

ON HIS BRIDAL NIGHT.

A Russian Professor Arrested and Sent to Siberia.

After Years of Suffering He Died and a Friend Now Prints the Running History Written by the Victim—Harrowing Descriptions of Life and Death in the Mines.

A collection of the letters of a professor who was condemned to hard labor for life in the Siberian lead mines has appeared at Berlin. The book contains, if possible, says a writer in the London *Daily News*, more harrowing descriptions of the sufferings in the mines than are to be read in Mr. Kenman's work on the subject. For two years Jaksakoff (the writer of these letters) dragged the wheelbarrow in the lead mines, and then he succumbed. A heap of crumpled, closely written sheets of paper which he confided to a young friend named Balkaljeff, was all he left behind him. They are letters written in secret to his relations, and are of a most touching character, showing in their warm words that the poor man, buried alive as he was, nevertheless hoped that they would reach those dear to him though he himself would never see them again. Seven years ago, and a month or two after Jaksakoff's death, Balkaljeff managed to escape. He was a young, athletic fellow of five or six and twenty, and after wandering about for two years he reached Paris, and later on proceeded to Hungary. In Pesth he handed over Jaksakoff's letters to a friend to be published. There are seventeen bearing dates between the 7th of February, 1882, and the 17th of January, 1885.

The 7th of January, 1882, the Russian University professor, Vassilej Jaksakoff, aged 28, was married to the beautiful daughter of a rich Moscow merchant. In the evening the bridegroom was sent for, and he left the room without any of the wedding guests noticing it. Three

DETECTIVES WERE WAITING

at the door, and they invited him to drive with them immediately to the police station for the purpose of settling a matter which could not be postponed. The whole affair, they stated, would not last longer than a quarter of an hour. Jaksakoff complied and left without telling any one. He never returned again. At the police station he was thrust into a damp, narrow cell, and here he spent his wedding night. It was only the next morning that he learned from a sulky policeman that he was accused of taking part in the attempt on the life of Czar Alexander II. (13th of March, 1881).

Jaksakoff, up to that time a loyal subject of the Czar, could not understand how he could be suspected of such a thing. But the policemen soon cleared up this point. Jaksakoff had shortly before left his old lodgings, and at leaving had given his porter a left-off overcoat. In the pockets the porter found a letter from the Nihilist Kibalshitsch, who a year and a half before had been executed for the attempt on the Czar's life. It was indeed a very compromising letter. In it Kibalshitsch requested Jaksakoff to give him a certain promised article. What could this be but the material for the dynamite bombs which had been used against the Emperor? At any rate, the smart porter soon came to that conclusion, and the police agreed with him. What good did it do Jaksakoff to swear that he only knew Kibalshitsch at the university at a time the latter did not even know what a Nihilist was.

What did it benefit him to assure them that the article referred to was only a harmless waterproof, and that the letter was dated from the year 1887? He was condemned to hard labor for life, and this was regarded as a specially merciful penalty, for the crime for which he was accused was punishable with death. The victim was transported to Siberia to the Nertschinsk silver mines, which at the public expense are exploited for the Czar's private funds, and, on account of their containing so little silver, are called lead mines. The transport to Siberia lasted a year and a half. During the two years that the prisoner worked in the mines he suffered such tortures that he became an idiot.

The following are some extracts from Jaksakoff's memoirs. On the 10th of May, 1882, he writes from the prison at Nijni Novgorod:

"I am locked up with fifty others within four walls. The cell is narrow, and the mold covers the walls with a thick crust. On the floor the dirty and filthy straw reaches to our ankles. This is our resting place: Two rows of low shelves stretch across the whole of the room. Here I should rightly have room to sleep, and here the others do sleep on the bare boards and without a pillow of any kind. But we have given up our places to the women of two banished families, who, with their children, are following their husbands voluntarily into exile. A man who has ever seen better days can not have any idea of the

SUFFERINGS OF EXILED PRISONERS.

He cannot believe his own eyes when he is thrust into such a lonely cell, more wormy and horrible than the grave, and is told that for the future this will be his abode. Most, so circumstanced, gasp for air, like any creature accustomed to living on land upon being thrown into water. Their heads swim and a few minutes after entering they faint. But their companions, the other poor wretches, call them back to life again, and in a day or two everybody has got accustomed to the air of a Russian dungeon, filled as it is with the stench of corpses and full of plague and typhus germs."

