HOLY MOSCOW.

The Jerusalem of Russia and Its Wonderful Churches.

The Kremlin—How Moscow Compares With Jerusalem—The Biggest Bell in the World—The Tower of Ivan the Terrible—What Russia Spends on Churches—An Icon Store—The Wonderful Candle Trade—Cartloads of Gold, Bushels of Crowns, and Pecks of Pearls—The Palace at Moscow.

Special Correspondence THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.
Moscow, Oct. 3, 1892

YOU are going with me into the Holy of Holies of the great Russian Empire. I am writing within a stone's throw of it, and I have spent days in wandering in and out among its wonders. The Russians look upon Moscow as their Jerusalem, and the Kremlin is to them what the Holy Sepulchre is to the Capitol of Judea. There are thousands of pilgrims marching through the streets here on their way to visit it as I write, and all the roads about this city are trodden yearly by men, women, and children who wish to see Moscow, and to pray at its shrines. There are more than 400 churches here. There are monasteries on every side. There are convents on every hilltop, and you could not throw a stone without hitting a priest.

These pilgrims are largely peasants. They come in gangs of from three to 20, and they walk through the streets with all their baggage tied upon their backs, and with their shoes either tied around their necks or held in their hands. The women walk barefooted as well as the men, and the stockings worn by both sexes, to make an Irish bull, "are not stockings

THE BELL OF MOSCOW.

at all," but merely strips of linen cloth which are wrapped around the legs from the calves to the ankles. These pilgrims stop before every shrine and cross themselves, and mutter prayers. They kiss the golden pictures of the Savior, the Virgin, or the holy saints, which preside over the shrines, and as there are shrines and chapels in every block, it keeps them very busy. The main point of worship is the Kremlin. They bare their heads as they go through its gates, and their eyes bulge out, and their souls grow reverent as they look at its wonders, and listen to the tales of the priests concerning its holy relics.

But what is the Kremlin? I despair of being able to describe it. This great city of Moscow is 25 miles in circumference. It is made up of hill and hollow, and it is packed full of buildings of all shapes and sizes, and having all forms of ornamentation. It has vast business buildings. There are hundreds of factories about it, and it is the commercial center of Russia. It is the religious center as well, and it is the Kremlin that will always make it the religious head of the Empire. In the center of this vast city, covering about the same space that the real Jerusalem takes up inside its walls on the hills of Judea, there is a triangular space filled with churches and palaces.

This Jerusalem of Russia has a wall about it not unlike the wall of the real Jerusalem. Through the Valley of Jehosaphat, below the Temple of Solomon, there flows a small stream. Through the Valley of Moscow, below the Kremlin, flows the wide, black Moscow River, and on the other side of it you may see the golden dome of the Temple of our Savior, which will remind you of the Russian Church which stands on the Mount of Olives, opposite the Holy City, in the land of Palestine.

The Jerusalem of Russia is far more beautiful than the Jerusalem of Judea. Its gorgeousness embodies all that the semi-oriental mind of the Russian considers beautiful. It contains seven great churches, each of which has domes of gold as big as a circus tent, and poised upon walls in the shape of an onion turned upside down. These great onions are plated with goldleaf, and they shine like fire under the hot sun of Moscow.

One of the churches has a vast tower connected with it, and this tower contains bells of silver, and the largest bells of the world. On the ground outside the tower, with a piece as tall as a man broken out of its side, stands the biggest bell that the world has ever known, and there are within hearing distance of where I write more than 2,000 church-bells.

The famous Bell of Moscow is of bronze turned green by the weather. It weighs a half-million pounds, and you could not put it in the largest city council-chamber in America. Five men of the hight of Grover Cleveland could stand one on the shoulders of the other inside of this bell and the bald head of the topmost one would not touch the ring in which its great tongue used to hang. It took 20 men

GRAND TOWER THE KREMLIN.

to move this tongue when the bell was hung, and when the metal was struck by it, the report went forth like that of a cannon.

The bell was first cast about 400 years ago, but a fire broke out and it fell to the ground and was shattered in pieces. A hundred years later it was re-cast, and along about 150 years ago it was cast again and re-hung. At the last casting the ladies of Moscow threw their jewels into the molten mass, and this caused the metal to be unevenly put together and resulted in its destruction. I took a photograph of it the other day while the guards were not looking, and had a Russian boy pose for me on the edge of it as I snapped the camera. This bell is two feet thick, and the broken piece is seven feet high and weighs 11 tons.

