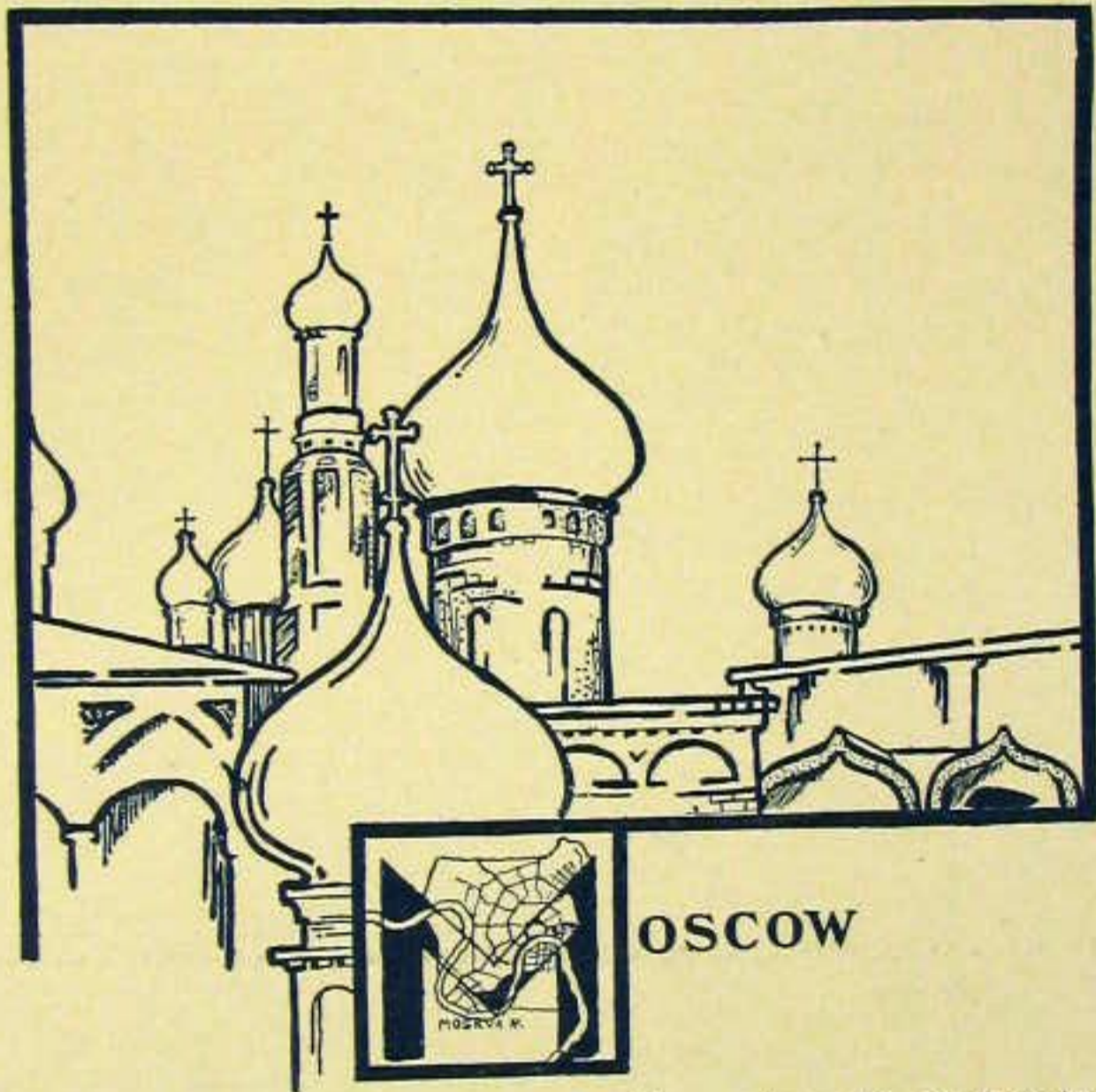


“ THE HOLY DOORS OF THE ICONOSTASIS
SIMONOFF MONASTERY ”

MOSCOW



MOSCOW

MOSCOW is in every sense the metropolis of Russia. While the site of St. Petersburg was only an expanse of barren marshes, the Imperial ancestors of Peter dwelt in palaces of stone upon the Kremlin Hill.

Moscow is even older than the Empire. She is indeed the mother city of the Russians. The history of Moscow until the founding of St. Petersburg is the history of Russia. The old and the new capitals are strikingly dissimilar. St. Petersburg, with a population of one million three hundred

thousand, is an artificial product, forced into being by the imperious will of one astounding man,—the man whose name it bears, Peter the Great.

Moscow, which has to-day a population of nearly one million, is the natural outgrowth of a mighty people: the center toward which the Slavonic race has always looked for inspiration, in politics and in religion: the stronghold whence the early Tsars of Muscovy reached out for the dominion of the Slavonic world. St. Petersburg is European; Moscow is Muscovite. Petersburg stands stiffly on the flat islands of the Neva, rigid in her assumed, imported architectural garb of Roman arches and Grecian façades.

Moscow sits gracefully in the fair valley of the Moskva, robed in the green of gardens, wearing with pride and distinction her semi-oriental splendors, crowned with a diadem of blue and golden domes. St. Petersburg impresses—Moscow fascinates, the traveler. From St. Petersburg to



THE MOSCOW GATE, ST. PETERSBURG

Moscow the distance is about four hundred miles, as the crow flies. Our train will emulate the crow, for the railway runs in a bee-line to the old capital. It is a most significant illustration of autocratic power, this railway-line that turns aside for no natural barrier, that does not swerve from its



THE KREMLIN AND THE MOSKVA

straight course for any reason urged by expediency or the demands of Russian commerce or Russian industries. The railway shuns the towns and the factories; it traverses a marshy desert; it touches only one place of importance, and that one merely because it lies directly in its path. Why was it so constructed? Because the Tsar, Nicholas I, thus willed it. Several routes had been outlined by his ministers. The Tsar, rightly suspecting interested motives on the part of the champions of every scheme, by a bold action placed himself in the category with Solomon, Alexander, and Columbus. He laid a ruler on the map and drew a straight line from the new to the old capital, saying, "You will build the railway thus." Hence, to-day, the traveler speeds over four hundred



A COURIER TRAIN

miles of track, straight and unerring as the judgment of the Tsar, without a single political curve, or a single sidetrack leading into private pockets. Would that we had an honest Tsar presiding over every city council in our land! We complete the fourteen-hour journey during the night in a "Courier Train," approaching Moscow in the morning at what the Russians call high speed.



THE RAILWAY STATION



THE VLADIMIR GATE

From the first moment, Moscow impresses us as being unlike any other city in the world. To be unique is the chief charm of a city, and undoubtedly Moscow is unique. Within ten minutes after our arrival we have seen a hundred



THE ILINSKAYA GATE

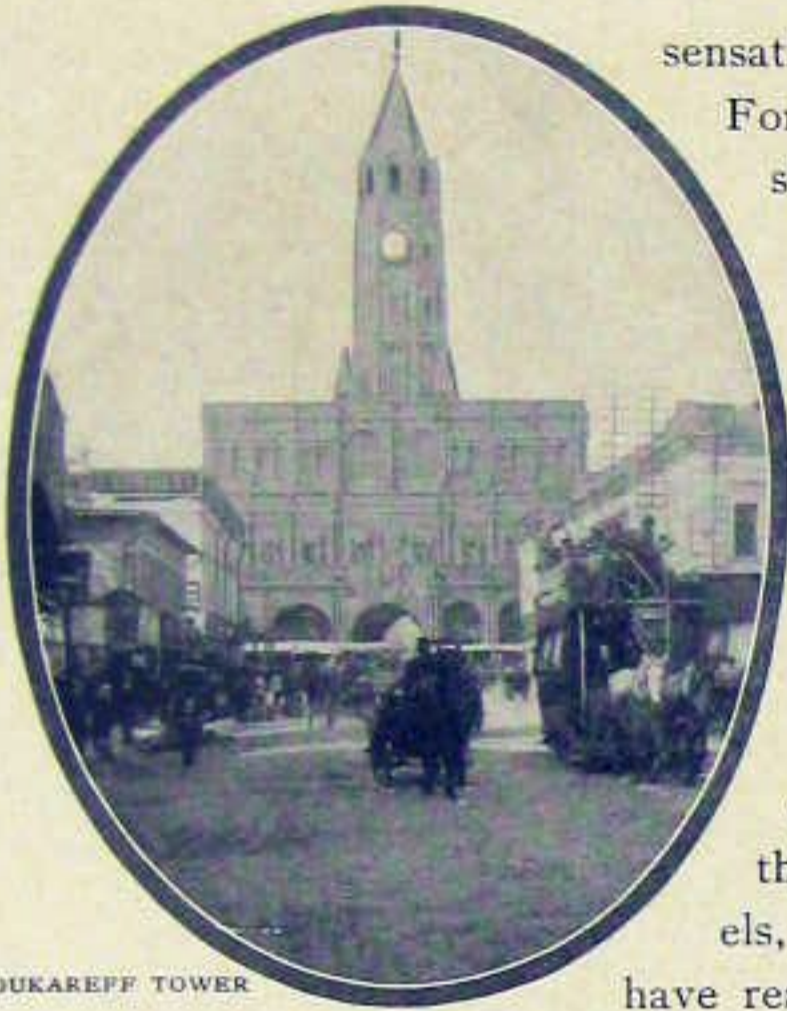


A BOULEVARD

curious things that we have never seen before. Details appeal to me perhaps too strongly to insure a proper balance in summing up impressions of travel; still, I maintain that the illusion of reality in our photographic journeys can be most vividly produced by dwelling on the little things that may appear at first altogether too trivial and insignificant to mention. Frankly, I did not come to study Moscow, I came to *see* what Moscow had to show, and to enjoy such new



A PROMENADE



THE SOUKAREFF TOWER

sensations as she would vouchsafe me. For those who ask for history and statistics, there are ponderous tomes in every library where the deeds of Moscow's makers and the volume of her commerce are set down in full. We for the moment are more interested in the picturesque peculiarities of everyday street-life and in the novel aspect of all things Muscovite. All that we see delights us, because it is all Russian. The walls, the gates, the towers, and the chapels, the blue and golden domes that we have read about, are here—but they are even more picturesque and richer in color than we had dared to hope. Of course, this pictorial quaintness and brilliancy



FROM THE SOUKAREFF TOWER



HATTERS

cannot go on *crescendo* throughout the entire period of our experiences in Moscow. In a city of a million people there must be long avenues of commonplaceness, interminable stretches of monotony, paved (as we soon discover) with



TAILORS

the cruelest cobblestones that have ever racked a carriage. The houses in the residential quarters are not high; two stories is the rule, three the exception, and four almost extraordinary. In a great many of the broader boulevards, trees are ranged in quadruple rows, bordering a central promenade which



THE CLOTHING MARKET



BOLCHAYA MOSKOVSKAYA GASTINITSA

is almost entirely shut off from the traffic of the noisy street upon both sides by screens of verdure.

But everywhere, like the dominant notes of a sacred symphony, we see the little golden domes fixed on the blue page of the sky,—the expression of a harmonic chord written by the hand of faith above this most religious and devout of Russian cities. Over Moscow, domes, like the stars of old,



THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM

seem to sing together in the heavens. Some are green—like the trees and the roofs of Moscow; some are blue—like the skies and the eyes of the Russians; but most are gold—like the treasures and icons of Orthodoxy that sleep in the safe guardianship of the silent old churches.

An excellent point of vantage for a bird's-eye view of Moscow is the summit of the Soukhareff Tower which was built about 1690 by Peter the Great, and named in honor of a regiment that had protected him, when, in his childhood, the faction called the Strelitz rose against him. It has been, by turns, seat of the Council of State, Council Chamber of a Masonic Lodge, Naval School, and College of Admiralty, and it is now a water-tower, containing a vast reservoir. Around



THE SLAVIANSKY BAZAR



DINING-HALL IN THE HOTEL DU BAZAR SLAVE

the tower surges on every Sunday morning a market where the mujiks come to buy hats and caps and various articles of clothing; but strange to say we do not see a single Jew in this commercial mob. There are a few Tatar merchants, with unpleasing faces and with a

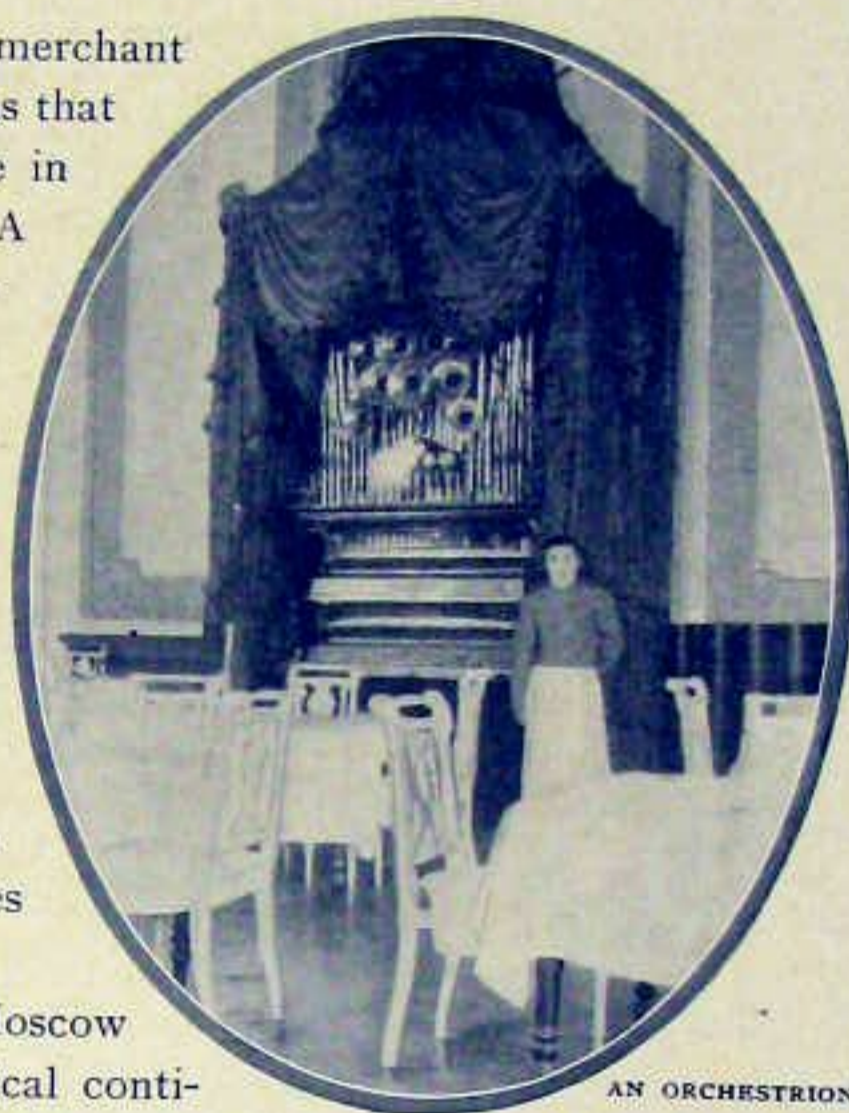
greasy, Oriental air about them that inclines us to favor the equally fragrant, but decidedly more healthy-looking Russians.



THE GRAND THEATER

A tableau formed by a hat-merchant and his customer reminds us that human nature is the same in all parts of the world. A similar tableau may be witnessed every day in the shops of Knox or Dunlap; the same insistent seller—the same embarrassed buyer—liking the new hat not half so well as the old one he is now discarding, and yet dreading not to buy for fear the salesman will think he does not know his own mind.

The caravansaries of Moscow are of two kinds: the typical conti-



AN ORCHESTRION



IN THE AQUARIUM GARDENS

mental hotel, and the Russian Gastinitza, of which Bolchaya Moskovskaya Gastinitza is the most magnificent. In every detail it is thoroughly Russian. The foreigner who can speak the language will find that the native Gastinitza is far more attractive than the hy-

brid hotels; but if he speaks not the Slavonic tongue, he had better patronize the celebrated Slaviansky Bazar, where the servants have a slight knowledge of the continental languages. On entering the salle-



STAINED GLASS FROM AMERICA

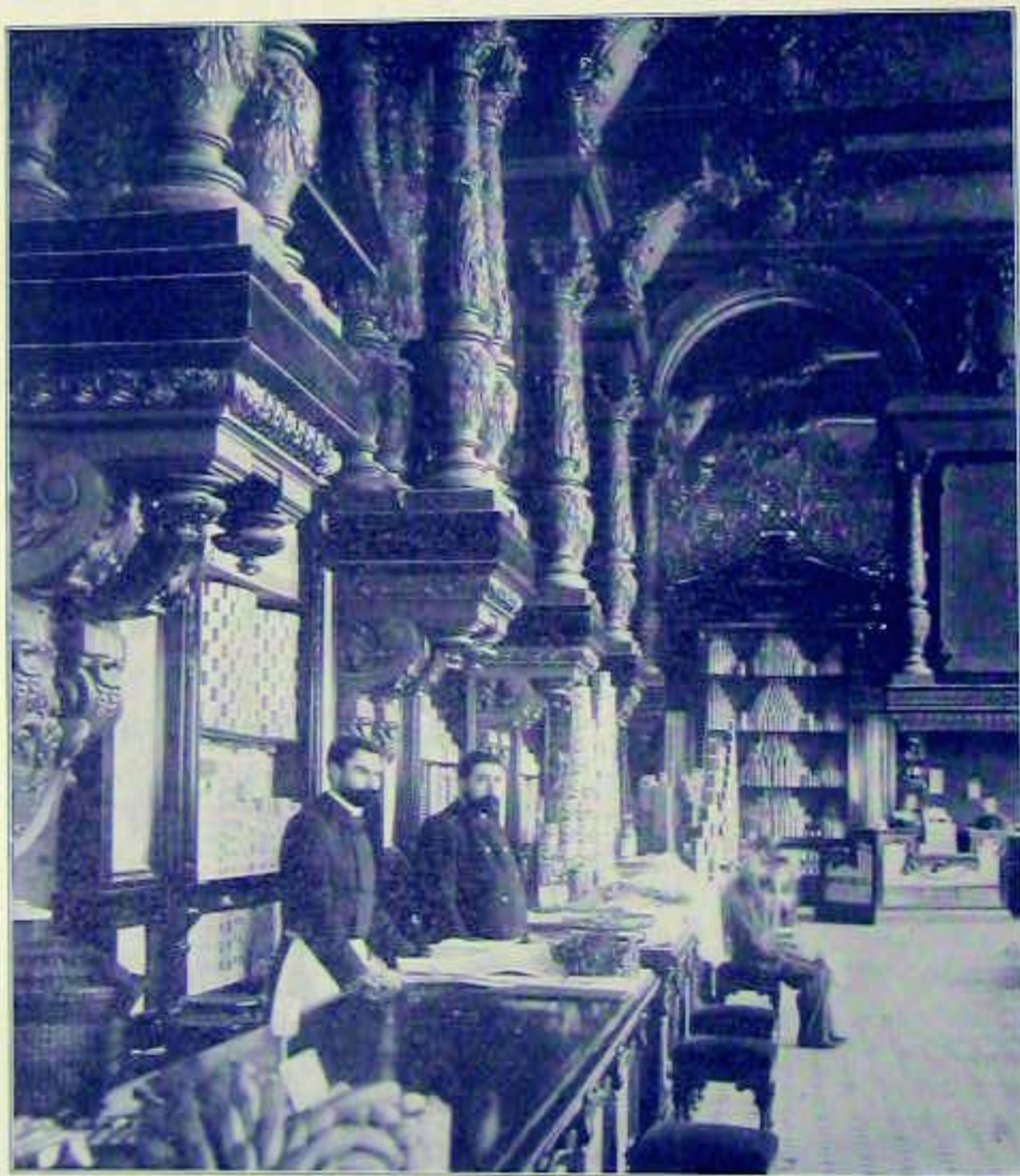
à-manger of the Slaviansky Bazar — one of the most famous in Russia — a traveler said, “Why,” “I thought the Slaviansky Bazar was an old slave market!” In reality it is nothing but a big hotel,—a rambling bazar or gathering place for the Slavs who come to see the mother city of the Slavonic Empire. One feature of the Russian restaurants



THE RESTAURANT OF THE AQUARIUM

that strikes the ear is a gigantic automatic organ or orchestra which heaves, blows, thumps, and bangs out old-fashioned bits from "Mignon," "Martha," and the "Mascotte."