Jaksakoff arrived at Tamsk by ship from Tiumen, the 19th of September, 1882. He writes:

"The yard of the Tiumen Prison was full even when we set out on the journey thither. From the day of our arrival our numbers increased continually, and fresh caravans of exiles from Perm and Ekaterinburg were constantly arriving. We were crowded out of our narrow prisons, and at last when we could no longer stand or crouch on the ground, regularly lay upon one another. This was also to be our fate on the ship. Nine hundred persons in a cage in which there was not even room for 400. Among families the stronger ones during the hours of rest always lay on the floor, and served as cushions for the women and children, otherwise they, like them, stood or crouched about. The others arranged among themselves to sleep by turns on the floor and on each other's bodies. At night-time the interior of the cage looked like a large pit on a field of battle where the bodies of the fallen have been thrown one on top of the

other. The prison on the ship reminded one especially of such a sight. When the voyage was half done nobody had any money left, and everybody fought for the food. Many of the sleepers were bleeding, and their blood flowed upon those lying beneath them. During the day the atmosphere on the ship was vitiated, stinging, and filled with a sickening smell of blood. Then typhus broke out, and of 900 prisoners scarcely 700 lived."

The frontier of Siberia, at the spot where Jaksakoff's party crossed, is marked by a square pillar. Of this place he writes:

"I raised my eyes to that gloomy grave-stone of hundreds of thousands of exiles. Its sides were written all over with signs and messages, the words of farewell of the caravan which had passed it. One of my companions, an old man with snow-white beard and hair, greedily read the different hieroglyphics, the secret writing of the nihilists; and while in

THE AWFUL STILLNESS

our chains rattled now and again, his eyes were filled with tears. 'I am coming, I am coming, my son, my poor son,' he sobbed. Among the tangle of messages he had discovered the handwriting of his only son, who had been sentenced the year before, and without his family being informed had been exiled to Siberia."

On the last march of the convicts and their families, just before they arrived at their destination at the mines, the caravan was attacked by wolves.

"It was an awful night. When we were counted next morning 123 exiles were missing, that number having fallen victims to the wolves. The guards had fled, and with them the blacksmith who had the key to the chains which bound the prisoners together. The latter had to drag in the chains the remains of their dead comrades as far as the next station. . . . At last we arrived at the lead mines in the Algisit Valley, near Irkutsk. The prisoners were introduced to their new life by a series of floggings. The dwellings allotted to them were caves cut in the sides of the mines, and closed by bolted doors, where eight or ten prisoners slept on the bare, icy-cold floor. They were not even able to keep each other warm, as the wheelbarrows which were chained to them night and day prevented them. The only thing that the prison granted the condemned men was the compassion of the women. Now, I saw what self-sacrifice a woman is capable of. One woman shared the weight of a comrade's heavy wheelbarrow. She clung to the weak forsaken man, embraced him with her numb arms, and warmed the poor wretch with her kisses and tears. A few hours ago she had been a pitiable beggar; now she was a generous-souled princess."

Once some of the prisoners tried to escape, Jaksakoff writes:

"Baikaljeff informs me that several were preparing to flee and that he would go with them. I did not feel strong enough for the journey and decided with unspeakable agony of mind to remain. Baikaljeff took my memoirs which were hidden in a hole in the cave, and swore that if he got free he would see that they reached the hands of my wife or my parents, but if this were not possible that he would try to get them published. The troop of fugitives intended to set out in the night of 3d of May, 1884. On this day the guards of the mine had every year a great carouse, which

LASTED ALL NIGHT.

Prisoners who have lived many years in the mines relate that on such occasions all the guards get completely drunk, and that the mine is then generally unguarded. The plan was for the fugitive not to leave the mine by the opening by which we entered, but by the lower cave of the third gallery, where the water which flowed out into the open reached to the hips, and where of late nobody went, and nobody was on guard.

