergoing punishment for disloyalty to Alexander II. would stultify themselves by taking an oath of allegiance to Alexander III.; yet the Minister of the Interior either entertained such an expectation, or else made a pretense of it in order to have an excuse for punishing a second time men who had not committed a second offense. If a criminal whose sentence has been pronounced, and who is already in exile, refuses to admit that his criminal act was wrong, such refusal may be a good reason for not setting him at liberty until the expiration of his penal term; but it is hardly a sufficient reason for arbitrarily increasing threefold the severity of his punishment. It would be regarded as a very remarkable proceeding if Governor Oglesby should go to-morrow to the anarchists recently sentenced to state prison in Illinois, require them to declare under oath that they were not anarchists, and then, if they refused, drag them out of their cells and hang them off-hand without the ministrations of a clergyman. Yet that is precisely analogous to the action that was taken by the Russian Government in the cases of administrative exiles who were living in Western Siberia when the present Tsar came to the throne. If the Minister of the Interior did not know that these men were disloyal, he had no right to punish them with exile.

<sup>1</sup> "Ooloos" is the name for a native settlement, consisting perhaps of only one or two earth-covered yourts, situated in the taiga, or primeval wilderness of Yakutsk, sometimes hundreds of miles from the nearest Russian village and more than 5000 miles from St. Petersburg. The gentleman to whom I here refer was sent to an ooloos in the district of Amga, only five degrees south of the arctic circle, and reached his destination in December, in the midst of an arctic winter. I have a list of names of 79 political offenders who were

living in Yakut oolooses in the year 1882, including the Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko, Professor Bogdanovitch, who was formerly instructor in chemistry in a university in Austrian Poland, and M. Linoff, who had lived four or five years in the United States and had taken out his first naturalization papers as an American citizen. The list includes also one Frenchman, one German, and nine educated women. The Frenchman and the German had made appeals for help, I believe, to their own Governments, but without result.

If, on the other hand, he did know that they were disloyal, he acted with cruel injustice in forcing upon them such a choice of alternatives as perjury or a living death in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk. Scores of exiled men and women, who had committed no new offense, were sent from Western Siberia to Eastern Siberia, or to Yakut oolooes near the Asiatic pole of cold, simply because they would not perjure themselves and turn informers. One of these unfortunates was the gifted Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko. He had already been banished three times—once to Siberia through an administrative "mistake," and he was then transported to the province of Yakutsk because he would not betray his friends, kiss the mailed hand that had smitten him, and swear that he was a loyal subject of "The Lord's Anointed," Alexander III.

The reader may perhaps think that in describing banishment to a Yakut ooloo as a "living death" I have used too strong an expression. I will therefore describe it as it appears to well-informed and dispassionate Russians. In the early part of the year 1881, when the liberal minister Loris Melikoff was in power and when there existed in Russia a limited freedom of the press, Mr. S. A. Priklonski, a well-known author and a gentleman who served at one time on the staff of the governor of the province of Olonets, published in the liberal newspaper "Zemstvo"—which was shortly afterward suppressed—a long and carefully prepared article upon exile by administrative process. In that article—a copy of which now lies before me—Mr. Priklonski, over his own signature, uses the following language with regard to the life of political exiles in Yakut oolooes:

There exists in the province of Yakutsk a form of exile more severe and more barbarous than anything that the Russian public has yet known, . . . namely, banishment to oolooes. This consists in the assignment of administrative exiles separately to residences in scattered Yakut yurts, situated sometimes many versts one from another. A recent number of the "Russian Gazette" (No. 23), in its correspondence from Yakutsk, publishes the following extract from the letter of an ooloo exile, which graphically describes the awful situation of an educated human being who has been mercilessly thrown into one of the yurts of these arctic savages.

<sup>1</sup> Since Mr. Priklonski, the fearless and talented author of this article, is now dead, I may say, without fear of injuring him, that he himself gave me the copy of it that I now have, together with a quantity of other manuscript material relating to exile by administrative process. He was a man of high character and more than ordinary ability, and is well and favorably known in Russia as the author of "Sketches of Self-government," published in 1884; "Popular Life in the North," which appeared in 1886; and a large number

"The Cossacks who had brought me from the town of Yakutsk to my destination soon returned, and I was left alone among Yakuts who do not understand a word of Russian. They watch me constantly, for fear that if I escape they will have to answer for it to the Russian authorities. If I go out of the close atmosphere of the solitary yurt to walk, I am followed by a suspicious Yakut. If I take an ax to cut myself a cane, the Yakut directs me by gestures and pantomime to let it alone and go back into the yurt. I return thither, and before the fireplace I see a Yakut who has stripped himself naked and is hunting for lice in his clothing—a pleasant picture! The Yakuts live in winter in the same buildings with their cattle, and frequently are not separated from the latter even by the thinnest partition. The excrement of the cattle and of the children; the inconceivable disorder and filth; the rotting straw and rags; the myriads of vermin in the bedding; the foul, oppressive air; and the impossibility of speaking a word of Russian—all these things taken together are positively enough to drive one insane. The food of the Yakuts can hardly be eaten. It is carelessly prepared, without salt, often of tainted materials, and the unaccustomed stomach rejects it with nausea. I have no separate dishes or clothing of my own; there are no facilities for bathing, and during the whole winter—eight months—I am as dirty as a Yakut. I cannot go anywhere—least of all to the town, which is two hundred versts distant. I live with the Yakuts by turns—staying with one family for six weeks, and then going for the same length of time to another. I have nothing to read,—neither books nor newspapers,—and I know nothing of what is going on in the world."

Beyond this [says Mr. Priklonski in commenting upon the letter] severity cannot go. Beyond this there remains nothing to do but to tie a man to the tail of a wild horse and drive him into the steppe, or chain him to a corpse and leave him to fate. One does not wish to believe that a human being can be subjected, without trial and by a mere executive order, to such grievous torment—to a punishment which European civilization has banished from its penal code even for the most desperate class of villains whose inhuman crimes have been proved by trial in a criminal court. And yet we are assured by the correspondent of the "Russian Gazette" that up to this time none of the exiles in the province of Yakutsk have been granted any alleviating privileges; ten newly arrived administrators have been distributed,—most of them among the oolooes,—and more are expected in the near future.<sup>1</sup>

The statements made in Mr. Priklonski's article are supported by private letters, now in my possession, from oolooes exiles, by the

of articles upon local self-government and the condition of the Russian peasantry, printed from time to time in the journals "The Week," "Zemstvo," and "Russian Thought." Mr. Priklonski was not a revolutionist, and the article from which I have made quotations was not published in a revolutionary sheet. It appeared in the "Zemstvo," the unofficial organ of the Russian provincial assemblies, which was at that time under the editorial management of the well-known author and publicist Mr. V. U. Skalon. I mention these

concurrent testimony of a large number of politicals who have lived through this experience, and by my own personal observation. I have myself slept in sod-covered Yakut yourts side by side with cattle; I have borne some of the hardships of life in these wretched habitations, and I know how intolerable it must be for a refined and educated human being—and especially for a woman—to spend months or years in the midst of such an environment. It must be said, however, in fairness, that some administrative exiles, who are allowed to receive money from their friends, buy or build houses for themselves, and have a somewhat more enduring existence. The Russian novelist Korolenko occupied a house of his own, apart from the Yakuts, and a number of the returned ooloos exiles whose acquaintance I made in Tomsk told me that, with the aid of friends, they bought, built, or hired log houses in the oolooses to which they had been banished, and thus escaped the filth and disorder of the Yakut yourts. Some of them too had a few books, and received letters from their relatives once or twice a year through the police. They suffered, nevertheless, great hardships and privations. Mr. Linofi, a cultivated gentleman who had resided several years in the United States and who spoke English well, told me that after his banishment to the province of Yakutsk he sometimes lived for months at a time without bread, subsisting for the most part upon fish and meat. His health was broken down by his experience, and he died at an East Siberian *étape* in May, 1886, less than six months after I made his acquaintance. That the life of ooloos exiles, even under the most favorable circumstances, is almost an unendurable one sufficiently appears from the frequency with which they escape from it by self-destruction. Of the seventy-nine politicals who were in exile in the province of Yakutsk in 1882, six had committed suicide previous to 1885. How many have died in that way since then I do not know; but of the six to whom I refer, I have the names.