The largest open space in Moscow is the Square of the Theaters, bounded on three sides by temples of the drama, of which the largest is one of the most splendid theaters in the world, having places for four thousand auditors. But as our visit comes in June, we find the theaters closed in favor of the summer gardens, which form a distinctive attraction in all Russian cities. At the Aquarium patrons have the

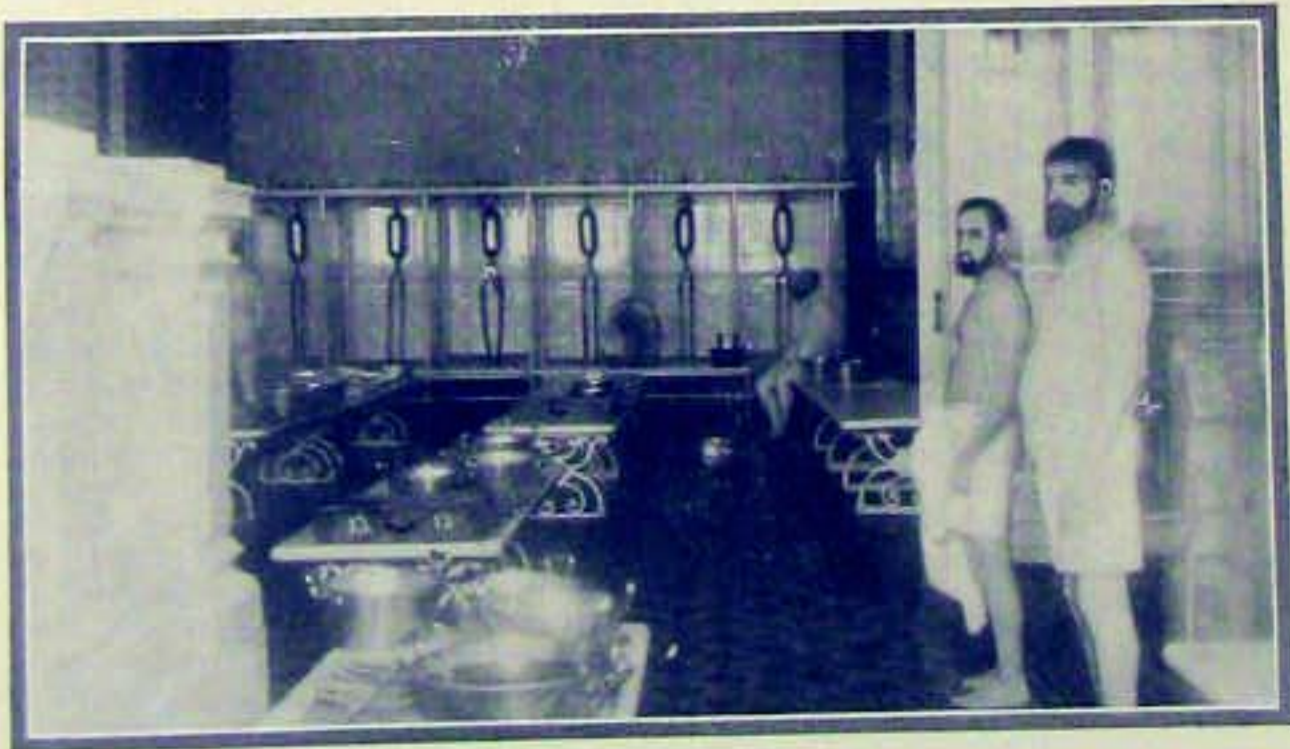


A GROCERY-STORE



THE SANDOUNOVSKAYA BATHS

choice of four different kinds of entertainment. Upon an open stage, troops of Russian peasants perform their wonderfully acrobatic dances, and sing their weird and elemental songs, strong, vigorous, national chants, ballads which sound to us refreshingly noble and poetic—a most blessed relief to American ears, which are so often offended in our popular resorts with that despicable musical perversion, appropriately known as “rag



IN A RUSSIAN BATH



A MODERN EDIFICE

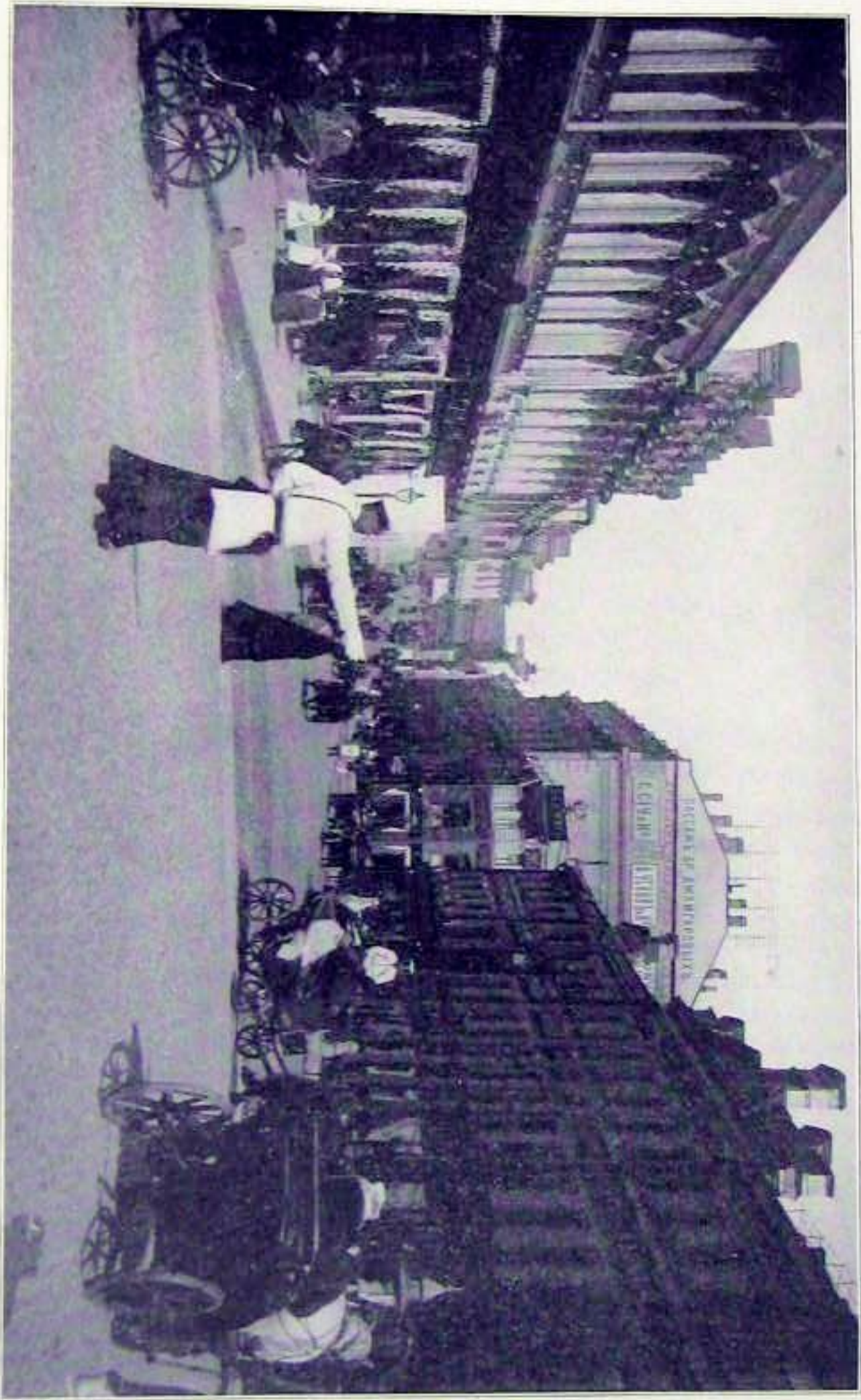
time," so shameless and so cheap in its vivid suggestion of vulgarity. May its vogue be brief!

Then there is a splendid restaurant, lighted like a cathedral with beautiful stained-glass, imported by the way from the United States; not, however, of ecclesiastical design. Dinners are served at a cost of from sixty-five cents to a dollar and fifteen cents; but if you come after hours, the prices *à la carte* are startlingly out of proportion, and, curiously enough, the regular dinner-hour is fixed at a time when

no one cares to eat. Then, in this same establishment, there are two theaters under the roof, one being for high-class vaudeville performances,



CLINIC OF THE UNIVERSITY



THE KOUZNETSKY MOST



THE TVERSKAYA

and the other for grand opera sung by the artists who in the winter season grace the boards of the Imperial opera-houses.

Moscow is usually regarded as a beautiful but backward, almost medieval, city. Let us correct this false impression with a few glimpses of her modern aspects. Even in such details as grocery-stores, Moscow is not behind New York, and is far ahead of Paris, as is proved by an illustration

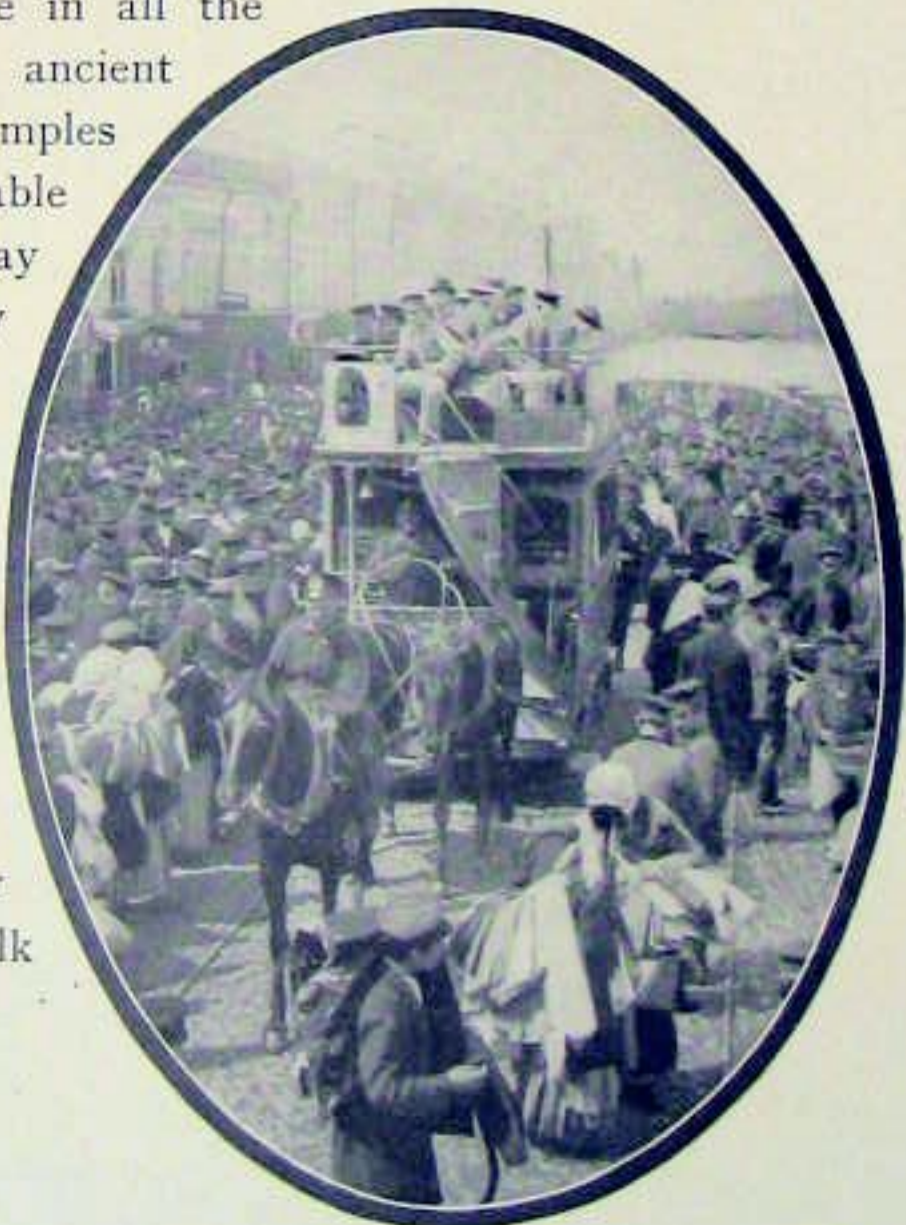


OF THE MASSES



FÊTE POPULAIRE

showing the interior of a superb establishment situated in the Tverskaya. Russia is usually regarded as the home of the unwashed. Nowhere in all the world, save possibly in ancient Rome, have any nobler temples been erected to the admirable god of cleanliness. To-day the public baths of Moscow are the finest in the world. The famous Sandounovskaya baths are housed in a palatial structure three stories high, covering one city block, and entirely devoted to various kinds of baths, from the cheap "scrubbery" for mujiks, where common folk



A MOSCOW TRAM



POSTILIONS



A HILARIOUS MUJIK

are made clean for seven copecks, or three cents and a half, to the rich private suites fitted with wonderful devices for steam heat, dry heat, showers, massage, friction, and repose, the treatment sometimes costing several dollars. But the most popular department is that of the ordinary Russian bath, which

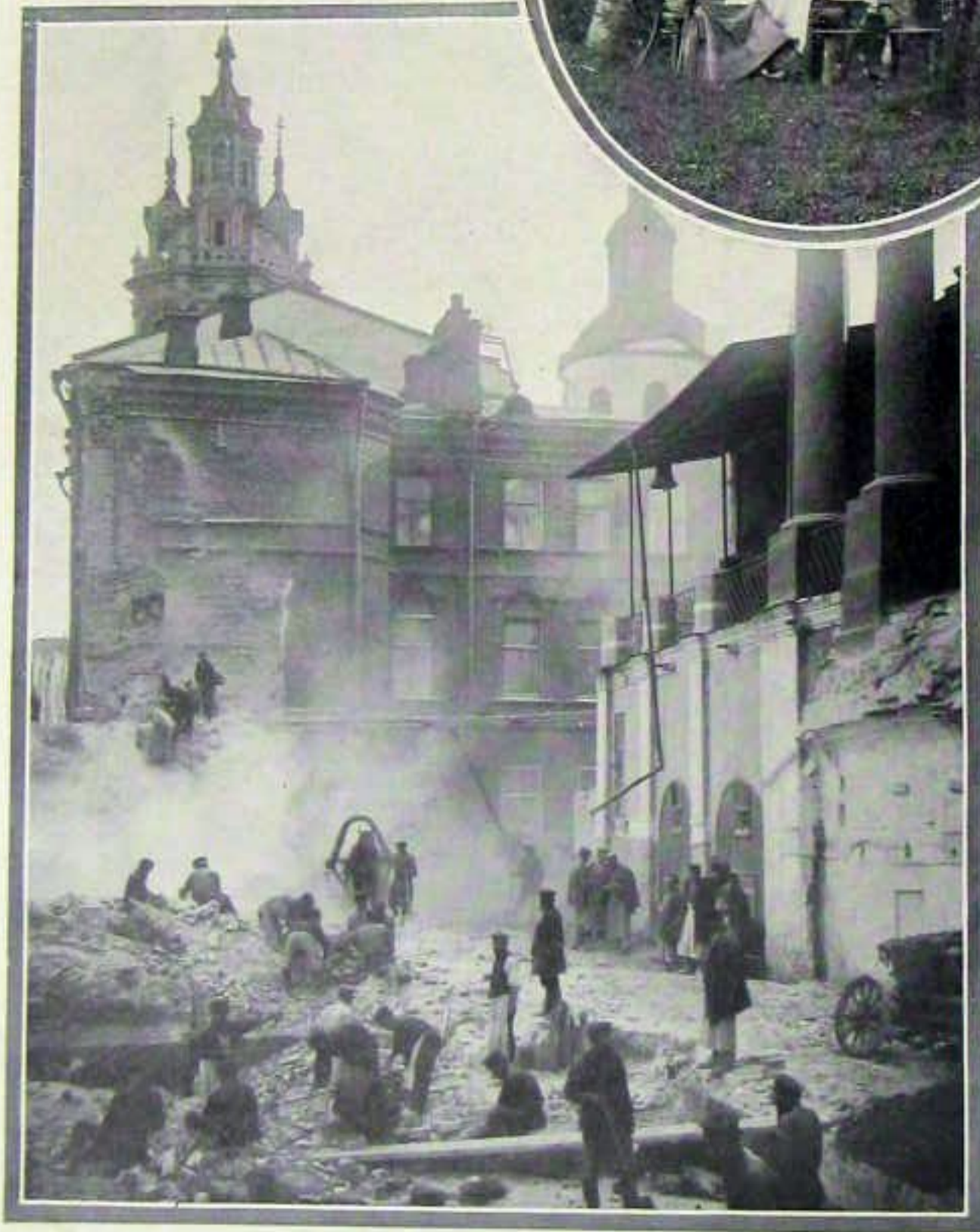


PEASANT WOMEN

costs about half a dollar, and is thronged every afternoon by the business men of Moscow. There we invariably sought refreshment and rejuvenation at the close of our long days of sightseeing and photographic work. As for



THE OMNIPRESENT
SAMOVAR



DEMOLITION



THE TERRACE AT THE SPARROW HILLS

public institutions, the new clinic of the university is one of the best equipped in Europe, with beds for six hundred patients, while the Foundling Asylum is the largest in the world, caring for 33,000 babies in the course of the year. It is supported by a tax on playing cards.

Russia is usually regarded as the home of semi-savages, glazed over with a veneer of polish, through which the bar-



FEASTING ON CAVIAR AND VISTAS

baric Tatar is instantly attainable by the finger-nails of those who dare to scratch the Russian. But nowhere in all the world have I found the police so unfailingly polite, or the people more considerate and courteous to the foreigner. I



PANORAMA FROM

do not speak without experience. I took seven hundred photographs in Moscow,—I had seven hundred interviews with policemen. Each one began with a salute, a courteous demand to see my permit-papers, or my “bou-maga”; then a careful perusal of the permits, an apology, and a farewell salute.

