and you yourself had better, when he is around, look after your silver spoons. I promise you, an honest man or an honest woman, that when you go there, as many of you will, for European travel is destined to change its course from southern Europe to those northern regions, you will have no more molestation or supervisal than in Brooklyn or in New York or the quietest Long Island village.

Calumny the Third—Russia and its ruler are so opposed to any other religion except the Greek religion that they will not allow any other religion; that nothing but persecution and imprisonment and outrage intolerable await the disciples of any other religion. But what are the facts? I had a long ride in St. Petersburg and its suburbs with the prefect, a brilliant, efficient and lovely man, who is the highest official in the city of St. Petersburg, and whose chief business is to attend the emperor. I said to him, "I suppose your religion is that of the Greek church?" "No," said he, "I am a Lutheran." "What is your religion?" I said to one of the highest and most influential officials at St. Petersburg. He said, "I am of the Church of England." Myself, an American, of still another denomination of Christians, and never having been inside a Greek church in my life until I went to Russia, could not have received more consideration had I been baptized in the Greek church and all my life worshiped at her altars. I had it demonstrated to me very plainly that a man's religion in Russia has nothing to do with his preferment for either office or social position. The only questions taken into such consideration are honesty, fidelity, morality and adaptation. I had not been in St. Petersburg an hour before I received an invitation to preach the Gospel of Christ as I believed it. Besides all this, have you forgotten that the Crimean war, which shook the earth, grew out of Russia's interference in behalf of the persecuted Christians of all nations in Turkey?

"But," says some one, "have there not been persecutions of other religions in Russia?" No doubt, just as in other times in New England we burned witches, and as we killed Quakers, and as the Jews in America have been outrageously treated ever since I can remember, and the Chinese in our land have been pelted, and their stores torn down and their way from the steamer wharf to their destined quarters tracked with their own blood. The devil of persecution is in every land and in all ages. Some of us in the different denominations of Christians in America have felt the thrust of persecution because we thought differently or did things differently from those who would, if they had the power, put us in a furnace eight times heated, one more degree of caloric than Nebuchadnezzar's. Persecutions in all lands, but the emperor of Russia sanctions none of them. I had a most satisfactory talk with the emperor about the religions of the world, and he thinks and feels as you and I do—that religion is something between a man and his God, and no one has a right to interfere with it. You may go right up to St. Petersburg and Moscow with your Episcopal liturgy, or your Presbyterian catechism, or your Congregationalist's liberalism, or your Immersionist's Baptistry, or any other religion, and if you mind your own affairs and let others mind theirs you will not be molested.

Calumny the Fourth—Russia is so very grasping of territory, and she seems to want the world. But what are the facts? During the last century and a quarter the United States have taken possession of everything between the thirteen colonies and the Pacific ocean, and England during the same length of time has taken possession of nearly three million square miles, and by the extent of her domain has added two hundred and fifty million population, while Russia has added during that time only one-half the number of square miles and about eighteen million of population—England's advance of domain by two hundred and fifty million against Russia's advance of domain by eighteen million. What, a paltry Russian advance of domain by eighteen million as compared with the English advance of domain by two hundred and fifty million! The United States and England had better keep still about extravagant and extortionate enlargement of domain.

Calumny the Fifth—Siberia is a den of horrors, and today people are driven like dumb cattle; no trial is afforded to the suspected ones; they are put into quicksilver mines, where they are whipped and starved and some day find themselves going around without any head. Some of them do not get so far as Siberia. Women, after being tied to stakes in the streets, are disrobed and whipped to death in the presence of howling mobs. Offenders bear their own flesh siss under the hot irons.

But what are the facts? There are no kinder people on earth than the Russians, and to most of them cruelty is an impossibility. I hold in my hand a card. You see on it that red circle. That is the government's seal on a card giving me permission to visit all the prisons of St. Petersburg, as I had expressed a wish in that direction. As the messenger handed this card to me he told me that a carriage was at the door for my disposal in visiting the prisons. It so happened, however, that I was crowded with engagements and I could not make the visitation. But do you suppose such cheerful permission and a carriage to boot would have been afforded me if the prisons of Russia are such hells on earth as they have been described to be? I asked an eminent and distinguished American, "Have you visited the prisons of St. Petersburg, and how do they differ from American prisons?" He replied, "I have visited them, and they are as well ventilated and as well conditioned in every respect as the majority of the prisons in America." Are women whipped in the street? No; that statement comes from the manufactory of fabrication, a manufactory that runs day and night, so that the supply may meet the demand.