I was struck in Tomsk by the composure with which political exiles would sometimes talk of intolerable injustice and frightful sufferings. The men and women who had been sent to the province of Yakutsk for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III., and who had suffered in that arctic wilderness all that human beings can suffer from hunger and cold and sickness and bereavement, did not seem to

facts merely to show that if the Russian Government cared anything about the condition of political exiles in the province of Yakutsk, it had no excuse for inaction. Its attention was called to the subject by persons who did not seek to escape responsibility for their words, and by citizens whose abilities and patriotic services entitled them to a respectful hearing. As the

be conscious that there was anything very extraordinary in their experience. Now and then some man, whose wife had committed suicide in exile, would flush a little and clench his hands as he spoke of her; or some broken-hearted woman, whose baby had frozen to death in her arms on the road, would sob at intervals as she tried to tell me her story; but, as a rule, both men and women referred to injustice and suffering with perfect composure, as if they were nothing more than the ordinary accidents of life. Mr. X——, one of the politicals in K——, showed me one day, I remember, a large collection of photographs of his revolutionary friends. Whenever a face struck me as being noteworthy, on account of its beauty or character, I would ask whose it was.

"That," Mr. X—— would say quietly, "is Miss A——, once a teacher in a peasant school; she died of prison consumption in Kiev three years ago. The man with the full beard is B——, formerly a justice of the peace in N——; he was hanged at St. Petersburg in 1879. The thin-faced girl is Miss C——, one of the so-called propagandists; she went insane in the House of Preliminary Detention while awaiting trial. The pretty young woman with the cross on the sleeve of her dress is Madame D——, a Red Cross nurse in one of the field hospitals during the late Russo-Turkish war; she was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude and is now at the mines of Kara. The lady opposite her on the same page is Miss E——, formerly a student in the Bez-tuzhef medical school for women in St. Petersburg; she cut her throat with a piece of broken glass, after two years of solitary confinement in the fortress."

In this way Mr. X—— went through his whole collection of photographs, suggesting, or sketching hastily, in a few dry, matter-of-fact words, the terrible tragedies in which the originals of the portraits had been actors. He did not show the least emotional excitement, and from his manner it might have been supposed that it was the commonest thing in the world for one's friends to be hanged, sent to the mines, driven insane by solitary confinement, or tortured into cutting their throats with broken glass. His composure, however, was not insensibility, nor lack of sympathy. It was rather the natural result of long familiarity with such tragedies. One may become accustomed in time even to the sights and

Minister of the Interior has continued to send educated human beings to Yakut oolooses from that time to this, he has made it impossible for the civilized world to draw any other conclusion than that he consciously and deliberately intends to subject men and women, without trial or hearing, to the miseries set forth in the letter from which Mr. Prikloński quotes.

sounds of a field hospital, and the Russian revolutionists have become so accustomed to injustice and misery that they can speak without emotional excitement of things that made my face flush and my heart beat fast with indignation or pity.

"Twice in my life," said a well-known Russian liberal to me, "I have fully realized what it means to be a free citizen. The first time was when I returned to Russia from the United States in 187-, and noticed at the frontier the difference between the attitude taken by the gendarmes towards me and their attitude towards Englishmen who entered the empire with me. The second time was just now, when I saw the effect produced upon you by the story that Mr. B—— was relating to you. That story seemed to you—as I could plainly see from the expression of your face—something awful and almost incredible. To me it was no more surprising or extraordinary than an account of the running-over of a man in the street. As I watched the play of expression in your face—as I was forced to look at the facts, for a moment, from your point of view—I felt again, to the very bottom of my soul, the difference between a free citizen and a citizen of Russia."

The condition of the banished politicals in Tomsk was better than the condition of such offenders in any other part of Siberia that we visited. Prince Krapotkin complained to me of the climate there as trying and unhealthy; but it did not seem to me to be worse, in any respect, than the climate of northern New England. The educated people of the city were liberal and enterprising; the town had a good bookstore, a public library, a theater, a liberal newspaper,—when it was not under sentence of suspension,—and excellent schools; the Government was less oppressive than in the province of Tobolsk; the political exiles could meet one another freely; most of them could write and receive letters without submitting them to the police for supervision, and it seemed to me that their life there was fairly endurable. In view of these facts, the probability that Tomsk will shortly cease to be a place of banishment for political offenders is a subject for profound regret. Since my last article was written, the Russian Government has announced its intention to open one "faculty," or department,—the so-called "medical faculty,"—of the long-talked-of Siberian university, for which a splendid building was erected in Tomsk, chiefly by private subscription, four years ago. The opening of this institution of learning will probably be the signal for the removal of the political exiles to some other part of the province. The Government takes every possible precaution to prevent the stu-

dents in its universities from getting "dangerous" ideas, and it will hardly venture to assemble a large number of young men in a city where the intelligent class of citizens is so leavened with "untrustworthy" elements as it is in Tomsk. Bright-witted students who are given an opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of such men as Chudnofski and the late Prince Krapotkin are apt to draw, from the fate of the latter, conclusions that are neither conducive to loyalty nor in harmony with the Government's idea of education. It is greatly to be feared, therefore, that if the Minister of the Interior has finally decided, after four years of deliberation, to try the "dangerous" experiment of opening the Tomsk University, he has also decided to send the Tomsk exiles somewhere else.

On Friday, August 28, after bidding goodbye to the politicals in Tomsk and making final calls upon Colonel Yagodkin and one or two other officers who had been particularly kind and hospitable to us, Mr. Frost and I procured a fresh padorozhnaya, climbed once more into our old tarantas, and set out, with a troika of good post horses, for Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, which was distant from Tomsk 1040 miles. Governor Petukhof had promised that he would send us an open letter directing all convoy officers within his jurisdiction to allow us to inspect étapes; but he had forgotten it, or had reconsidered his promise after finding the political exiles in our room at the European Hotel, and we were left to gain admission to étapes as best we could. Our journey of 260 miles to Achinsk, the first town in Eastern Siberia, was not marked by any noteworthy incident. The part of the province of Tomsk through which we passed was generally rolling, or broken by ranges of low hills, and in appearance it suggested at times the thinly settled forest region of eastern Maine, and at others the fertile farming country of western New York. In some places we rode for hours through a dense second growth of birches, poplars, and evergreens which hid from sight everything except the sky and the black muddy road, and then, a dozen miles farther on, we would come out into an extensive open prairie embroidered with daisies, or cross a wide shallow valley whose bottom and sloping sides were covered with an irregular patchwork of cultivated fields. The weather was cool and fall-like, but the mosquitoes were still troublesome, and the flowers continued to be abundant. On the 6th of September I counted thirty-four different kinds of flowers in blossom beside the road, including wild roses, forget-me-nots, crane's-bill, two or three species of aster, goldenrod, wild mustard, monk's-hood, spirea, buttercups, fire-

weed, bluebells, vase pinks, and Kirghis caps. Many of them were blooming out of their proper season and were represented by only a few scattered specimens; but of others we might have picked millions. The most attractive and highly cultivated region that we saw was that lying between the post stations of Itatskaya and Bogotolskaya, about fifty miles west of Achinsk. The weather was warm and pleasant, and the picture presented by the fertile rolling country with its rich autumnal coloring, the clumps of silver birch and poplar here and there in the flowery meadows, the extensive fields of ripe yellow wheat which stretched away up the gentle sunny slopes of the hills, and the groups of men and women in scarlet or blue shirts who were harvesting the grain with clumsy sickles or eating their noonday lunch in the shade of a frost-tinted birch by the roadside, was a picture not unworthy of an artist's pencil, nor of comparison with any rural landscape of like character in the world.