I did my best to get arrested, knowing that such a happy mishap would delight my managers at home, for it would result in much gratuitous publicity. I nearly succeeded on the day of a great popular fête. My permits to photograph in Moscow did not cover such occasions. The



VIRGINS OF THE SISTERHOOD

officer politely begged us to ask permission to make a motion-picture of the scene from the commissaire. Our guide goes off in search of that official while we set up the instruments. As he does not return, and as the crowd about us is increas-



THE SPARROW HILLS



A MODERN TOMB

ing, we turn on the machine, make the picture, pack up and take our places in our cab. At last the guide comes with the answer of the commissaire, who refuses our request, saying that he fears that we may create a tumult. Therefore the picture of the carousel is only an optical illusion for, officially, we never made it. Then we mingle with the happy crowds, quietly snapshooting right and left, but apparently not attracting any

attention, until a big policeman informs me that he has orders to take me into custody, unless I leave the grounds at once. While meeting our protesting arguments with courtesy, he cleverly edges us outside the limits of this recreation-ground, and then, having performed the letter of his instructions, refuses to arrest us. But he takes the number of the cab and writes down the replies of the frightened driver, whom he questions as to our lodging-place and nationality.

But I was not the only man led off the field that day. No; there were several others who made inglorious exits from the festive scene, as is confirmed by the picture of a tipsy mujik, which reminds us of a popular slang-expression so apt in this connection that I must beg leave to use the term—it is “a joyful jag.” Let those who disapprove and refuse to comprehend the picturesque language written by George Ade and Billy Baxter, and spoken by the Weberfieldians, look in their dictionaries, and they will find that “jag” has two legitimate applications in this case; for the word “jag” is defined in the Century Dictionary both as a “zigzag” and as “a lot, a load, or a quantity.” The mujik, when engaged in conveying his “lot, load, and



A CAROUSEL

quantity" along his "zigzag" homeward way, is the most hopelessly hilarious individual in the world. The universe is his, he loves it; he worships every passer-by, even to the point of fond embraces; he sings and laughs and shouts and



MOSCOW SEEN FROM THE SPARROW HILLS

staggers in such a hearty, happy, and good-humored way that we forgive him all his sins instanter, because he is so open-hearted and so merry, without a single trace of the surliness and brutality that immoderate indulgence in wine or beer usually brings to the Anglo-Saxon toper.

But if vodka claims its usual toll of victims among the working-classes, tea is the panacea of both rich and poor—the samovar is the salvation of the thirsty Russians, and counts its devotees by millions. The Muscovite's conception of perfect bliss includes a glass, a pot of tea, and the samovar singing beside him in the wilderness. The traveler learns to love the samovar. Its comforting omnipresence is one of the joys of Russian travel; hot water, strong delicious tea, may be had at any time of day or night, and everywhere—in trains, hotels, or in suburban woods, where the bright brass machine may be rented for a few copecks a day.

The Russians are extremely fond of nature. On holidays the city folk flock to the woods at the base of what are called the Sparrow Hills — a height whence Moscow was first viewed in 1812 by Napoleon. A breezy restaurant is perched upon the crest, and there we may feast on caviar and vistas simultaneously. We observe with silent commendation the characteristic costume of the Russian waiter, the white blouse and trousers, spotless apron and red sash, decidedly better adapted to the needs of his vocation than the black, graceless, spotted, and unkempt dress-coat that airs its shabby gentility in the restaurants of other countries.

But we came here to enjoy the panorama. We were not disappointed, although a photograph must of necessity make Moscow microscopic from this point of view. One feature only stands out with appreciable relief—the vast square enceinte of a convent on the left. It is the Novo Devitchy Monastery, or New Convent of the Virgins. Founded in 1524, the convent has known many royal inmates—one, a Tsarina who voluntarily cloistered herself within its walls; one, the ambitious sister of Peter the Great, who was imprisoned there, and from her windows saw the execution of the Strelitz



NOVO DEVITCHY CONVENT



THE REFECTORY

leaders who had supported her presumptions to the throne. The ensemble is strikingly beautiful in color and in form. It is impossible to picture the intense red of the towers, impossible to lavish too much gilding on the domes. The gates



THE MIDDAY MEAL

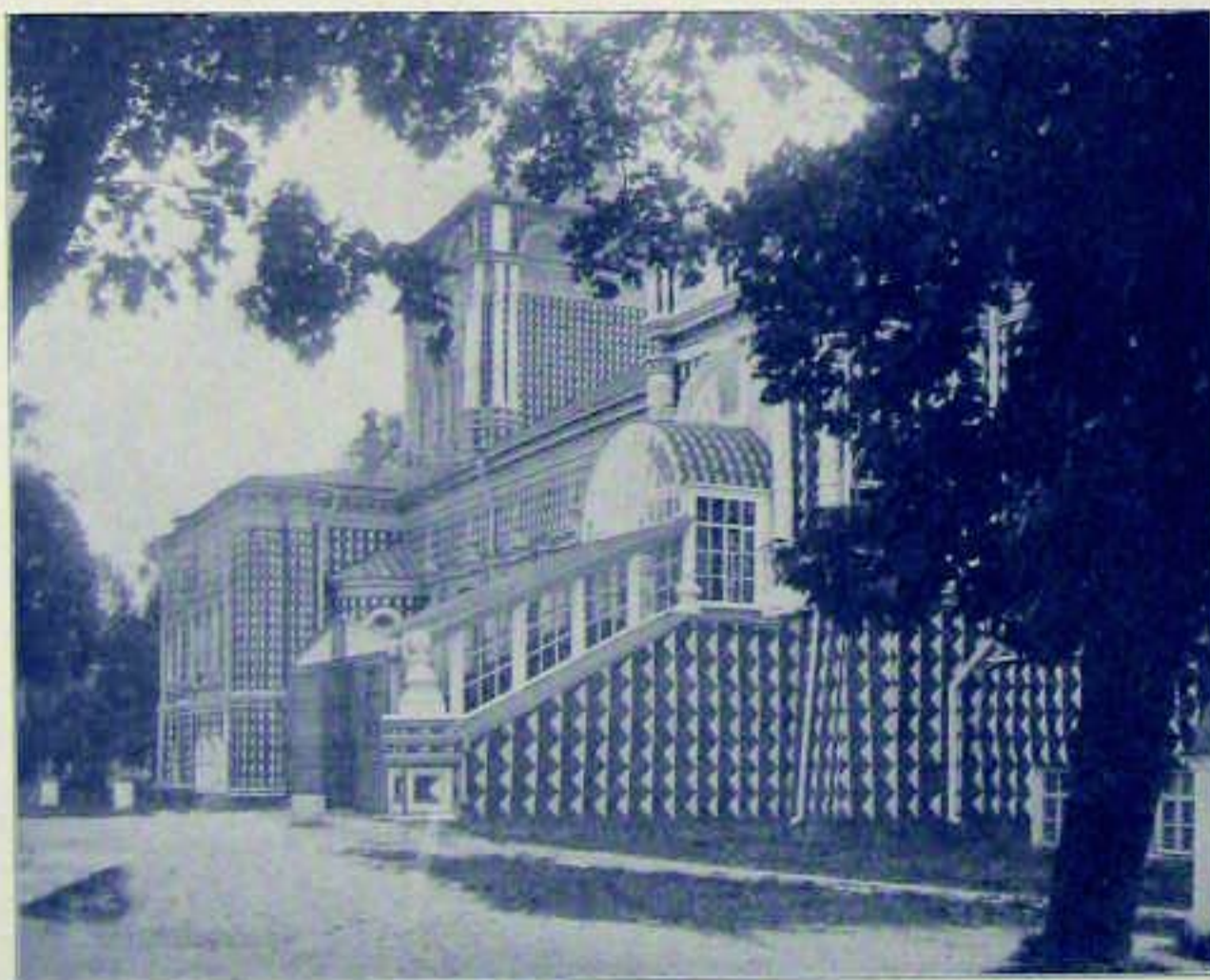
are wide open and unguarded. We enter freely, finding ourselves in a broad open space with modern tombs upon one side. Two of the black-robed virgins of the Sisterhood turn their young faces toward the graves as we approach. We wander into several churches, listen to the chanting of a



SIMONOFF MONASTERY

female choir, and then, as no one pays the slightest heed to us, we push our investigations further to find ourselves in the refectory. Then we are finally discovered by the Mother Superior. She cordially insists that we shall stay to luncheon with her flock of solemn little women, who presently file in and take their places. One sister reads a lesson from the book, the others perform miracles—that is, they eat the awful food that is set down before them, and drink the revolting kvass, made from the crumbs of old, black, bitter bread. We paid dearly for the picture of the refectory. We had to eat of the same fare, and *we* were *not* used to it. Then, to our horror, after we had succeeded in doing rebellious justice

to a revolting soup, the kind old mother, wishing to honor the strangers, sent with her compliments, two pewter plates brimming with a still more impossible concoction, which she had ordered especially for us. We base our claim to a place in the Orthodox Paradise upon the fact that we consumed that extra dose. Before departing we made an offering of several roubles, whereupon the ancient dame, lifting her hands in benison, exclaimed: "The Americans are the only people who should be allowed to exist!" The Simonoff Monastery upon the eastern outskirts of the city is one of the richest and most beautiful of the many monastic abodes that abound in and about Moscow. The same fortress-like walls and towers, the same tall belfry, and the same hospitably open gates through which we pass to visit the six separate churches of the institution, of which the prettiest is that of the five domes, called the Summer Church, while the most striking is the Winter Church, where on the day of our



THE WINTER CHURCH

visit they are holding the last service of the season; for spring has come, and it is moving day at Simonoff.

The Madonna, who throughout the winter period has been worshipped in this storm-proof basilica, must be transferred this very noon to her summer sanctuary. We are in time to witness the procession. A crowd of fanatical peasant women follow the procession from church to church, wringing their hands, and crying and sobbing as if in agony. Why they should thus bewail, as their favorite icon is carried to her most gorgeous shrine, we could not understand. The only answer inquiry brought forth was that it was a custom, but whence derived no one could tell. On arrival at the Summer Church their lamentations ceased suddenly, proving that the women were not really moved.

There is much food for the reflection of the judicious in the contrast between the poverty-stricken people who



FOLLOWING THE ICON



A VENERABLE MONK

frequent the churches and the incalculable hidden riches of the religious orders. It would be rash to hazard a guess as to the value of the evangiles and icons in the old treasury of Simonoff; while they are of solid gold and silver, these metals are comparatively valueless, a mere background on which shimmer constellations of diamonds and conflagrations of glowing rubies and Milky Ways of

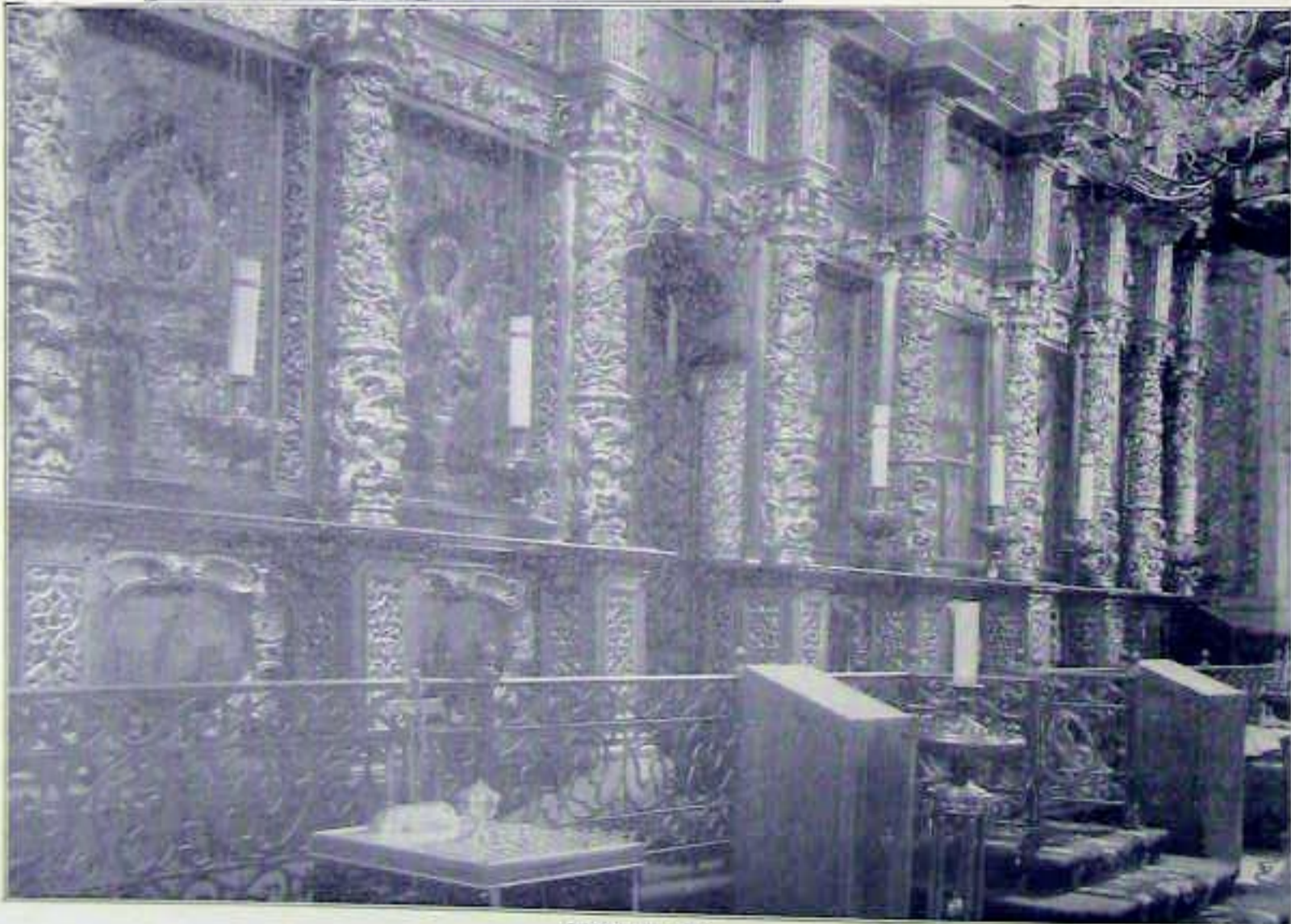


INFORMATION



ICONS

precious pearls. It can almost be believed that there are as many pearls in Russia as there are grains of sand upon her shores. In every church and monastery we see not only icons studded thick with pearls, but episcopal miters that look like sugar-loaves of pearls, and vestments — long-flowing sacerdotal robes — so stiff



ICONOSTASIS



REPOSE

with pearls embroidered into them that they cannot be folded, and would, if stood upright on the floor, remain erect without support, as if the spirit shapes of long-departed priests were holding them for our inspection.

And then, in cruel contrast to this useless heaping up of unproductive wealth, is the black, hopeless poverty of the devout and faithful mujiks who come by hundreds bringing their meager offerings to the monks, accepting in exchange a bowl of soup, a slab of black bread, and a blessing. The Russian serfs were freed in 1861 from their corporeal bondage, but they still wear the manacles of ignorance and grossest superstition. It were an affront to the word "religion" to apply it to some of the exhibitions of almost fetish-worship of sticks and bones and tatters that I witnessed during an influx of peasant pilgrims at the Troitsa Monastery. I am not often moved; but I confess that one



day, after looking at a mob of peasants fighting for a chance to pay for the privilege of kissing the frontal bone of some defunct old worthy laid out in a silver coffin, beside which ministers of God sat collecting fees, I turned away with tears





of indignation at the thought that the religious instinct, innate in man for his salvation, should be so shamelessly exploited. There is so much that is beautiful and impressive in



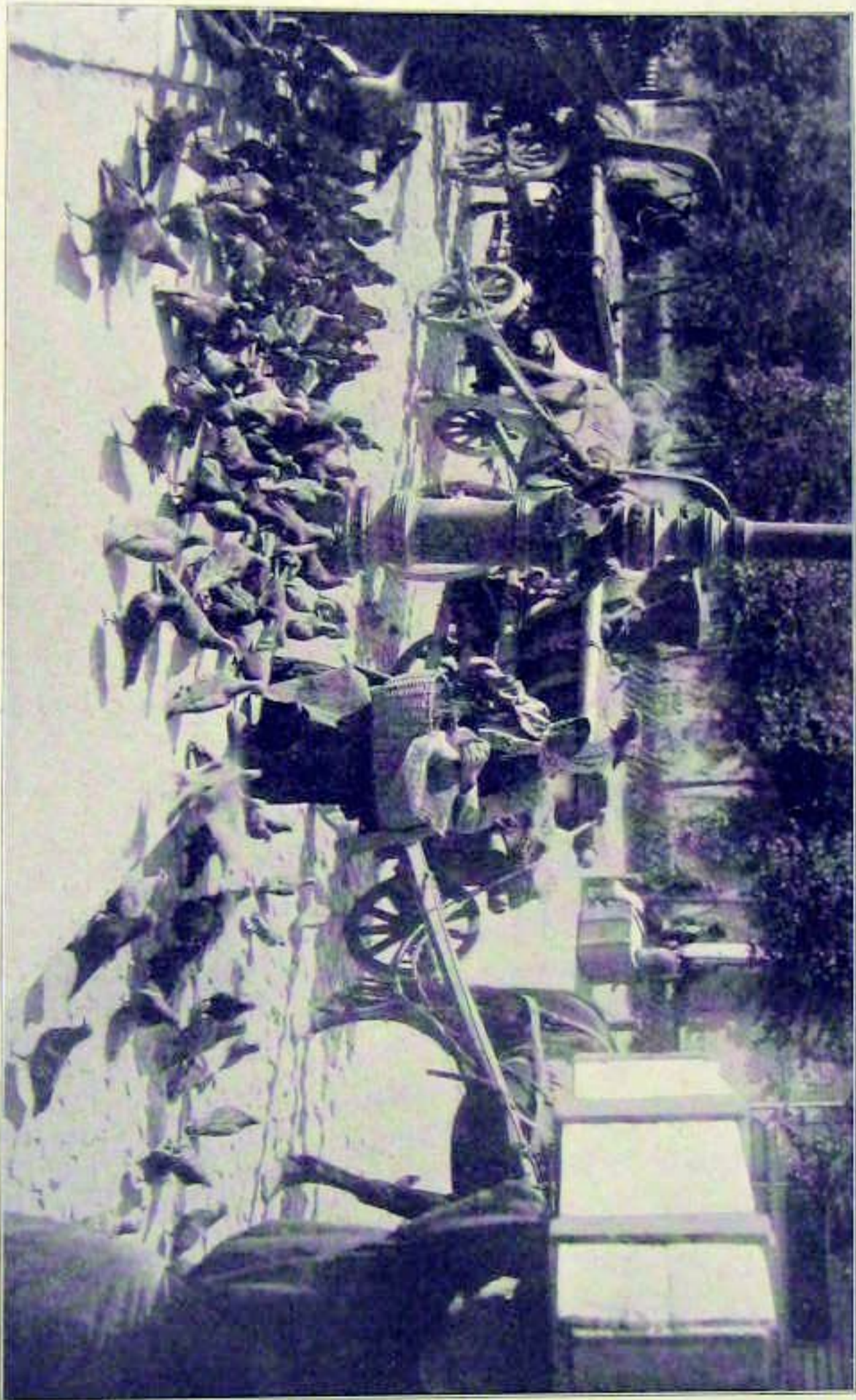
the Russian form of worship, and the church is so rich that it could well afford to discourage these pitiable scenes which are painful to all intelligent witnesses, and which must grieve even those who profess the Orthodox belief. But, however we may deprecate the extravagant practices of the ignorant classes, reprehensible upon merely sanitary grounds,



WALL OF THE "CHINESE CITY"

—for the indiscriminate kissing of relics and icons must be a sure and constant means for the dissemination of disease-germs—we must confess that many of the religious expressions of the Russians denote a faith well founded and sincere.

