



THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES



ST. PETERSBURG
MOSCOW
THE TRANS-SIBERIAN
RAILWAY



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Volume 173



“MOONLIGHT ON THE NEVA—THE CITADEL
OF S. S. PETER AND PAUL”

THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES

With Illustrations from Photographs

By the Author

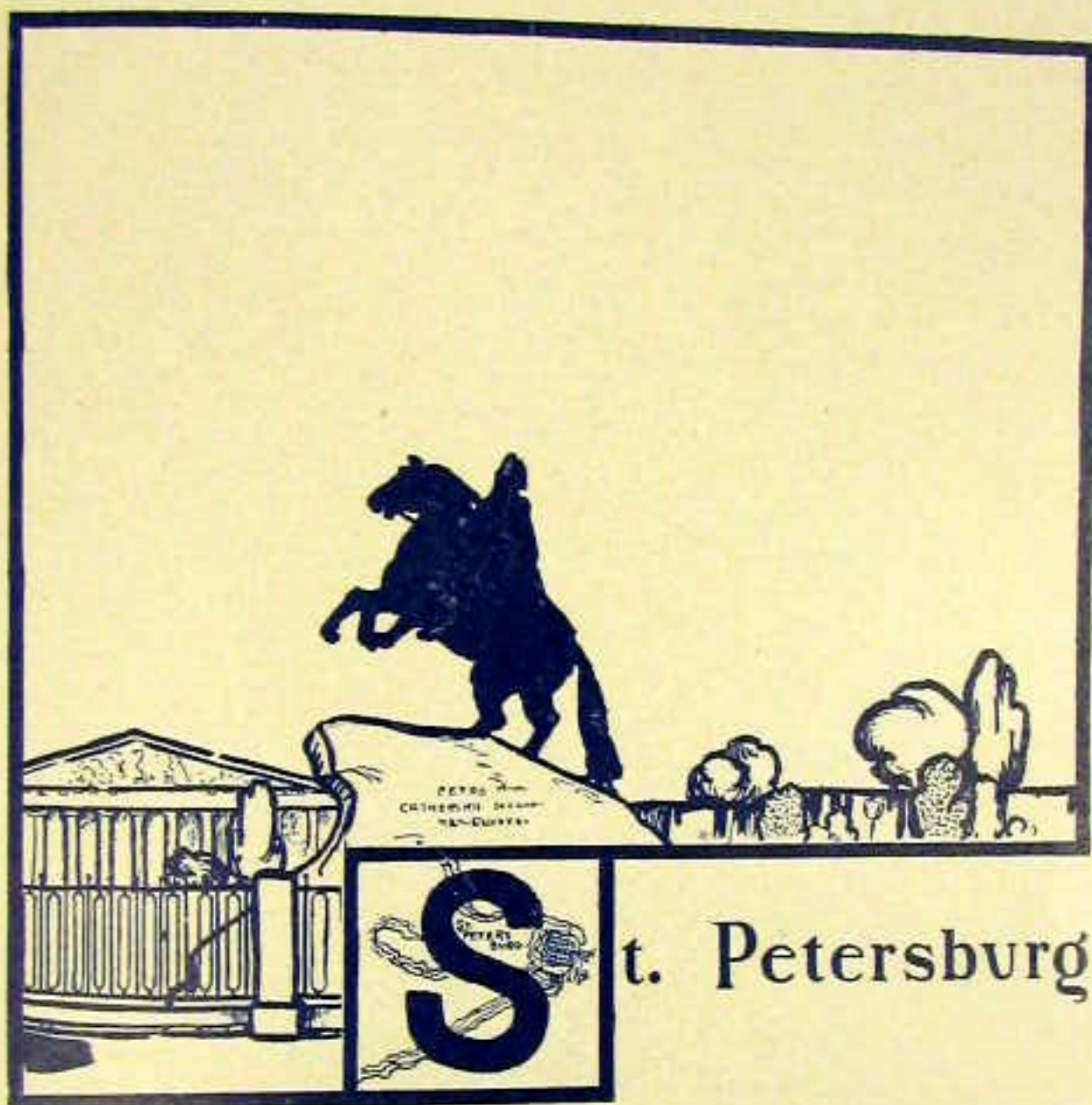


COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES
VOLUME EIGHT

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ST. PETERSBURG



THE dawn of the twentieth century finds Russia the most conspicuous figure among contemporary nations. The world, amazed by the achievements of Russian diplomacy, is asking what the Muscovite will next attempt and do ; for what the Muscovite attempts he does. Russia invariably replies, with courteous and modest words, that she is planning no surprise, and has in view no ends save the welfare of her people and the preservation of universal peace.

She announces no policy, she never says that she intends to do a given thing ; she does not speak until she can make



YOUNG RUSSIA

known her attitude with the triumphant phrase, "The thing is done." The rest of Europe never learns what Russia has accomplished until it is too late for the undoing of her prodigious achievements. Prodigious is a word that fits the Russian. It describes the man himself, his stature, his endurance, his ambitions, and, above all, his country—that prodigious land that like our own is washed by both of the great oceans, and, unlike any other land, stretches across two continents and touches

both the Occident and the Orient.

Russia can no longer remain an unfamiliar land. The searchlights of investigation, historical, political, and scientific, have been turned upon her mighty empire, revealing its conditions and its possibilities, showing the world what Russia is. To our searchlight, the photographic, focused upon the picturesque, is left the overwhelming but delightful task



NEARING KRONSTADT, RUSSIA'S NAVAL STRONGHOLD

of showing you what Russia *looks like* at the present day. In studying a great man we look first at his head ; in studying a great nation we should look first at its capital. Therefore we shall now look upon the noble features of St. Petersburg.

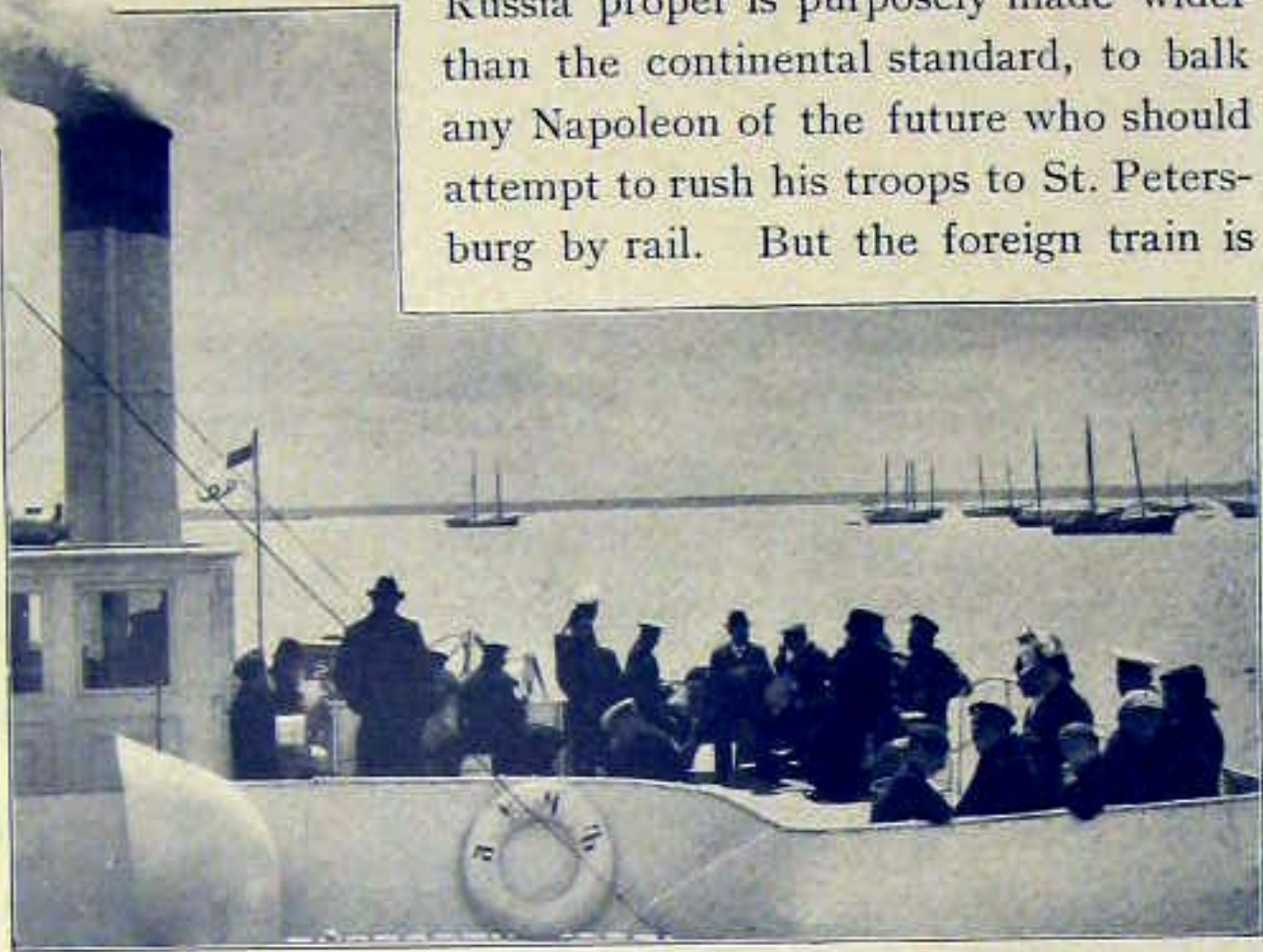
To enter Russia is popularly regarded as something of a feat, as difficult as the passing of a camel through the eye of a needle ; but in our case, we,—the camel,—properly ballasted with passports, slipped through the needle's eye at the frontier town of Alexandrovo with astonishing ease and celer-



ON THE NEVA

ity. Before we had been two minutes in Russia, popular fallacies began to fade so fast that we were tempted to turn back lest we should lack, in this misunderstood country, sufficient material for the traditional tale of horrors that is expected from the traveler. We arrived at the frontier at sunrise in an express-train from Berlin, our destination being Warsaw, metropolis of Poland. At Alexandrovo the German train must stop, not merely because passports are not given

to locomotives, but because the gauge of the tracks in Russia proper is purposely made wider than the continental standard, to balk any Napoleon of the future who should attempt to rush his troops to St. Petersburg by rail. But the foreign train is

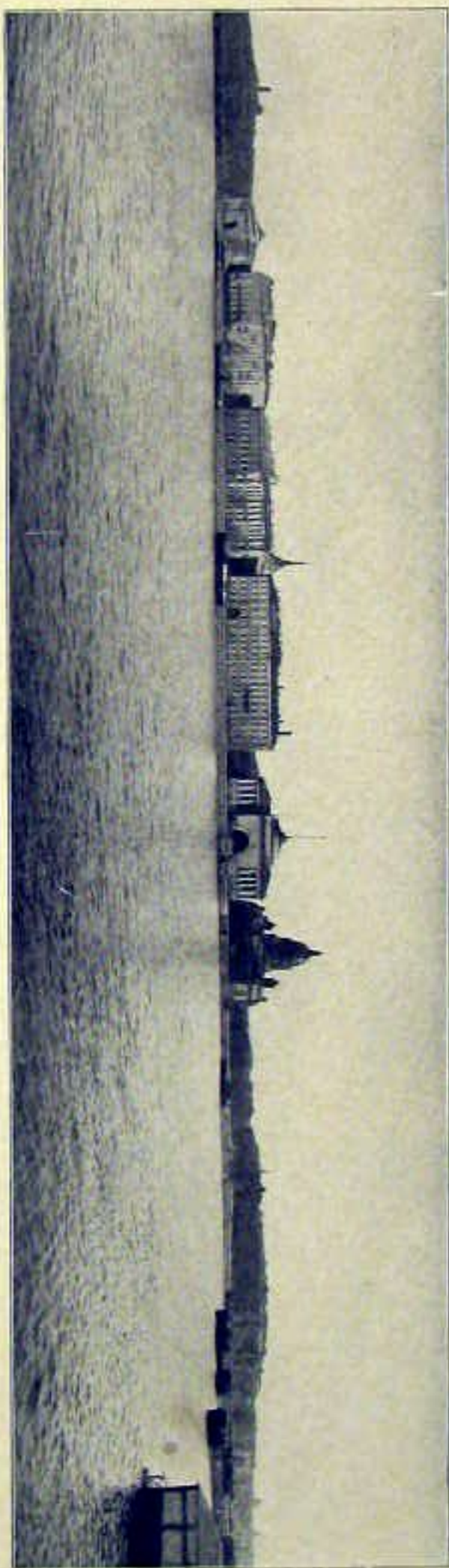


ON THE GULF OF FINLAND

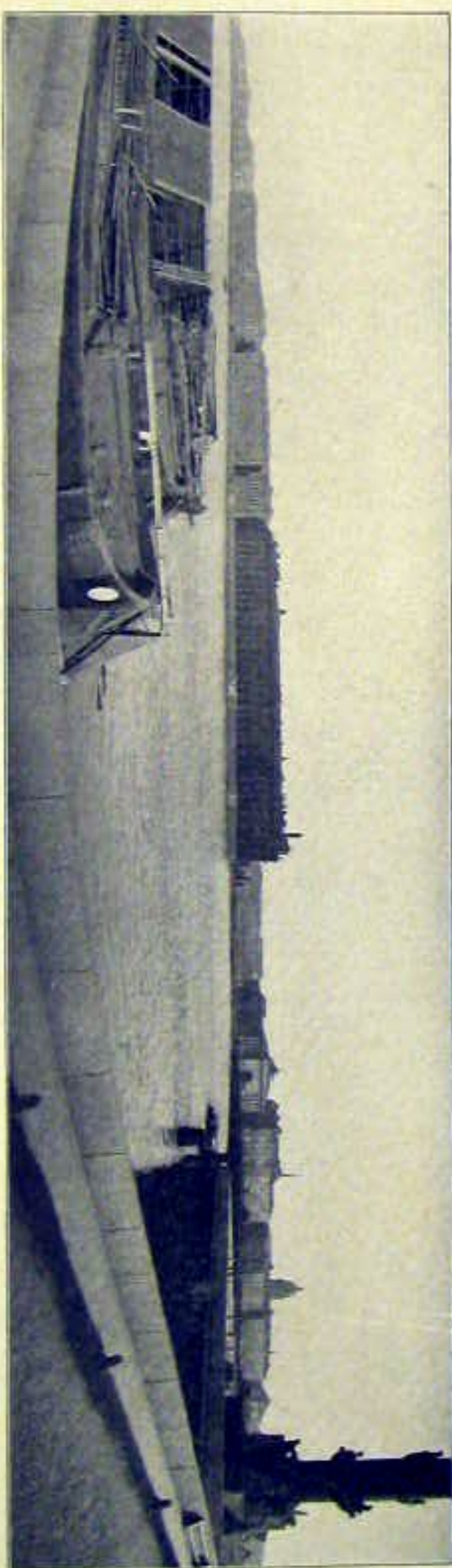
permitted to wait until all passports have been examined, for passengers whose papers are not in perfect order must face



THE NEVA



PANORAMA — QUAY OF THE ADMIRALTY



PANORAMA — QUAY OF THE WINTER PALACE



about and hie themselves back toward Berlin in that same train. At least a dozen people are refused admission ; among them an old woman who is pleading with an officer, vainly reading to him a telegram from her daughter, who is dying in a town not far across the line. The officer was inexorable but as courteous to her, in his refusal, as he was to us when we presented our crisp new passports from America. Four trunks of photographic material are carefully examined by the customs-guards, while the officer, intensely interested



THE NICHOLAS BRIDGE

in our outfit, discusses with us the respective merits of our various instruments, and then passes the whole formidable array without opening any of the sealed boxes of plates or mysterious tin cans containing more than a mile and a half of motion-picture film.

An hour later we are speeding across the cultivated plains of Poland en route for Warsaw, whence we proceed a few days later to St. Petersburg by rail.



ST. ISAAC'S FROM THE NEVA

But first impressions count for so much in one's opinion of a famous city that I prefer to introduce you to St. Petersburg, not through the railway-station of the line from Warsaw, scene of my first arrival, but by the Baltic water-route by way of Finland, whence I came a second time to



ON THE NIKOLAIEVSKY MOST

Russia's capital, passing Kronstadt, the naval stronghold that guards the sea-approaches to St. Petersburg. Therefore, we find ourselves steaming eastward across the gulf of Finland toward St. Petersburg. We sailed from Helsingfors at sunset one evening late in April. The voyage was delightful. A long, long twilight followed the burst of glory that attended the going down of the sun.