The villages, however, in this part of Siberia were less deserving of commendation than was the scenery. They consisted generally of a double line of gray, unpainted log houses extending sometimes for two or three versts along the miry, chocolate-colored road, without the least sign anywhere of foliage or vegetation, except, perhaps, the leafy branch of a tree nailed up at the door of one of the numerous "kabaks," "Rhine cellars," "drinking establishments," "piteini doms," or "optovi sklads" which in every Siberian village bring revenue to the Government and demoralization to the peasants. These bush-decorated houses are of many different sorts and go by many different names; but they all sell vodka, and, to a great extent, they are responsible for the dirty, slovenly, and poverty-stricken appearance of the peasant villages on the great Siberian road. There are thirty rum-shops to every school throughout Western Siberia, and thirty-five rum-shops to every school throughout Eastern Siberia; and in a country where there exists such a disproportion between the facilities for education and the facilities for intoxication, one cannot reasonably expect to find clean, orderly, or prosperous villages.

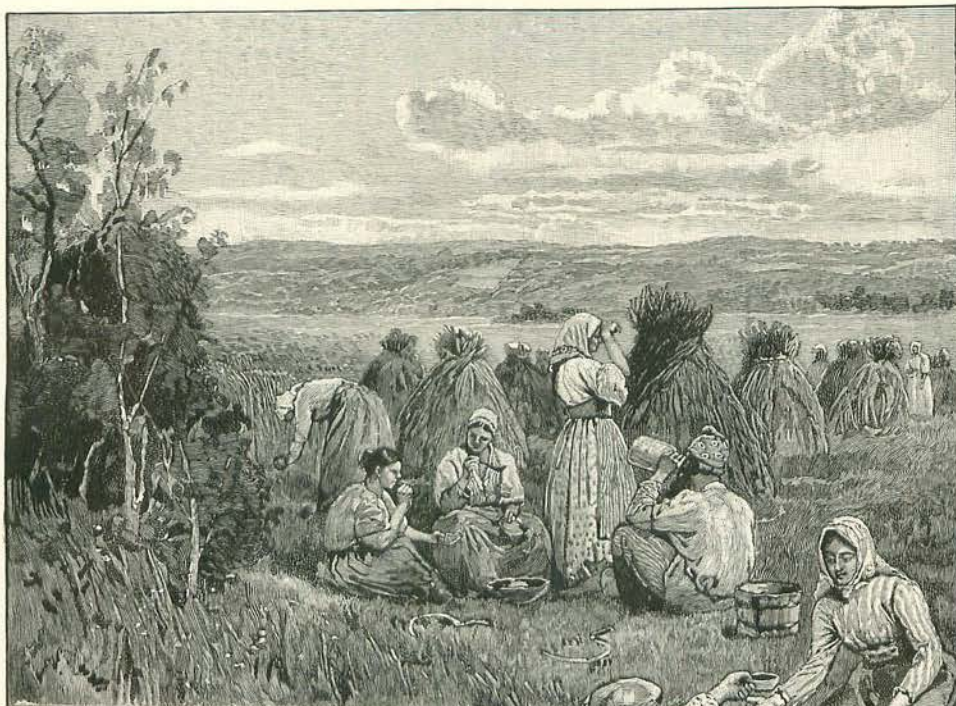
The graveyards belonging to the Siberian settlements sometimes seemed to me much more remarkable and noteworthy than the settlements themselves. Near one of the villages that we passed in this part of our journey, I noticed a cemetery in which nearly half the graves were marked by jet-black, three-armed, wooden crosses, covered with narrow A-shaped roofs, and surrounded by red, green, blue, and yellow picket fences. Some of the peculiar

black crosses bore the English letters "I. H. S." on one of the arms, while others had painted on them in white the figure of Christ crucified—the legs being made extraordinarily long and thin so as to occupy the whole length of the upright shaft. Anything more remarkable than one of these ghastly white figures, on a black cross, under a gable roof, with a cheerful red, white, and blue picket fence around it, I could hardly imagine; but it furnished a striking proof that the Russian love for crude color triumphs even over death. I do not remember to have seen bright colors used in a graveyard in any other part of the world or among any other people.

Harvesting was in progress all along the road between Tomsk and Achinsk, and in many places the whole population, with the exception of the post station-master and three or four drivers, had gone to the fields. In one village the only inhabitant whom we saw was a flaxen-haired child about five years of age, dressed in a dirty homespun shirt, wearing on a string about its neck a huge cow-bell, and gnawing contentedly at a big raw turnip, as it paddled along the deserted street half-way up to its knees in mud. Whether the cow-bell was one of the child's playthings, or whether the mother had made use of it as a means of finding her offspring when she should return from the harvest field, I do not know; but the combination of child, turnip, and cow-bell, in a village that did not appear to contain another living inhabitant, was novel enough to attract my attention.

In the outskirts of another settlement we were reminded once more that we were in a penal colony by the sight of a handcuffed horse grazing peacefully by the roadside. I knew that the Russian Government had once flogged and exiled to Siberia a free-thinking and insubordinate church-bell<sup>1</sup> because it had not self-control enough to hold its tongue when turned upside down; but I was a little startled, nevertheless, by the idea, which at once suggested itself to me, that the Government had taken to exiling and handcuffing "untrustworthy" horses. Upon making inquiries of the station-master, I was gratified to learn that this was not a horse that had behaved in a manner "prejudicial to public order" by refusing to neigh upon the accession of Alexander III. to the throne, but was merely an animal addicted to vagrancy, whose owner had hopped him with an old pair of Government handcuffs in order to prevent him from straying. The peasant to whom he belonged had unfortunately lost the key to the handcuffs, and for two or three months the horse had been as

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated bell of Uglitch. It is now in Tobolsk.



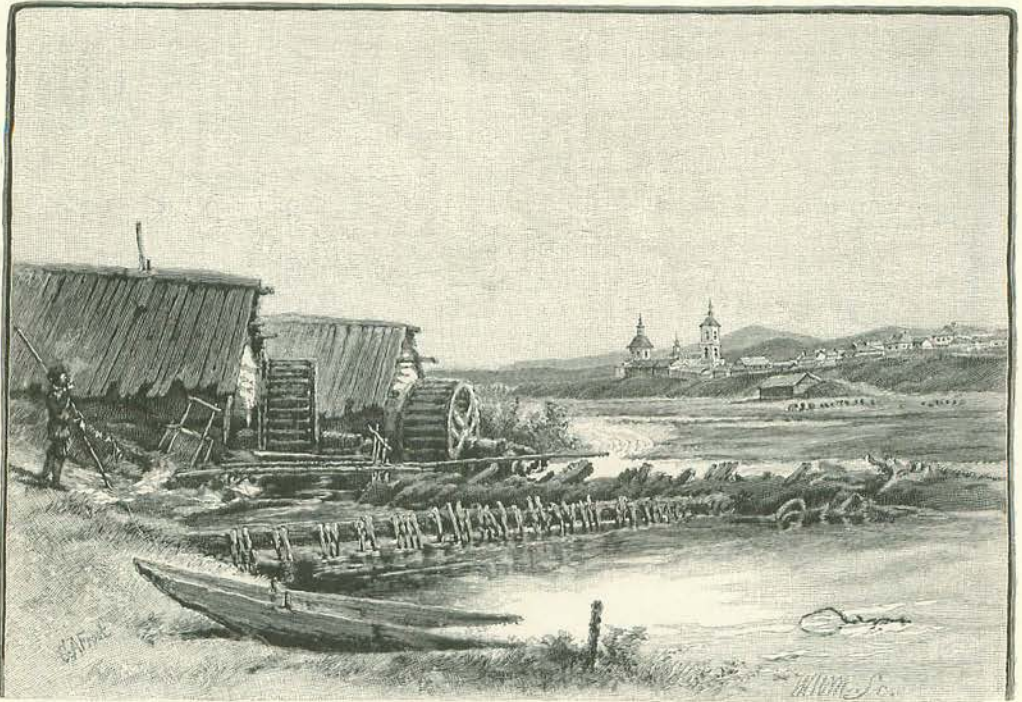
A SCENE NEAR ACHINSK.

useless, for all practical purposes, as a spiked cannon.