Religion with the Russian is an affair of every day, and almost every minute of every hour in the day is he reminded by the church that something is expected of him. In the



SACRED PIGEONS

streets of Moscow are the sacred pigeons, which must be fed at the expense of pious passers-by, who buy the corn with which to feed the ever-hungry flocks from the old women stationed at various street-corners where the birds congregate. A few copecks are given; the old woman crosses herself, mutters a prayer, and tosses several handfuls of grain upon the pavement; and instantly the sky darkens as a cloud of feathered pensioners swoop down from the neighboring eaves. The pigeons are found in great numbers on the wall of the Kitai Gorod, or "Chinese City," a name that carries us back to the days of the Mongol domination of Moscow.

Of Tatar rule few evidences now remain; even the traces of the early Muscovite period have been obliterated by



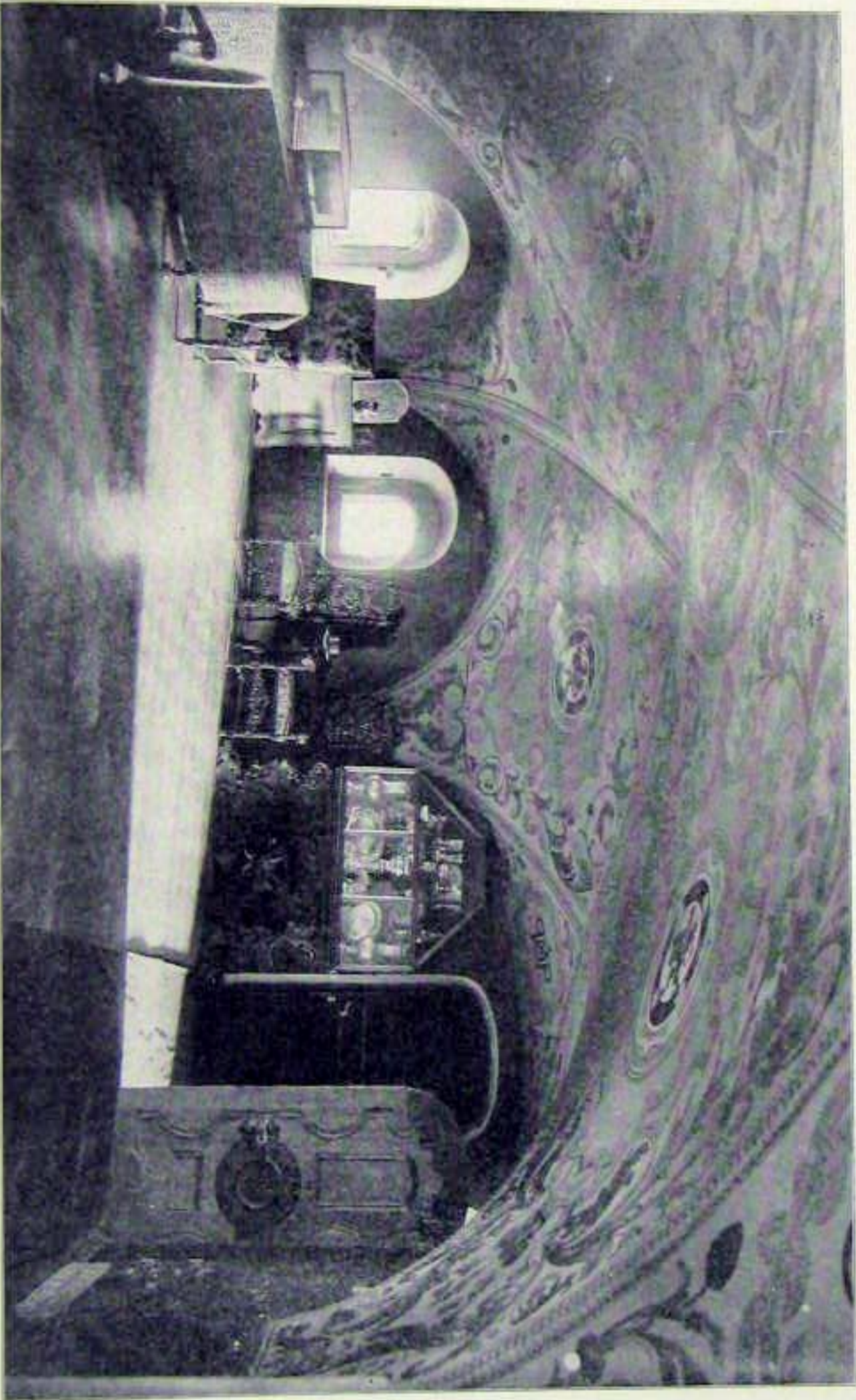
HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS

successive conflagrations and rebuildings of the city. There is but one house left to illustrate how the Russian noblemen or Boyards lived, three hundred years ago. It is called the House of the Romanoffs, for it was the birthplace of Michael Feodorovitch, founder of the present dynasty, who became Tsar in 1613. Every detail of the domestic life led by the men who made Moscow great may be studied within these



THE FINEST PRIVATE HOUSE IN MOSCOW

walls. On the ground-floor we see the kitchen where the meats were cooked; above, the low-ceiled rooms where the lord and master of the mansion dwelt; and on the topmost floor the quarters for the women, who, as in Oriental countries, were secluded in their own apartments, known as the Terem. A glimpse of the interior reveals an atmosphere of luxury and coziness not found in modern palaces. We can imagine the comforting sense of seclusion afforded by these



By permission

IN THE HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS



thick walls, microscopic windows, and low, congenial ceilings during the long, dark evenings of the northern winter, when arctic blasts beat against the dense old walls and snow swirled vainly past the narrow casements.

In the same massive style, but far more ornate and magnificent, is the modern dwelling recently constructed in another quarter by a Siberian millionaire. It is undoubtedly the finest private residence in Russia, and the most appropriate in design and execution; for it is typically Muscovite,



VASSILY-BLAJENNI



A SACRED PICTURE

and France. One more reminder of an architecture that is now no more is the unspeakably fantastic church of Vassily-Blajenni or St. Basil, a mendicant monk of the sixteenth century said to have been as crazy as the design of his marvelous memorial. Description falters, words lose color, phrases utterly

and, although boasting every twentieth century convenience, is ponderously suggestive of the good old days before the perversity of Peter the Great forced on Russia an art and architecture whose productions are but composite imitations of what the imperial traveler had seen in Holland, Germany,



BENEATH ST. BASIL'S DOMES

fail to frame this structural monstrosity, so monstrous in its ugliness that it is positively beautiful. Every civilization and every epoch has produced its characteristic pile. In the church of Vassily-Blajenni are distinctly typified the civilization of the early Muscovite and the fearful reign of Ivan the Terrible, the Nero of the Slavonic race. Just as Ivan's imperial torturer brought his victims to an ecstasy



THE RED SQUARE

of agony so intense that they knew not whether they were suffering pain or pleasure, so this creation of his architect tortures our eyes, until we exclaim in one and the same breath, "How hideous!—how beautiful!" and know not which expression voices our true feeling. We know not whether to praise or blame the Tsar Ivan, who put out the eyes of the unhappy designer of this church lest he should build another like it. The interior is extremely curious.



THE TRETIAKOFF GALLERY

Tiny cells or chapels under every dome; low narrow doorways pierced in walls so thick that we can easily imagine that the church was sculptured from one gigantic block of stone, in which the little caverns and their connecting corridors had been laboriously mined and hollowed. Or, again,

we have the sensation of wandering through the passages



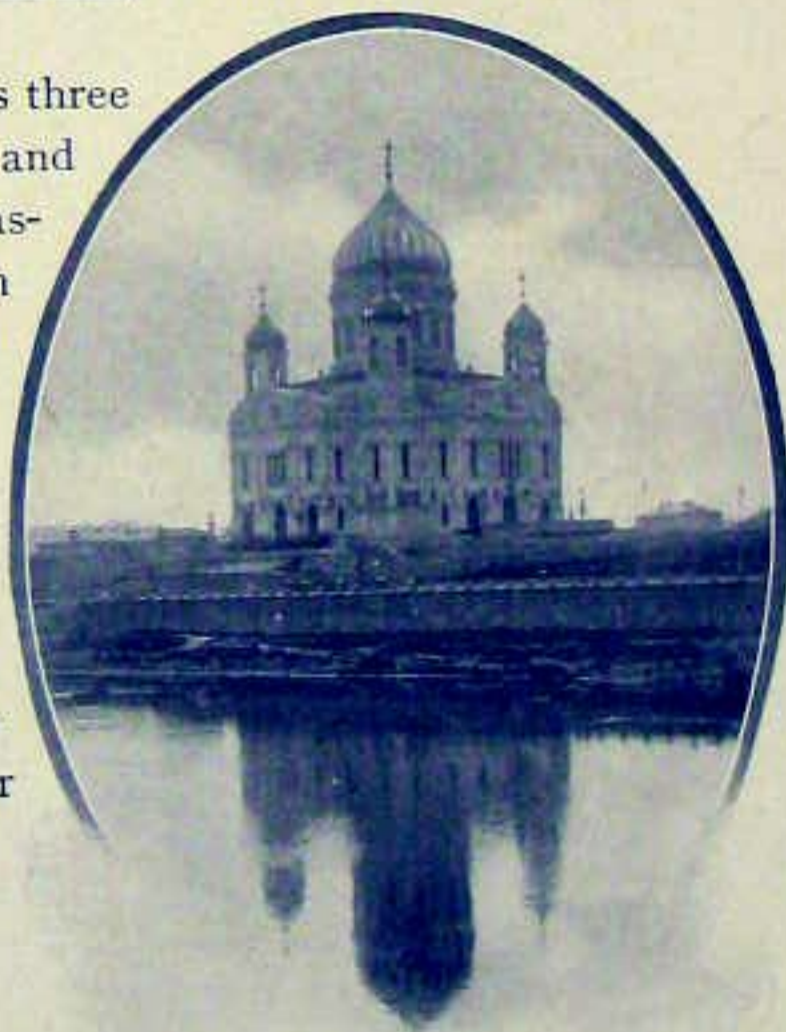
ROUMIANTSOFF MUSEUM



IN THE RIADY

roofed classical Riady! It has three aisles of equal length, breadth, and height, and six transverse passages, shorter but quite as high and roomy as the longitudinal arcades. The Riady is more than a city in itself; it is almost a nation, an electric-lighted, steam-heated land to which all Moscow can resort for business and for pleasure during the long, dark winter

of richly frescoed catacombs. But in Moscow the medieval and the modern are everywhere face to face. Fronting on the same great square is the magnificent arcade which is called the Riady, the finest and most commodious structure of its kind in Europe, surpassing the splendid galleries in Naples and Milan. What a tremendous contrast in construction between the flat-walled and fantastic church and the light, crystal-



A MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL

of this northern latitude, and enjoy the illusion of summer while the streets outside are blocked with snow.

The sights of Moscow are chiefly Moscow itself and the Kremlin, which we shall visit last of all ; but of course there are museums, picture-galleries, and churches that are of supreme interest. In the superb old palace of the Roumiantsoff there are ethnological collections of great interest ; across the river in the Tretiakoff Gallery is a collection of 1500 canvases, by Russian painters. But these things call for days, and we have only minutes to dispose of, and, moreover, we see in the distance something that commands attention. It is the splendid church of Christa Spasitelya, or as we would say it,



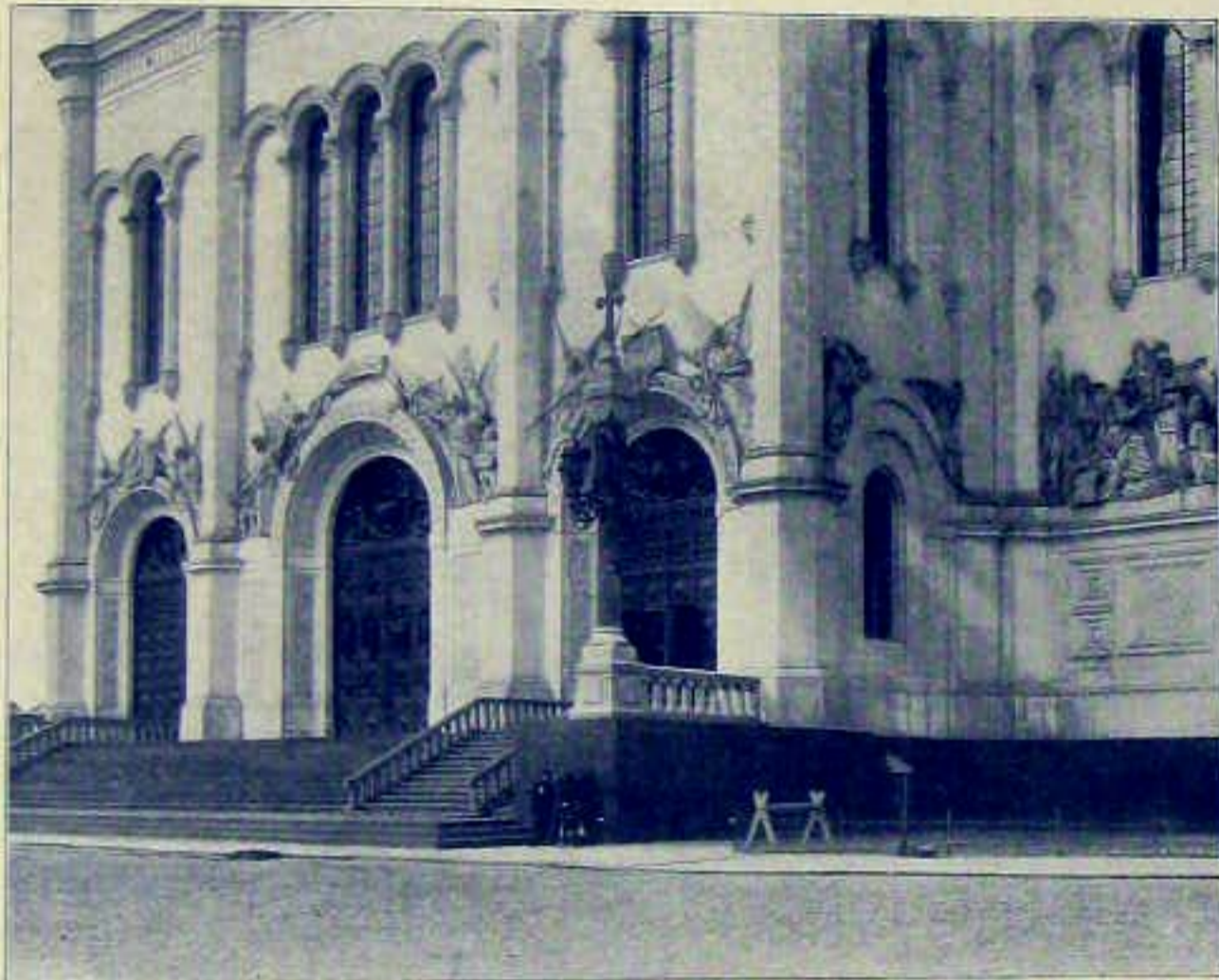
THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOR



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOR



"Christ the Redeemer." It is usually called the church of the Holy Savior. It commemorates the saving of the fatherland from the aggressions of Napoleon in 1812. As we look upon this superb memorial, our thoughts involuntarily go back to that historic, simple monument that may be seen near Vilna in Poland. On one side of the stone there are engraved the words, "Napoleon Buonaparte passed this way in 1812, with four hundred thousand men"; and on the

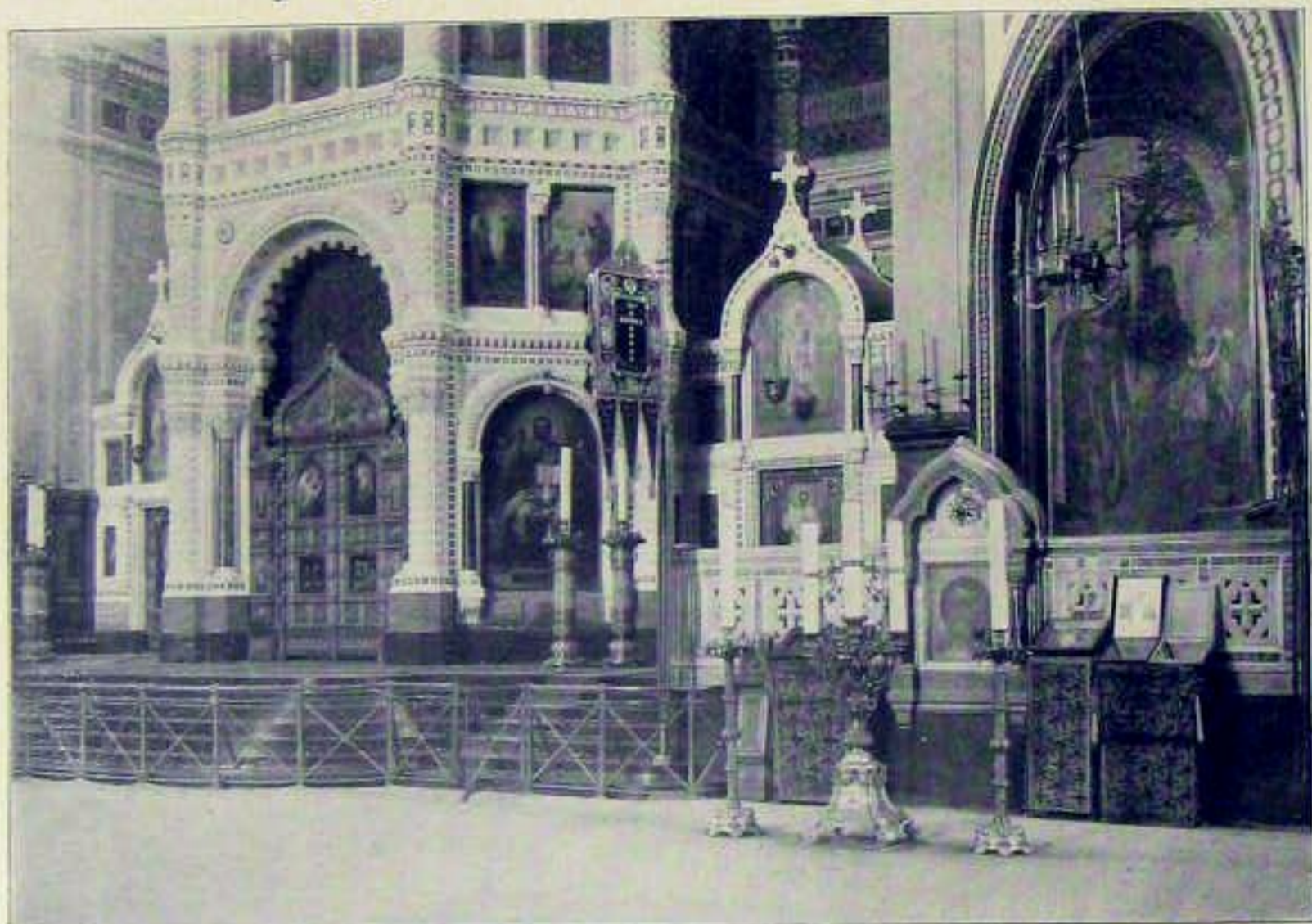


PORTAL OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOR

other side "Napoleon Buonaparte passed this way in 1812 with nine thousand men." The story of a tremendous tragedy never was written in fewer or more expressive words.