"I left Baikaljeff, agreeing that at a given signal I would get up and with two of the men in my cell accompany the fugitives as far as the cave. When the hour of rest had arrived the only member of the guard who remained behind was surprised in his sleep, bound, gagged, and locked in an untenanted cave, whereupon the prisoners crept cautiously to the lower shaft. In a stillness like that of the grave was heard only the cautious sliding of feet, the creaking of one or two wheelbarrows, which could not be loosened, and the rattling of chains. I sought Baikaljeff among the fugitives, but could not find him. Meanwhile we had gained the lower opening. From the star-spangled heavens two silver rays of the moon pierced the cave and trembled on the dirty water flowing out therefrom. We softly whispered our farewells and they went into the water. For a short time I could see their bodies above its level, but they became darker and darker, and at last vanished altogether. I retraced my steps. Of my two companions one only remained, the other, evidently overcome by a longing for freedom, had gone with the fugitives. With a heavy heart we returned to our cave.

"Deep stillness reigned throughout the lower gallery, as if nothing had happened, and when I returned to my resting place I felt as if I were surrounded by death. Besides us two there was not a soul in our cave. All had fled. I prayed and sobbed, but at last was overcome by sleep. I woke on hearing the shout of a harsh, rude voice crying out to us. I

SAGGERED TO MY FEET

and saluted, but the guard received me with blows. The other prisoners were also dragged forth from their caves and flogged. On bending down I saw Baikaljeff, who as he told me afterward, had overslept himself and remained. A little further off lay the dead body of the night guard. The unfortunate man had died of suffocation from the gag. For three days we were made to suffer cruel tortures because we had not prevented the flight. On the fourth day an unusual noise was heard in the gallery.

"Then we saw a number of guards driving before them the fugitives who had been captured and flogged till they bled. A fearful fate awaited them. Even the women had all their clothes torn off their backs. Each one was bound to a thick board, so that they could not move, and thrashed with leaden weighted knouts till the blood spurted and they were incapable of utterance. This scene was enacted every day for some days and we were obliged to stand by and see it done, the guards shouting to us, 'Only try to escape and the same thing will happen to you.' Of those who fled not one is living. Not one was able to endure the torture longer than five days. Many died at the first few strokes, and to-day the last four have been released from their agonies."

The convicts always lived under ground they were never led into the air. Those who died were pushed into some unused gallery. A decree of the summer of 1884 ordered that the prisoners should be taken out for an airing from time to time, and that only the worst cases were to be kept in the mine at night. The others were to live in a prison built outside. But even after this the condition of the convicts was not much better. The heavy work and brutal treatment remained. The women who had followed their husbands into exile were not safe from the persecution of the mining officials. Suicides of every description released many of the unfortunate people from their sufferings. And Jaksakoff—who, only 32, had in the meanwhile become gray—says in his last letter that it is better to be placed on the rack than to share such a fate. When Jaksakoff was arrested he was not a Nihilist, but that he became one by what he saw and suffered is clearly seen in the numerous reflections scattered through his letter.

Population.

The increase or decrease of population by natural or artificial causes, and the distribution of mankind over the different parts of the globe, are the dominant factors of the history and condition of the human race. The rise and fall of nations and of empires, the progress or decline of civilization, and the domination of man over the uncultivated parts of the earth, are all due to the waves of population which are driven by various causes to new scenes of existence and new seats of power. These tidal movements of humanity have occurred over and over again at many periods of the world's history, but with great irregularity. There have been times when the increase of population has been slow and its habits sedentary. There have been times when the whole human race seems to have been in motion, driven by some mysterious impulse to seek new lands to cultivate and new homes.

If the progress of population had been continuous from the remote periods of antiquity, it is evident that the numbers of mankind would be much greater than they are, and the globe would be already overstocked with human beings. But other causes, not less mysterious in their operation, have checked that progress. Many of the populous countries of antiquity have become depopulated and apparently unable to support life. It is uncertain whether, at the present moment, the population of the globe is greater than it was two or three thousand years ago. There is congestion in Europe, in India, and in China; there are innumerable tribes in Central Africa on whom even the slave trade makes no perceptible impression. But the vast plains of Asia, which swarmed with men under the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian Empires, are deserted. The civilization of Europe is no longer threatened by the Eastern hordes which swept over the Roman Empire in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. But that prodigious migration laid the foundation of the States of modern Europe.