Between the post stations of Krasnorechinskaya and Bielayarskaya, about twenty miles west of Achinsk, we crossed the boundary line between the provinces of Tomsk and Yeniseisk, and entered the vast region known as Eastern Siberia. The boundary was marked by two brick columns about two feet square and seven feet high, which bore on their eastern and western sides the coats of arms of the two contiguous provinces. The rate of postal transportation changed at this point from one and a half kopecks to three kopecks per verst for every horse, and our traveling expenses were thus almost doubled, without any commensurate increase in comfort or in speed. The reason assigned for this change in rate is the higher cost of forage and food in Eastern Siberia; but the Government, in dealing with its exiles, does not apparently give any weight to this consideration. If the necessaries of life are enough higher in Eastern Siberia to justify the doubling of the rate for postal transportation, it would seem to follow that they are high enough to require some increase in the ration allowance of the exiles on the road; but no such increase is made. No matter whether it is in Western Siberia or in Eastern Siberia, whether black bread costs two kopecks a pound



or seven kopecks a pound, the exile receives neither more nor less than ten kopecks a day. The result of this is that in Western Siberia he generally has enough food to sustain his strength, while in Eastern Siberia, and particularly in the Trans-Baikal, he often suffers from hunger.



OLD BARK-MILLS, KRASNOYARSK.

We passed the town of Achinsk on Tuesday, September 1, and entered upon the most difficult and exhausting part of our journey. The country suddenly became wilder and more mountainous in its character; the road, for a distance of sixty or seventy miles, ran across a series of high wooded ridges, separated one from another by swampy ravines; rain fell almost incessantly; and it was all that five powerful horses could do to drag our heavy tarantas up the steep hills and through the abysses of tenacious semi-liquid clay in the intervening valleys. Even where the road was comparatively hard, it had been cut into deep ruts and hollows by thousands of obozes, or freight wagons; the attempts that had been made here and there to improve it by throwing tree-trunks helter-skelter into the sloughs and quagmires had only rendered it worse; and the swaying, banging, and plunging of the tarantas were something frightful. An American stage-coach would have gone to pieces on such a road before it had made a single station. In the course of the first night after leaving Achinsk, I was thrown violently against the sides or the roof of our tarantas at least three or four hundred times. This incessant jolting, added to sleeplessness and fatigue, brought on a racking headache; I was in a shiver most of the night from cold and lack of nourishing food; and when we reached the station of Ibrulskaya early Wednesday morning, after having made

in twenty hours and with four changes of horses a distance of only fifty miles, I felt as if I had been beaten from head to foot with a club and left for dead. Mr. Frost was sick, and had had three severe chills in the night, and he looked so worn and haggard that I became seriously alarmed about him. He did not wish, however, to stop in the post station of Ibrulskaya, which was already full of travelers sleeping on benches or on the floor, and after refreshing ourselves with tea, we pushed on towards Krasnoyarsk.

I cannot remember, in all Siberia, a worse road for wheeled vehicles than that between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk. I have never, in fact, seen a worse road in my life, and it was not at all surprising that Mr. Frost was prostrated by the jolting, the consequent sleeplessness, and the lack of substantial food. We had been able to get meat at the post stations only once in four days; we had lived almost entirely upon the bread and tea that we carried with us; and for ninety-six hours we had had only such snatches of sleep as we could get in the tarantas at intervals on short stretches of smooth road, or on benches in the station-houses while waiting for horses. It was some satisfaction to learn, at Oostanofskaya, that General Ignatief, the newly appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who passed over the road between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk a few days before us, was so exasperated by its condition that he



ordered the immediate arrest of the contractor who had undertaken to keep it in repair, and directed that he be held in prison to await an investigation. Mr. Frost and I agreed that it was a proper case for the exercise of despotic power.

We arrived in Krasnoyarsk late on the evening of Wednesday, September 2, after a journey from Tomsk of 370 miles, which had occupied a little more than five days of incessant travel. An abundant supper and a good night's rest in a small hotel near the post station restored our tired bodies to something like their normal condition, and Thursday afternoon we changed our travel-stained clothing and called upon Mr. Leo Petrovitch Kuznetsoff, a wealthy gold-mining proprietor to whom we had brought a letter of introduction from St. Petersburg. We little anticipated the luxurious comfort of the house and the delightful social atmosphere of the home circle to which this letter would admit us. The servant who came to the door in response to our ring showed us into one of the most beautiful and tastefully furnished drawing-rooms that we had seen in Russia. It was

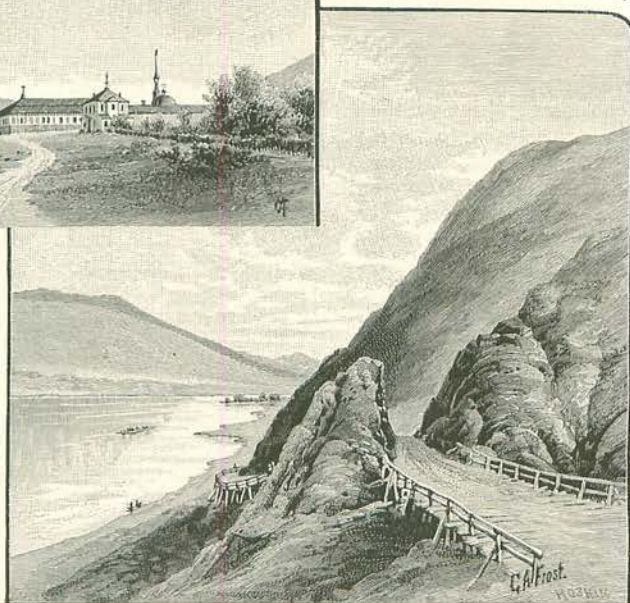
oil-paintings by well-known Russian, French, and English artists occupied places of honor at the ends of the room; and at our right, as we entered, was a grand piano, flanked by a carved stand piled high with books and music.

We had hardly had time to recover from the state of astonishment into which we were thrown by the sight of so many unexpected evidences of wealth, culture, and refinement in this remote East Siberian town when a slender, dark-haired, pale-faced young man in correct afternoon dress entered the drawing-room, introduced himself as Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff, and welcomed us in good English to Krasnoyarsk. We were soon made acquainted with the whole Kuznetsoff family, which consisted of three brothers and two sisters, all unmarried, and all living together in this luxurious house. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff and his sisters spoke English fluently; they had traveled in America, and had spent more or less time in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Saratoga, Chicago, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff's personal acquaintance with the United States was more extensive, indeed, than my own; inasmuch as he had twice