But how about Siberia? My answer is, Siberia is the prison of Russia, a prison more than twice the size of the United States. John Howard, who did more for the improvement of prisoners and the reformation of criminals than any man that ever lived, his name a synonym for mercy throughout Christendom, declared by voice and pen that the system of transportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia was an admirable plan, advocating open air punishment rather than endungeonment, and also because it was taking all offenders hundreds of miles away from their evil companions. John Howard, after witnessing the plan of deportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia, commended it to England. If a man commits murder in Russia, he is not electrocuted as we electrocute him, or choked to death by a halter as we choke him to death. Russia is the only country on earth from which the death penalty has been driven, except in case of high treason. Murderers and desperate villains are sent to the hardest parts of Siberia, but no man is sent to Siberia or doomed to any kind of punishment in Russia until he has a fair trial. So far as their being hustled off in the night and not knowing why they are exiled or punished is concerned, all the criminals in Russia have an open trial before a jury just as we have in America, except in revolutionary or riotous times, and you know in America at such times the writ of habeas corpus is suspended. There are in Russia grand juries and petit juries and the right to challenge the jurors, and the prisoner confronts his accuser, and, mark this, as in no other country, after a prisoner has been condemned by juries and judges he may appeal to the minister of the interior, and after that to the senate, and after that to the emperor, who is constantly pardoning.

As I said, the violent and murderous are sent to the hardest part of Siberia, but the more moderate criminals to more propitious parts of Siberia, and those who have only a little criminality to parts of Siberia positively genial for climate, for you ought to know, if you do not know, that Siberia is so large and wide and long that it reaches from frigidity to torridity, from almost arctic blast to climate as mild as that of Italy. Run your finger along the map of the world, and you will find that the lowest part of Siberia is on the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and the richest part of Italy is on the same forty-fifth degree of latitude, so that Siberia reaches from the furs at the north to the palm leaf fans at the south. It has been demonstrated that ninety per cent. of the Russian criminals colonized into Siberia go into a climate milder than New York—a land songful with birds and embroidered with flora enough manifold to confound the botanists. Much of the soil is a rich loam, and harvests wait for a plow to liberate them. When a criminal is sent to Siberia, in the vast majority of cases it gives him an opportunity to make a new start under the best possible circumstances. The criminal is allowed to take his or her family along, and that is a mercy no other country grants. In the quicksilver mines of Siberia, the hardest place of expatriation, only one-fourth of the miners are criminals. The other three-fourths go there because they choose it as a place to earn their living.

After being in Siberia awhile the condemned go to earning a livelihood, and they come to own their own farms and orchards and vineyards, many of these people coming to wealth, and thousands of them under no inducement would leave those parts of Siberia which are paradises for salubrity and luxuriance. Now which do you think is the best style of a prison—Siberia or many of our American prisons? When a man commits a big crime in our country the judge looks into the frightened face of the culprit and says: "You have been found guilty. I sentence you to the penitentiary for ten years." He goes to prison. He is shut in between four walls. No sunlight. No fresh air. No bathroom. Before he has served his ten years he dies of consumption, or is so enervated that for the rest of his life he sits with folded hands—a wheezing invalid. In preference to the shut in life of the average American prisoner give me Siberia. Besides that, when offenders come out of prison in America, what chance have they? Ask the poorly supported societies formed to get these people places for work. Ask me, to whom the newly liberated come from all the prisons imploring what they shall do. No one will commend them. The pallor of incarceration is on their cheek. Who wants to employ in factory or store a man or woman who in answer to the question, "Where did you live last?" should make for reply, "State's prison at Auburn or Moyamensing." Now in Siberia they have a better chance. They are never spoken of as criminals, but as unfortunates, and they are allowed every opportunity of retrieving their lost reputation and lost fortunes.