Napoleon's Mother.

Public attention does not seem to have been directed towards Napoleon's mother until her son was proclaimed Emperor in 1804. She then received the title of Mme. Mere, and an income of 1,000,000f. was settled upon her. And that she might have a position of political importance she was made Protectrice Generale of all the charitable institutions in France. Such an office admirably suited her. She frequently solicited favours of her son for others, and was happy whenever her exertions met with success.

On one occasion, upon learning of the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien, she even threw herself upon her knees before Napoleon, imploring mercy for the unfortunate Prince. In her tender anxiety she thus laid aside that habitual dignity which the following incident illustrates:—Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the Imperial purple he chanced to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. He was surrounded by courtiers, and half playfully held out his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return: "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

After this, it seems a pity that truthfulness must make us say that even this great woman had no littleness, if we may call it so, of character. She evinced sometimes a resemblance to the brother whose parsimony her sons had resented in their childhood, by showing a love of economizing, even upon trifling occasions. This proved a source of frequent amusement among the gay circles of Paris. The Emperor himself was sometimes a little scandalized at her actions, although this did not hinder him from most highly respecting her character.

To Retaliate Against Canada.

It is stated that President Benjamin Harrison has taken another step towards the carrying out of his policy of retaliation. He has called upon the Executive Departments for such information as is in their possession relative to freight coming into the United States over the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Attention was directed to this subject by the President in his annual message to Congress, and since then the subject has been a live and interesting one in the Treasury Department. The alleged discrimination against United States railroads made by the law of their own country, or rather by its construction, in the supposed favor of the Canadian Pacific Railroad by means of the Consular seal system is the main cause of complaint at the U. S. Treasury Department, and it is contended that the traffic over the Canadian Pacific has become so great that it is impossible for United States Consuls to personally perform the duties required of them under the provisions of the Consular Seal law. A due regard for the revenue would warrant the suspension of section 3102 until such time as Congress makes provisions for its perfect enforcement. Should this be done it would, in the opinion of the Treasury Department official, put a stop to discrimination against United States railroads, as well as be a retaliatory measure against Canada for her conduct of unfriendliness. Wherein we have been unkind, except in defending our own interests against trespass and violation, is not stated. But the great rejected must have his revenge on some one and "our northern neighbors," as he pompously styles Canada, are the only available victims. Well, we can stand it, and still not be driven, like whipped curs, into annexation.

SHORT-SKIRTED GOWNS.

To be Worn at the World's Fair Next Year.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the President of the United States National Council of Women, announces that the members of that very earnest association will take a bold step in behalf of the reform of the dress of women by wearing short-skirted gowns at the Chicago Fair next year. Designs of these new costumes in four varieties have been made, the distinguishing feature of all of them being a skirt, or petticoat, reaching half way to the ankle from the knee. Mrs. Sewall thinks, and perhaps rightly, that the many different national costumes which will be worn at the show will make the task of the reformers less painful than it would be under other circumstances. They will not be so conspicuous; for in these days, when both men and women shrink from provoking observation by the strangeness of their attire in public places, it requires much moral courage to wear garments so different from the usual. It is true that the variations of fashion in the dress of women are violent if we compare one period with another only a few years removed. The close-fitting draperies of these days would have seemed ridiculous to the women who wore the crinolines of a generation ago; but, as the change has taken place by slow stages, it has not attracted attention by its singularity. The present is a beautiful costume, the most beautiful of any period, except as to the last few inches of the skirt, which trail upon the ground, and we are sorry to hear that it is likely to pass away and to give place to discarded crinoline in some modified form. A feminine eye may distinguish the fashion of one year from another, but in general outline the form of the garments has changed little during ten years past; and, as we have said, it could not be altered essentially without impairing its now remarkably perfect artistic beauty. The dress reform which Mrs. Sewall proposes to introduce at the Chicago Fair, however, is more radical than the variations of fashion between the different periods in civilization, no matter how widely they may be separated. Long draperies have been worn by women for many centuries past. They have come down to us from before the Christian era. They have always been the distinguishing feature of feminine clothing in the Western world since it emerged from barbarism. Women have worn their skirts longer or shorter at different periods, but they have never cut them off to the extent proposed by Mrs. Sewall. The consensus of the women of all times has been against the reform she would introduce. It may be assumed, then, that there has been good reason for an agreement so unanimous and persisted in for so many centuries.