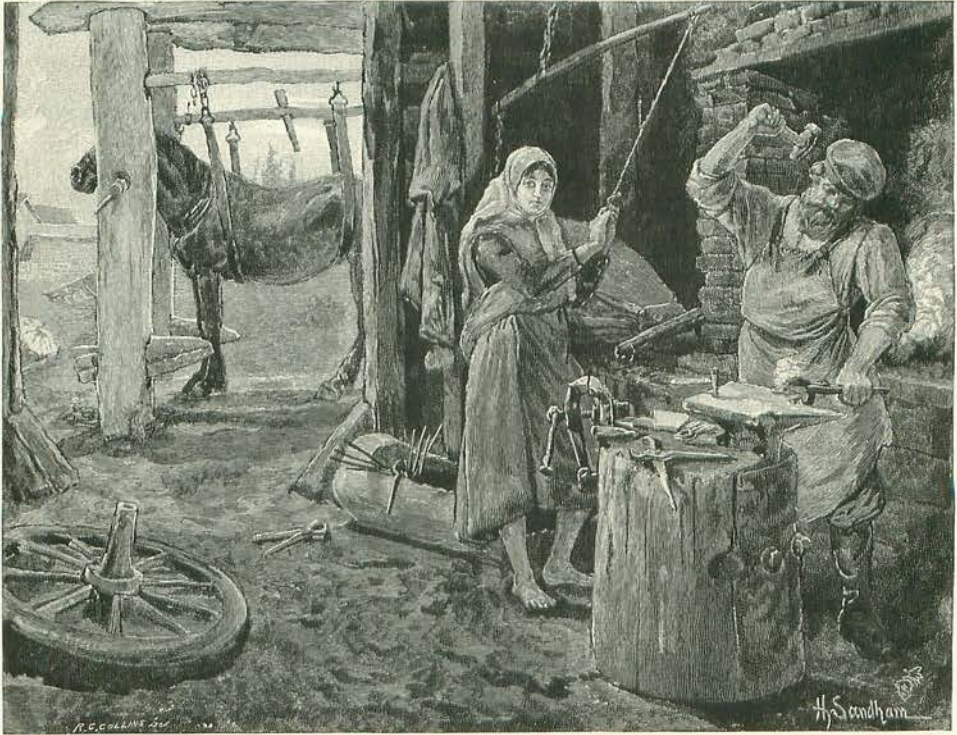
MONASTERY NEAR KRASNOYARSK.

fully fifty feet in length by thirty-five feet in width and twenty feet high; its inlaid floor of polished oak was hidden here and there by soft oriental rugs; palms, luxuriant ferns, and pots of blossoming plants occupied the lower portions of the high, richly curtained windows; the apparent size of the spacious apartment was increased by long pier-glasses interposed between the masses of greenery and flowers; a cheerful fire of birch wood was burning in an open fireplace under a massive mantel of carved marble; cabinets of polished cherry, filled with rare old china, delicate ivory carvings, bronze Buddhist idols, and all sorts of bric-à-brac, stood here and there against the walls; large



ROAD TO MONASTERY.

crossed the continent; had hunted buffalo on our Western prairies; had met General Sheridan, Buffalo Bill, Captain Jack, and other frontier notables; and had even visited regions as remote as Yellowstone Park and the "Staked Plains."



A SIBERIAN BLACKSMITH.

How pleasant it was, after months of rough life in dirty post stations or vermin-infested hotels, to come suddenly into such a house as that of the Kuznetsoffs; to find ourselves surrounded by flowers, books, pictures, and innumerable other evidences of cultured taste; to hear good music; to talk with intelligent men and women who did not tell us harrowing stories of imprisonment and exile—all this the reader can hardly imagine. We dined with the Kuznetsoffs every day that we spent in Krasnoyarsk, and met at their table some very attractive and cultivated people. Among the latter I remember particularly Mr. Ivan Savenkoff, the director of the Krasnoyarsk normal school, who had just returned from an archaeological excursion up the Yenisei, and who showed us some very interesting tracings and water-color copies of the prehistoric sketches and inscriptions that abound on the "pictured rocks" along that river. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff shared Mr. Savenkoff's interest in archaeology, and both gentlemen had valuable collections of objects dating from the stone or the bronze age that had been taken from "kurgans" or tumuli in various parts of the province.

Thursday evening, after dinner, we all drove up the left bank of the river to an old monastery about six versts from the city, where the people of Krasnoyarsk are accustomed to go in

summer for picnics. The road, which was a noteworthy triumph of monastic engineering, had been cut out in the steep cliffs that border the Yenisei, or had been carried on trestle-work along the faces of these cliffs high above the water, and at every salient angle it commanded a beautiful view of the majestic river, which, at this point, attains a width of more than a mile and glides swiftly past, between blue picturesque mountains, on its way from the wild fastnesses of Mongolia to the barren coast of the Arctic Ocean.

Our friends in Krasnoyarsk tempted us to remain there a week or two with promises of all sorts of delightful excursions, but at that late season of the year we could not spare the time. It required not a little resolution to turn our backs on picnic parties and boating parties, on archaeological excursions up the Yenisei, on such congenial society as we found in the hospitable homes of Mr. Savenkoff and the Kuznetsoffs, and to face again the old miseries of jolting, sleeplessness, cold, hunger, and fatigue on the road; but it was important that we should reach the mines of the Trans-Baikal before winter set in, and we had yet 1200 miles to go.

Saturday afternoon, September 5, we reluctantly ordered post horses; provided ourselves with a fresh supply of bread, tea, and

copper money; repacked our baggage in the old, battered, mud-splashed tarantas, which we were beginning to dread as a once-tortured criminal dreads the rack; and crossing the Yenisei on a pendulum ferry-boat, resumed our journey to Irkutsk. The weather was once more pleasant and sunshiny, but the changing colors of the dying leaves showed that fall was at hand. Many of the poplars had already turned a deep brilliant red, and nearly half of the birches were solid masses of canary yellow, which, when seen against the dark background of the somber evergreens, suggested foliage in a state of incandescence. The vast fields of wheat in the valley of the Yenisei and on the lower slopes of the hills in the neighborhood of Krasnoyarsk were apparently dead ripe, and hundreds of men and women, with horse-hair mosquito-protectors over their heads, were reaping the grain with sickles, binding it into sheaves, and stacking the sheaves by fives in long rows.

We traveled without rest Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, but on Wednesday morning, at the station of Kamyshetskaya, about 350 miles from Irkutsk, we were forced to stop in order to have repairs made to our tarantas. We found the village blacksmith in a little shop near the post station, where, with the aid of his daughter, a robust young woman eighteen or twenty years of age, he was engaged in shoeing a horse. One might infer, from the elaborate precautions taken to prevent the animal from injuring himself or anybody else while being shod, that Siberian horses are more than usually fractious, or Siberian blacksmiths more than usually careless in driving nails. The poor beast had been hoisted into the air by means of two broad belly-bands, and suspended from a stout frame so that he could not touch the ground; three of his legs had then been lashed to an equal number of posts so that he could neither kick nor struggle, and the daring blacksmith was fearlessly putting a shoe on the only hoof that the wretched and humiliated animal could move. We learned, upon inquiry, that Siberian horses are always shod in this way,

and we concluded that Siberian blacksmiths must be regarded by accident insurance companies as extra safe and very desirable risks.

While we were waiting for the repairs to our tarantas we were overtaken by the Moscow post. The Russian mails are carried in Siberia in leathern bags or pouches as with us, and are forwarded in telegas under guard of an armed postilion, changing horses and vehicles at every station. There is no limit, so far as I know, to the weight or size of packages that may be sent by post,—I have myself mailed a box weighing forty pounds,—and the mails are consequently very bulky and heavy, filling sometimes a dozen telegas. Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, has a mail from Moscow every day and returns it three times a week; and as the imperial post takes precedence over private travelers, the latter are often forced to wait for hours at post stations because the last horses have been taken by the Government postilion. Such was our fate at Kamyshetskaya. The repairs to our tarantas were soon made,