We lingered at the taffrail far into the night—the *night* according to our watches only, for darkness never came at all; the sunset glow crept slowly northward, that was all, until somewhere, just below the bright horizon, the sunset glow was transmuted in the caldrons of the deep into the gold of sunrise. Meantime, the silvern moon stole timidly behind the clouds, as if she felt herself a stranger on this nightless northern sea, and finally the blush of the retiring day was changed, there in the north, into the flush of the new day, the dawn of which gilds for us the domes and spires of St. Petersburg. I said the domes; I should have said *the* dome, the Russian member of that magnificent architectural quartet which is completed by three famous domes in London, Rome, and Washington. St. Paul's soars in the mists above the Thames; St. Peter's hovers in the sunny blue above the turbid Tiber; the Capitol floats in the cloudless sky of freedom above the limpid waves of the Potomac, while here, almost within the Arctic Circle, a sister dome dominates with even more commanding mien the broad, swift, icy



THE CHAPEL
ON THE BRIDGE

Neva. It is St. Isaac's, the crown and glory of St. Petersburg. But however strong the temptation, let us not be lured by this glimpse of the famous dome, from the proper and orderly telling of our story.

Having arrived, let us proceed like experienced travelers to the best hotel, by the most interesting route. It leads us from the Pristan or landing-place, where we have had no trouble with our luggage or our passports, across the Bridge of Nicholas, one of the two bridges which are permanent, the others being on pontoons, which are removed in winter just before the river freezes over. That you may share the first impressions produced upon us by the street-life and movement of the Russian capital, we halt a moment near a shrine, or chapel, on the bridge to watch the passing throng; and well may we linger in amazement, for nearly all the passers-by remove their hats or cross themselves or stop to murmur a brief prayer there in the middle of the driveway, before the temple of the Faith defended by the Tsar. The chapel, parting the streams of traffic, is deluged with a spray of fervent fleeting prayers, and consecrated coppers; as



SCATTERING FUNERAL FLOWERS

if to confirm the faithful in their prayerful assiduity, the funeral procession of a child now passes at a walk. First comes a cart filled with fresh flowers of springtime; these are scattered one by one along the path of sorrow soon to be



FUNERAL OF A CHILD

traversed by the snow-white hearse with its white-clad attendants and the black-robed mother, who with the sad-faced friends and relatives follow on foot the mortuary car.

A moment more and we have reached the splendid left bank of the Neva where the Angliskaya, or the English quay, stretches its miles of lordly dwellings. The nearest house is the private residence of the American ambassador. The palace of a Russian noble, it is now leased, not by the United States government, but by our representative himself. Fortunately for the prestige of our nation in this land where appearances count for more than in any other European country, he is both able and willing to expend in maintaining that prestige twice as much money every year

as he receives from the State Department of the richest nation in the world.

The Ambassador of the United States, in whose hospitable drawing-room Americans are sure to find a welcome, must and should be lodged at least as well as the envoys of the minor European states. Is it not almost pitiable that we, eighty millions of well-to-do people, should be compelled to ask the men who represent us at the courts of Europe to draw upon their private purses for the proper entertainment of the nation's guests? In accepting Mr. and Mrs. Tower's invitation, we felt that the United States was not to be our host in the sense in which England would have been had we dined at the British embassy. England provides a palatial residence and an entertainment fund for her ambassadors and ministers. How long must guests of the United States rely for worthy entertainment in foreign lands upon the private charity of generous and wealthy representatives?



THE ANGLISKAYA — THE U. S. EMBASSY ON THE LEFT



SALLE-A-MANGER OF THE EMBASSY

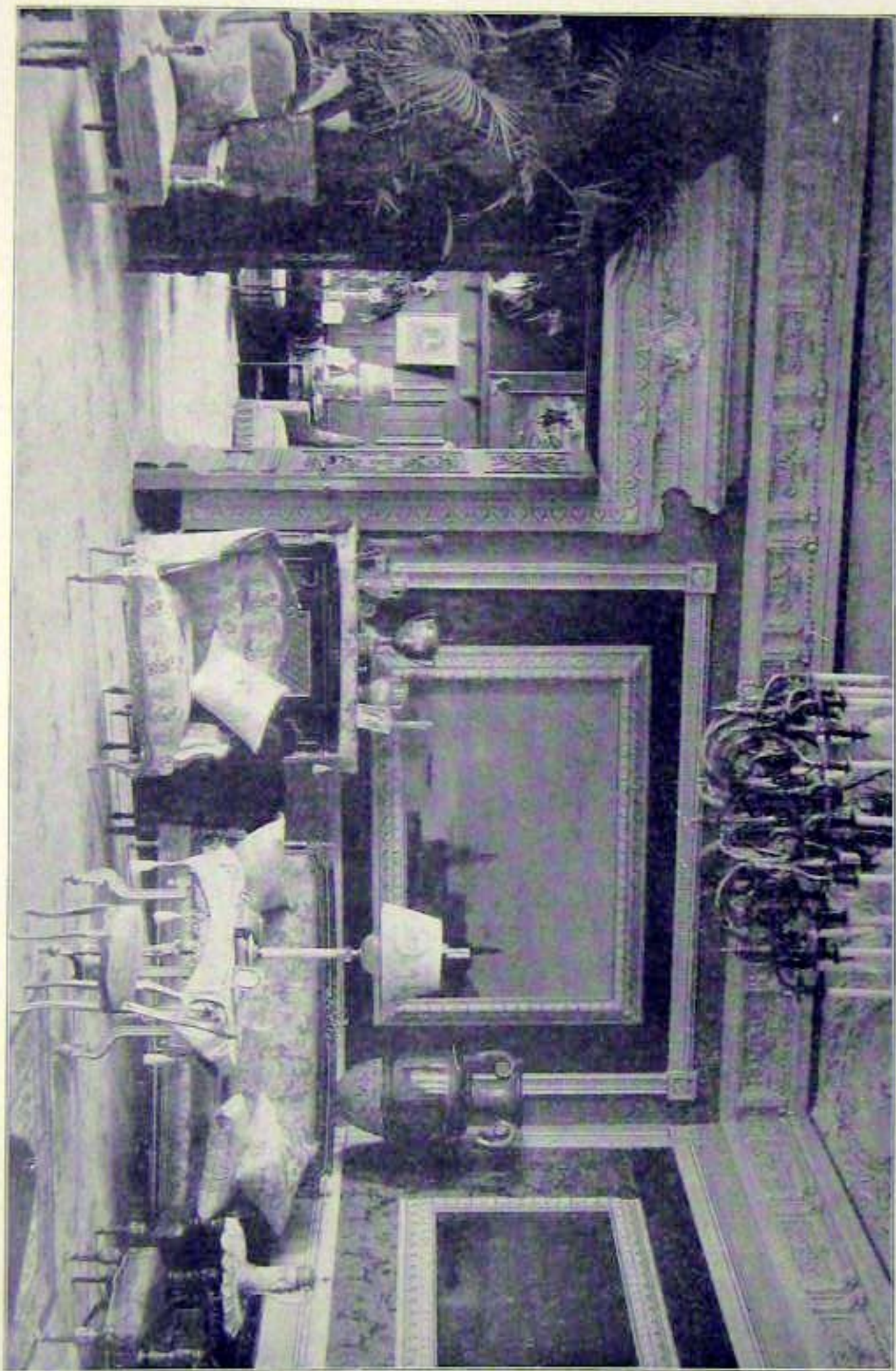
But the stay-at-home lawmaker will protest, "The Ambassador to Russia is paid \$17,000 yearly for his services." True; but the only house available for an embassy of a great power costs him twelve thousand dollars every year, leaving just about enough to pay for one official ball and the necessary receptions in this expensive city. The office of the embassy for which our government pays rent is up two long flights of stairs in an old dingy building, while the chancelleries of little German principalities are housed in splendid palaces. But a truce to growling. We find our consolation in the thought that among nations as among individuals, only the extremely rich can afford to live so far within their means as to appear penurious.

The best hotel in Russia is the Hôtel de l'Europe on the

Nevsky Prospect in St. Petersburg. It has a lift, electric lights, steam-heat, and a reading-room, where we may consult foreign newspapers blotched in black by the ink-roller of the Russian censor. Scarcely an imported magazine or periodical is found without one or more pages or columns blotted out, lest the Russian people should learn by their perusal to see themselves as others see them. At the end of the adjacent Street of Michael rises the Alexander III Museum. Beyond it, facing a canal, is the memorial church that marks the site where Alexander II was assassinated by the Nihilists in 1881. It has been nearly twenty years in growing to its present state of immaturity; the curious bulbs



A CORNER OF THE AMBASSADORIAL DRAWING-ROOM



SALON OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR *



THE CHANCELLERY OF THE U. S. EMBASSY IN THE MILLIONNAIA

and fantastic fruit-like forms upheld by towering stems have at last been ripened by the sun ; but the body of the sacred growth, like a rare plant, is still sheltered by a lattice-work of timber. However, an idea of what the gorgeous monument will be when it shall burst forth from its cocoon of scaffold-



THE CHANCELLERY OF THE U. S. EMBASSY

ing is given by a glance at a daintily accurate model in the workroom of the architects. In color, form, magnificence, and singular beauty of ensemble—made up of repetitions of ungraceful details and groupings of awkward shapes—this creation is unrivaled, save by the Church of Basil, near the Kremlin walls in Moscow. It is so strangely festive in design that we almost forget the tragedy it commemorates. The great Emancipator, Alexander II, grandfather of the present



THE HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE

Tsar, was passing along the quay in 1881, in one of the simplest carriages from the imperial stables. A Nihilist with two infernal shells stood upon the curb, waiting with murderous intent for the man who twenty years before had given liberty to twenty-five millions of Russian serfs, and who had ever since devoted all his energies to the uplifting



MUSEUM ALEXANDER III

of his people. It is said that at that very moment there lay upon his desk a paper as yet unread and unsigned, but rich in promises for the Russian people. It was a draft of the constitution that Alexander was prepared voluntarily to bestow upon his people. But all this did not stay the hand that held the bomb. The portion of the carriage just beneath the seat was shivered into wooden shreds, the Tsar alighted, a

second bomb was thrown—it shattered his legs and he was carried dying to the Palace, stretched on the humble sledge of a passer-by. That sledge and the fatal carriage are now kept side by side in the museum of state-coaches. They are in the farthest room ; but when I asked to photograph them, the guardian, until then complaisant, turned pale and whispered, as he drew his hand across his endangered neck,

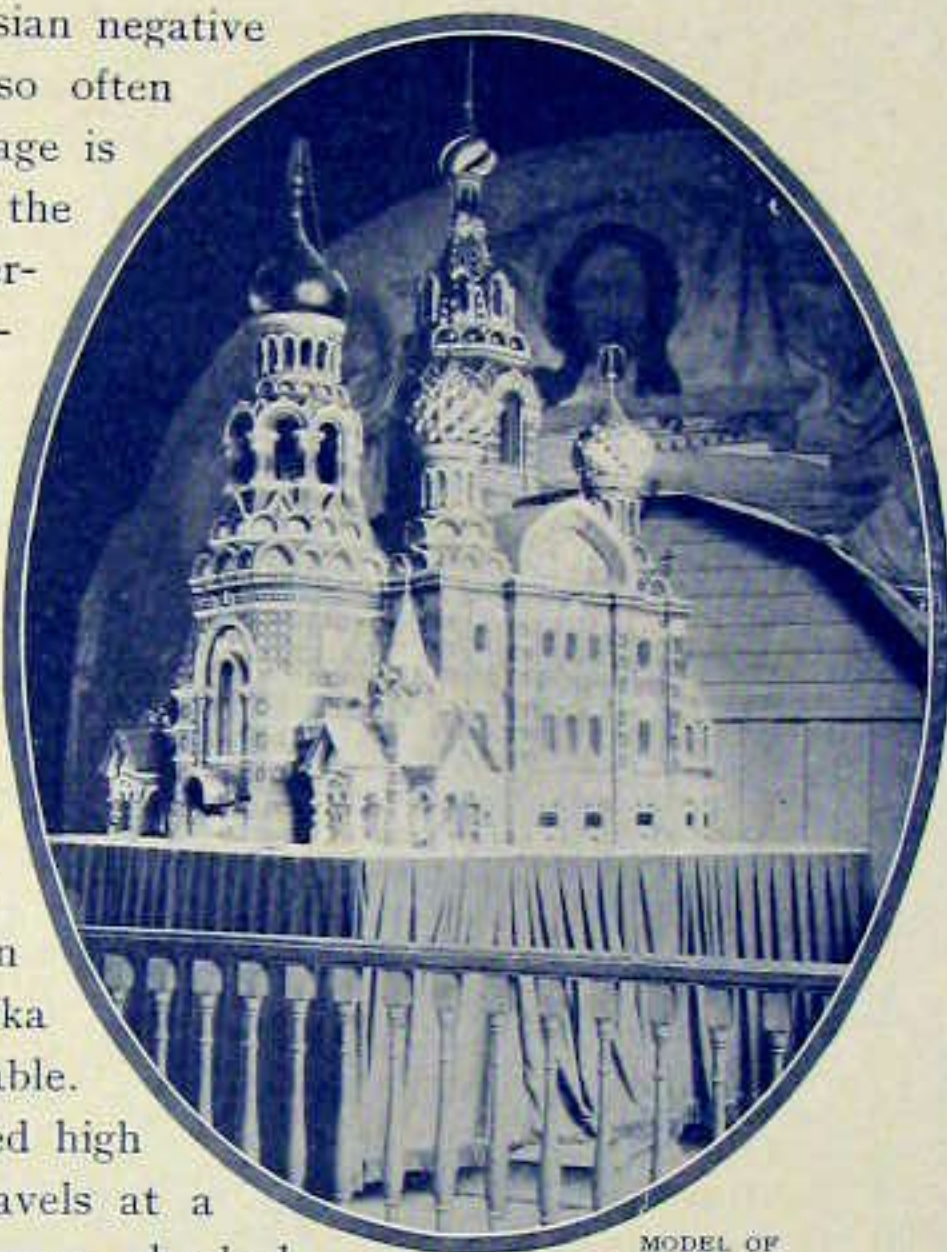


MEMORIAL TO ALEXANDER II

"*Niet, niet*"—that Russian negative against which we shall so often fight in vain. The carriage is severely plain, not unlike the one that we saw in an exercise parade of court vehicles in the "Great Street of the Stables" which leads from the museum to the Nevsky.

The parade is led by a fine troïka, the three-horse open trap so characteristic of Russia, and at the same time so seldom seen in Russian streets to-day. The troïka in full career is admirable. The middle horse, checked high to the arching hame, travels at a swift trot; the outside horses, checked painfully low, with necks bent outward at an aching angle are meantime running like thoroughbreds on the home-stretch, apparently much faster than their trotting fellow. But, strange to say, the troïka holds together under the skilful guidance of a bearded coachman, who always wears a crown of peacock-feathers.

Yet the troïka-driver, despite his peacock-crown, lacks the distinction of the ordinary coachman, or even of the *istvostchik* or cabby of the capital. Never shall I forget my first sight of a real Russian coachman. I had approached him from behind, quite unawares, the day of our arrival. When I glanced up suddenly, my first impression was that some acute astigmatism had thrown my eyes out of focus,



MODEL OF
THE MEMORIAL

robbing me of all sense of proportion. My second thought was that I had discovered some unique liveried phenomenon. But this hypothesis could not endure; a moment later my distended eyes were filled with the form of an even more distended specimen



of what might be termed the "genus *istvostchikus giganticus*." No, these inflated charioteers are not phenomenal save to the new arrival; they are typical as we soon discover. Their girth increases in direct ratio to the rank and wealth of their employers.

CIRCUMFERENTIAL CHARIOTEERS

The higher the station, or the greater the wealth of the master, the fatter is the man—in appearance, for it is in appearance only. This effect of corpulence is produced by the wadded coats or robes, worn even in midsummer. In winter the coachmen are yet more stupendous spectacles, smothered in splendid furs. We always find an imposing array of these aristocrats of the box-seat at the gates of the Liétny Sad, or Summer Garden. Even in the tardy spring of these northern latitudes, the Liétny Sad is a delightful rendezvous for fashionable St. Petersburg. Officers and



A LIVERIED PHENOMENON

students mingle with dukes and princes, and women of the middle class look with envy at princesses promenading here, or at the marble beauties on the pedestals, who by virtue of their classic costumes are exempt from the modern world-wide necessity of holding up the trailing, germ-collecting skirt, that anomaly of our supposedly practical and scientific century.