The original plan was to erect a great memorial upon the crest of the Sparrow Hills, whence Buonaparte first looked with triumph upon the city of his dream; but after ten years had been devoted to the laying of foundations, Nicholas I abandoned the idea, and ordered the commencement of the

temple upon its present site, within a half-mile of the Kremlin. Begun in 1837, the edifice was finished only in 1883, and is therefore the most modern, as well as the most splendid monument in Moscow. Variety is the spice of travel, just as it is the spice of life. Golden domes and marble walls and shrines of malachite, however wonderful, begin in time to pall upon our overfeasted eyes; we cry for change



MAGNIFICENT DETAILS

and lo!—all Moscow blazes with the posters of a gorgeous show, the first floral-parade, or *bataille des fleurs*, ever held so near the Arctic Circle. Everybody predicted failure for the floral fête, and people flocked by thousands to the race-course on the day appointed, many coming with the hope that they might see their dire predictions justified.

We fell in with the crowd, rather, we fell into the hands of an exorbitant droski-driver, and found ourselves whirling



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

down the Tverskaya, out through the Arch of Triumph, now profaned by a trolley-line, and along the suburban boulevard to the entrance of the most imposing race-course in the world. The grand-stand is about half a mile from the outer



ENTRANCE TO THE RACE-COURSE



THE GRAND-STAND

gate. The alley leading thence was jammed with vehicles on the day of the expected fiasco. The police at the grandstand had all that they could do to get the cabs and carriages, troïkas, and tarantasses out of the way in time to



THE GRAND DUCAL BOX



A GARDEN ON WHEELS

clear the approach for the imperial patrons of the charitable fête, the Grand Duke, Governor General of Moscow, the Grand Duchess, and their aristocratic suite.



THE BATTLE RAGES



A DAINTIPLY
DECORATED TRAP

After a fearful struggle at the gates we found ourselves on the course, armed with a permit from the courteous Grand Master of Police. On either side are boxes filled with the rank and fashion of the city, well provided with the floral ammunition piled high in countless baskets. The persons who had planned the fête made it a success from

the artistic point of view; the skeptics who came to witness the fiasco insured an even greater triumph on the financial side. Not even Nice has ever seen a finer show than that presented by the Russian traps which first pass slowly in review, that all may observe and admire them.

A little later the battle begins and rages until nightfall. Millions of bouquets were thrown, bouquets imported from the south of France; hundreds of pretty frocks were ruined; scores of hats were badly smashed, for some of the apparently innocent



A RURAL FLOAT

projectiles were loaded, and weighed several pounds apiece. It reminded one of the palmy days upon the Riviera before the Carnival became the fixed perfunctory thing it is to-day.

This being the first time that Moscow had ever indulged in this ruinously costly, but supremely pretty pastime, the



ONE OF THE BELLES

Muscovites went mad in their enthusiasm and excitement; the padded coachmen were the only individuals impervious to the hilarity that prevailed so long as a single carriage remained upon the track. Nay, longer; for after all the original combatants had left the field strewn with ten million flowers, the crowds upon the grand-stand possessed themselves of the abandoned missiles, and carried on an infantry-battle of flowers, regiments of spectators bombarding one



FIRING FLORAL BROADSIDES

another, shouting, laughing, and screaming with merriment until at dark the police ordered them away.

We supped that evening with the fashionable mob at one of the cafés-chantants in the Petrovsky Park. Upon the edge of the suburban "*bois*" of Moscow stands a palace of red brick called the Château Petrovsky, where the Tsars are lodged when they come to Moscow to be crowned, and

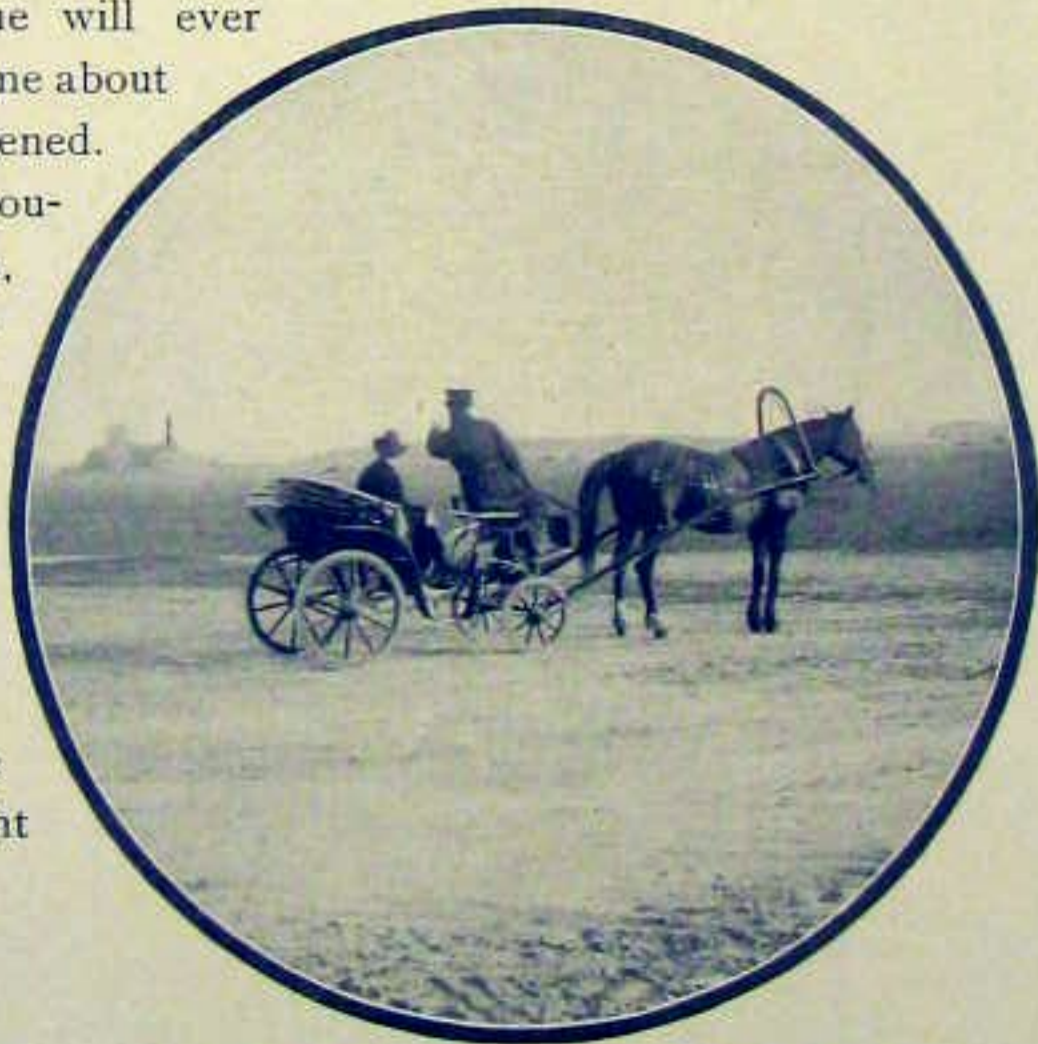


THE CHÂTEAU PETROVSKY



LOOKING TOWARD THE KHODYNSKY POLÉ

whither they retire after their ceremony at the Kremlin. But Nicholas did not return thither after his coronation in 1896. We know full well why he holds and will ever hold this place in horror, for its windows command the fatal field called the Khodynsky Polé, scene of that awful tragedy of the coronation crush, when thousands of helpless peasants crowded themselves to death or mutilation in their eagerness to taste the bounty of the Tsar, and to receive imperial souvenirs. No one will ever know just how it came about or just what happened. Three hundred thousand men, women, and children of the poorer class were gathered together here, peasant pilgrims from many provinces, most of that multitude having slept upon the field that they might



SCENE OF THE CORONATION CRUSH

be at hand for the promised free distribution of food, drink, and coronation-cups. At daybreak the still poorer populace of Moscow rolled its unruly tide of festive misery out from the back streets and alleys of the industrial quarters, all surging toward a common center, around which were already massed a quarter of a million people. Tighter and tighter grew the press, until those acres of serried humanity began to sway and roll like an awakened sea under the stress of sudden



THE MOSCOW HOME OF TOLSTOI

gusts of terror. Madness then took possession of the mob, and, helpless in its immensity, it ground out the lives of fourteen hundred of its atoms and maimed and mutilated many thousands more. Meantime, at the Kremlin, Nicholas, stepping before a gathering of earthly royalties, placed the great crown of all the Russias on his head, and swore in the hearing of the King of Kings that he would save, protect, and

uplift the people confided to his care. But no blame can attach to the Tsar for the catastrophe. The blinded, ignorant multitude that did itself to death but typifies the helplessness of strength and numbers when left without the rudder of intelligence and cut loose from the anchor of authority. Till Russia's masses shall, through the slow beneficent influences of education, become intelligent, the safety of the nation lies



THE HOTEL AT TOULA

in absolute autocracy. This consideration may throw new light upon some of the problems discussed by Russian reformers and their foreign critics. Suppose the dream of Tolstoi to be at once realized in Russia. Disband the army, muster out the costly corps of police, abolish courts of law,—even law itself,—give absolute independence of thought and action to the hundred million souls who have not learned to think or

act, and the Russian masses, like the vast multitude that trampled down the victims of the coronation crush, would inevitably annihilate thousands in the terrible maelstrom of a national catastrophe.

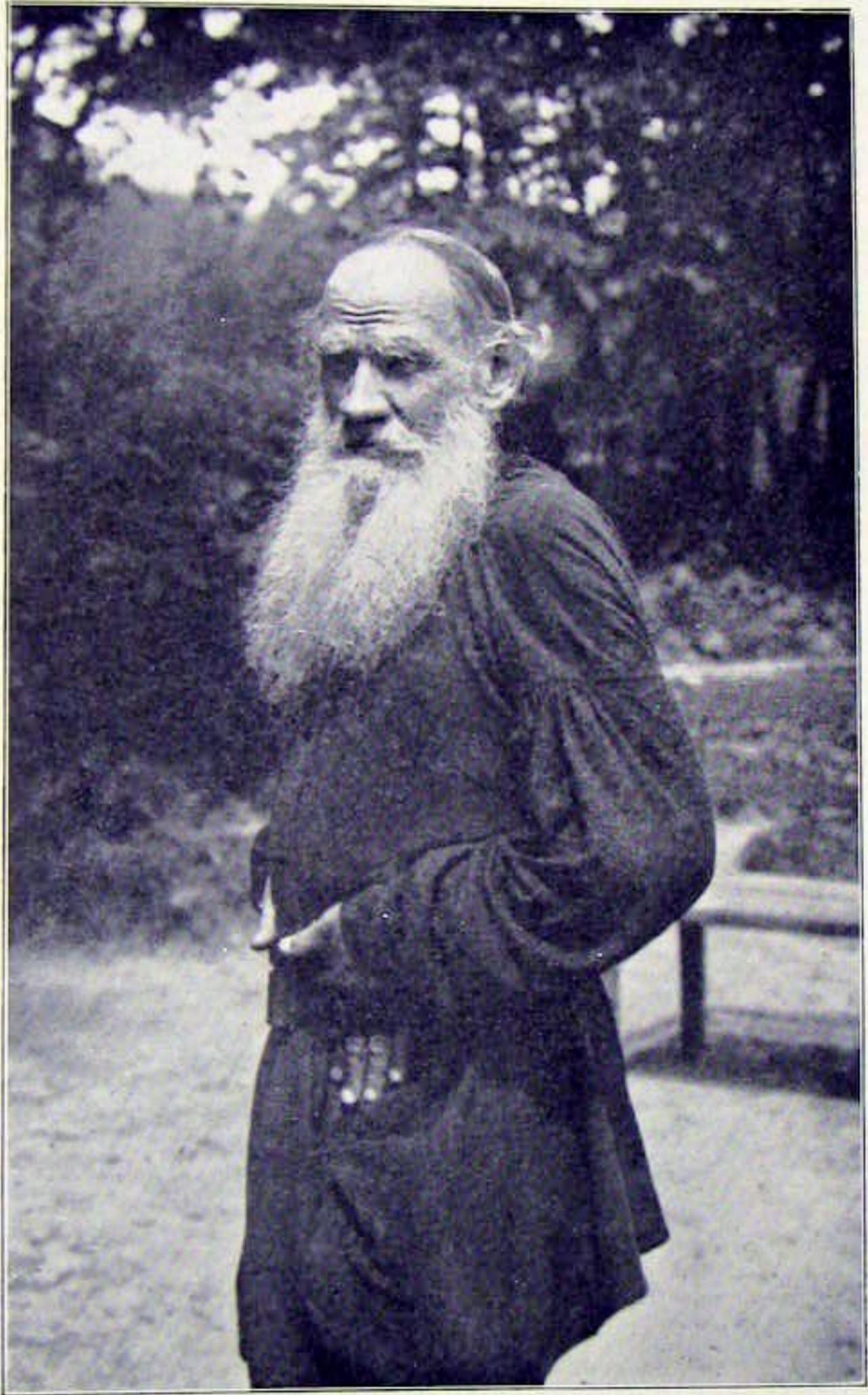
My sympathies have ever been with the cause of industrial emancipation, and therefore with Tolstoi, for he is one of the great champions of liberty ; but my reason, so far as



ON THE WAY TO TOLSTOI'S COUNTRY-SEAT

the Russia of the present is concerned, must render a decision in accord with the Tsar, and with his conservative ministers.

The home of Count Tolstoi in Moscow is an unpretentious dwelling, to which we sent our guide, one day, to ask if the count would see us if we should call. The servants told the guide that the count was out. He was ; for as our



TOLSTOI



TOLSTOI'S FRONTIER

emissary turned away, he saw the aged writer issuing from another door to take a carriage. In a very few words he



THE GATE OF YASNAYA POLIANA



THE VILLAGERS

stated his mission. The count replied in this oracular fashion: "I am not at home to all the world; above all I am not at home for interviews; but an American can always find me."



A DRAM-SHOP

But to find Count Tolstoi is, even for an American, a thing easier said than done ; for before we could accept the invitation, or challenge, to seek him out, he had left Moscow and retired to his country-seat, Yasnaya Poliana, near the town of Toula. But, not discouraged, we gladly undertook a six-hour railway journey to Toula and a carriage-drive of fifteen versts to the estate of the "grand old man" of Russia.



THE VILLAGE STREET

We arrived at half-past eight in the morning ; for believing that Count Tolstoi, despite his great age, seventy-two years, was still leading the life of a peasant farmer, we thought the hour none too early. But no one was astir except a servant. We wait for an hour and a half, driving through the adjacent village, peopled by the folk whose fathers were the serfs of the Tolstoi estate. Rank misery pervades the filthy and disgusting village-settlement, no

better and no worse than villages in other parts of Russia. A deformed woman and a big strapping mujik are insistent in their demands for money, and servile in their thanks upon receiving it. As we gaze about us, we strive in vain to reconcile the altruistic theories of the master and the existent conditions in this village at his gates.

At ten o'clock we again present ourselves at the count's door. His eldest son, who bears the father's name,



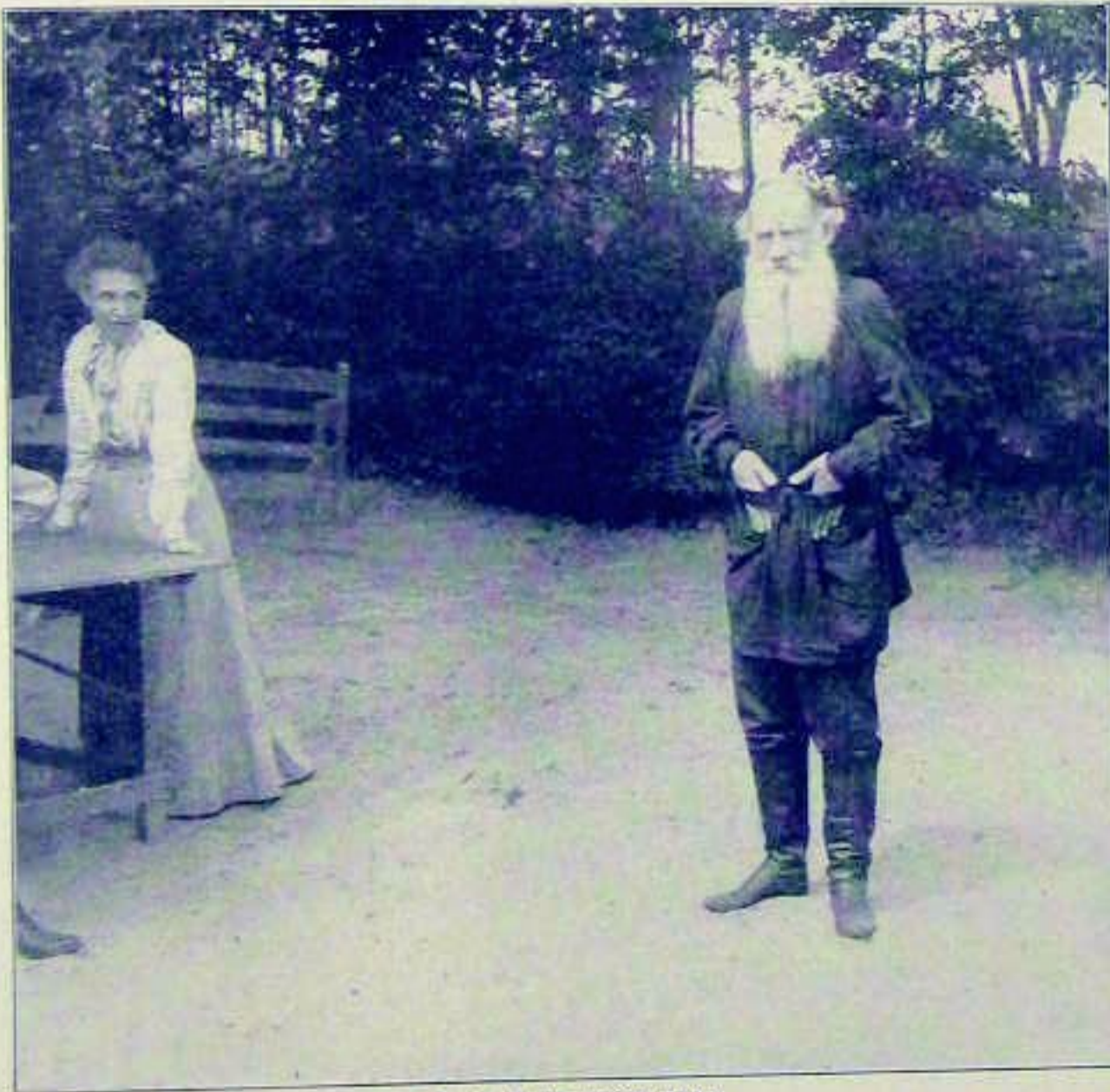
COUNT TOLSTOI'S SUMMER VILLA

received us kindly with the words, "Father will be here presently." Meantime we have observed, beneath a tree near the door, three peasant women waiting patiently; they were waiting there when we came first, two hours earlier. At last they seem to wake; they rise expectantly as an old man in mujik costume steps briskly down from the veranda. It is Count Leo Tolstoy, one of the world's great men.