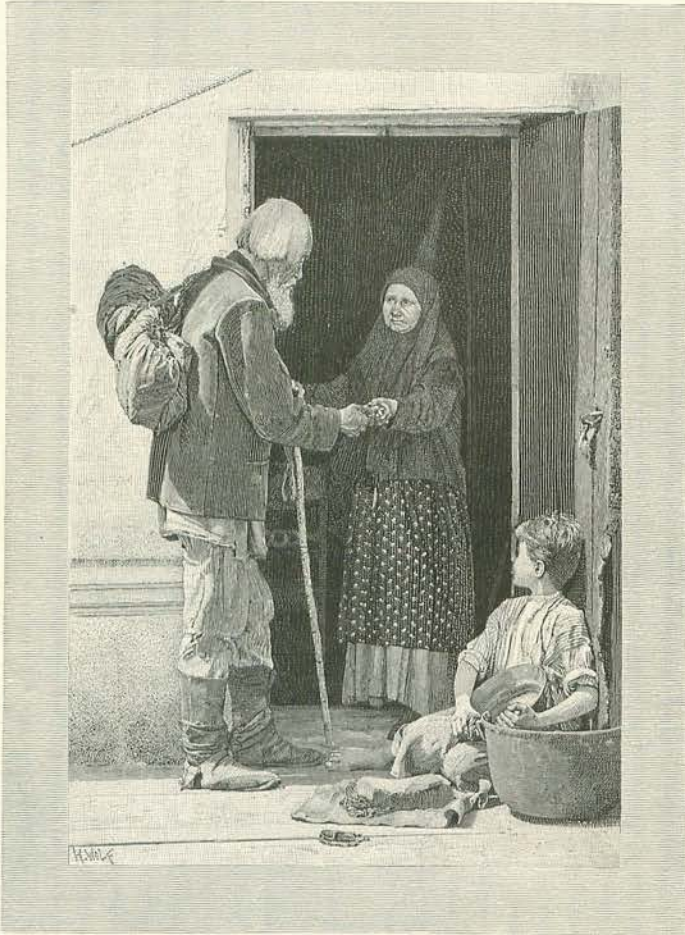
THE DEPARTURE OF THE MAIL.

but in the mean time we had been overtaken by the post, and we were obliged to wait for horses until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

From Kamyshetskaya to Irkutsk we traveled night and day, stopping only now and then to

inspect an *étape*, or to watch the progress of an exile party, as, with a dismal clinking of chains, it made its way slowly along the road, in a pouring rain, towards the distant mines of the Trans-Baikal. Some of these parties had been more than two months in making the distance from Tomsk that we had traversed in eight days, and none of them would reach their

without skilled medical attention or proper care; and to talk with intelligent officers of the prison department who had been familiar for years with every feature of the exile system. The result of my investigation was a deliberate conviction that the suffering involved in the present method of transporting criminals to Siberia is not paralleled by anything of the kind



AN OLD BRODYAG BEGGING FOOD.

destination until late in the winter. A mere glance at the worn, anxious faces of the men and women was enough to give one an idea of the hardships and privations that they had already endured.

The life of Siberian exiles on the road is attended by miseries and humiliations of which an American reader can form only a faint conception. I had many opportunities, during our journey from Tomsk to Irkutsk, to see convicts on the march, in sunshine and in rain; to inspect the wretched *étapes* in which they were herded like cattle at night; to visit the lazarets where they sometimes lie sick for weeks

that now exists in the civilized world outside of the Russian Empire. Some of this suffering is due, of course, to negligence, indifference, or official corruption; but a very large part of it is the necessary result of a bad and cruel system, and it can be removed only by the complete abolition of the system itself, and by the substitution for it of imprisonment for life, or for a term of years, in European Russia. Only a moment's reflection is needed to satisfy any one that, even under the most favorable circumstances, six or eight thousand men, women, and children cannot march two thousand miles across such a country as Eastern Siberia with-

out suffering terrible hardships. The physical exposure alone is enough to break down the health and strength of all except the most hardy, and when to such inevitable exposure are added insufficient clothing, bad food, the polluted air of overcrowded étapes, and the almost complete absence of medical care and attention, one is surprised, not that so many die, but that so many get through alive.

The exile parties that leave Tomsk in July and August are overtaken by the frosts and the cold rains of autumn long before they reach Irkutsk. They have not yet been supplied with winter clothing, and most of them have no better protection from rain, sleet, or cold wind than that afforded by a coarse linen shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a gray frieze overcoat. Imagine such a party marching in a cold north-east storm along the road over which we passed between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk. Every individual is wet to the skin by the drenching rain, and the nursing women, the small children, and the sick lie shivering on water-soaked straw in small rude telegas, without even a pretense of shelter from the storm. In places the mud is almost knee-deep, and the wagons wallow through it at the rate of about two miles an hour. The bodies of the marching convicts, kept warm by the exertion of walking in heavy leg-fetters, steam a little in the raw, chilly air, but a large number of the men have lost or removed their shoes, and are wading through the freezing mud with bare feet. The Government, influenced, I presume, by considerations of economy, furnishes its exiles in summer and fall with low shoes or slippers called "kottee," instead of with boots. These kottee are made by contract and by the thousand, of the cheapest materials, and by the Government itself are expected to last only six weeks.<sup>1</sup> As a matter of fact they frequently do not last one week.

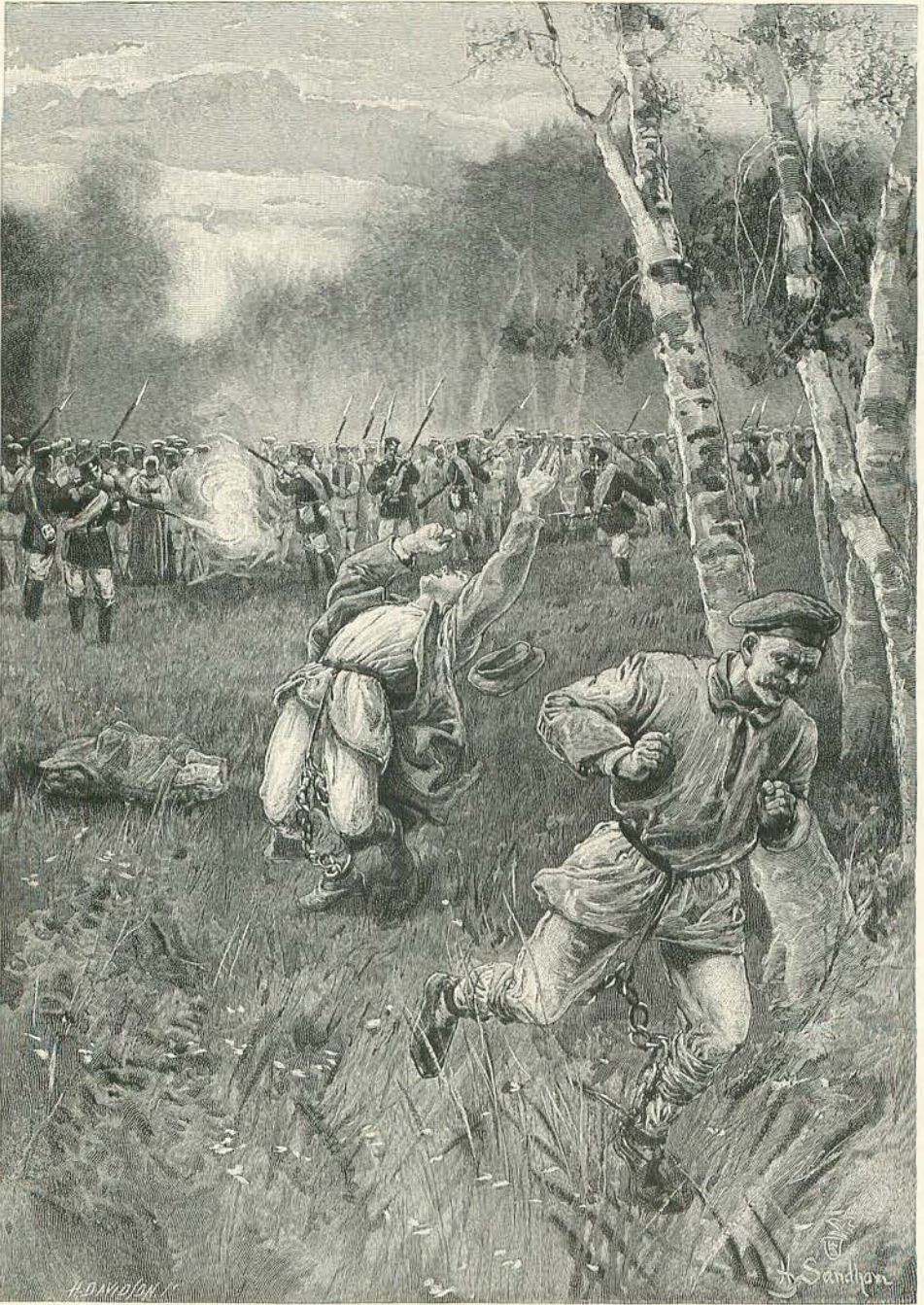
A high officer of the exile administration told me that it was a common thing to see exiles leave Tomsk or Krasnoyarsk with new kottee and come into the second étape barefooted—their shoes having gone to pieces in less than two days. Even when the kottee hold out for their nominal period of service, they are not fitted to the feet of the wearers; they cannot be secured, because they have no laces; they are so low that they fill with mire and water and are constantly sticking fast or coming off in mud-holes; and on such a road as that between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk scores of convicts either remove their shoes and hang them around their necks, or throw them away altogether, and walk for days at a time with bare feet, through mud whose temperature is little above the freezing point.