The day of our first visit, late in April, the trees were emulating the nudity of the marble statues; but when we came again in May, the tiny leaves, conjured into being by the persistent sun, had clothed this urban forest with a frock of springtime green. We have been told that winter is the proper season for St. Petersburg. I cannot tell; but if its



THE IMPERIAL STABLES

short Arctic days offer more of life and interest to the traveler, the endless afternoons of a spring are rich in natural charm. The spring comes to Petersburg so suddenly that straw-hats are needed before the furs of winter can be packed away. We found the city basking in warm sunshine ; yet, only five days before, the frozen Neva had succumbed to the attack of Phœbus Apollo's bright battalions and, in the desperation of



IN THE MUSEUM OF CARRIAGES

defeat, had hurried the broken masses of its icy regiments down to the chill dominions of the Baltic Sea. Not a cubic inch of ice remains to tell us that five days before we should have crossed the river, not in wheeled vehicles, but in low troïka sledges, to the music of keen-sounding sleigh-bells, as our three horses sped along



A
RUSSIAN
COACHMAN



ISTVOSTCHIK

an avenue of ice, smooth, limitless, and glistening like polished glass. Then, too, the canals formed unobstructed thoroughfares, paved with transparent blocks. But even snow



A TROÏKA

and ice could not have robbed the entrance to the Moika canal of its suggestion of the sunny south. Surely, at first glance the traveler would say that he was in a gondola on



ENTRANCE TO THE SUMMER GARDEN



IN THE SUMMER GARDEN

Adriatic waters, about to pass between the Venetian Riva and the Molo of the Doges, and then glide silently beneath the Bridge of Sighs; for the bridge of the Hermitage is reminiscent of that famous arch of Venice.



SPRINGTIME SUNSHINE

Along the Quay of the Palace there passes every afternoon the swift parade of the nobility, diplomacy, and wealth of Petersburg, in superb carriages, drawn, the greater part of them, by coal-black horses urged to a thundering trot by the impassive monumental coachmen. With arms at full length they appear literally to push upon the rigid reins, and with eyes fixed always half a block ahead, shout imperatively with



PALATIAL FACADES

military accent, "*Prava! prava!*" to warn all slower vehicles to keep well to the right.

The rear elevation of the world-famous Hermitage museum rises from this same quay. The stately entrance-portal adorns the opposite façade upon the street called the Millionnaïa, a name suggestive of the value of the treasures contained within this marvelous museum. The Hermitage might well be



A FLOATING BRIDGE



BRIDGE OF THE HERMITAGE



MAY IN PETERSBURG

called a prison, wherein under the strictest guard there are confined the countless art-objects taken by the Tsars from the creative nations of the south, either by force of arms or by the peaceful but resistless might of limitless unstinted gold. The marvelous collections of the Hermitage, begun two centuries ago by Peter, worthily housed for the first time by Catherine the Second, were definitely enshrined in this pala-



ON THE PALACE QUAY

tial temple of all arts by Nicholas the First, in 1852. Vain would be the effort to describe the contents of these halls, or even to tell of the halls themselves, and I write these words with the full consciousness that I am quoting, almost verbatim, lines to be found in every book or article devoted to St. Petersburg. Some writers, braver than the rest, venture to crib from catalogues or guide-books the information that the

Hermitage galleries contain a dozen Raphaels, twenty Murillos, thirty-four Van Dycks, forty-one Rembrandts, sixty examples of Rubens, besides some eighteen hundred other canvases, representative of all the famous schools. Greek



THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM

heroes, Roman gods, and Egyptian kings hold court within these walls, surrounded by the wealth and art of all the ages, their coffers filled with coins of every epoch, their separate halls and corridors furnished with the luxuries of civilizations that had been dead for centuries ere the mighty Peter waved his compelling wand of progress above the barren marshes of the Neva, and brought forth Peter's city—Holy Petersburg, of which the holiest enceinte is the island of Saint Peter and Saint Paul—nucleus of the Russian Capital, fortress, prison, palace, sanctuary, necropolis of Peter's line, last resting-place of the Imperial Romanoffs, where sleep the silent company of autocrats composed of all the Tsars save one from Peter I to Alexander III,—the citadel of St. Peter

and St. Paul is indeed the heart of this creation of Peter the Great, the chief city of the Muscovites.

In former years the might of emperors was in blades of steel, in armor and in firearms. To-day it is in gold and silver coin, and here in the old citadel of the Tsars we find a silent arsenal of obsolete weapons, and a new mint where modern machinery is striking the bright new roubles of His Imperial Majesty Nicholas the Second.



By permission

THE HALL OF VASES IN THE HERMITAGE

The palace of the Tsars faces their Necropolis from the left bank of the Neva, which we cross again by means of pontoon bridges, passing on our way the stately Bourse, or Stock Exchange, upon another island. Five minutes more, and our swift, high-stepping cab horse — no striking excep-

tion to the rule, for the public cabs and rapid, well-groomed horses of St. Petersburg are a delight to the traveler — has brought us to the gates of the Winter Palace, the town abode of the Imperial Court. Reddish brown in color, heavy and over-ornate in design, it yet impresses us as a dwelling-place of princes. Its very size compels our admiration, but, as an Irishman would say, "the finest things in the palace are out-



By permission

THE ITALIAN GALLERY OF THE HERMITAGE

side of it"; for the magnificent new iron grill surrounding the garden, and the two splendid gates are the most striking and artistic features. Although this is our first visit to St. Petersburg, we have seen these gates before, for throughout the summer of 1900 one pair stood upon the banks of the Seine, as part of an exhibit at the Paris Exposition. A flag above the palace indicates the presence of the emperor; but

not necessarily in this palace. It merely signifies that he is within the district of St. Petersburg. He may be here or, what is far more likely, at one of his country-seats—at Tsarskoye-Selo, fourteen miles inland, or at Peterhof, nineteen miles away upon the Baltic shore.

A hasty glimpse of Tsarskoye-Selo must suffice. The palace is magnificently comfortless, over-decorated, uselessly



PORTICO OF THE HERMITAGE

vast, like nearly all the palaces of Europe. We pass with the old ennui of the tourist through ballrooms of gold and crystal, and ante-chambers with real amber walls—extravagances of Catherine the Second. Two things, however, strike us because of their originality. One was the court gymnasium, installed in an ornate apartment for the amusement of the intimates of the palace circle. We are assured



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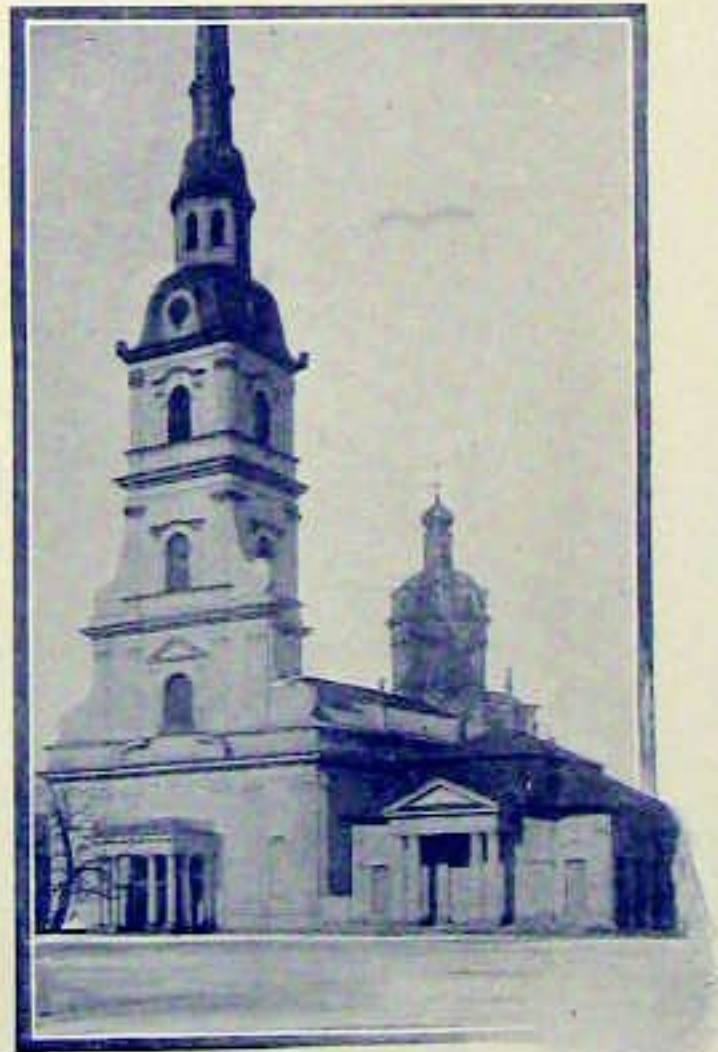
THE TOMBS OF THE ROMANOFFS



LOOKING TOWARD THE CITADEL

that it is no rare spectacle, though it must be a deeply edifying one, to see bearded grand-dukes and grand-duchesses décolletées, shooting the chutes upon the polished slide, which is the chief feature of the equipment of this imperial play-room. This they do, so one avers, without the intervention of anything resembling a toboggan.

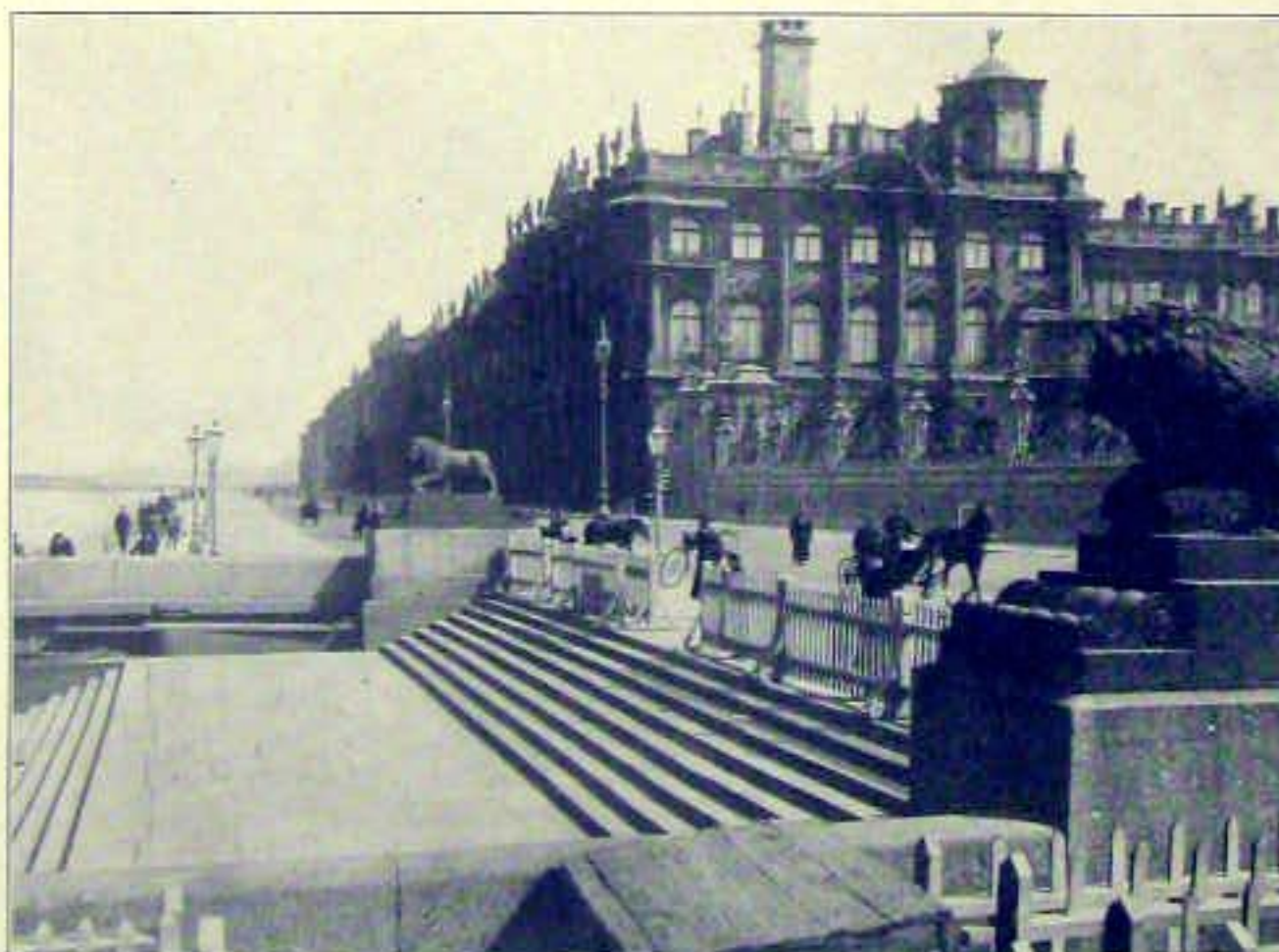
The other unconventional feature is found in a pavilion in the lovely park; it is a magic dining-table, an elaboration of the old ideas of



NECROPOLIS OF THE ROMANOFFS



THE BOURSE



THE WINTER PALACE

Frederick the Great and Ludwig of Bavaria, which monarchs, as you know, had dining-tables that came up through the floor so their majesties might be served without servants. But the mechanism of this table of the Tsar is far more cleverly contrived. The table does not sink into the kitchen; instead, each plate rests on an individual dumb-waiter, which may be lowered at will into culinary depths, and rise again to



AN IMPERIAL ABODE

substitute with silence, celerity, and secrecy, a hot bird for a cold paté, or an intact ice for a demolished pastry.

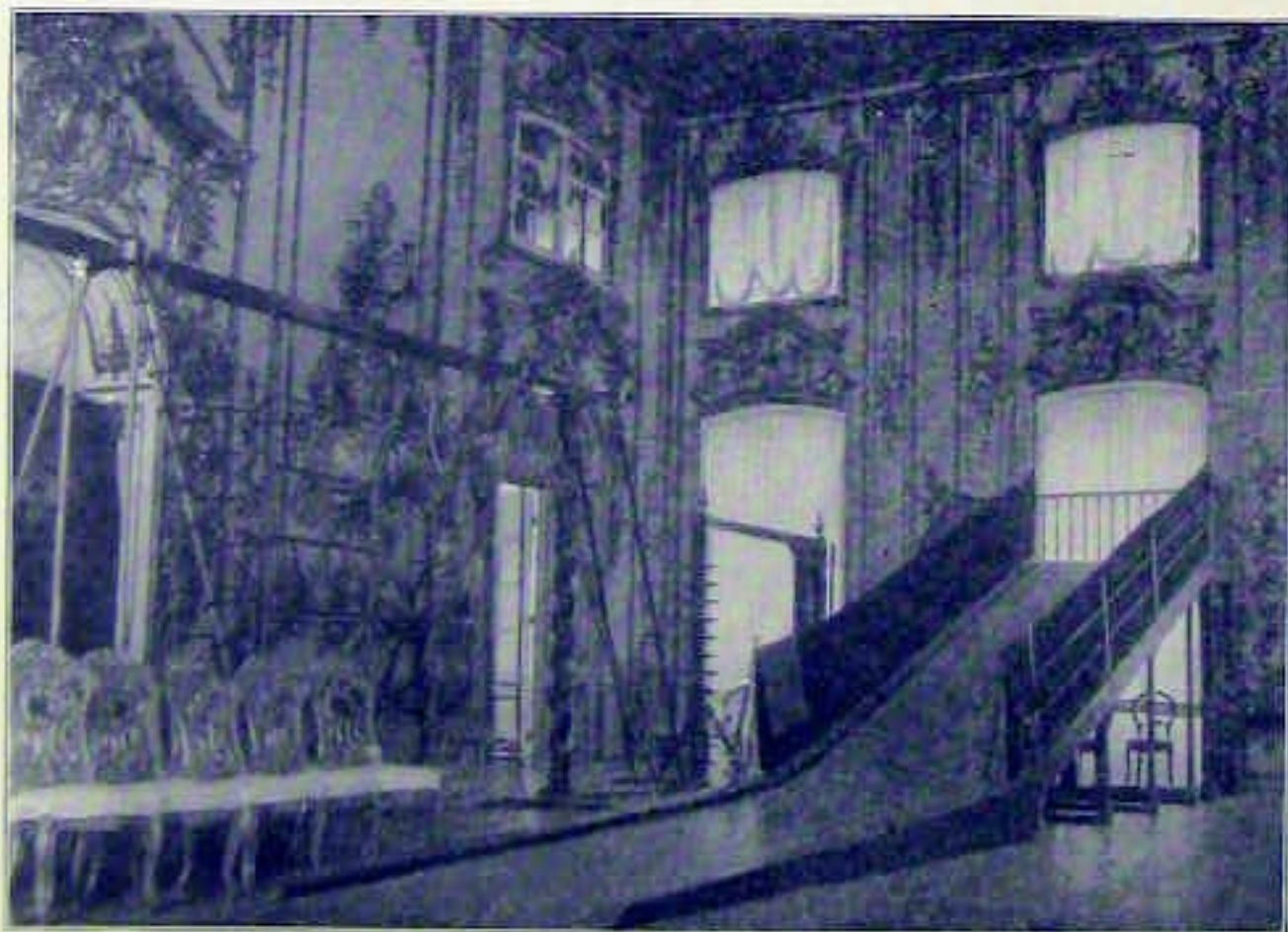
The park of Tsarskoye-Selo is extensive, beautiful, and open to the public. But

THE
NEW GATES



THE PALACE OF TSARSKOYE-SELO

let the public be upon its good-behavior, for every now and then, at unexpected moments, a commanding figure appears,



AN IMPERIAL GYMNASIUM



A MAGIC DINING-TABLE

we know not whence,—it is, however, invariably the figure of a mounted Cossack. The woods are literally full of them; the fences round about the Tsar's private palace are low and light, and could be scaled by school-boys, the barriers between the lonely autocrat and his more than a hundred million sub-

jects are not, as we supposed, walls of stone, but lines of living men, his trusted Cossacks of the Imperial Guard. We



PARK OF TSARSKOYE-SELO



A COSSACK

must walk circumspectly in this town which, as its name, Tsarskoye-Selo, implies, is "Village of the Tsar." In fact, when we lift our cameras to photograph several four-horse drays that are passing in the public street, two officers come striding toward us, with courteous fury, bidding us desist, for these are Imperial baggage-wagons laden with the family trunks of Nicholas, who moves to-morrow with the Empress and the children to another palace, that of Peterhof. Therefore, we do not take the picture that you will find upon this page, but hasten

away to Peterhof, that we may see the gardens by the Baltic before they are closed to the public for the summer.