A FAMILY GROUP



A hurried greeting to us, a fatherly smile to Leo, Jr., and the count begs our indulgence for a moment, saying as he turns toward the old peasant women under the tree, "You must excuse me. These poor women first. They have had a fire in their village; three times they have had a fire; they have lost many things and I must speak to them." It is all perfectly sincere and beautiful; but—cynics that we are—we think how marvelously effective it all is from the dramatic point of view: The waiting pensioners beneath the ancestral tree; the aged lord of the manor, who, though a nobleman, is clad in the dress of the poor mujik, hastily courteous to his foreign guests, but most concerned with the misfortunes of the native poor who await him.



A SAGE IN PEASANT GARD

Tolstoi speaks English fluently, but with an accent that suggests the speech of Henry Irving, with an added Gallic twist. He talks upon a dozen subjects with equal interest, enthusiasm, and, above all, originality. There should be no law; no man should have the right to judge or to condemn another; absolute freedom of the individual is the only thing that will redeem the world. Christ was a great teacher, nothing more. This was the sum and substance of his views as expressed to my companion, a distinguished American, in June, 1901. But Tolstoi both claims and exercises the right



"MY GRANDCHILDREN"

to revise opinions, and proclaims from time to time a new and always startling attitude toward the truths and contentions in the great arena of philosophic thought.

We breakfasted with him on the veranda, a large and loving family gathered round the samovar; the two dainty grandchildren relieved with the note of youth and hope and freshness the almost sad impression produced upon us by the atmosphere of neglect and tumble-downness permeating

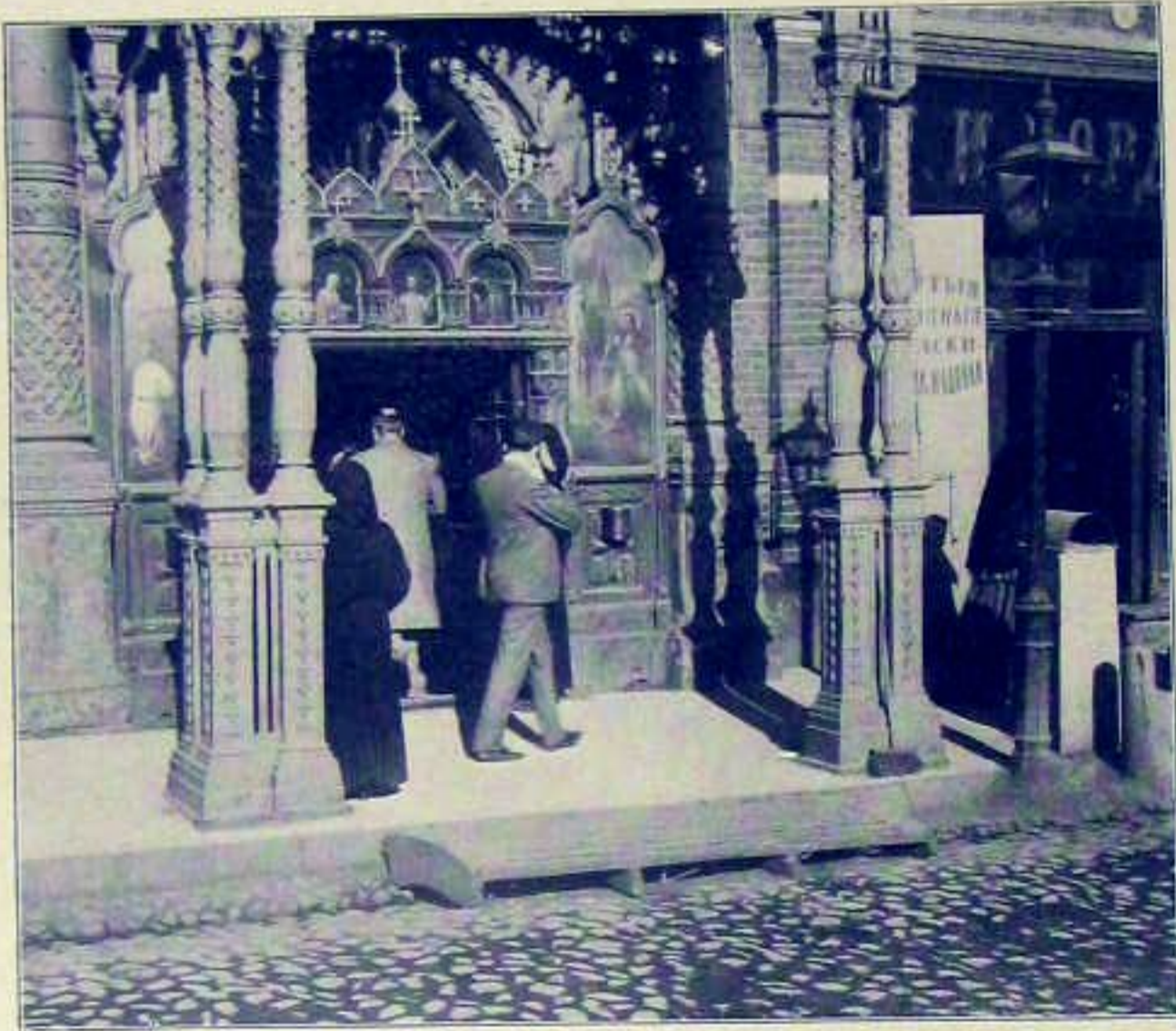
not only the peasant village but even the house and private grounds of the estate, of which the Russian title, "Yasnaya Poliana" means the Bright Plain, or the Illuminated Field. Even if we cannot sympathize with the almost fatalistic philosophy of a return to nature—a philosophy that would let all things go to seed, we are not blind to the brightness that illumines the Yasnaya Poliana, for it is the brightness of



WHERE THE WATERS OF THE MOSKVA ARE BLESSED

a mighty mind, an intellectual luminosity that has lighted for all time the dark path trodden by oppressed humanity.

Such, in brief, were the reflections brought back to Moscow from the home of him whose name is better known throughout the world than that of any other Russian save that of the Tsar himself,—the Tsar, who stands for all the old sage condemns, who is defender of the faith that Tolstoi has assailed, that Russian faith of which the Kremlin is the most sacred stronghold.



SHRINE OF AN ICON

Around the towers of the Kremlin cluster the religious aspirations of the Slavonic people to whom religion and worship are things of daily, hourly concern.

In all the busy thoroughfares we find, crowded in between the shops, small chapels or the shrines of celebrated icons, each one demanding recognition, offerings, salutations. Rarely does a Muscovite pass any of the eleven hundred chapels without uncovering and signing himself, while many stop to pray or enter to deposit an offering.

The most famous of these icons is the Iberian Madonna, housed in a chapel at the gate to the Red Square. It is a picture of the Virgin, copied by fasting monks from a most sacred portrait in one of the monasteries of Mount Athos in the Ægean Sea. It was sent as a gift to the Orthodox Tsars of Moscow in 1648. The present emperor, when he comes

to Moscow, drives directly to this gate that he may offer prayers to the most sacred icon in his most sacred city. All day the faithful throng the little chapel. As the French guide-book says, "*La chapelle est habituellement pleine,*" and then, in parentheses, "*prendre garde aux pickpockets.*"

But the Madonna is rarely at home by day; her visitors see and kiss only a substituted copy; for she must make her daily round of visits to the houses where pious souls have called to her from sick-beds—or where she is expected to bless with her presence some joyful ceremony,—a wedding or a christening. For each of these visits she receives from twenty-five to a hundred dollars, and therefore can afford to ride in grander state than the humble rival icon, whose neglected shrine is near at hand, and whose more modest coach is shown in an illustration. Unfortunately, we failed to secure pictures of the equipage of the Iberian Icon. Day after day we lay in wait in vain; she always came home too late in the day for picture-making. Her state-carriage is drawn by



THE IBERIAN CHAPEL

six horses, with driver and postilion in brilliant livery, but bareheaded. Her progress through the streets is like that of an empress. All traffic ceases, every head is bared and bowed, all hands wave the outline of the cross, all lips are moved in prayer; and when, upon arrival, the huge gilded frame is carried from the coach, we see scores of men, women, and children throw themselves upon their knees and crawl frantically toward it, frequently doing one another



WORSHIPERS

bodily injury in the attempt to kiss the sides, the back, the corners, or any available surface of the bejeweled thing. Meantime, by way of striking contrast, we saw the attendants sitting in the coach calmly counting over the day's receipts in a most businesslike and public fashion.

Another famous icon is Our Lady of Vladimir, whose throne is in the holiest of the Kremlin churches, where the Tsars are crowned. When she goes forth to spend the day at chapels or churches in the city proper, she is accompanied



WORSHIPERS

by the high clergy, including even the Metropolitan of Moscow, and scores of religious societies, composed of



THE EQUIPAGE OF AN ICON

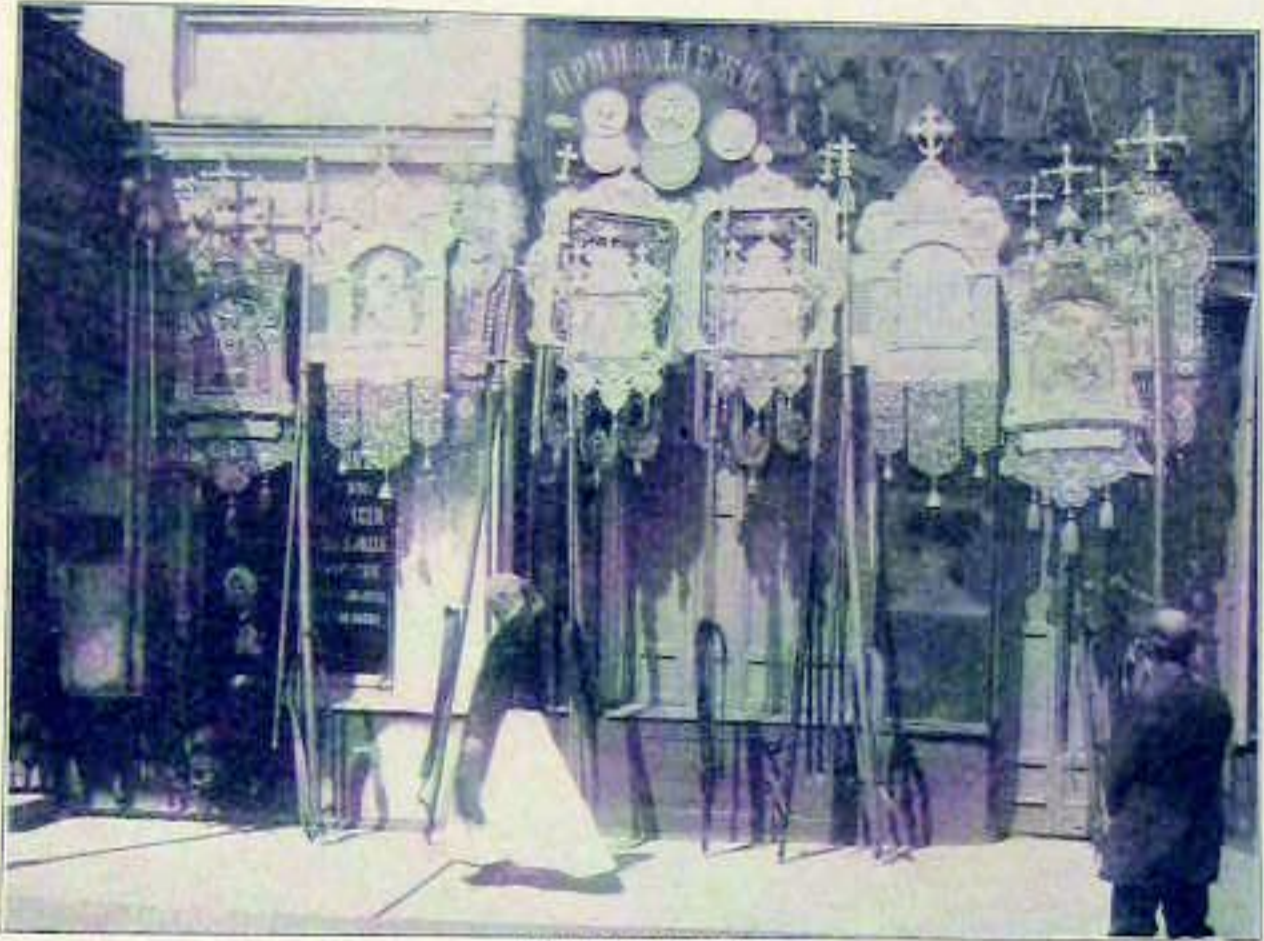
several thousand volunteers, who carry in her train the weighty golden banners, which during her sojourn are stacked for blocks along the shop-fronts in all the streets adjacent to the chapel she has honored with a call.

We witnessed the passing of her escort as she returned with pageantry and pomp and splendor to her Kremlin home. It is no easy matter, even for a half-dozen sturdy Russians to



"OUR LADY OF VLADIMIR IS WITHIN"

hold unswervingly aloft those flags of solid metal, loaded with gems and precious stones. Frequent were the stoppages of the procession, ludicrous the efforts of the bearers to appear at ease when threatened with the downfall of a banner. Hundreds and hundreds of devoted banner-bearers filed past us, staggering under the weight of sanctified insignia. At last comes the bright yellow river of the clergy, robed in vestments of cloth of gold. Behind this regiment of



SACRED INSIGNIA

holy men are borne the sacred relics from the Kremlin, and the great picture of the Vladimir Madonna, whose history,



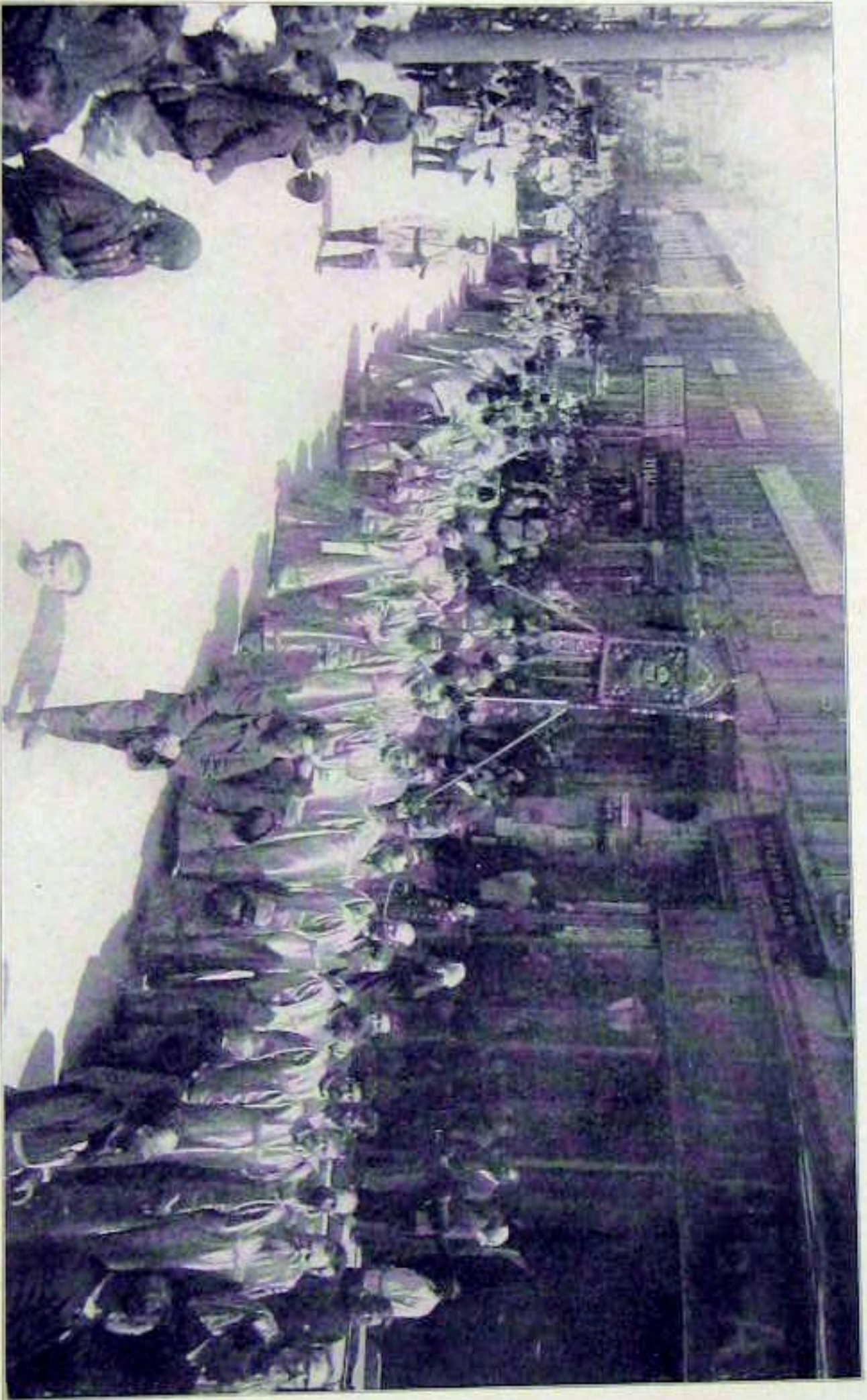
TROUBLE WITH A BANNER

it has been said, is the history of Russia. Her golden frame is valued at one hundred thousand dollars, the emerald upon her brow is worth the ransom of a prince. Behind her walks the highest dignitary of the Russian Church, the aged Metropolitan of Moscow, and on all sides stand or kneel the throngs of bareheaded poor, looking with awe and wonder upon this living stream of gold that flows in long waves of glittering splendor through the hushed and silent streets.



THE PROCESSION

We follow the procession to the Gate of the Redeemer, most sacred portal of the Kremlin, above which hangs a picture of the Savior, to which all passers-by must pay a reverential homage. No Russian ever passes through the gate without uncovering his head; in fact, the taking off of hats was formerly enforced by law, and is to-day enforced by custom — stronger than any legal regulation.