Speaking of my camera, the authorities do not allow you to photograph in the Kremlin, but I carried my kodak with me and succeeded in getting a number of good shots. I said nothing to anyone, and when the police or the soldiers pointed to the camera and shook their heads, I would shake my head too, and walk along in a careless way as though I did not intend to take pictures. I have taken pictures everywhere in Russia in the same way, and I do not think I shall be arrested. I find it very easy to do anything I want to do, but I succeed by not asking permission. The probability is that if I did ask, it would be refused.

There are a couple of Americans here at my hotel who have been in Moscow a week and have not taken a picture. They have a splendid camera, but they are afraid to use it. When they arrived here they sent in an application to the police to be allowed to take photographs. If they get the reply by the time such replies usually come in Russia, they will have it about six months from now. But they will can remain only a week, and the result is they get no photographs.

I have traveled during a part of my stay in Russia with Mr. Frederic Remington, the noted American artist. He was frightened in Berlin into leaving his camera at home, and really I rather trembled for the safety of my own instrument when I went through the custom-house. I find, however, that one can travel almost as easily here as anywhere else in the world and though the Russian police may be very bad to Russians, they treat travelers very well.

Returning to the Kremlin, beside this great bell is the Tower of Ivan the Great. It is three-fifths of the hight of the Washington Monument, and it was erected about 500 years ago to commemorate the deliverance of Russia from one of the great famines of that time. I climbed to the top of it yesterday. There are 450 steps, and in company with a dirty peasant, who talked a little bit of English, I went around and around until I reached the summit and had all of Moscow below me.

The scene was a magnificent one. The Moscow River runs eight miles through the city, and the town is cut up by parks, and many of the cobblestone streets are lined with trees. The roofs of all the houses are painted green, and this color at first appeared very strange. The strangeness, however, soon wore off, and the effect of the green trees and the green roofs was beautiful.

Out of this billowy mass of green here and there rose great churches, with these onion-shaped domes of gold or light-blue, spangled with stars, and below me was the great arsenal, the vast Foundling Asylum, which feeds 14,000 different babies every year, and the great business stores with their glass roofs, and the other

CLOCK TOWER, THE KREMLIN.

public buildings of the city. I was so high up that the droschskys look like baby-carriages and their horses appeared no bigger than Newfoundland dogs. Burly Russians of six feet dwindled into boys, and the children, who played on the cobblestones of the Kremlin grounds, seemed to be dolls. Just at my feet was one of the great palaces of the Czar.

Next this was the Holy Synod where, a little later on, I looked at a nail from the true cross and feasted my eyes on one of St. Peter's bones. It cost me a rouble, but the meal was worth it.

And just here I want to speak of Russian superstition. I would fill this paper if I should give all the instances of superstition which I see here. These people are packed full of it, and they spend fortunes every year on their churches. There are hundreds of places in Moscow where they sell shrines and icons, and you can get a little gold saint from any price up to thousands of dollars. I bought one for $5 to take home as a memento, and I am going to hang it on the right wall of my parlor, so that it will be on the right hand of every man who comes in the door, just as the Russians hang their sacred pictures here.

There is not a Russian living-room, from the hut of the peasant to that of the palace of the noble, which has no tone of these little, holy, gold pictures. That of the peasant is, of course, merely washed with gold, and it is often no bigger than the palm of your hand; but he always has it, and he keeps a little lamp burning before it day and night, if he is able to do so. Every railroad station that you enter has a magnificent shrine before which a lamp always burns. Every store has its gold little god, and even the vodka shops where strong drinks are sold have pictures of the saints with lamps burning before them. At the sides of the 13 gates, which lead into the Kremlin, there are

THE KREMLIN PLACE.

shrines, and over the gates there are other shrines, the lamps for which have to be raised by pulleys, and which are lighted every night.

In walking through Moscow, I have to go out in the middle of the street once or twice every block in order to get around the worshippers who are praying on the sidewalk, and there is more praying here to the square foot than there is to the acre in the rest of the world.

I have no doubt but that the Russians believe in their religion. They are naturally a religious people, and all from the Czar to the peasant seem to be God-fearing. The peasants pray at all times. They pray when they get up in the morning and start to work, they cross themselves and thank the Lord when they stop for

A CHURCH BEGGAR.

lunch, and they thank Him again when their day's work is done. They thank Him at their meals and they pray to Him before they go to bed. They will not pass a shrine without lifting their hats and crossing themselves, and the amounts they give to the church are enormous.