Fountains are the chief charm of Peterhof. Happily, we arrive during the official rehearsal of the vapory fantasia that



IMPERIAL BAGGAGE-WAGONS



PETERHOF

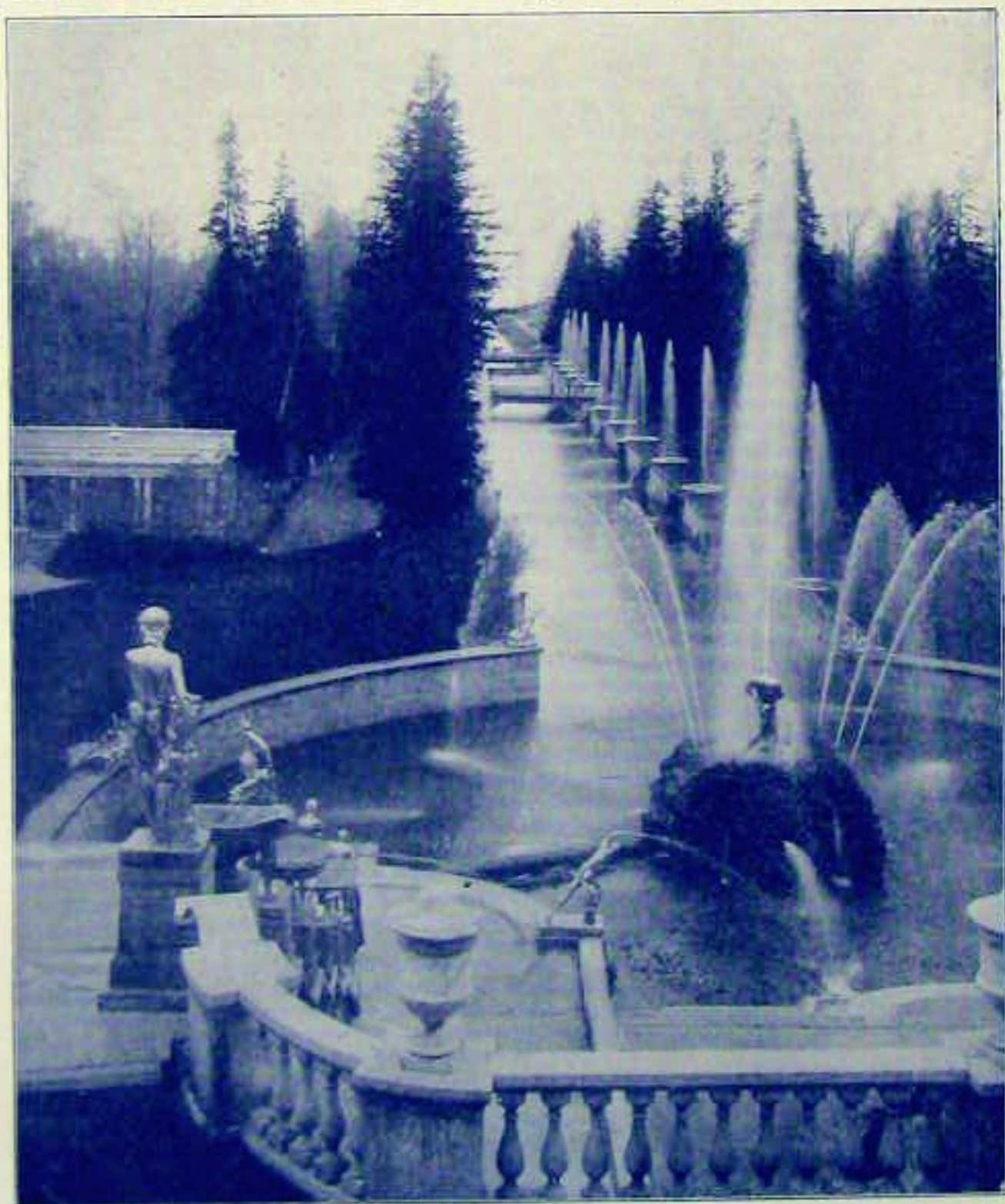
is to be performed upon the morrow in honor of the Imperial arrival. Another day and we should not have been admitted; the palace park would have become the playground of the three Imperial Grand-Duchesses, daughters of



STATION OF PETERHOF

Nicholas the First, and Alix of Hesse, called by the Russians "Marie Feodorovna." To this delicious trio there was added, while the Empress was at Peterhof, in the summer of 1901, a fourth Imperial child,—another *girl*, and Nicholas would part with half his Empire in exchange for one Imperial boy. Will one of the dear little duchesses some day ascend the throne of Catherine the Great?

Returning to St. Petersburg, let us resume our city promenade where we left off,—in the great square of the Winter



THE FOUNTAINS



By permission

THE EMPRESS AND HER CHILDREN



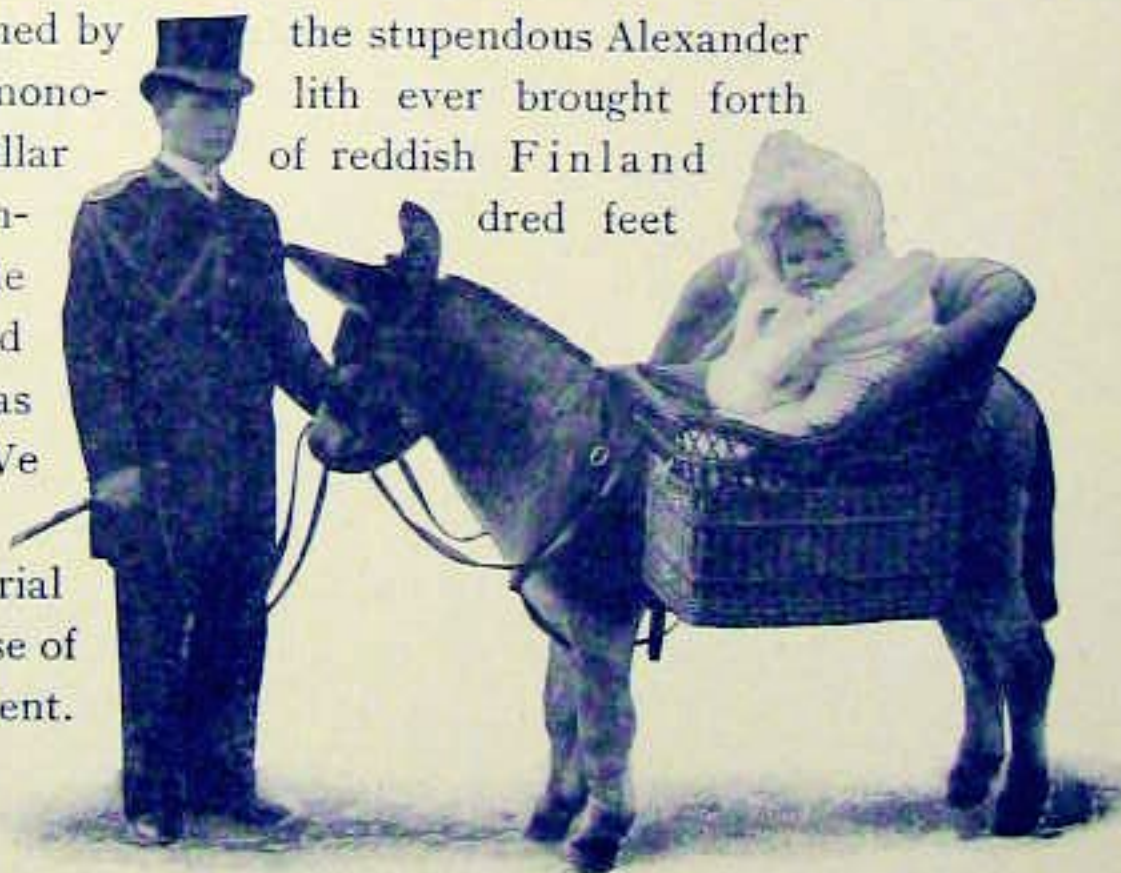
By Hahn

DAUGHTERS OF THE TSAR

Palace, which is adorned by Column, the hugest monolith from the earth—a pillar of granite nearly one hundred feet in height. Like all the memorials of departed Tsars, the column has its guard of honor. We find always an old soldier of the Imperial Guard posted at the base of each Imperial monument.

Fronting the Winter Palace is

the stupendous Alexander Column, the hugest monolith ever brought forth of reddish Finland granite nearly one hundred feet



By permission.

"AN IMPERIAL PERSONAGE"

the huge semi-circular construction occupied by the Foreign and Finance Departments and by the *État-Major*. Therein are stored the secret archives, the confidential reports of every Russian general in every Russian campaign since Peter's time, — secrets that have been kept dark for centuries, despite the seven hundred and sixty-eight windows through which the light streams into the vast structure. Pausing beneath the arch, we find ourselves in the Great Morskaya, one of the most important streets of Petersburg where, as in every other street, we



PALACE OF PETERHOF

frequently encounter battalions of sturdy Russian troops. The avenues of the capital echo to martial music and the call of trumpets a hundred times a day. The first intersecting street is the most famous thoroughfare of Russia, the Nevsky Prospect, or Perspective of the Neva. Misled by this suggestive title, we have pictured the Nevsky Prospect as a superb, curving boulevard along the bank of the broad Neva, granting at every turn a charming view, or prospect of the

river. Hence, we experience a sense of disappointment until we see that this long avenue, which runs at right angles to the Neva through the heart of Petersburg is worthy of its fame as the Russian parallel of Broadway, Regent Street, the Grand Boulevards, Unter den Linden, the Ring Strasse, and the Corso. Along a single track, horse-cars, in groups of three, roll leisurely, making long stops at



THE ALEXANDER COLUMN



THE OLD GUARD



LOOKING TOWARD THE ADMIRALTY

every crossing-switch. Busses go zigzagging up and down, but trucks and wagons must make their rumbling way over the cobblestones bordering the curb, for the strips of smooth wood-pavement are reserved for carriages and cabs. The working



IN THE GREAT MORSKAYA

folk—mujiks—and all persons carrying bulky bundles are ruled off the sidewalks and compelled to walk in the middle of the street. One of the most conspicuous buildings is the Gostiny Dvor, a low, white structure, its lateral walls stretching away from the Nevsky, being twice as long as the façade on which we look. Two hundred separate shops are housed, besides innumerable stalls, under the endless arcades round



THE NEVSKY PROSPECT

about the busy Bazar. The people seen in carriages or on the sidewalks are not, at first glance, particularly unlike the citizens of any other European capital. Were it not for the fat coachmen, the military caps and insistent Russian signs, we might be at a loss to tell our whereabouts. But the Russian alphabet, like the Russian policeman, is everywhere in evidence, telling you in words you cannot understand that you

are a stranger in the land. Some one whose eyes and mind had been thrown out of focus by these exasperating Slavic characters, dubbed the Russian alphabet an "A B C in spasms." No wonder that shopkeepers feel compelled to put out signs in picture-language, that may be understood of the people not fully initiated into alphabetic mysteries.

At every step the observant traveler notes a curious illustration of the Russian way of doing things. For example,



By O. Bulla

THE GOSTINY DVOR AND THE NEVSKY

the newsboy, with the aid of a portfolio, makes an effective display of his periodicals and dailies, while, on the contrary, the theatrical-managers, bound by strict municipal regulations, must hide the light of their stars behind wire netting in the official frames, hung in inconspicuous places. The advertisements, printed on tissue-paper, are usually overlapped or folded. To shroud in mystery the attractions for



A PETERSBURG TRAM



PASSENGERS

the evening is apparently the object sought. Kiosks for the sale of papers exist on busy corners. Letter-boxes are found at convenient intervals, and, lest the unlettered or religious poor mistake them for contribution-boxes, a big white letter with a bright red seal is painted on every postal receptacle. To accommodate would-be donors, an alms-box is placed close at hand, its charitable mission proclaimed by the well-recognized symbol, a red cross.

The numbering of the houses is admirably done. Oil lanterns with the street name and the number of the house are hung above the entrance or at the angle of every house in all the capital. It amounts almost to an independent



By permission

THE NEVSKY PROSPECT



THE END OF THE NEVSKY

system of illumination Numbers glare all night in the silent streets. Late home-coming must be to a tipsy Petersburger



CITIZENS AND SIGNS



A FRUIT-STORE

one long, luminous, numerical nightmare. No street-lamps are needed during the short summer nights, for daylight lasts till daylight comes again. We found it possible to continue our photographic work until after ten o'clock at night, and the picture of the Kazan Cathedral was taken as early as half-past two in the morning. The dignified old church



DELICATESSEN

faces the busy Nevsky. We never tire of its ceaseless animation, the dangerously rapid driving, the seemingly inflated drivers and the occasional military footman upon the box-seat of the equipage of a grand-duke or an ambassador.

Driving in Petersburg is



PERIODICALS AND POSTERS



LETTER-BOXES AND ALMS-BOXES

remembers with pleasure.

You may complain that there is no back to the particularly "spidery" vehicle seen in the illustration; that a timid woman might fear to ride in this incomplete conveyance. But none, except a

delightful; the low, light, comfortable cabs, with rubber tires, the big, black, rapid horses, racing beneath the quivering hames, and the everlasting padded, stumpy, circumferential coachmen, with their wind-swept whiskers, are things the traveler



THE
CATHEDRAL
OF KAZAN



A "DECOLLETÉE
DROSKI"

misanthrope, would hold this lack aught but wise provision for the happiness of man, who is in duty bound to put his arm around his fair companion to reassure her.

There is a reason for all things in Russia, obscure as it may at times appear. Having been led out to the suburbs in pursuit of an illustration of the why and wherefore of



THE ISLANDS

what may be termed the "decolletée droski," let us continue our comparatively lonely drive in a "high-neck" hackney-carriage. We are in the residential region called The Islands, a fluvial archipelago of forty isles, where palaces and parks and the "datchis" or summer villas of the nobility are ideally located.