<sup>1</sup> Circular Letter of the Prison Department, No. 180.

As the party, wet, tired, and hungry, approaches one of the little log villages that lie along its route, the "starosta," or head man appointed by the exiles to conduct their negotiations with the authorities, asks the convoy officer to allow them to sing the "begging song" as they pass through the settlement. The desired permission is granted; certain prisoners are designated to receive the expected alms; the convicts all remove their gray caps; and entering the village with a slow, dragging step, as if they hardly had strength enough to crawl along, they begin their mournful appeal for pity.

I shall never forget the emotions roused in me by this song when I heard it for the first time. We were sitting, one cold, raw, autumnal day, in a dirty post station on the great Siberian road, waiting for horses. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a peculiar, low-pitched, quavering sound which came to us from a distance, and which, although made apparently by human voices, did not resemble anything that I had ever before heard. It was not singing, nor chanting, nor wailing for the dead, but a strange blending of all three. It suggested vaguely the confused and commingled sobs, moans, and entreaties of human beings who were being subjected to torture, but whose sufferings were not acute enough to seek expression in shrieks or high-pitched cries. As the sound came nearer we went out into the street in front of the station-house and saw approaching a chained party of about a hundred bare-headed convicts, who, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, were marching slowly through the settlement, singing the "exiles' begging song." No attempt was made by the singers to pitch their voices in harmony, or to pronounce the words in unison; there were no pauses or rests at the ends of the lines; and I could not make out any distinctly marked rhythm. The singers seemed to be constantly breaking in upon one another with slightly modulated variations of the same slow, melancholy air, and the effect produced was that of a rude fugue, or of a funeral chant, so arranged as to be sung like a round or catch by a hundred male voices, each independent of the others in time and melody, but all following a certain scheme of vocalization, and taking up by turns the same dreary, wailing theme. The words were as follows:

Have pity on us, O our fathers!  
 Don't forget the unwilling travelers,  
 Don't forget the long-imprisoned.  
 Feed us, O our fathers—help us!  
 Feed and help the poor and needy!  
 Have compassion, O our fathers!  
 Have compassion, O our mothers!  
 For the sake of Christ, have mercy  
 On the prisoners—the shut-up ones!  
 Behind walls of stone and gratings,



A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Behind oaken doors and padlocks,  
 Behind bars and locks of iron,  
 We are held in close confinement.  
 We have parted from our fathers,  
 From our mothers ;  
 We from all our kin have parted,  
 We are prisoners ;  
 Pity us, O our fathers !

If you can imagine these words, half sung, half chanted, slowly, in broken time and on a low key, by a hundred voices, to an accompaniment made by the jingling and clashing of chains, you will have a faint idea of the "Miloserdnaya," or exiles' begging song. Rude, artless, and inharmonious as the appeal

for pity was, I had never in my life heard anything so mournful and depressing. It seemed to be the half-articulate expression of all the grief, the misery, and the despair that had been felt by generations of human beings in the étapes, the forwarding prisons, and the mines.

As the party marched slowly along the muddy street between the lines of gray log houses, children and peasant women appeared at the doors with their hands full of bread, meat, eggs, or other articles of food, which they put into the caps or bags of the three or four shaven-headed convicts who acted as alms-collectors. The jingling of chains and the wailing voices of the exiles grew gradually fainter and fainter as the party passed up the street, and when the sounds finally died away in the distance and we turned to reënter the post station, I felt a strange sense of dejection, as if the day had suddenly grown colder, darker, and more dreary, and the cares and sorrows of life more burdensome and oppressive.

At the first preeval, or halt, that a party makes after passing through a village, the food that has been collected is distributed and eaten, and the convicts, somewhat refreshed, resume their march. Late in the evening they arrive, wet and weary, at an étape, where, after supper and the "pereklitchka," or roll-call, they are locked up in the close, unventilated kameras for the night. Most of them are in a shiver—or, as they sometimes call it, a "gypsy sweat"—from cold and from long exposure to rain; but they have neither dry clothing to put on nor blankets with which to cover themselves, and must lie down upon the hard plank nares, or upon the floor, and seek warmth in close contact with one another. Some of them have, perhaps, a change of clothing in their gray linen bags, but both bags and clothing have been exposed for eight or ten hours to a pouring rain and are completely soaked through. If the Government really cared anything about the comfort or health of exiles on the road, it would furnish convoy officers with tarpaulins or sheets of oilcloth to put over and protect the exiles' baggage in rainy weather. This would add a mere trifle to the cost of exile transportation, and it would make all the difference between life and death to hundreds of weak or half-sick human beings, who come into an étape soaked to the skin after a march of twenty miles in a cold rain, and who have no dry clothing to put on. The very money spent for the burial of the poor wretches who die from croup, pleurisy, or pneumonia, as a result of sleeping in wet clothes on the road, would buy a substantial tarpaulin for every exile baggage wagon in Siberia—and yet the tarpaulins are not bought.

If it be asked why, I can only say, because the officials who care have not the power, and the officials who have the power do not care. I went through Siberia with the words "Why so?" and "Why not?" upon my lips, and this, in effect, was the answer that I everywhere received.

"I have recommended again and again," said a high officer of the exile administration to me, "that the convicts be taken to their destinations in summer and in wagons, instead of being obliged to walk throughout the whole year. I have shown conclusively, by exact figures and carefully prepared estimates, that the transportation of exiles from Achinsk to Irkutsk in wagons, and in summer, would not only be infinitely more merciful and humane than the present method of forwarding them on foot the year round, but would actually cost fourteen rubles less per man, on account of the saving in time, food, and winter clothing."

"Why then is it not done?" I inquired.

His only reply was a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"I have repeatedly protested," said another exile officer, "against the acceptance, from dishonest contractors, of articles of exile clothing that did not correspond with the specification or the samples; but I have accomplished nothing. Shoes so worthless that they fall to pieces in two days are accepted in place of the good shoes that ought to be furnished, and the exiles go barefooted. All that I can do is to lay before my superiors the facts of the case."

While in the city of Irkutsk, I called one day upon Mr. Petroff, the acting-governor of the province, and found in his office Colonel Zagarin, the Inspector of Exile Transportation for Eastern Siberia. The latter had brought to the governor some kottee, or exile shoes, that had just been accepted by the provincial administration, and was exhibiting them side by side with the original samples that had been furnished as models to the contractor. The accepted shoes did not resemble the models, they were perfectly worthless, and might have been made, I think, by the thousand, for ten or fifteen cents a pair. Colonel Zagarin was protesting against the acceptance of such shoes, and was asking for an investigation. The fraud was so manifest and so glaring, and the results of it would be so calamitous to thousands of poor wretches who would wear these kottee for a day or two and then be forced to walk barefooted over icy ground or through freezing mud, that I thought something would certainly be done about it. Upon my return from the mines of the Trans-Baikal five months later, I asked Colonel Zagarin what had been the result of

the protest that he had made to the governor in my presence. He replied, "It had no result."

"And were those shoes issued to marching exile parties?"

"They were."

I asked no more questions.