There are more applications for charity here on the part of religion than anywhere else in the world. You never have a stray penny but there is a contribution box ready for you to drop it into. There are boxes beside the tellers' windows at the station and in the hotel lobbies, and in the stores you can always find a place for a kopeck or a rouble. In addition to these boxes there are gangs of church-beggars who go about with tin boxes tied around their necks and resting on their chests, into which you are besought to drop a coin. There are women who beg as well as men, and the black-gowned nun, with her contribution-box, is everywhere.

The candle business brings in lots of money to the Church. Every man who goes to prayers buys candles to burn before the special saints he wishes to enlist in his favor, and tens of thousands of dollars are spent every day in Russia for wax candles. These candles are allowed to burn only a short time, and they are then taken out and laid away to give place to others. What becomes of the old candles I would like to know, for I am pretty sure that a good wooden-nutmeg Yankee could make a pretty penny in melting them up and selling them over again. Russia, in fact, uses enough candles to light the nation to Heaven. The nation uses 50,000,000 tallow candles a year. It uses 50,000,000 more of wax candles every year, and in addition to this it uses about 200,000,000 candles made of paraffine, and 50,000,000 candles of oil and glycerine, making a grand total of 350,000,000 candles, and this number is used by Russia in Europe alone. Suppose each candle costs two cents, it will be $7,000,000 a year for them, which is rather high for a people who are starving for food.

The wealth of the Russian churches surpasses computation. The street on which I am living here in Moscow contains the business property in the city and it belongs to the Russian monks. Inside the Kremlin I looked at fortunes in the shape of priests' robes covered with jewels, and I saw one garment which was so covered with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds that I could hardly lift it. It weighed, I was told, 54 pounds, and there was a miter in the same collection which weighed five pounds and a half, and this weight was nearly all of precious stones.

I have told you about the gorgeous churches of St. Petersburg. Those of Moscow are even grander, and there is a holy picture of the Virgin here which has a robe covered with diamonds. This robe is sometimes kissed by the favored worshipers of Russia; and some time ago, so the story goes, a princess, who was doing this act, thought she would bite off a diamond while she was pretending to anoint the gown with her two-lip salve. She was detected, however, and sent to Siberia. This picture is sometimes carried through the streets, and it is especially popular at weddings and at the houses of the sick. It has a golden chariot and a priest always goes along to take care of it, and it is said to bring in about $5,000 a year in contributions. It is known as the "Iberian Mother," and it is one of the most sought-after Madonnas of the Empire.

Speaking of the princess who tried to bite off the diamond, her fate is that which is sure to come to anyone who is sacrilegious in Russia. There is a gate that goes into the Kremlin known as the Sacred Gate, which is considered the most holy of all. Everyone from the Czar down takes off his hat when he goes through this gate, and the man who would presume to go through without doing so would be sure to be assaulted. In past times the man who failed to uncover while going through it was punished with "50 compulsory prostrations," or, in other words, he was knocked down 50 times.

The Czar has a palace inside the Kremlin, and I found this by all odds the most interesting palace in Russia. It has many quaint old rooms, and the Czars for five centuries have lived in it. It is like going back to the Middle Ages to walk through its low-vaulted chambers, and in doing so you go through every stage of architecture from the 13th century down to now. The modern part of the palace has one of the finest halls in the world. It is that of the Order of St. George. The room covers about one-fourth of an acre, and you could plant a four-story house within it and its roof would not touch the ceiling.

At one end of this room there is a magnificent painting of St. George and the Dragon, by Raphael, and under it there are two caskets of solid gold which contain the records of the Order. This room would make one of the most magnificent dancing-halls in the world. Its floors are as smooth as glass and are beautifully inlaid. I have never seen any pictures of the old rooms of this palace. Some of them are almost papered with gold. Their doors are wonderfully inlaid with silver and pearl, and the frescoing is by great artists. My eyes were big as I went through it, and as I left it and went over to the Czar's treasury, the sights were such that I thought they would pop out of my head.

The treasury of the Kremlin contains cartloads of gold plate. There are bushels of crowns studded with diamonds, and there are scepters enough, inlaid with jewels, to furnish baseball clubs for every nine in the United States. The treasures which the Czars have captured from their enemies are here. There are saddles covered with jewels, and there is a great mass of the finest of china and cut glass.