Mrs. Sewall may say that at this particular period this reason no longer has any force, however sound it may have been formerly. She may say that during the last generation women have come into direct competition with men in the work of the world to a degree never before known in history, and that garments which might have been appropriate for them formerly are a restraint on their necessary activities now. She might argue that if women are to work alongside of men they must make their dress as suitable for their new employments as the masculine dress is for men's traditional or natural occupations. Long draperies may be appropriate for women of leisure and for domestic activities purely, but they handicap the many thousands of women, the millions of women, who go abroad to earn their living in shops and factories as typewriters, telegraphers, and in the multitude of new employments into which they have entered during recent years and to which they are tending in increasing numbers as time passes. Undoubtedly there is much in all this. It is also true that if there is to be a reform dress for any women it must be adopted by all women. In other words, it must be made the fashion. That it could be made a beautiful fashion we know from seeing short dresses on the stage at the seashore, also, we are made familiar with them, and the sight is grateful to the eye of taste. Whether they could ever be as dignified as long draperies is another and a doubtful matter. Of a certainty, they do not render femininity so imposing. They might befit youth, but would they not impair the maternity dignity? The thought of them does violence to our associations and conflicts with our conceptions of womanly character. Would a matron of middle age trotting along the streets in a gown reaching little below her knees be a sight that would tend to elevate the popular appreciation of womanhood? But if Mrs. Sewall's reform is to prevail, it must commend itself first to the taste of such matrons. They are the social leaders, and all fashions get their impress from them. If Queen Victoria would consent to adopt Mrs. Sewall's short skirts in public, the reform would be established.

Unless the new fashion is promulgated from such high source it cannot be established, and least of all among the working women, for whom more especially it was devised. Those women will never consent to distinguish themselves. They will not mark themselves out as a distinct class of women. They will insist on wearing the costumes dictated by the fashion which dominates the apparel of the rest of the women, and that fashion is fixed by the luxurious. Moreover, so far as we can make out from the description, the new costume will not commend itself by its beauty. It seems to be very unbecoming. For instance, the legs are enclosed in leggings which must give them a clumsy appearance. Such ugliness will be fatal to its adoption. A modification of the conventional bathing costume, a sort of feminine adaptation of the knickerbockers worn by boys and by men in the sporting field, would be more attractive. Nor can we see how the mere shortening of the skirts a few inches will constitute an advantage sufficient to justify a national movement in its behalf as a tremendous reform. The assertion, too, that the present dress of women is unhealthful as compared with men's is not supported by experience. The health and strength of women are greater now than ever before, and they are steadily improving. Still it will be interesting to see how Mrs. Sewall and her gentle sister reformers will look at the Chicago Fair. They will also deserve honor for their courage in acting according to their convictions of duty, even if they do not revolutionize the dress of women worn for so many centuries, controlled by fickle fashion and not by the enduring spirit of high and noble reform.

TAXES ON BEARDS.

Curious Practices Prevalent in Former Times.

Some curious things have been recorded in the way of taxes on beards and other enactments regarding them. Though Francis I. was himself one of the bearded monarchs, he was responsible for a tax on the beards of his clergy, which he believed would bring him in a handsome revenue. The tax gave no trouble to the bishops and wealthier ecclesiastics, who paid it and saved their beards, but the poorer priests had mostly to take to the use of the razor. There came a time, however, when the tables were turned. In the succeeding reign a son of the chancellor who had suggested the hated tax was returning in triumph from the Council of Trent to take possession of the bishopric of Claremont.

He had not dreamed of any opposition, but, behold! the dean and canons closed the brass gates of the chancel and stood within, flourished shears and razor—pointing to the statues de radentis barbis. Notwithstanding his remonstrances and entreaties, they declined to induct him until he had sacrificed his beard, which was the handsomest of the time. And thus were the sins of the father visited upon the children.