A NECESSARY PRECAUTION

It may be reached by perfectly paved boulevards and winding water-ways, where little steamers ply at frequent intervals. The objective-point of all who take the usual afternoon spin around the island avenues, is the western tip of Ielagin Island, called the Strielka. There every



By permission

A "DATCHI"

evening we find scores of carriages at rest, while the occupants stroll up and down looking across the Bay of Finland at the slow, northern sun, reluctantly dropping for its brief daily dip in the cold waters of the Baltic. And even when we come alone by night, hoping to have the Strielka to ourselves, we find that we are not alone in our appreciation of moonlight on the Gulf of Finland.



IBELAGIN ISLAND

Far away the shores of conquered Finland lie low on the horizon, and beyond them lies a land that Russia covets, but which she dares not touch, for Sweden and Norway, supported by the sympathies of the civilized world, can defy the Russian Bear. But if the Russian chariot of conquest, — like the equipage of a dignified old general, which we see at the Strielka, — has halted in its westward progress at the Baltic shore, it has nevertheless rolled eastward for more than six thousand triumphant miles, across two continents; and to-day its sturdy chargers, strengthened by the race, stand panting on the shores of the Pacific, eager to plunge in and swim to fair Japan, or dash into the Chinese Empire — nay, having already coursed secretly through all Manchuria while the world's attention was fixed upon the capital, Peking.

Reminded by this thought that we are soon to follow in the wake of Russian subjugation from this, the palatial capital, to the crude new cities of Siberia, we set about securing

the permits and letters deemed necessary for the prosecution of our pictorial campaign. I have already in my possession local permits obtained at the ministry of the Interior, which overlooks the Fontanka Canal, also a card of membership in the Russian Photographic Society of Moscow, both documents half worn out already, for they must be shown a score of times each day. But for the Trans-Siberian journey it is important to have letters from the Minister of Ways of Communication. My call upon the minister is one of the events of my sojourn in the Russian capital. I can see myself now seated in the best appointed carriage that could be found. I wear my tall hat and my long coat. I ought to be in



By permission

THE GARDEN OF AN ISLAND VILLA



AT THE POINT

evening dress, but Anglo-Saxon taste rebels at the thought of appearing in a garb worn by day chiefly by dead men and French bridegrooms. I hold in my hand a big official-looking envelope with a big official-looking seal. It contains a modest letter of introduction from Mr. George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad. I kept it well in evidence, for I noted that at sight of a big envelope, reinforced by



MOONLIGHT



ON THE PONTANKA CANAL



NICHOLAS I

the tall hat, the long coat, and a haughty attitude, the police at all congested corners invariably clear the way, stopping all cross-traffic, and salute until the envelope is safely out of sight. This is a hint to people who are in a hurry in Russia.

As I am whirled across the great square between the theater, famous for its incomparably fine ballets, and



KVASS

the Conservatory, home of Italian Opera, which rises on the right, I am fully conscious of the fact that I am going to make a call of ceremony upon a member of the Tsar's Imperial Cabinet, no less a personage than His Excellency Prince Khilkoff, Minister of Ways of Communication, director for the Tsar of the longest railroad in the world, the



THEATER MARIE

Trans-Siberian. And as we rattle over the cobble pavement, I recall the almost romantic story of Prince Khilkoff's rise to power, as related to me by a Russian gentleman. He was born a prince. In Russia this does not often signify the possession of a princely income. At any rate this prince found himself one day without the means to live. He quietly departed for America, and for a few years thereafter a man by the name of Khilkoff was on the pay-roll of the



THE CONSERVATORY



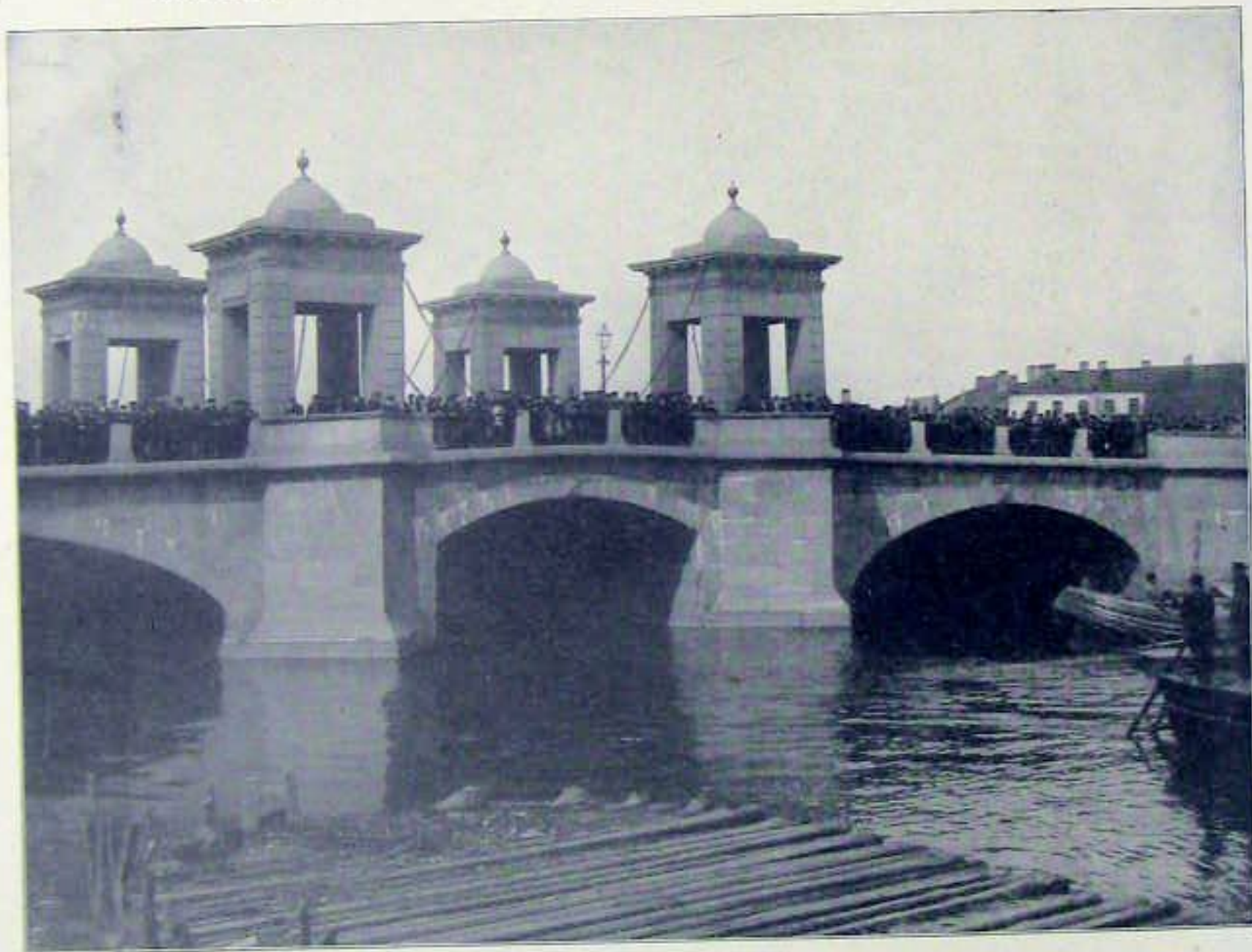
THE COHORTS OF A CAROUSEL

Pennsylvania Railway, in several modest technical capacities. With the practical knowledge acquired during this period of apprenticeship, he returned to Russia and began his race for success as a locomotive-driver, thus traversing rapidly, in one sense at least, the first stage of his career.



QUAY OF THE ADMIRALTY

One day the present Empress-Dowager, then Tsarina of Alexander III, made a journey in a special train, the engine driven by the man who had learned how in Pennsylvania. According to custom the Empress bade her secretary express her satisfaction and give a present to the engineer. But the secretary hesitated. "Your Majesty," he said, "it would



A BRIDGE OVER THE FONTANKA

be better to omit the gift. Your locomotive-driver is a prince, whose family has been distinguished for more than seven hundred years. A word from your Majesty's lips would please him most."

The engineer, who to-day holds his court as a member of the Imperial Cabinet in the imposing Palace of the Ministry,

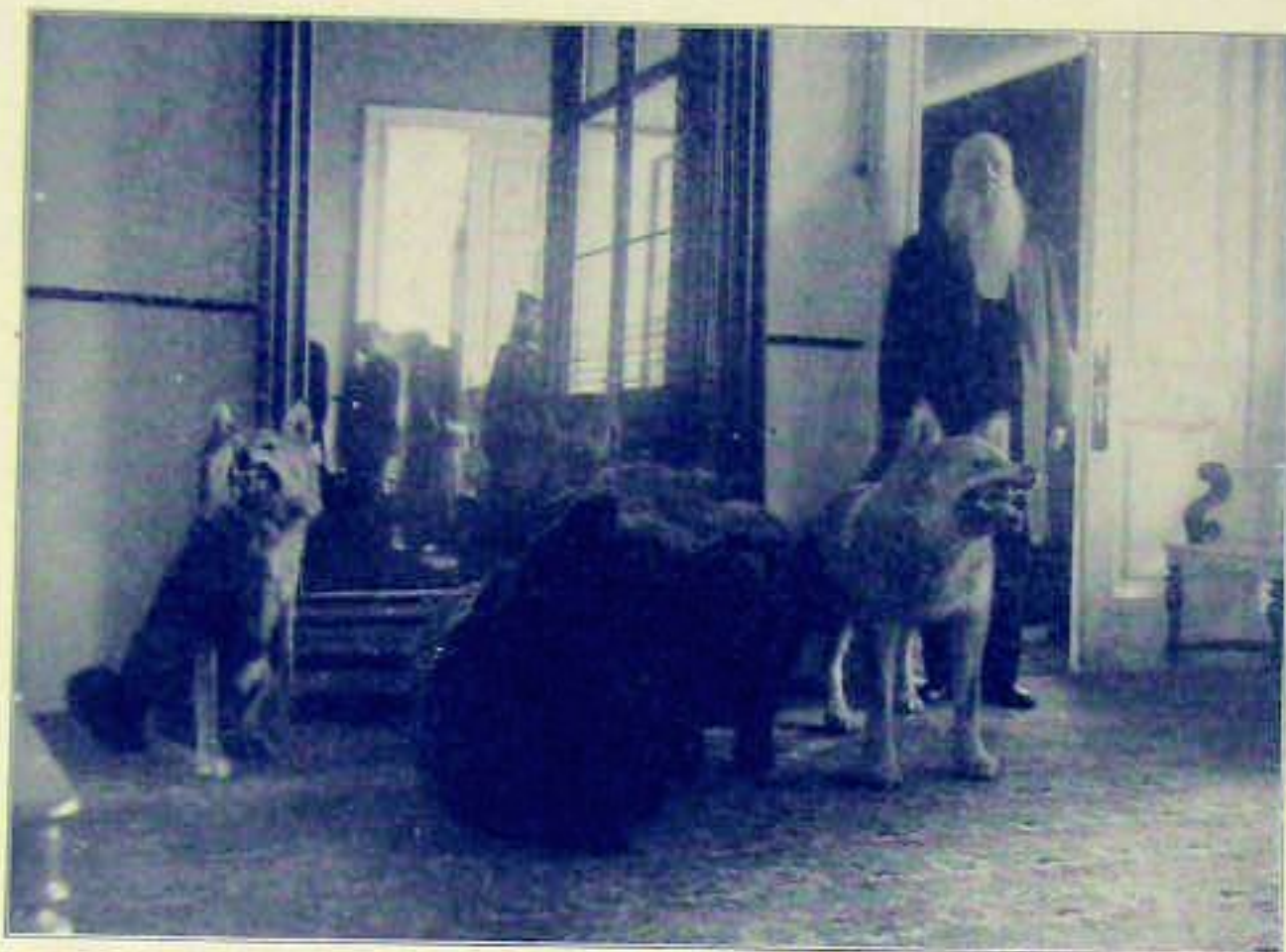


MINISTRY OF WAYS OF COMMUNICATION

was ushered into the Imperial carriage. The Empress, struck by his personality, told his story to the Tsar, who, finding in Prince Khilkoff the man for whom he had been seeking, soon placed him in command of the railway-con-



PRINCE KHILKOFF'S RETAINERS



A CORDIAL RECEPTION

struction corps in the southeastern provinces in Asia. Thereafter his rise to the post of minister was rapid.

This, briefly, is the story of the man to whom my card is taken. A white-whiskered valet ushers me into the outer vestibule, where a group of stuffed Siberian wolves and bears are snarling viciously, as if to terrify Nihilists who come with murderous intent. Five or six uniformed attendants relieve me of hat and gloves, after a pocket-camera—the object of their first solicitude—had been put away as gingerly as if they had suspected that it contained a charge of dynamite. Then I am led from the den of beasts into an antechamber, where visitors are left in solitude for a few moments to recover from the shock and attain that composure befitting those about to enter the presence of a prince. Alexander III, Imperial patron of Prince Khilkoff, looks down

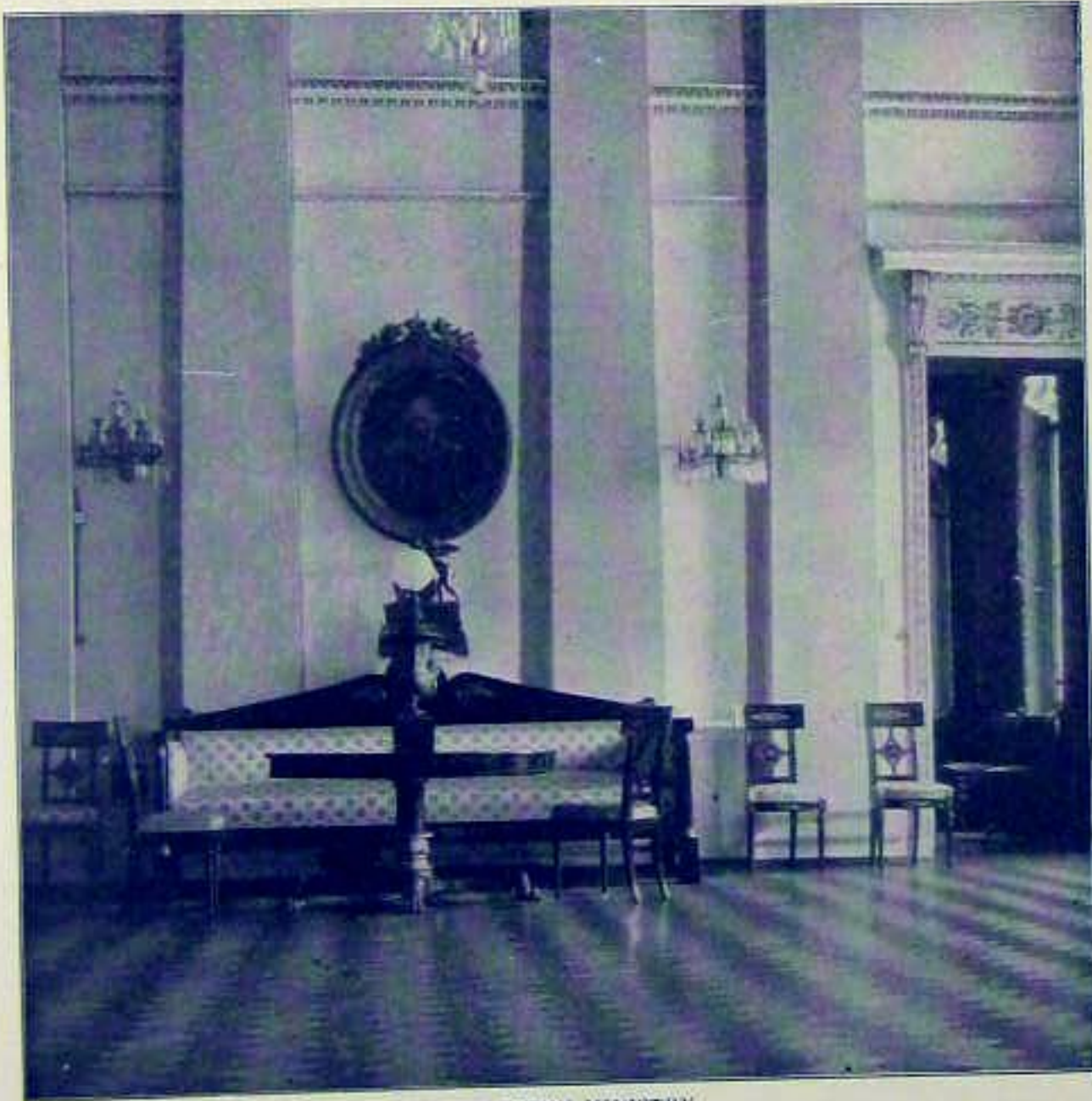


A SUGGESTION OF SIBERIA



HIS EXCELLENCY PRINCE MICHAEL KHILKOFF

upon us from the marble wall. At last a lackey, superb in bearing, weighted with gold-lace, ushers me with a stately gesture into a corridor, where other lackeys wave me on until I find myself in a high-ceiled apartment finished in dark wood, with maps and drawings on the walls, and many tables loaded with portfolios and papers. It is the sanctum of the greatest railway-man in Russia, Prince Michael Khilkoff, who bustles out from behind his long desk in a brisk and thoroughly American manner, grasping my hand, begging me to tell him what he can do to aid me. While we are talking of Siberia and the great line that will in time link Petersburg to Peking, there occurs an incident worthy of record, as an