If you could pick off the pearls that stand in the cases of these rooms, I verily believe you could fill a peck measure, and you would not need to use any that were smaller than marrow-fat peas. The coronation robes of the rulers of Russia are here, and there are many robes of gold and silver cloth. I looked at those of the present Czar and the Czarina. They are kept in a great glass case, and are made of woven gold and silver thread. Each costume cost $50,000, and the Empress wore kid shoes and white silk stockings when she was crowned. There are tables here of solid silver and other treasures making up a total value inside of these three rooms which amounts to more than $600,000,000.

Russia could hold an auction sale of this stuff and give back to the people every cent she had spent on the famine, and I doubt whether there is a Nation in the world that has such a vast amount of gold, silver and jewels stored away in its various palaces as has this land of the Czar.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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A Fatal Ship Collision.

The Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's steamer Premier was struck by the steam collier Willamette in a dense fog off Whidby Island, about 10 miles south of Port Townsend, Wash., on Saturday afternoon. The Premier left Port Townsend about 1:30 on the day of the accident for Seattle in a heavy fog, blowing her whistle continuously. When off Point No Point another whistle sounded close by, and almost immediately afterward a terrific crash was heard. The fore-cabin of the Premier was smashed to splinters and the prow of the Willamette was found jammed right into the bow of the Premier. There were a number of men in the Premier's cabin, one of whom was killed, together with a boy. A steward, who was in the saloon eating his dinner, was instantly killed. Several other passengers were jammed in the debris, some of them seriously wounded and all more or less bruised. The prow of the Willamette was so deeply imbedded into the Premier that the passengers scrambled over broken woodwork and onto the collier. It was soon seen to be impossible to draw off the Willamette without sinking the Premier, so Capt. Anderson determined to forge ahead, driving before him the steamer spiked on his bow. He forced her back on the beach, and was so tightly wedged that he could not back off without dragging the Premier with him.

The Deacon Case.

Edward Parker Deacon, the American who shot M. Abeille, a Frenchman, whom he found in his wife's apartments at a hotel in Cannes, France, proposes to prosecute his wife before a court of justice in Grasse, on the charge of infidelity, for which the penalty under French law is not more than two years' and not less than three months' imprisonment. His suit for divorce will be brought in an American court. Although Mrs. Deacon obtained the care of the children during her husband's imprisonment, he has, through the order of the Seine Tribunal, the control of the children since his pardon.

Deacon says that his conduct is not actuated by a desire for vengeance. He wishes merely to be divorced from his wife and to have his children, and that whatever proceeding he takes against her is due solely to this desire.

A Peculiar Funeral Accident.

During the progress of a funeral procession at Crede, Colo., on Oct. 7, the forward coach, containing the corpse, four women, and the driver and another man, precipitated down a hill, a distance of 150 feet, the coach turning over five times. All the occupants were injured, the driver had his collarbone broken, and all the passengers were more or less injured, one receiving fatal injuries. The coffin was broken open, but the body did not fall out.

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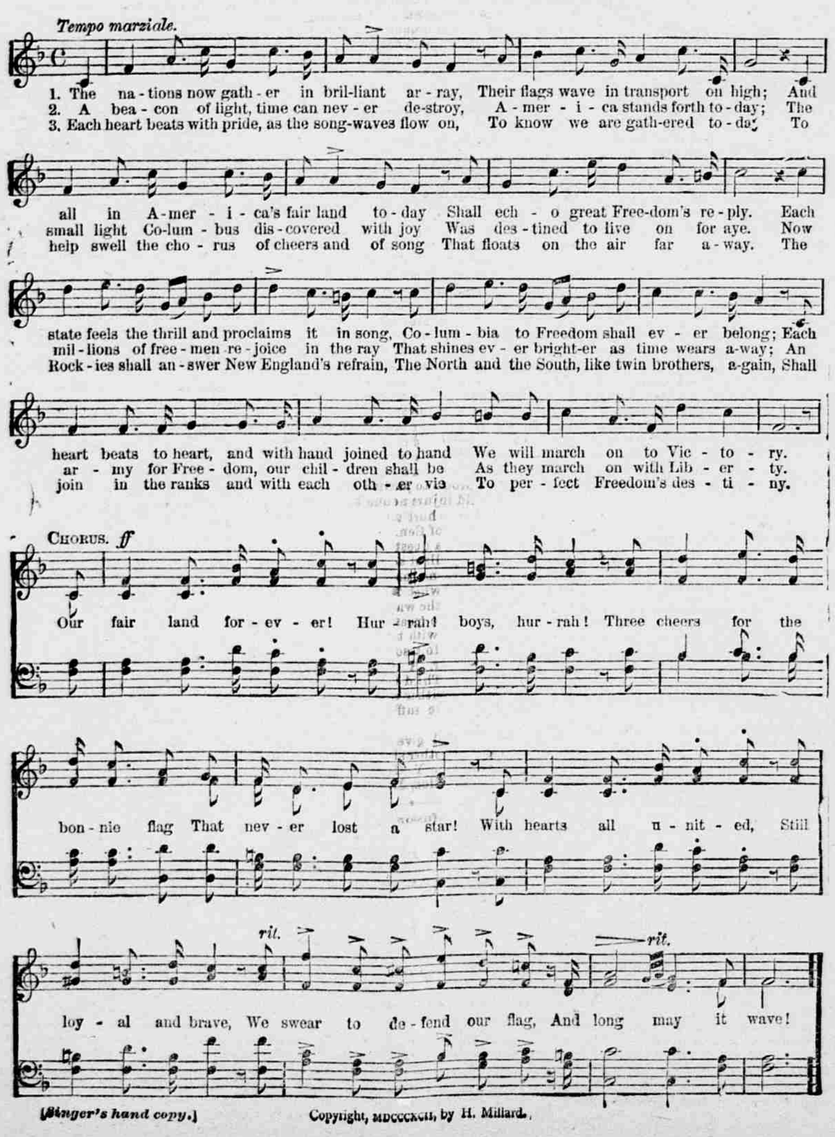