The Russians had an old law by which any one who drew hair from another's beard should be fined four times as much as for cutting off a finger, and the importance and value of the appendage is further illustrated by the fact that, although the loss of a leg was estimated at twelve shillings, the loss of the beard was estimated at twenty.

Peter the Great thought to civilize his savages by making them shave, and imposed a tax of 100 roubles on the wealthy and middle classes and a kopeck on peasants and laborers. Now it was a superstition among the poorer people that no beardless son of Adam could ever enter Heaven, and being obliged to part with their beards the great majority treasured up their hair to be buried with their bodies. In dealing with his soldiers the Great Peter enlisted the aid of the priests, who cunningly pointed to the fact that they were going to fight the bearded Turk, and that their patron, St. Nicholas, would be unable to distinguish them from their enemies unless they sacrificed their beards.

This was all right, and the beards of the beloved Russians went down before the razor in defence of St. Nicholas. But, unluckily for the priests, the next little war happened to be with the Swedes, who wore no beards, and thus it was that the Russian soldiers demanded to be allowed to abjure the razor, so that the Holy Nicholas might have no difficulty in arranging for their protection.

Our own former reverence for the beard is well illustrated by the story told of Sir Thomas More, who was beheaded for denying the supremacy of Henry VIII. His usual cheerfulness did not desert him even on the scaffold. "Help me up," he said to one standing by; "for my coming down let me shift for myself."

As he laid his head on the block he begged the executioner to wait a moment while he carefully placed his beard out of the reach of the axe, "for," said he, "it hath not committed treason," which reminds one of the story of Simon Lord Lovat, who, the day before his execution at Tower Hall, bade the operator who shaved him be cautious not to cut his throat, as such an accident would cause disappointment to the gaping crowd on the morrow. In the reign of "good Queen Bess" an attempt was made by some of the heads of Lincoln's Inn to restrain the growth of the legal beard.

It was resolved that "no fellow of the house should wear a beard of above a fortnight's growth"—which no fellow was likely to do if he consulted his own comfort. Although, as we read in the "Percy Anecdotes," transgressions of this solution were punished with fine, loss of commons and final expulsion, such was the vigorous resistance to the tyrannical orders that in the following year all previous orders respecting beards were repealed.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

Trade With Great Britain.

A summary of Canada's trade with the Motherland—according to British figures—for the eleven months of 1892 appears in The London Canadian Gazette. The exports to this country in the eleven months were valued at £4,552,300, compared with £4,591,837 last year, the slight decrease being chiefly due to a diminished business in iron and steel products. What is more interesting to us is the side of the account showing Great Britain's purchase, from Canada which were £10,281,696 against only £8,988,353, an increase of £1,293,343, or about \$6,000,000, equal to 14.38 per cent. Some of the increases are very instructive.

For 11 months	1891	1892
Flour	£602,459	£646,739
Butter	174,043	238,665
Cheese	1,880,680	2,325,871
Wood, hewn	657,957	897,464
Wood, sawn	1,886,634	2,655,651

There are very encouraging signs here for the Canadian farmer, who has the further assurance that he is supplying a practically unlimited market. The revival in the demand for lumber is satisfactory. Canadian cheese, apparently, continues its marvellously successful progress, while thanks to the efforts of the Dominion Government, our butter is reviving in favor.

Reprehensible practices on the part of the fishermen of Hamilton Beach must be deemed one of the sensible causes of the depletion of the supply of ciscoes and herrings in Lake Ontario. These same causes have banished or exterminated the salmon trout and white fish which used to inhabit the waters in the neighborhood of the beach. The latter species, according to the evidence of the witnesses examined by the Dominion Fishery Commissioners on Tuesday, "are done." Fishing in the close season and ruthlessly destroying the small fish taken up in the hauls, these things have been going on as far back as the witnesses were able to remember, without causing any other remark than that the fish were getting smaller and the market more greedy. In face of these facts the Government will probably undertake to replenish the supply, but surely stringent regulations should be framed for the benefit of the fishermen. Fish are more easily frightened from their favorite waters than they can be exterminated, and the raids which have been going on so long have simply constituted one continued method of disturbing their natural habits and