SALON OF THE MINISTRY

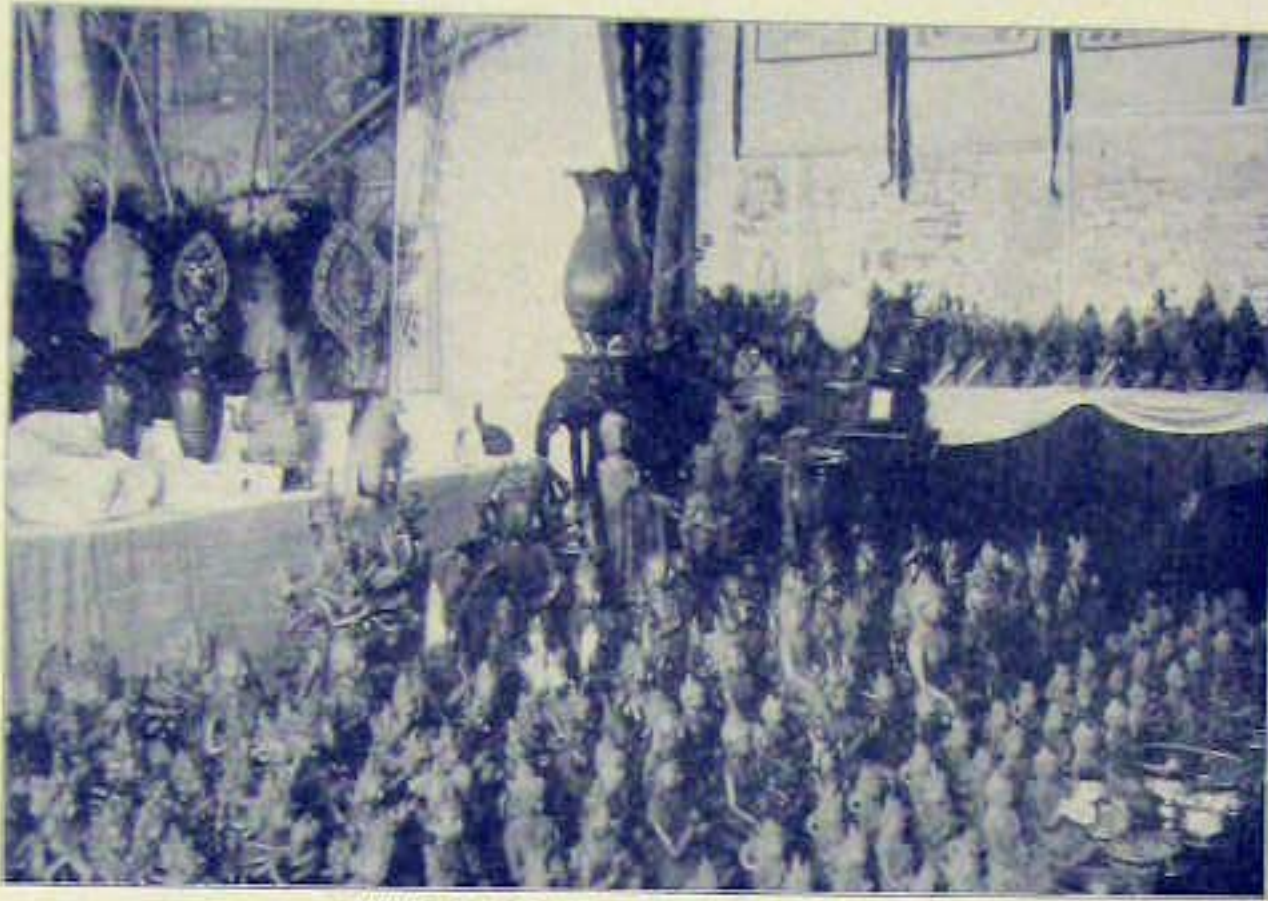
illustration of Russian courtesy. The servant announces the Military Governor of an important province. Being a general he has immediate access, and is ushered in at once. The Prince presents me. The General speaks to me in French, asking, "You are a stranger, Monsieur?" But Prince Khilkoff gently interrupts, "No, *mon Général*, he is not a stranger, he is an American." Two subsequent visits



CHEZ LE PRINCE OUCHTOMSKY

to this palace confirmed my first impression, that Russia has in Prince Khilkoff a most efficient and worthy minister who combines the energy of an American business man with the courtesy of the European diplomat.

Another Russian Prince whose name has been associated with Russian expansion in Asia is Hespère Ouchtomsky, confidential friend of the reigning Tsar, whom he accompanied



TIBETAN BUDDHAS AND PLANS OF LHASSA

upon his tour around the world in 1891. We see at once on entering his palace that Prince Ouchtomsky is a traveler; closer observation shows us that he is also an explorer, a hunter, an artist, and a scholar. His favorite study is the religion of Buddha, as it exists in Central Asia, especially in Tibet, the Forbidden Land.

More than two thousand Tibetan and Mongolian Buddhas sit as honored guests in Prince Ouchtomsky's parlors. Upon the walls are Buddhist kakemonos and pictures representing the mysterious city of Lhasa, stronghold of the Grand Lama, which in our generation has not been



YOUNG WILD HORSES FROM MONGOLIA

reached by any unbeliever. We know little of this famous place beyond what is told by a few crude, colored sketches made by a devout Buddhist, a pilgrim to Lhasa from one of the Asiatic provinces of the Tsar.

Apparently the Prince is on the best of terms with the Grand Lama, for on the very day of our visit there arrived, direct from far-away Tibet, two young Mongolian wild horses,



BEFORE THE REVIEW

a gift from the so-called "Living-God" of Lhasa to his friend, the learned and influential Russian Prince. Dazzled and for the moment docile, the animals, as we see them in the courtyard, do not uphold their reputation as the most savage of their kind; but the old man who came with them from Asia tells of many fearful things that these untamable brutes have done. Strangely enough, the very day these

shaggy colts arrived,—the first ever successfully exported,—two representatives of Hagenbeck's Menagerie reached Petersburg, en route to Mongolia, their mission being to secure if possible a pair of these wild horses. I fear, had I been in the Prince's place, I should have cut short the journey of the circus-men by turning over to them these embarrassing gifts of the Grand Lama.



BEFORE THE REVIEW

Thanks to a few such influential personages as those I have named I secured that rarest of privileges, the right to carry sundry infernal-looking boxes, containing photographic instruments within the cordon drawn round the Champ-de-Mars on the occasion of the great annual review held on the first day of May. We had spent the first three days preceding the review in watching the troops at practice



THE IMPERIAL LOGE



KNIGHTS AND LADIES

on the field, rehearsing for the dazzling spectacle that was to be—Cossacks, Hussars, Cuirassiers, Chévaliers de la Garde, Infantry, Artillery, and Marines had by turn held our attention and roused our eagerest anticipations.

At last the day arrives. We find ourselves early in the front row of boxes, near the Imperial Loge which, although still vacant, is already surrounded by hundreds of officers



ARRIVAL OF THE AMBASSADOR AND MRS. TOWER

superbly uniformed. All Petersburg is flocking toward the Champ-de-Mars, but only those provided with the tickets for the tribunes are admitted to the avenue between the isolated tent of the Imperial family and the long grand-stand, which is already packed with fashionable people. The boxes cost from twenty-five to fifty dollars each, but the military show



THE AMBASSADORIAL BOX



PRINCESS CANTACUZENE (NÉE JULIA GRANT)

was worth to any appreciative spectator ten times the price demanded—by the way, in the name of charity.

The arrival of the American Ambassador is an event, for he comes, accompanied by Mrs. Tower and his two little sons, in a superb equipage with the traditional black horses, the obese coachman and footman in elaborate uniform with waving plumes. In Petersburg all this is by no means



OFFICER OF HUSSARS

regarded as ostentatious display. Our representative is expected to appear with a certain degree of state; a failure to conform to custom would seriously offend; and I may add that members of the United States Embassy at the court of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias, now appear at all state functions in a uniform befitting their rank as representatives of a great nation. In Petersburg, at least,

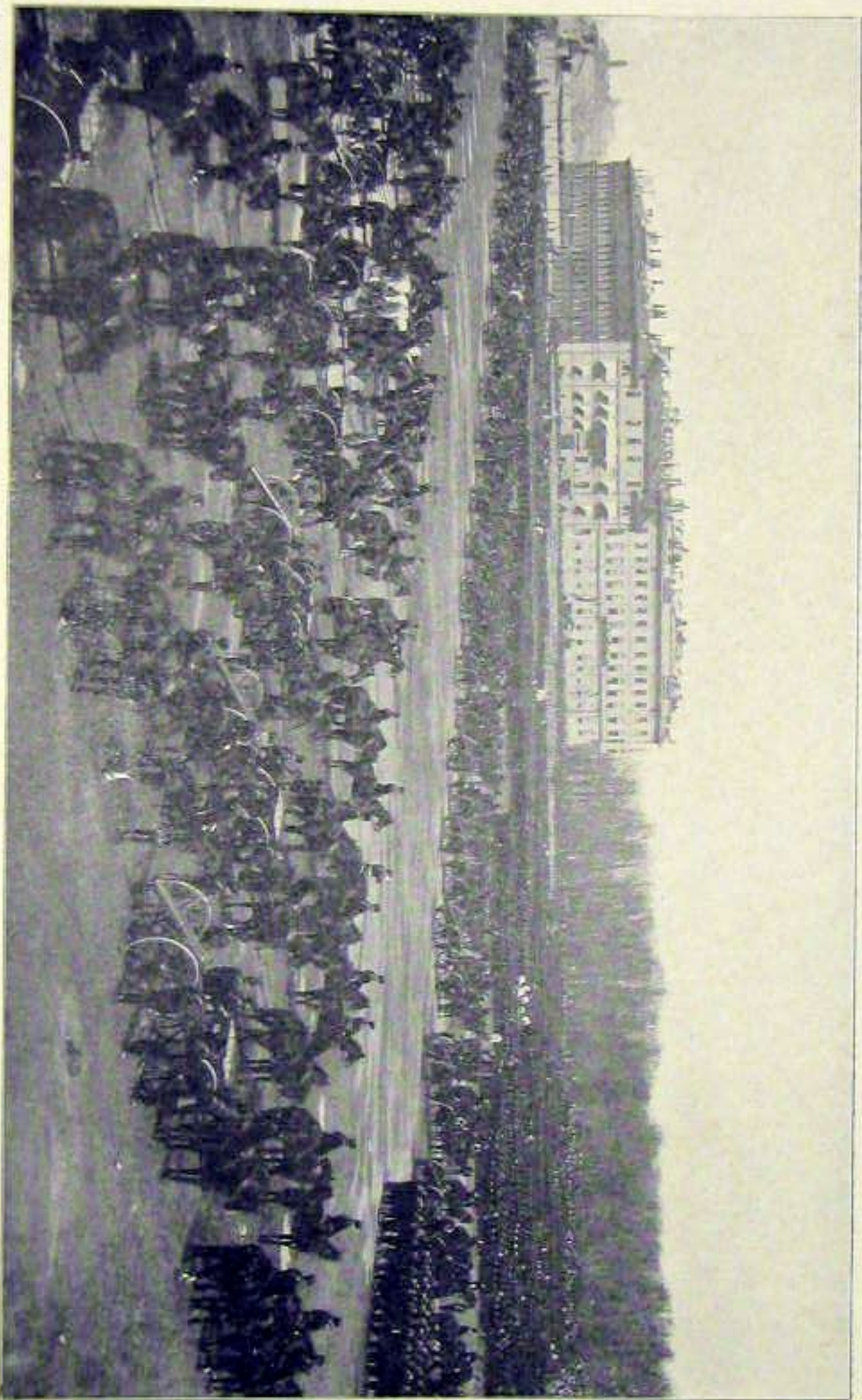
American diplomats no longer run the risk of being mistaken for the *maitre d'hôtel*. Yet no doubt there are many who will scoff at this tactful innovation as an un-American departure from democratic usages. It must not be forgotten, however, that what might be ostentatious in an American town is nothing more than everyday good taste in Petersburg.



By C. O. Bulla

THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES, THE TSAR, THE TSARINA,
AND THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

To right and left of Mr. Tower's loge stretches an array of beauty, youth, and elegance; and there in the front rank of Russia's fairest women sits an American Princess, Julia Grant, Princess Cantacuzene, granddaughter of our beloved General and President. It is not strange that she should



By Parelli

MORE THAN TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND MEN

love the pomp of military show. She is granddaughter to the man who led to victory the greatest army of the nineteenth century, and to-day her princely husband rides in the escort of the Tsar of all the Russias. Meantime the throng



By C. O. Bulla

THE IMPERIAL CORTEGE

of magnificently uniformed officers — of every brilliant corps, of every grade — increases until we seem to be in the very midst of a multitude of monarchs. But while these chosen hundreds hold our attention in the foreground, the men, the rank and file, the actual backbone and body of the Russian army, are assembling in the field beyond to the number of twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-one. There are to-day upon this field fifty-three and a half battalions of infantry, thirty-seven squadrons of cavalry, fourteen



THE TSAR

sotnias of Cossacks, one hundred and forty-eight pieces of artillery, twelve hundred and eighty-eight superior officers, and forty-nine generals; in all, nearly twenty-eight thousand men, commanded by the Grand Duke Vladimir, son of Alexander, commander-in-chief of St. Petersburg.