I talked with the president of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Siberian Convicts. The president of that society, appointed by the emperor, is a lady of great accomplishments and much sympathy, which illumines her face and makes tearful her eyes and tremulous her voice. The evening I passed at her house in St. Petersburg was one of the memorable events of my lifetime. I will not attempt to pronounce the name of that noble woman appointed by the emperor as the president of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Convicts. Please to name any such national society in our country supported by government for taking care of the children of convicts. You know, if you know anything, that there is no chance in this country for a man who has been imprisoned or for his children. God pity them and hasten the time when we shall, by some national institution established by the congress of of the United States, imitate the mercy of the Russian government toward the innocent children of imprisoned offenders. He who charges cruelty on the imperial family and the nobility of Russia belies men and women as gracious and benignant as ever breathed oxygen.

The merciful character of the present emperor was well illustrated in the following occurrence: The man who supervised the assassination of the father of the present emperor, standing in the snow that awful day when the dynamite shattered to pieces the legs of Alexander the Second—I say the man who supervised all this fled from St. Petersburg and quit Russia. But after awhile the man repented of his crime and wrote to the emperor asking for forgiveness for the murder of his father and promising to be a good citizen, and asking if he might come back to Russia. The emperor pardoned the murderer of his father, and the forgiven assassin is now living in Russia unless recently deceased. When I talked to the empress concerning the sympathy felt in America for the sufferings of the drought struck regions of Russia, she evinced an absorbing interest and a compassion and an emotion of manner and speech such as we men can hardily realize, because it seems that God has reserved for woman as her great adornment the coronet, the tear jeweled coronet of tenderness and commiseration. If you say that it was a man, a divine man that came to save the world, I say yes, but it was a woman that gave the man. Witness all the Madonnas—Italian, German, English and Russian—that bloom in the picture galleries of Christendom. Son of Mary, have mercy on us!

But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout, that comes down on the bare back of the agonized criminals? Why, Russia abolished the knout before it was abolished from our American navy. But how about the political prisoners hustled off to Siberia? According to the testimony of the most celebrated literary enemy of Russia, only four hundred and forty-three political prisoners were sent to Siberia in twenty years. How many political prisoners did we put in prison pens during our four years of civil war? Well, I will guess at least one hundred thousand. America's one hundred thousand political prisoners versus Russia's four hundred and forty-three political prisoners. Nearly all these four hundred and forty-three of twenty years were noblemen or people desperately opposed to the emancipation of the serfs. And none of the political prisoners are sent to the famous Kara mines. For the most part you are dependent for information upon the testimony of prisoners who are sent to Siberia. They all say they were innocent. Prisoners always are innocent. Ask all the prisoners of America today, "Guilty or not guilty?" and nineteen out of twenty will plead, "Not guilty." Ask them how they like their prison, and how they like sheriffs, and how they like the government of the United States, and you will find these prisoners admire the authority that arrested them and punished them just about as much as the political prisoners of Russia like Siberia.

But, you ask, how will this Russophobia, with which so many have been bitten and poisoned, be cured? By the God of Justice blessing such books and pamphlets as are now coming out from Professor de Arnaud, of Washington; Mr. Horace Cutter, of San Francisco; Mr. Morfill, of England, and by the opening of our American gates to the writings of some twenty-four of the Russian authors and authoresses, in some respects as brilliant as the three or four Russian authors already known—the translation of those twenty-four authors which I am authorized from Russia to offer free of charge to any responsible American publishing house that will do them justice. Let these Russians tell their own story, for they are the only ones fully competent to do the work, as none but Americans can fully tell the story of America, and as none but Germans can fully tell the story of Germany, and none but Englishmen can fully tell the story of England, and none but Frenchmen can fully tell the story of France. Meanwhile let the international defamation come to an end. Cease to speak evil of dignities merely because they are dignities, and of presidents merely because they are presidents, and of emperors merely because they are emperors. And may the blessing of God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost be upon all the members of the imperial household of Russia, from the illustrious head of that family down to the princess, seven years of age, who came skipping into my presence in the palace of Peterhof last summer! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!

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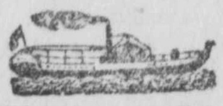
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