THE CLERGY IN CLOTH OF GOLD

The gate dates from the end of the fifteenth century. The lower part was built by an Italian architect. The spire was added by an Englishman after a lapse of a hundred and thirty-five years. The other towers and walls are of equal age and equally impressive. The circuit of the walls is greater than one mile, and there are five great gates, each dominated by a tower. We enter with bared heads through



THE REDEEMER GATE

the Redeemer's Portal, finding ourselves in a surprisingly vast level square, above which rises the most famous edifice in Russia. It is the belfry of the Kremlin, known as the tower of Ivan Veliky. It marks the very heart of Russia. Within the circle of its shadow lie the holiest shrines of Muscovy: the cathedral in which the Tsars are crowned, another where Imperial marriages are solemnized, and a third in which the Tsars of old sleep their last sleep, content

to rest forever in the city where they ruled, while their successors slumber in still another, new necropolis, upon the banks of the cold Neva in modern St. Petersburg.

In the shadow of the tower are two famous and familiar things; one is a cannon, the other is a bell. In front of the *caserne* is ranged



THE NICHOLAS GATE



KREMLIN RAMPARTS



IVAN'S TOWER

a battery of picturesque old cannon, of which the biggest and most ornamental and most ridiculously useless is the so-called "Tsar of the Cannon" of the Kremlin. The thirteen-inch guns of modern warfare seem mere bean-blowers in comparison with this stumpy thunderer which takes a ball measuring one meter in diameter. But unfortunately this piece of ordnance cannot project these 39-inch balls without endangering its own integrity and also that of the entire Kremlin. Equally impressive, although voiceless also, is the Tsar of



Bells, the hugest in the world, weighing two hundred tons. The bell was cast in 1735, but was not taken from the mold until two years later, before which time, unhappily, a conflagration cracked off

THE TSAR OF CANNON



A HISTORIC FRAGMENT

a fragment nearly seven feet in height, and robbed the mighty bronze of the deep voice that might have been to-day one of the supreme sound sensations of the world. That fragment has a fascination for every passer-by; it is worn glossy by the touch of sympathetic hands, which every day caress it curiously. No one seems able to resist the attraction of this magnet; —warmed by the sun, it offers to every touch an almost human



CONVENT OF THE ASCENSION AND THE REDEEMER GATE



THE GREAT BELL AND THE CONVENT OF THE MIRACLES

contact, as if a little of the life of all the millions who have fondled it had in some mysterious way passed into this mass of bronze and made of it a sentient, responsive thing.

Gazing almost directly at this shattered stillborn metal dome is the bronze image of a Tsar, whose useful life was tragically ended by the Nihilists twenty years ago. It is a strange fatality that both of the great emancipators should



THE BELL, THE TOWER, THE SYNOD, AND THE CANNON

have perished at the hand of an assassin; yet our Lincoln, the president who freed the slaves in the new world, and Alexander, the tsar who gave liberty to the Russian serfs, alike fell victims to the fury of political fanatics.

A new memorial to Alexander II has been but recently completed. Modern in its magnificence, it fortunately harmonizes with the medieval splendors that surround it. It both dignifies and graces the noble brow of the sacred

Kremlin Hill. The statue itself is a perfect likeness of the man who, had he lived, would have given a constitution to the Russian people. The manner of his violent death convinced those who succeeded him in government that Russia was not ripe for liberty.

So it has always been and ever will be. The regicide, the killer of the man in power, can do naught but injure and disgrace the cause he thinks to serve, the noblest cause for which man ever fought—the cause of human liberty. The calm, superb, robed figure of the murdered Tsar, with its outstretched hand, that in the one gesture seems to bless and to protect, is a perpetual witness to the futility of violence. The ranks of law and order, no matter how

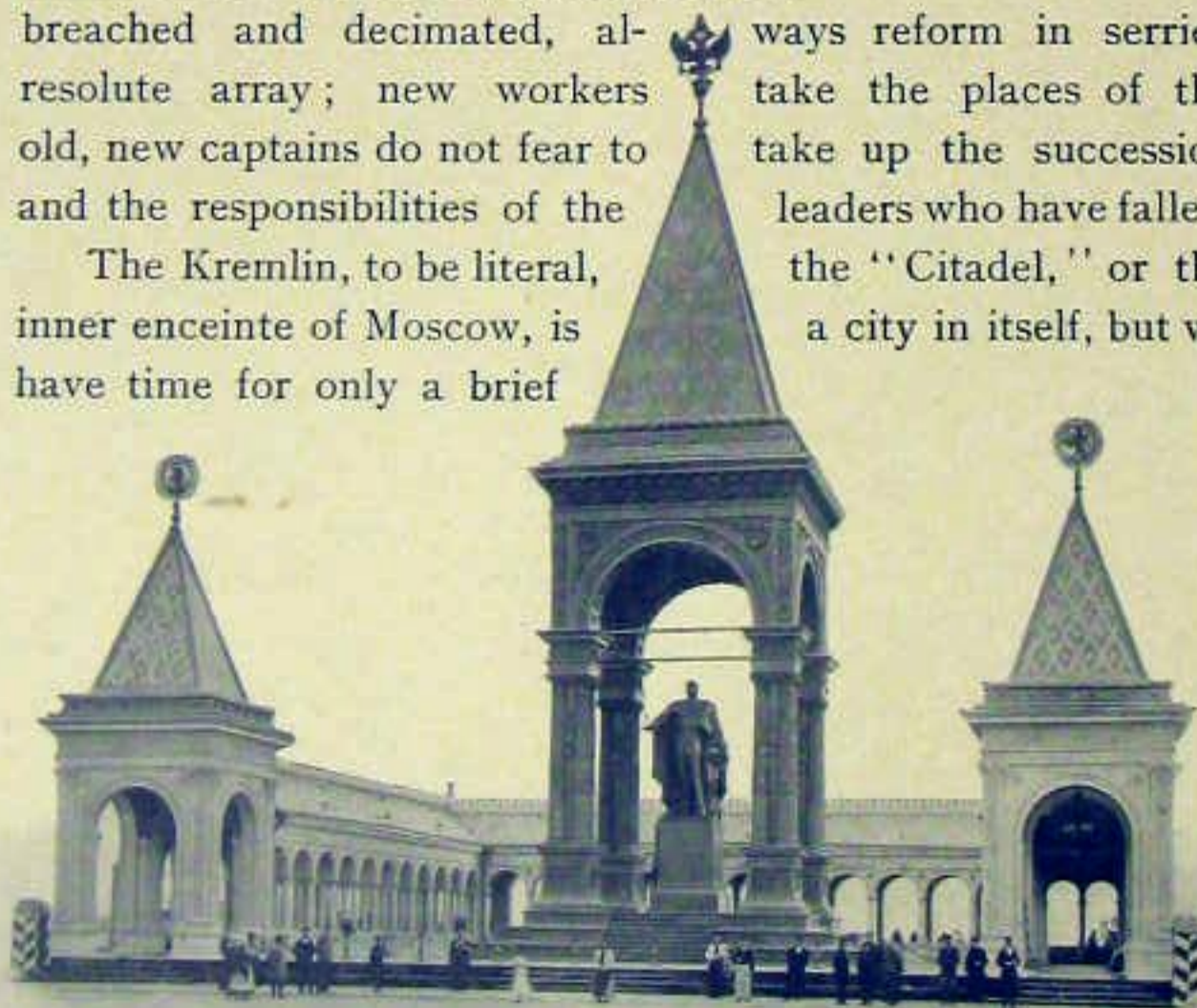
breached and decimated, always reform in serried array; new workers take the places of the old, new captains do not fear to take up the responsibilities of the leaders who have fallen.

The Kremlin, to be literal, the inner enceinte of Moscow, is a city in itself, but we have time for only a brief

ways reform in serried array; new workers take the places of the old, new captains do not fear to take up the responsibilities of the leaders who have fallen. the "Citadel," or the a city in itself, but we



IMPERIAL
ROBES
IN BRONZE



MONUMENT OF ALEXANDER II



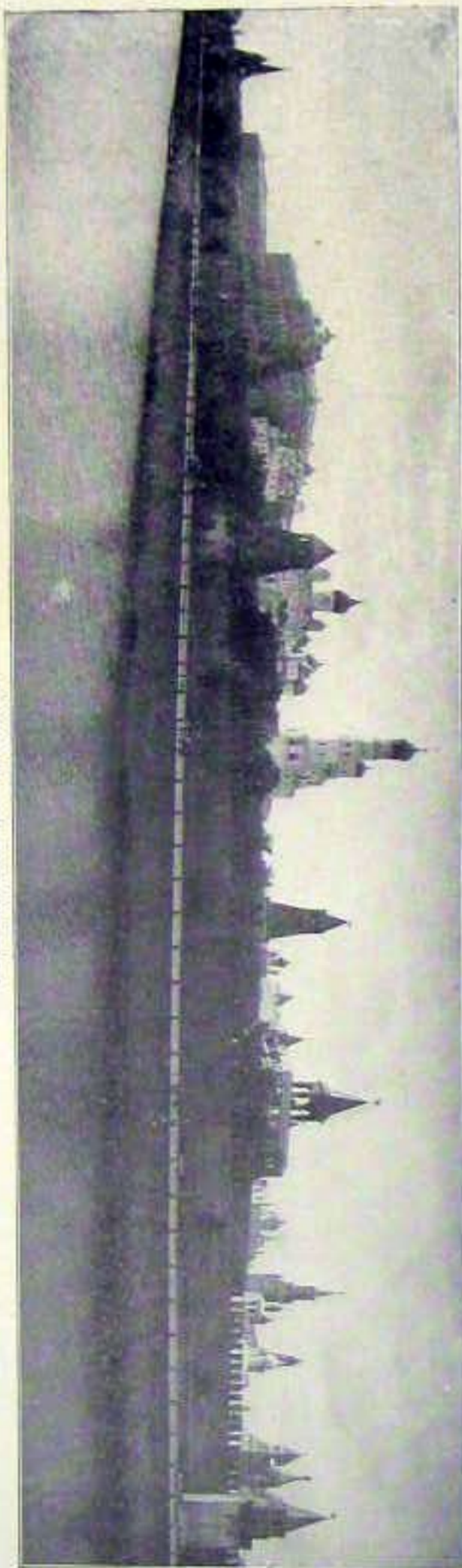
ONE OF THE OLD GUARD

review of the chief edifices of this remarkable enclosure. Let us begin with the largest, though not the most important, the Palace of Justice, upon which glitters in golden characters the word "*Zakon*," "Law." Facing it is the Arsenal, with the word "Victory," not expressed in letters but almost shouted by the

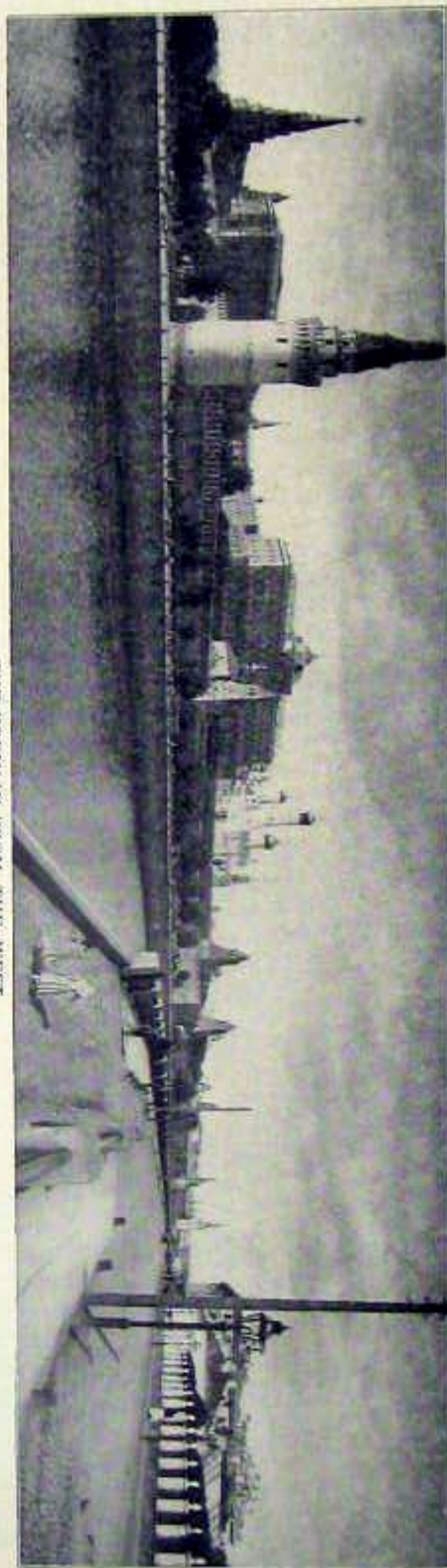
mouths of eight hundred and seventy-five captured cannon—chiefly souvenirs of Napoleon's disastrous visit in 1812. Another large, comparatively modern pile is the Grand Palace of the Tsars, vast and to-day unoccupied, which was the scene of splendid ceremonies on the occasion of the coronation in 1896. Adjoining it is a museum that contains the thrones and vestments used by the imperial personages who have been



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AND THE ARSENAL



PANORAMA OF THE KREMLIN



THE KREMLIN FROM THE WEST



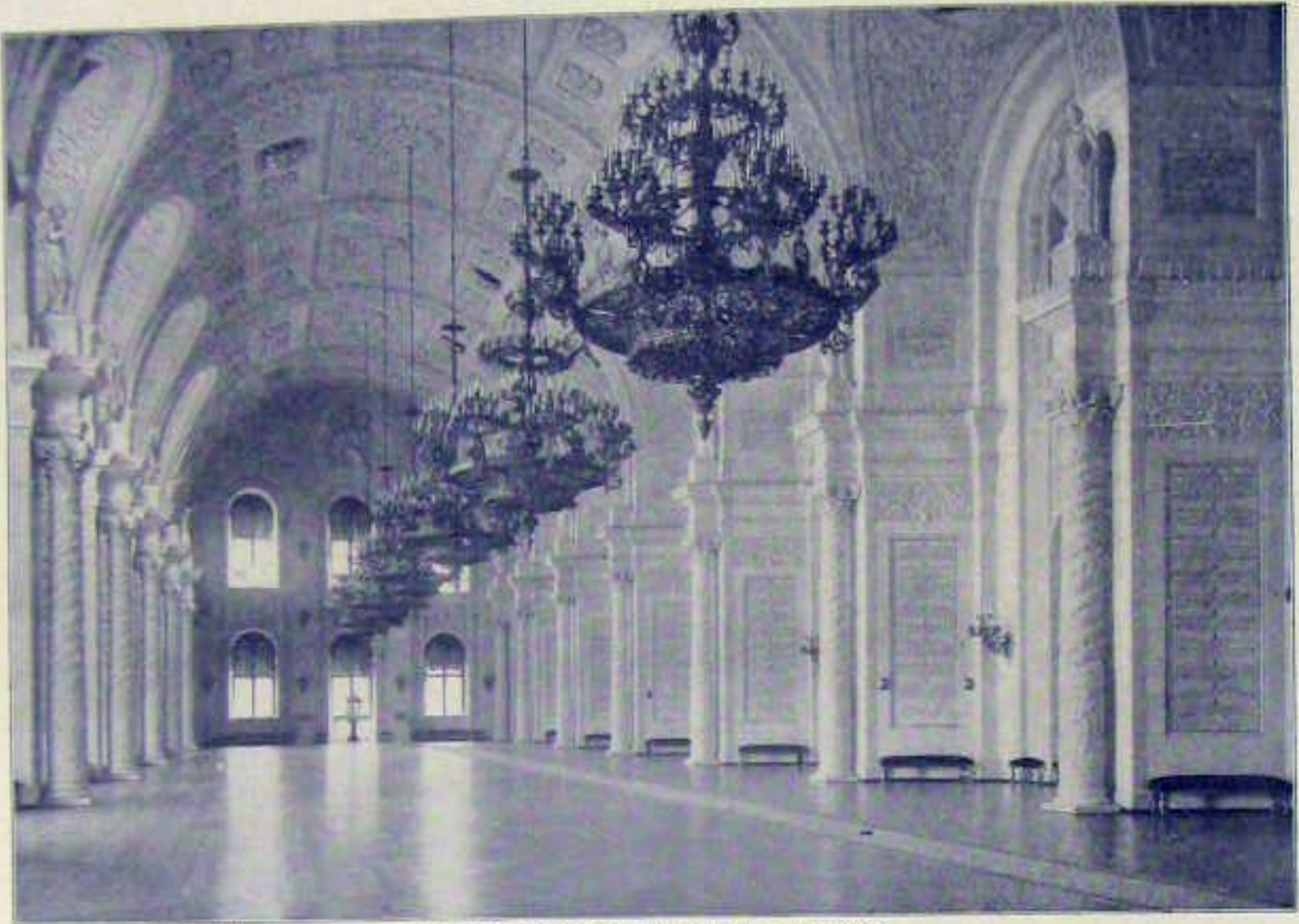
THE GRAND PALACE OF THE KREMLIN

crowned in Moscow. The robes and diadems of Nicholas and Alix are already catalogued and placed on view behind



By permission

THRONE ROOM IN THE KREMLIN PALACE



By permission

IN THE GRAND PALACE OF THE KREMLIN

plate-glass, as if the wearers were already dead and gone, as if they were already members of the vanished company whose dresses, finery, and baubles are exposed in other cases. Just beyond the palace stands the Church of the Annunciation, where of old the imperial folk were united to the church by baptism, and to one another in the bonds of holy wedlock. Its domes and roofs are golden; its walls covered with frescoed nightmares; its pavement made of blocks of jasper, presented by a Shah of Persia many years ago. Facing the same enclosure is the Church of the Archangel, where Peter's predecessors sleep amid the dust of ages and the wealth of