This mighty host awaits the coming of the Tsar who is now riding from the Winter Palace beside the carriage in which sit his wife, and his mother, and his sister: the Empress Marie Feodorovna; the Empress-Dowager, widow of Alexander III, sister to the Queen of England; and the Grand-Duchess Olga Alexandrovna, daughter of Alexander. Meantime the multitude on the field of the review is

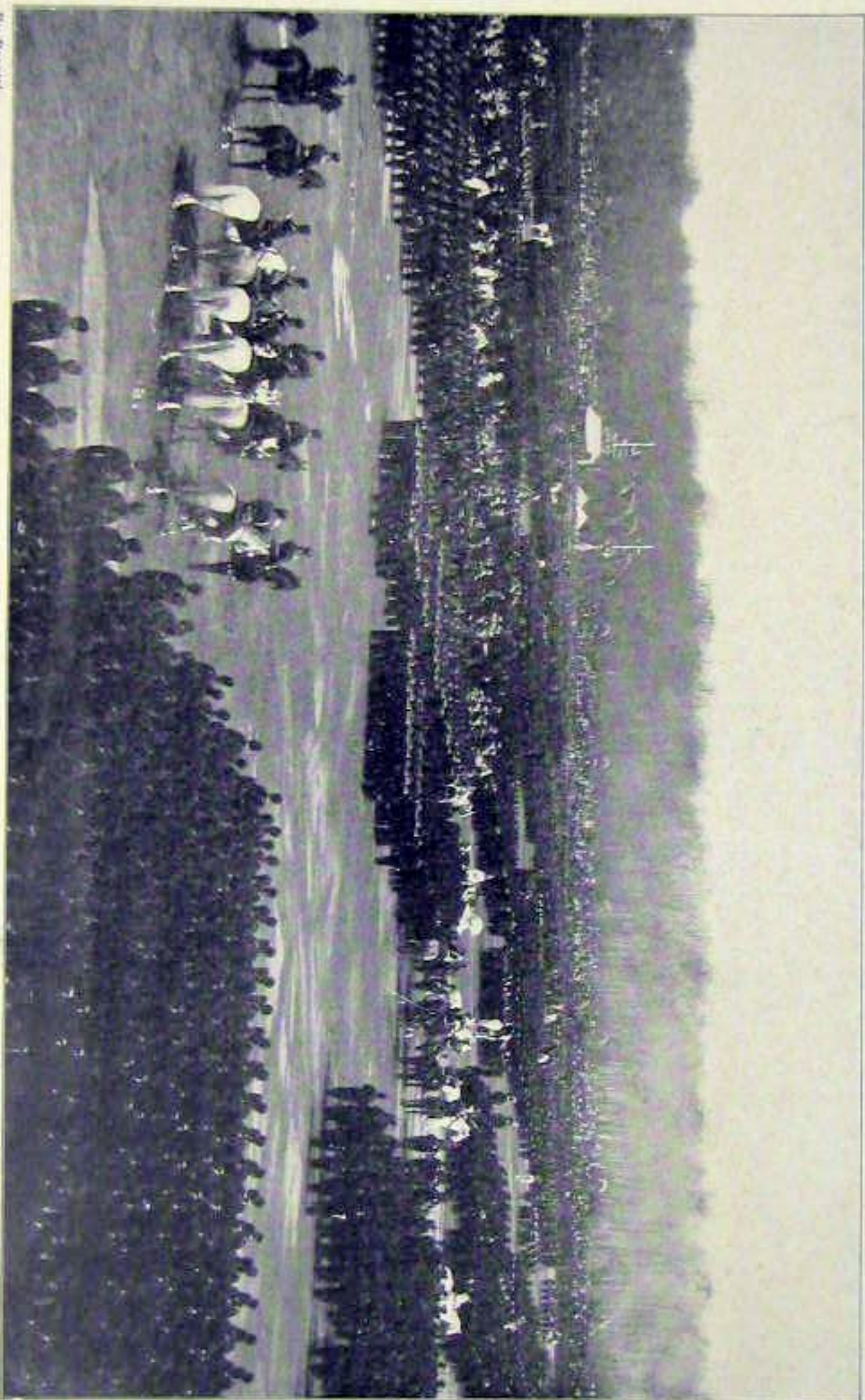
warned of the Imperial approach by the thundering cheers which

roll along the quays and avenues as the Imperial family advances. Our position far in advance of the "dead-line" drawn by the police is held only by dint of frequent exhibitions of a permit signed by no less a personage than His Excellency General Klegghels, Grand Master of the Metropolitan Police, head of that marvelous organization, and personally responsible for the life and safety of the Tsar. In fact, we should have been thrust back by over-zealous underlings had not the General himself come



By Hahn

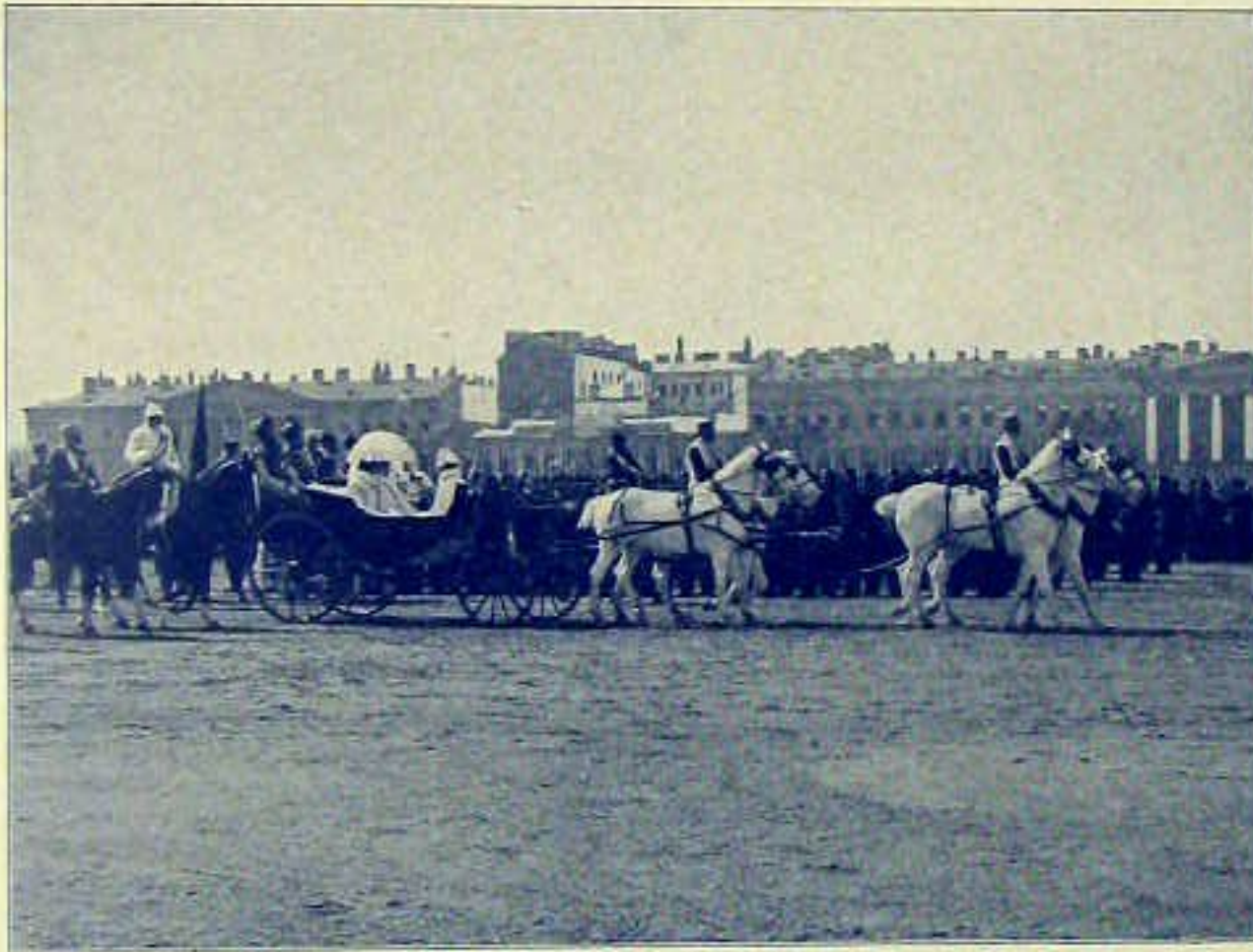
HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL KLEGHEL.
GRAND MASTER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE



By Pasetti

THE REVIEW ON THE FIELD OF MARS

to our rescue and with a few words to the guards established us as the most privileged civilians on the field. Thereafter we are permitted to move about at will under the very noses of his innumerable agents. Thus we are far in advance of the first rank of spectators when the carriage of the Empresses moves slowly down the nearer wall of troops. His Majesty the Tsar rides at the left, two paces in advance; his simple uniform just visible to us over



THE IMPERIAL EQUIPAGE

the backs of the white horses. Meantime we seize the golden moments to make a motion-record of the passing of an Emperor, two Empresses, and an Imperial escort.

The Imperial party then moves alternately up and down the avenues bounded by the spacious blocks of troops, every battalion, squadron, or battery shouting or singing its words of loyalty and homage to the Tsar. "Magnificent" is a poor word with which to qualify the scene. The long, zigzag course at last concluded, the Emperor, followed by his staff,

rides to the front of the Imperial box. There—still in the saddle, like a soldier—he will review his troops; and the Empresses are swept by us, their carriage almost running us down as it swings round to reach the entrance to the loge.

The Imperial women being now safely ensconced in the green tent, the review commences. Faithful Cossacks are on guard at the entrance; hundreds of secret agents are pre-



AWAITING THE EMPRESSES

sumably at hand, on the *qui vive* for Nihilists. Yet I am inclined to question the thoroughness of the measures taken for the protection of the Imperial family. Had I been a Nihilist, my camera a bomb, there were a dozen occasions when it could have been launched with fatal effect. But I doubt also the necessity, even, for the actual surveillance. At that very season when some American papers pictured the



IMPERIAL PERSONAGES

Tsar as cowering in secret chambers of his Summer Palace, starting at every sound as if it were the crack of doom (these were the very words of an enterprising daily), we saw him riding apparently unprotected amid the cheering multitudes.

Among the first to march stiffly past their Imperial commander are the men of the illustrious regiment to which the



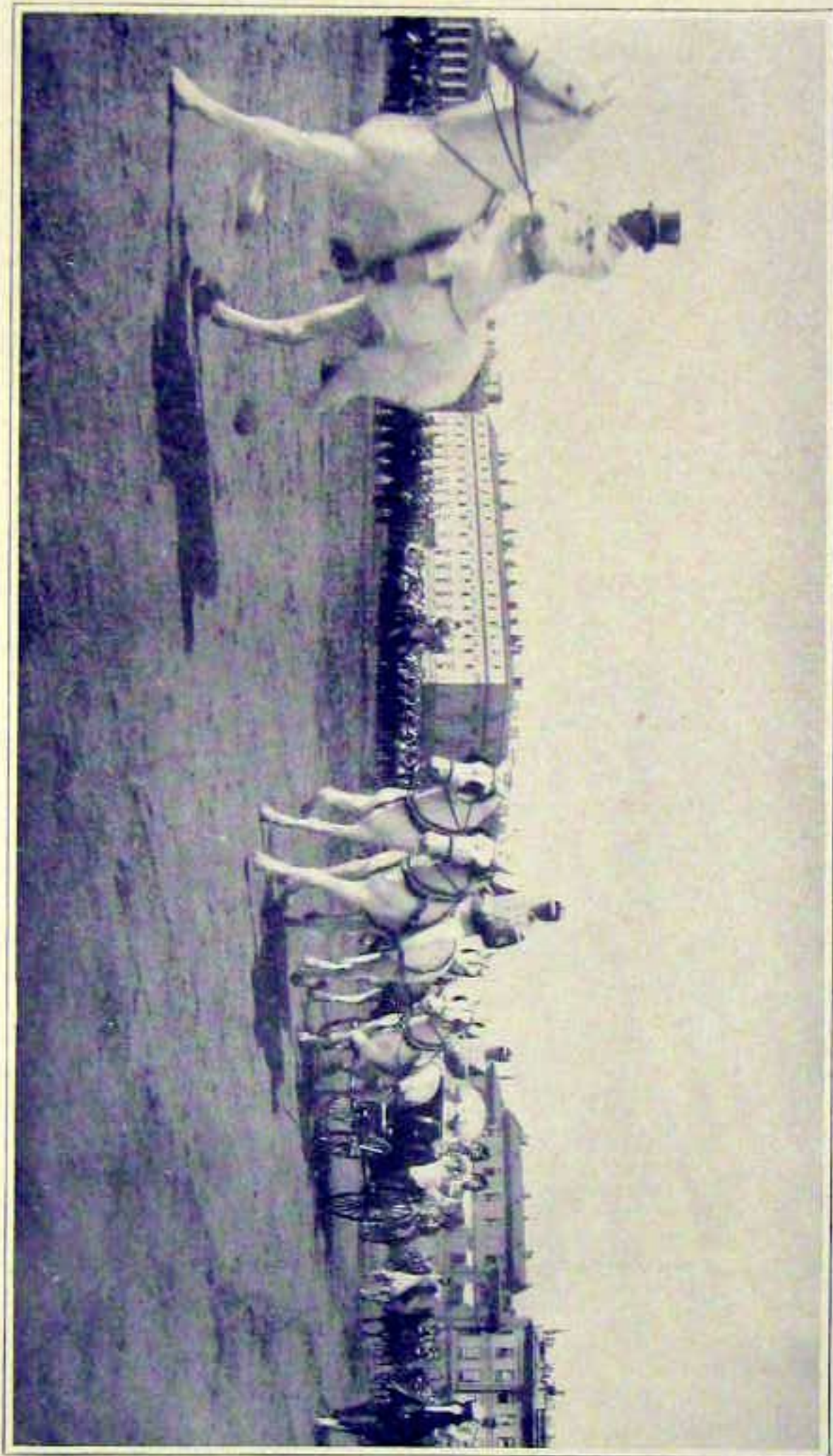
THE AMERICAN MILITARY ATTACHE



HUSSARS AND LANCERS IN REVIEW



THE PREOBRAIENSKY REGIMENT



THE EQUIPAGE OF THE EMPRESSES



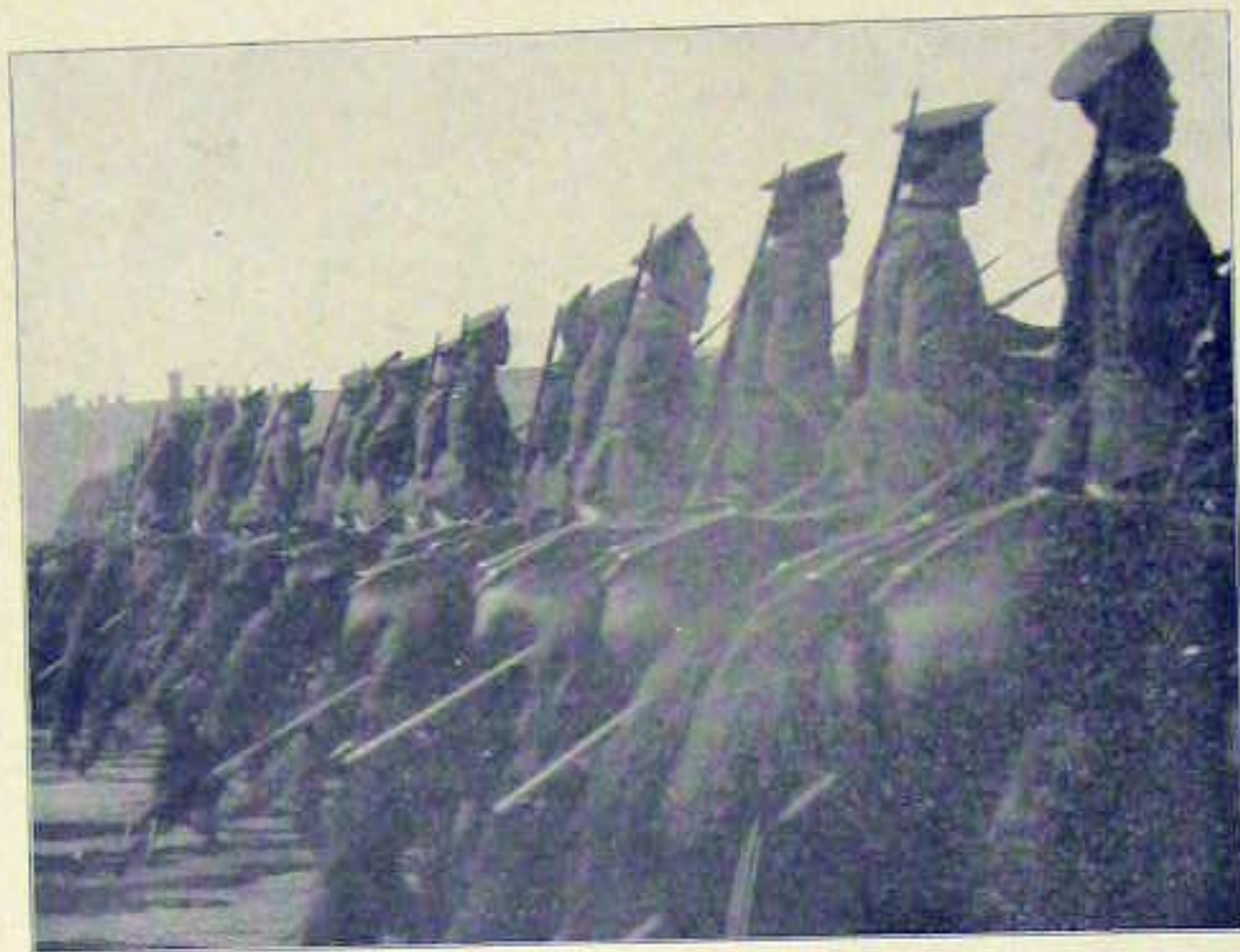
ARTILLERY PASSING IN REVIEW

Tsar himself belongs. Even as Tsar he still retains the lowly rank of first lieutenant, for he had risen no higher in military grade when called upon to mount the throne. He remains, therefore, a lieutenant in this Preobrajensky regiment which now files past. It will be followed by another famous regiment, the Pavlovsky, distinguished by the miter-like helmets gleaming in the sun. Artillery then thunders