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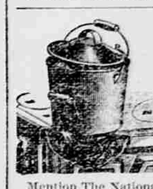

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From Misery to Happiness.

YEARS OF AGONY. For over twenty years the nerves of my whole system had suffered from debility caused by a serious wound I received during the war. Two months ago I tried Oxien, and am astonished at its nerve-strengthening powers. I highly recommend it to all suffering from nervous weakness. D. S. WEAVER, Bradenville, Pa. Company B, 3d Battery, 18th U.S. Infantry. ASTONISHING RESULTS.
AFFLICTED 20 YEARS. May God bless you always for Oxien. I never expected to find anything half so wonderful. I have no language to tell how happy and thankful I feel. After being afflicted for 20 years two boxes of Oxien made me young again. W. F. ROGERS, Bowie, Texas. "GOD BLESS YOU."
SUFFERED 10 YEARS. My husband has suffered for ten years with indigestion and nervousness. Less than one Giant box of Oxien did him more good than anything he has taken in those ten years. It is indeed a wonderful medicine. Mrs. E. F. ALLGOOD, Petersburg, Va. INDEED WONDERFUL.
RHEUMATISM. One box of Oxien made me feel like a new man. It does just what you say it will. It cured me of rheumatism and sick headache. Enclosed you will find $5.00 for which send me another lot. CHAS. BUELL, Ridge Farm, Ill. LIKE A NEW MAN.
9 YEARS OF AGONY. After being under the doctor's care nearly nine years and receiving little benefit I tried Oxien. It has done wonders for me. One and a half boxes brought me good health and others here are receiving the same benefits from it. I enclose $15.00 for another lot of this Wonderful Food and Plasters. Mrs. Wm. BANTZ, Howe, Neb. DOCTORS FAILED.

From Poverty to Riches.

One agent says: *"In half an hour I have sold ten dollars worth* (or at the rate of thirty thousand dollars a year profit) and still they are coming for it. The Oxien Electric Potions Plasters are doing wonders here." Not a day passes but what scores of letters like the foregoing reach us from grateful men and women whose lives have been saved by our Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien.

Every hour brings fresh proof that Oxien is the Food which Scientists have searched for; the MEDICINE which doctors have longed for and the RELIEF which hopeless sufferers have prayed for. It gives—

NEW LIFE, NEW HOPE, NEW POWER, NEW VIGOR, NEW STRENGTH, NEW HAPPINESS.

It is a Godsend for the weak and weary; and a Godsend to thousands of Home Workers who are making fortunes introducing it to their friends and neighbors. Write at once for free samples and terms to agents and secure your territory.

A BIG OFFER 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will agree to show the Lucky Investment Booklet we send you with *free samples* to at least three feeble persons, we will send you in advance a 50 cent cash cert. This will trouble you but a minute, and as we pay in advance it is well for you to answer today and also learn from our DOLLARS BOOKLET, sent under seal, facts about the *two hundred and fifty thousand dollars we are giving away as premiums,* lifting many from poverty to riches.

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