A KREMLIN SENTRY

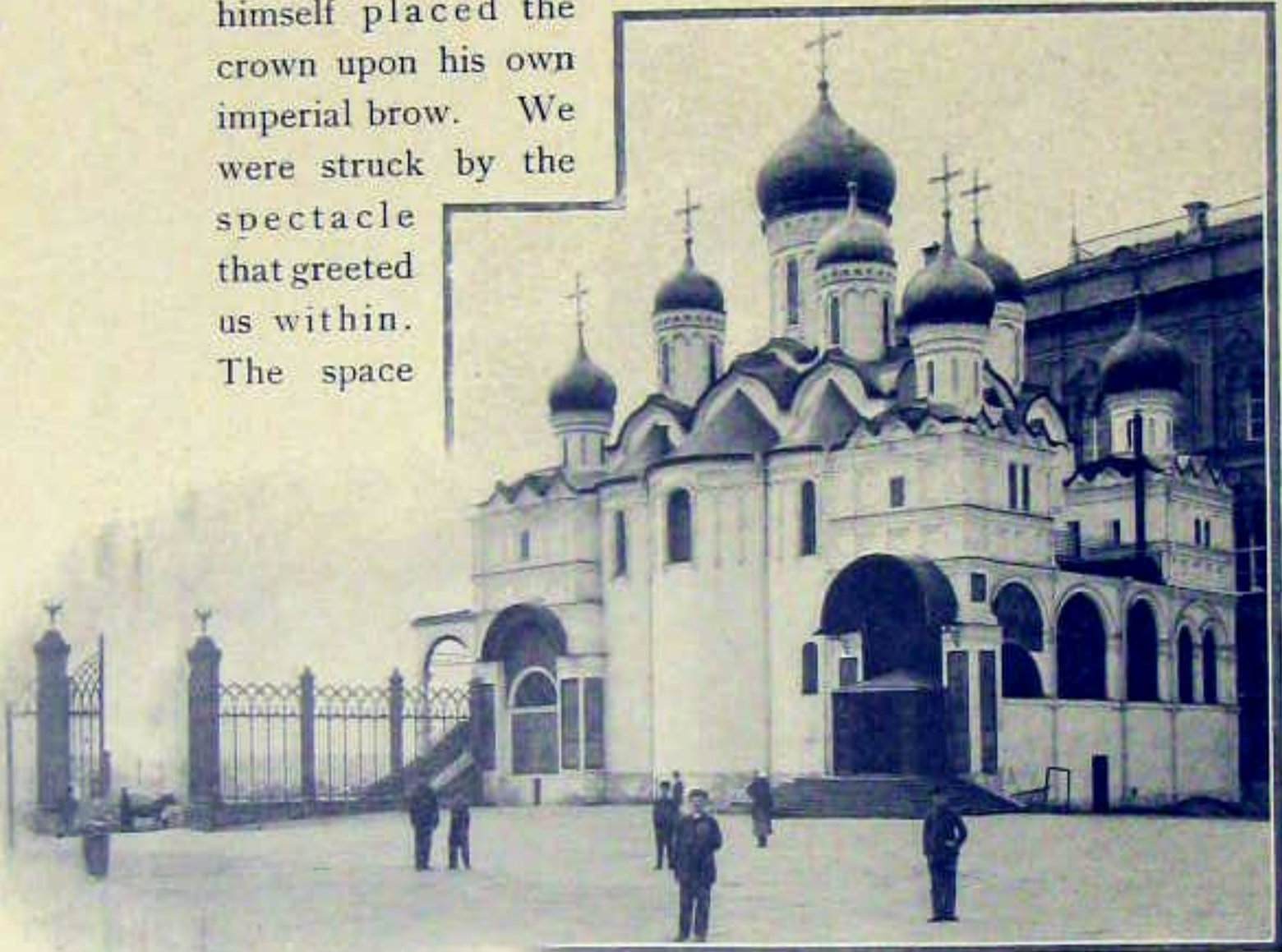


GRANOVITAYA PALATA



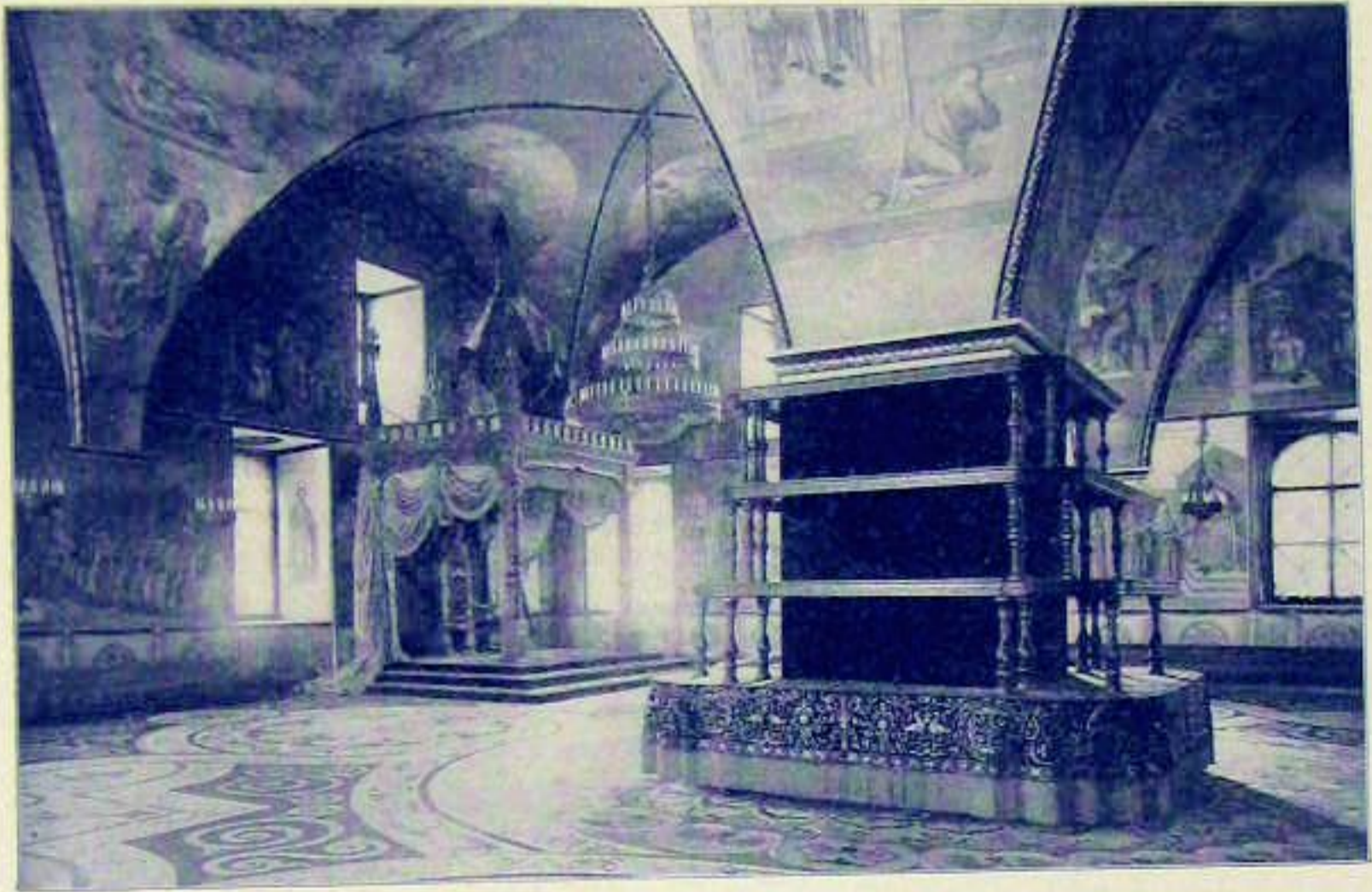
WHERE TSARS ARE BAPTIZED AND MARRIED

Orthodoxy; and on another side is the headquarters of the Holy Synod, which controls the mighty religious machinery of the Orthodox church. But the most important structure is the square, five-domed cathedral of the Assumption, within which every Tsar of Russia has been crowned, or rather has himself placed the crown upon his own imperial brow. We were struck by the spectacle that greeted us within. The space



CATHEDRAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION

within the four great central columns was securely hedged about with ropes and carpeted with gorgeous rugs. Five or six officials in full-dress uniforms were standing there engaged in ceremonial worship, while on the altar terrace and in the holy of holies beyond the iconostasis a score of superbly groomed and gorgeously arrayed priests and bishops were chanting with wonderful bass voices, organ-like in their sonority, the music of the mass. And then, to complete the interesting picture, there stood outside the ropes, in the



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A MEDIEVAL HALL OF THE KREMLIN

narrow space around the walls, at least a thousand humble, devout, and rudely-clad pilgrims and poor folk, smelling of poverty and toil, but breathing devotion, looking awe, and thinking we know not what. They were so thick that they stood on one another's toes; literally, there was not standing-room, while just beyond the ropes, against which they scarcely dared to press, stood the half-dozen glittering functionaries, each one disposing of four times more space than had been left for the respectful, patient mob that looked on, prayed, and crowded itself and thanked its stars that it had been allowed even to cross the threshold.

Half smothered, we retreated from the crowded church, and climbed the winding stairs of Ivan's Tower. A vision of surpassingly fantastic charm greets us as we halt and gaze out through a window. Domes, spires, towers, and pinnacles and pyramids, and then still other domes and spires,

until the eye fails to distinguish more, and the imagination must be called upon to fill in all the distant details of the picture. Immediately below us is the red Convent of the Miracles, the richest in all Russia, with domes of a marvelous blue. Beyond it is another convent, with its dome-crowned Churches, then the Redeemer Gate, and beyond that, Moscow itself, which means an infinity of other domes and towers. Mounting still higher we look toward the south, toward the great Church of the Redeemer and the Sparrow Hills. The Moskva River creeps below the Kremlin walls, whispering to him who has ears for its tremendous story, the secrets of a troubled past—the tale of Moscow's rise to power—of the evolution of the "Mother city" of the Russians from the palisaded fort erected on this hill by rude Slavonic men nine centuries ago. It tells of the dark days of Mongol domination, of struggle, rebellion, and final victory over the Tatar horde,—of the first man who claimed the



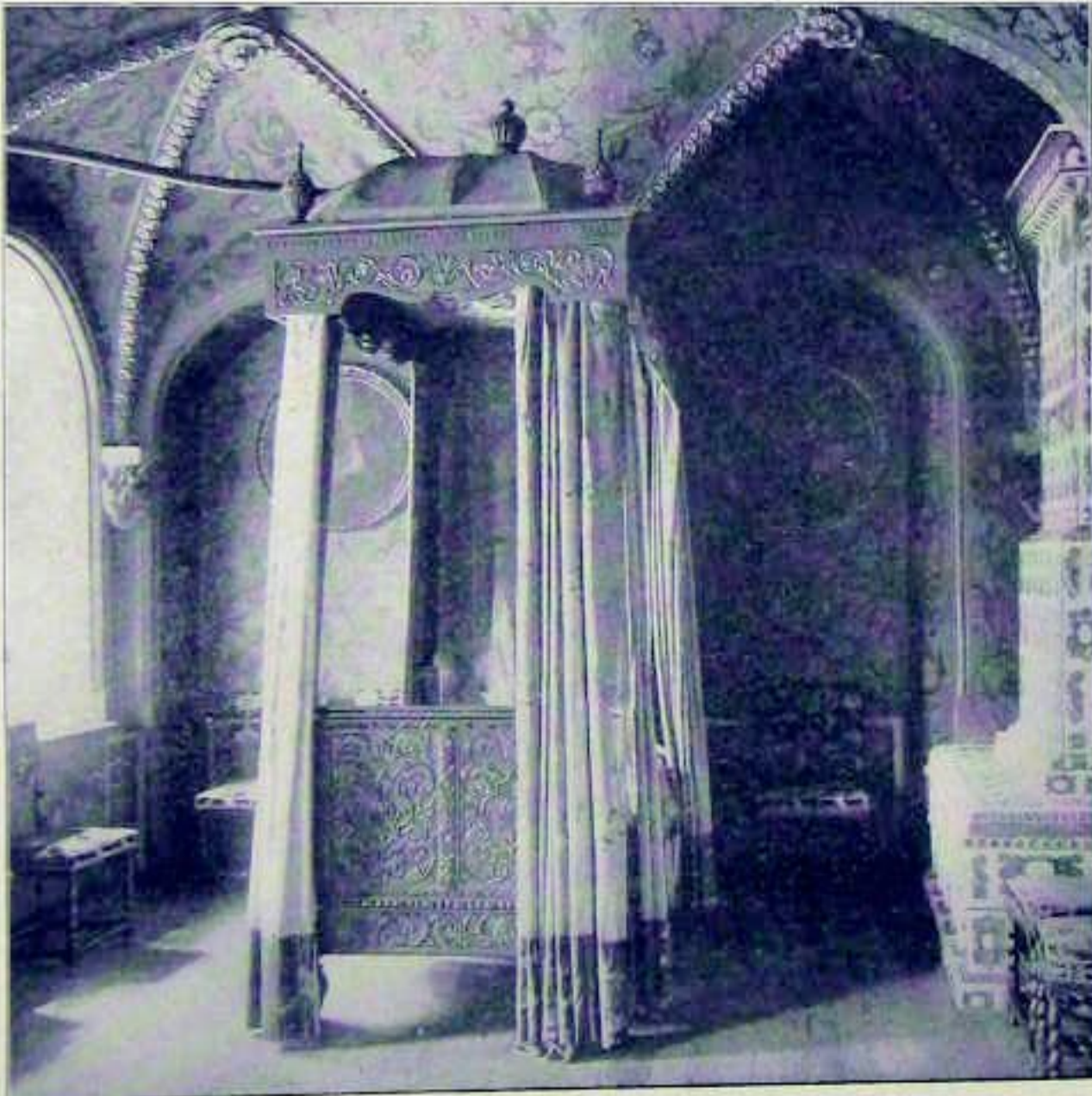
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MUSCOVITE LUXURY



DOMES AND TOWERS

title Tsar, Ivan IV, surnamed Terrible;—then Peter is the next name murmured—almost reproachfully, by the Moskva waves, for it was Peter who robbed Moscow of her imperial



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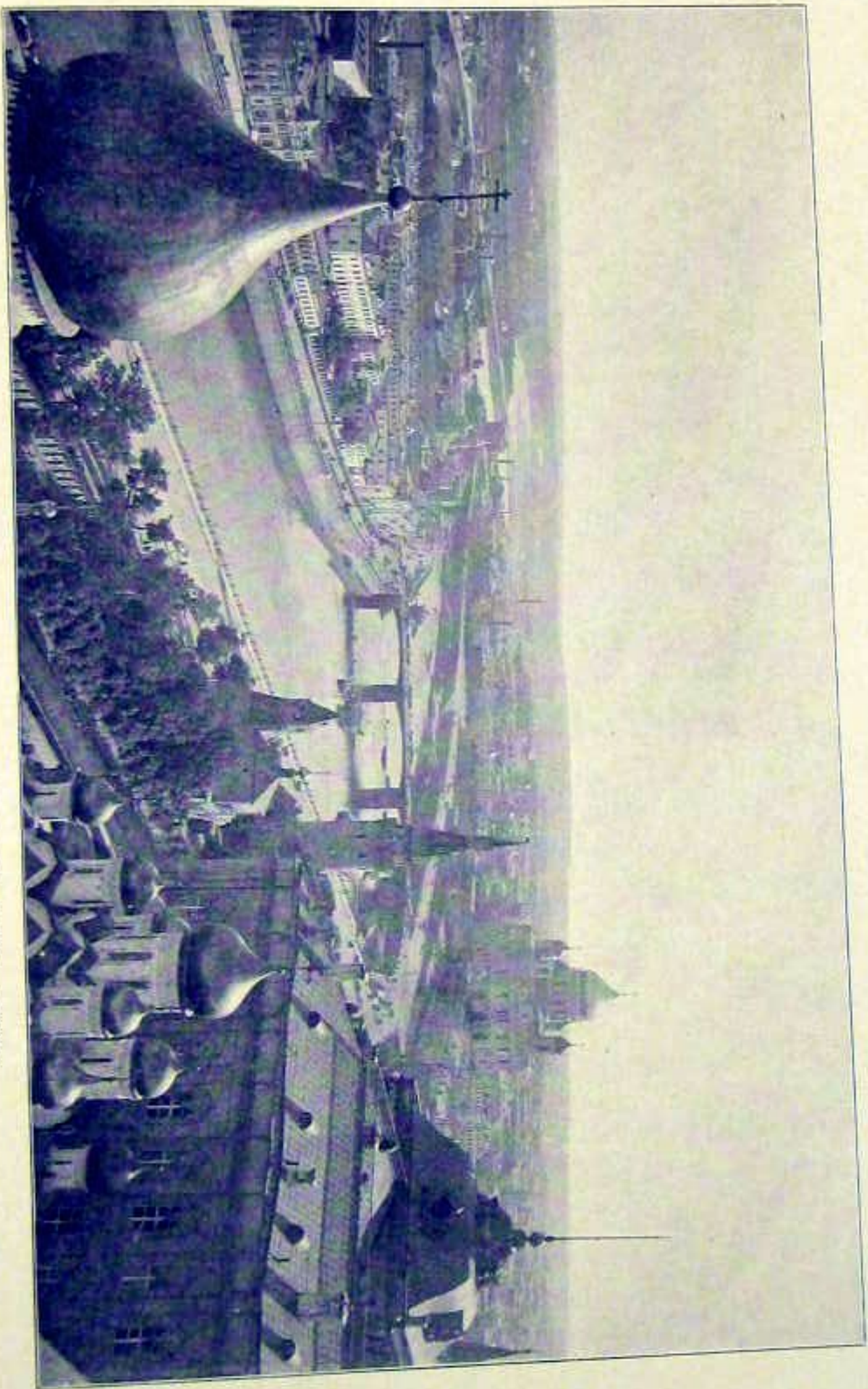
A KREMLIN COUCH

glory and transferred the capital to Petersburg;—then in exultant undertones the stream rehearses the tragic story of the French invasion, how Napoleon came with a mighty host, how the invader saw the sacred city vanish like a smoking sacrifice upon the altar of the fatherland, and then how he withdrew, a conquered conqueror, along that bitter pathway marked throughout its dreadful length in the Russian snow by the frozen forms of Frenchmen.



CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION

Well may the tower of Ivan stir the soul of every Russian!—for it defied the man who had defied the world. Its bells sounded the first notes of the death-knell of Napoleon. Well may it command the love and reverence of every faithful Muscovite, for it stands upon the holiest ground in Russia, marking the very cradle of the Empire of the Slav. Well may he look upon it with satisfied and yet insatiate ambition



LOOKING TOWARD THE SPARROW HILLS FROM IVAN'S TOWER



CONVENT OF THE MIRACLES

not able to reach so far, his hand, first outstretched from the Kremlin merely to repel the Tatar hordes, now holds the



LOOKING EAST FROM IVAN'S TOWER



THE HEART OF RUSSIA

which is the cry of a young nation struggling merely for its life and for recognition. No. To-day the patriotic and far-seeing Russian — gazing with prophetic eye half-way around the globe, across two continents, across the boundless territories of Siberia, —

half of Europe, the half of Asia, touches the frozen Arctic, the sunny Black Sea and the Caspian, the Baltic and the Japan Sea; has gripped at Vladivostok and Port Arthur the absolute empire of the east of Asia; is now caressing softly with insidious intent the Central Asian states on the frontier of British India. The Muscovite standing upon the top of Ivan's Tower no longer utters the cry with which his fathers drove the Mongols forth, "Russia for the Russians!"



IVAN VELIKY

voices the new ambition of his race in the tremendous words,
"The world for Russia!" Let the world listen and prepare.

RUSSIA

THOU dread Colossus of the North! astride
Two continents that link the East and West,
One foot on the Pacific's margin pressed,
One planted by the Baltic's icy tide;
The laws of Nature and of man defied;
Patient—thy heart's ambitions unconfessed;
Binding with bands of steel each new conquest,—
Door after door, thy golden key throws wide.
Yet when the nations furiously rage,
Thine is the voice that bids them Christ's words heed!
True to thy Muscovitish heritage,—
Masking with courteous smiles insatiate greed.
"Russia for Russians!" blazed thy life's first page.
"The world for Russia!" now thine unwrit creed!

— *Frances Bartlett*