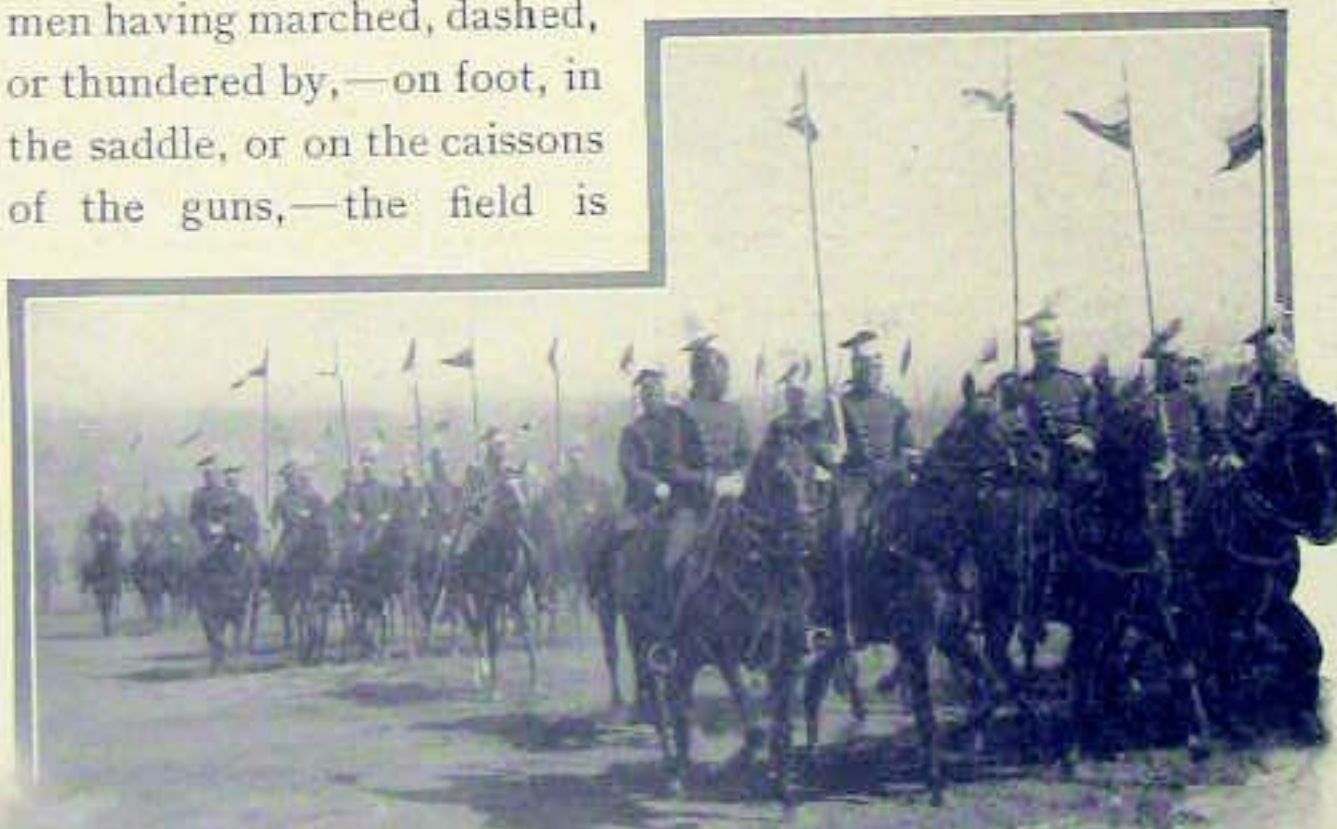
RUSSIAN ARTILLERY

past, but speed and dust make the passage photographically invisible. Then come the Cossack sotnias, and the Lancer squadrons, and the superbly clad Hussars. In endless double rank they pass the Tsar, then, wheeling left, sweep past the place that we have chosen for this part of the review. Well chosen it was, but not without its perils, as one of the



COSSACKS.

motion pictures proves, for one careless squadron literally rides over us. The full tide of over twenty-seven thousand men having marched, dashed, or thundered by,—on foot, in the saddle, or on the caissons of the guns,—the field is



LANCERS

cleared of all save the magnificent array of cavalry. The gorgeous squadrons are then massed on the farther side of the field, facing the Emperor. A silence reigns, the crowds upon the housetops, in the windows, in the grand-stand, and in the streets below are hushed. They know that something tremendous is now to happen,—something that may cost several lives, for these thousands of horsemen cannot sweep across this field at a breakneck gallop and then at a sudden command halt instantaneously, without some accident. The charge



COSSACK TYPES

itself defies description. No picture can reveal the splendor of the coloring, or suggest the majestic disciplined turbulence of the flood of mounted men that now sweeps toward the Tsar, like a tinted tidal wave. Then the wave breaks, and its dusty spray is dissipated. The generals and marshals now form in a semicircle before their Imperial Master. One by one they approach the Tsar. Some present papers or reports, all receive words of compliment for the successful



By Pasetti

THE HUSSARS READY FOR THE CHARGE

issue of the day. At this moment a happy thought occurs to me. Rushing to our box I seize a motion-picture instrument and return to a position between two officers in that saluting semicircle. I dared not bring a tripod, but holding the motion camera as steadily as possible against my breast, I begin to turn the crank. Scarcely has the machine begun its clatter, before His Majesty, with an informal gesture, declares the ceremony at an end, and to my delight rides directly toward me, and his staff, falling in from both sides, follow him off the field. Any shakiness in the picture is due to the fact that I was at one and the same time holding a silk hat under one arm, clasping a black box to my breast,

which naturally was heaving with excitement, and trying to look utterly unconcerned while the Autocrat of all the Russias and the great men of his Empire filed past, enveloping me in clouds of dust. That my attitude was undignified I grant you, but it was justified by the result.

For hours after the review the streets and squares of Petersburg are alive with crowds and marching troops, or blocked by halted squadrons. But on the morrow Petersburg becomes once more the city of magnificent spaciousness, seemingly the broadest city in the world. Its streets are broad, its squares enormous, its river wide as a little sea,



By Hahn

THE CAVALRY CHARGE

its palaces long, low, and vast. But high above this broad and widespread city rises the dome of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, symbolic of the national religious spirit; for, save a few notable exceptions, the Russians as a people are, you remember, habitually, nay, almost unconsciously devout. St. Isaac's is one of the wonder churches of the world. Upon four sides are porticos of pillars, each pillar a monolith of Finland granite fifty-five feet high. The interior is unspeakably magnificent,—its walls of lapis-lazuli and malachite, its icons and iconostasis of silver and of gold, of incalculable cost, and of unquestioned sanctity.



CHARGE!



HIS MAJESTY THE TSAR



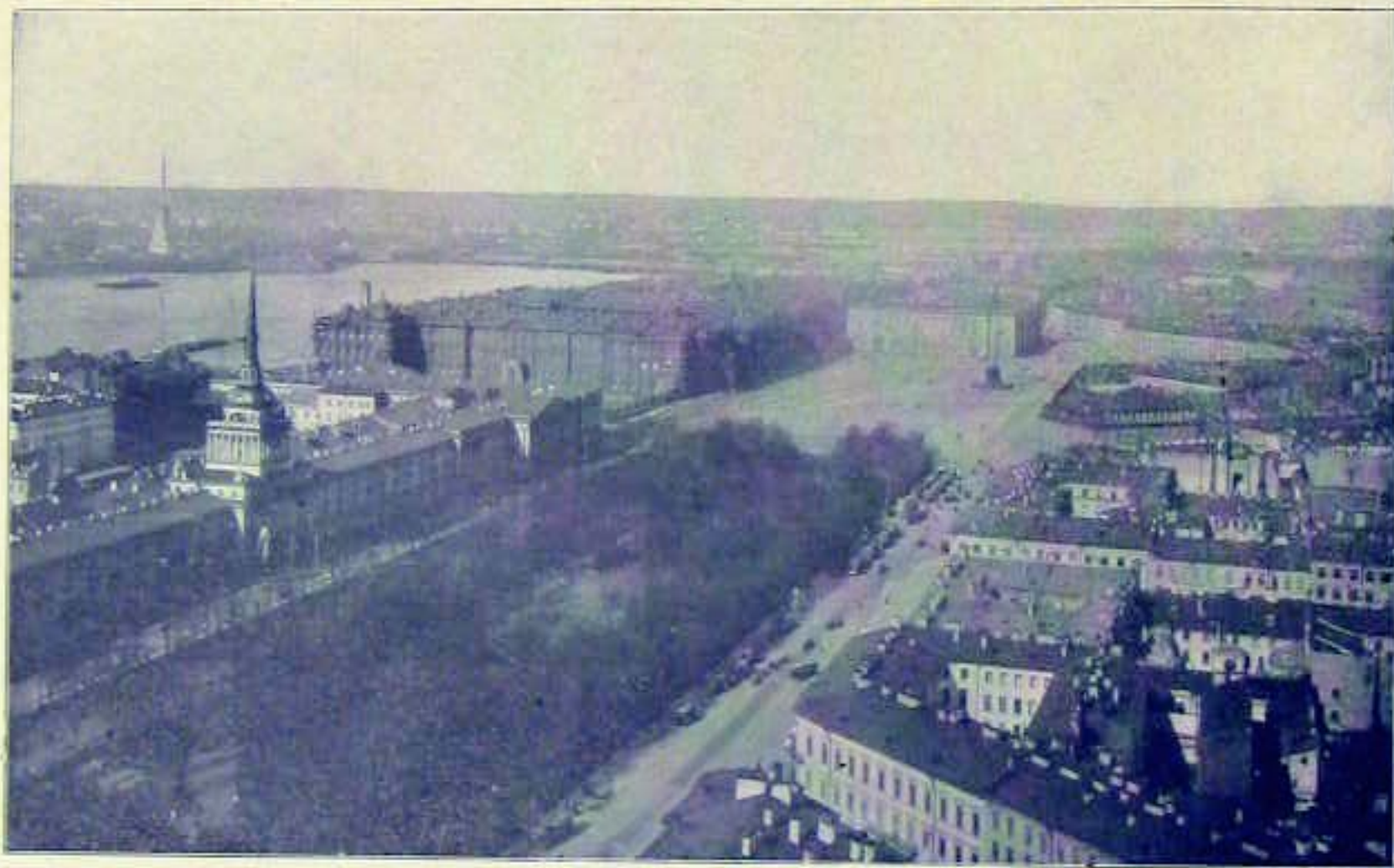
A HALTED SQUADRON

From the dizzy, winding way that leads skyward to the golden dome, we look down upon the sharp spire of the building called the Admiralty, where Peter the Great in the beginning of the eighteenth century worked with his own hands at building ships for Russia. That spire, like the gilded pointer of Russia's great professor of progress, Peter



ST. ISAAC'S

the First, points to-day the same lesson that Peter learned and taught to his successors. It reminds the Russians that they must strive unceasingly for seaports and for more seaports, for breathing-places by the sea; for a nation to be truly great, like the man who would attain to physical development must have an abundance of fresh air. Russians as individuals fear a draught with almost childish fear; but the chief ambition of Russia as a nation has been to open



BROAD PETERSBURG

wide great Russian doors upon the Baltic, the Arctic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, and the far-off Sea of Japan, that the winds of all the oceans may sweep across the mighty land they dwell in. The splendid monument to Peter that rises between St. Isaac's and the Neva, reminds us that his ambition always looked seaward for its fulfilment. The pedestal is the very rock on which he stood to watch his new-born



PILLARS OF THE PORTICO

fleet, which he himself had helped to build, win its first victory over the Swedes near the bleak shores of Finland. The massive monolith was brought hither at tremendous cost and after conquering unheard-of difficulties, by Catherine the Second, that Peter's statue might look down from a pedestal of rock upon the city which he had caused to rise on the unstable islands of these marshes of the Neva.

For Petersburg, we know, was made to order, created by the ukase of a Tsar, whose dream of progress must have appeared to his contemporaries as the hallucination of an insane man. He chose an impossible spot in which to do an impossible thing; but at his touch, magically energetic, impossibility became facility. Here there was no solid ground,—forests were felled, tree-trunks by the million were brought hither and sunk in the mud,

made to
Tsar,



ST. ISAAC'S DOME



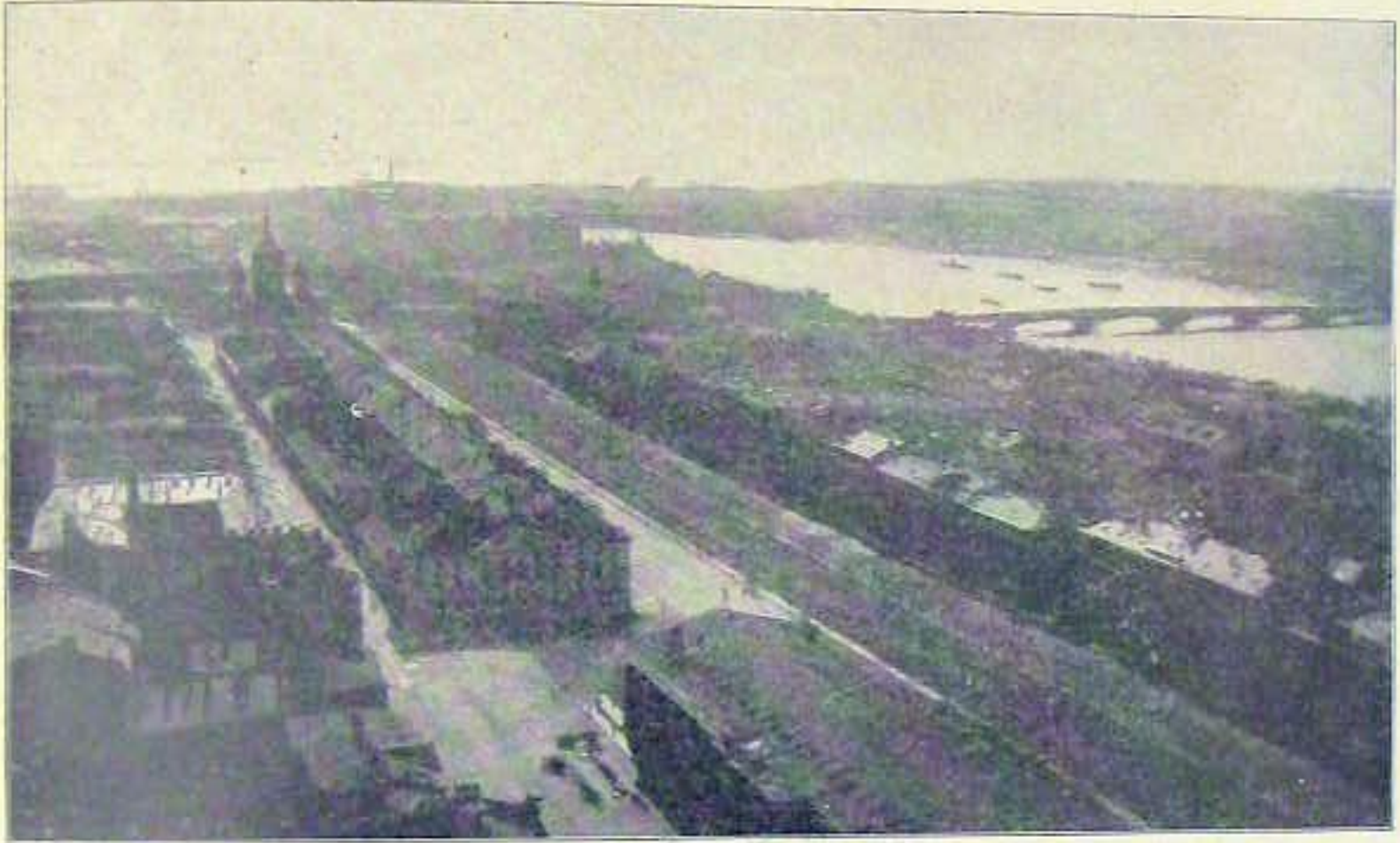
RUNNING THE GANTLET

acres of firm land appeared, here there was no building material,—at his command ships were compelled to bring stone

LOOKING
DOWN UPON
THE ADMIRALTY

ballast, and miles of dwellings, palaces, and churches arose. Peter called the wilderness a

THE ADMIRALTY ARCH



LOOKING TOWARD THE BALTIC



PETER, THE CITY BUILDER

city. Men believed him and came to dwell within it. By virtue of his will does Petersburg exist. Well may it bear his name, for he conceived it, built it, peopled it, ruled it, and gave it, impregnated with his genius, into the hands of his Imperial successors. It is, to the very letter of the words, Peter's City,—Petersburg.