I could furnish, if there were space, innumerable illustrations of the way in which the life of convicts on the road is made almost intolerable by official indifference or fraud; but it is perhaps unnecessary to do so. The results of that life are shown by the records of the hospitals and lazarets, and by the extraordinarily high rate of mortality in exile parties. Hundreds of prisoners, of both sexes and all ages, fall sick on the road, and after being carried for a week, or perhaps two weeks, in jolting telegas, are finally left to recover or to die in one of the *étape* lazarets between Achinsk and Irkutsk. It seems barbarous, and of course it is barbarous, to carry forward in a springless telega, regardless of weather, an unfortunate man or woman who has been taken sick with pneumonia or typhus fever on the road; but, under existing circumstances, there is nothing else for a convoy officer to do. He and his soldiers must go on with the exile party, and he cannot leave the sick for five days in a deserted *étape* wholly without attendance. He is forced, therefore, to carry them along until they either die or reach one of the widely separated lazarets, where they can be left and cared for.

Many times, on the great Siberian road, when I had been jolted until my pulse had become imperceptible at the wrist from weakness, sleeplessness, and incessant shocks to the spinal cord and the brain, and when it seemed to me that I could endure no more, I maintained my grip by thinking of the hundreds of exiled men and women who, sick unto death, had been carried over this same road in open telegas; who had endured this same jolting while their heads ached and throbbed with the quick pulses of fever; who had lain for many hours at a time on water-soaked straw in a pitiless storm while suffering from pneumonia; and who had nothing to sustain them except the faint hope of reaching at last some fever-infected lazarret. If men can bear all this, I thought, we ought not to complain of our trivial hardships, nor break down under a little unusual fatigue.

The sick who live to reach an *étape* lazarret

may hope to die under shelter and in peace; but, if the reports of the exile administration are to be trusted, they can hardly expect to be restored to health. Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, in an official report made recently to the Minister of the Interior, describes the condition of the lazarets between Achinsk and Irkutsk as follows:

Up to the year 1885 the lazarets necessary for the accommodation of exiles taken sick on the great exile road had not been built, nor had any provision been made for regular surgeons, or even for feldshers.<sup>1</sup> According to paragraph 5 of section 363 of the "Laws relating to Exiles," it is the duty of civil and military surgeons, in places where *étape* officers are quartered, to examine the sick and give them necessary aid. Civil surgeons, however, do not live in *étape* villages, and army surgeons are found only at the *étapes* of Sheragulskaya, Birusinskaya, and Tiretskaya. In these places there are army lazarets with six beds each, for the accommodation of sick soldiers belonging to the convoy commands. All prisoners taken sick on the road between Achinsk and Irkutsk, up to the year 1885, have been treated at these three *étapes*<sup>2</sup>—not, however, in the army lazarets, but in the common cells of the *étape* buildings. There they have been kept, not only without separation according to age, sex, or nature of disease, but without any of the conveniences and appliances that a lazarret should have. In the cells set apart for sick exiles there were neither nurses, nor hospital linen, nor beds, nor bedding, nor even dishes for food.<sup>3</sup>

A sick exile who reaches one of the *étapes* named in this report, and who is put into a common prison cell where there are "neither nurses, nor hospital linen, nor beds, nor bedding, nor even dishes for food," cannot reasonably entertain a very sanguine expectation of recovery. Most of them do recover, but, nevertheless, the death rate in exile parties during their march from Tomsk to Irkutsk, if carried through an entire year, would amount to from 12 to 15 per cent.<sup>4</sup>

It is not surprising that exiles sometimes endeavor to escape from a life so full of miseries as this by making a break for liberty between *étapes*. The more experienced *brodyags*, or *recidivists*, generally try to get away by exchanging names and identities with some forced colonist who is soon to reach his destination; but now and then two or three daring or desperate convicts attempt to escape "with a hurrah"—that is, by a bold dash through the line of soldiers. They are instantly fired upon,

<sup>1</sup> A feldsher is a sort of hospital steward, who, in the absence of a regular surgeon, performs the latter's duties.

<sup>2</sup> The distances between these *étapes* are as follows: Achinsk to Birusinskaya, 352 miles; Birusinskaya to Sheragulskaya, 200 miles; Sheragulskaya to Tiretskaya, 90 miles; Tiretskaya to Irkutsk, 139 miles. A marching party of exiles makes, on an average, about 80 miles a week.

<sup>3</sup> Report of Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, for the year 1885.

<sup>4</sup> In 1883 seventy exiles died between Tomsk and Achinsk, in the course of a journey that occupies about 21 days. This rate of mortality, if it had been maintained for a year, would have resulted in the death of 1217 exiles out of the whole number of 7865 making the journey. (Vide Report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation in Western Siberia for 1884, pp. 32, 33.)



and one or more of them is usually brought to the ground. The soldiers have a saying that "A bullet will find a runaway," and a slug from a Berdan rifle is always the first messenger sent after a fugitive who tries to escape "with a hurrah." Now and then, when the party happens to be passing through a dense forest, the flying convicts get under cover so quickly that the soldiers can only fire into the bushes at random, and in such cases the runaways make good their escape. As soon as

they reach a hiding-place they free themselves from their leg-fetters by pounding the circular bands into long ellipses with a stone and slipping them over their heels, and then, while the convict party to which they belonged is making its way slowly eastward towards the mines, they themselves join some detachment of the great army of brodyags which is constantly marching westward through the woods in the direction of the Urals.

*George Kennan.*

### THE REORGANIZATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.



THE development of the Anglo-Saxon race, as we rather loosely call the people which has its home in the British Isles, has become, within the last century, the chief factor and central feature in human

history. The flux of population, by which new and great centers of human activity are created, has been so overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon that nearly all minor currents are absorbed and assimilated by it. In the new continents over which the race is spreading, the offshoots of other European families for the most part lose their identity, and tend to disappear in the dominant mass. Since it has found space on which to expand it has increased with great rapidity, and seems destined ultimately to surpass, in mere mass of numbers, any other branch of the human stock, while its comparative influence is indefinitely increased by the singular individual energy of its members and the collective energy of its communities. Add to this the fact that it embodies the most aggressive moral forces and the most progressive political and social forces of the world, and we have sufficient grounds on which to predict for it a future of supreme interest, and infinitely greater than its past.

The bifurcation of Anglo-Saxon national life which was caused by the American Revolution is now, after a hundred years, fully recognized as the most important political event in modern history. Hitherto, the fact that it led to the foundation of the American republic has been considered an adequate measure of its vast significance. But immense though that fact is, it is now beginning to be clearly seen that the American Revolution has had another effect of at least equal significance and probable influence upon the world's future. It com-

pelled Great Britain, by the stern teaching of experience, to master the true principles of colonial government, and, as a consequence, to acquire the art of bringing her colonies into essential harmony with the national life. The folly of so-called statesmen, which reft from Great Britain her first great offshoot, left untouched the nation-building energy of her people, and around her has since grown up, in every quarter of the globe, a vast system of dependencies, occupying an eighth of the earth's surface and embracing even now a considerable portion of the world's population, with a capacity for enormous expansion. National development on such a scale is unparalleled in history, and must be pregnant with results. Already, as the process of expansion goes on, it has become manifest that this aggregation of states is slowly but surely outgrowing the system under which it was created. The question of its reconstruction or adaptation to new conditions is undoubtedly one of the greatest of the world-problems now coming up for solution.

In one of his most striking poems Matthew Arnold speaks of England as

The weary Titan, with deaf  
Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,  
Staggering on to her goal,  
Bearing, on shoulders immense,  
Atlantean, the load  
Well-nigh not to be borne  
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

It is not the poet's mind alone which is profoundly moved by this fact of Great Britain's vast expansion; by the question of whether she will continue able to bear her enormous burden of empire. Statesmen have to face the fact in all its gravity; nations in every quarter of the globe know that their future history depends, more than on anything else, on the answer given to the question. For the world at large, civi-