

INTERVIEW WITH THE CZAR

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH GIVES AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HIS RECEPTION BY NICHOLAS II.

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A considerable number of Americans sailed for Europe this spring in full expectation of seeing the czar crowned. Most of these good people are to-day experiencing sore disappointment. They may doubtless see the street parades, the brilliant parade of troops, the wonderful illumination of the city

borders in three colors. They also distribute printed copies to the people, who rush from all quarters, tumbling over one another in their haste, but few are able to secure a whole one. Of this proclamation we print a reduced fac simile.
PREPARING FOR THE CEREMONY.
Early on Tuesday morning, the bells of the Kremlin churches will begin

the eldest metropolitan sprinkles them with holy water; then he turns to the imperial family with a speech of welcome, during which they remain standing; he then offers to them the crucifix to be kissed and sprinkles holy water on their bowed heads.

The entrance of the couple into the temple is effected to the inspiring music of the Hundredth Psalm, depicting the acts of a wise ruler's administration. From this point the sovereign and the Empress Alexandra have every move mapped out for them beforehand. First they proceed to the doors of the altar, and after kneeling before them kiss the icons. Then they kneel before the shrines of the Christian martyrs, Peter and Jonas, whose relics repose in the cathedral, and ascend short steps leading to the platform on which the ancestral thrones are prepared for them while the members of the imperial family, the courtiers and repre-

sentatives of the nobility, take their places among them. The throne platform is in the very middle of the cathedral, and rugs of the rarest kind, mostly presents from eastern potentates, cover the path from the throne to the altar. On both sides of this path extend the two long rows of priests. Representatives of the lower classes of the people—the merchants and the peasants—are also present. These representatives are stationed on the broad elevation running along the three sides of the cathedral. The ascent toward the wall is very gradual, forming a perfect amphitheater. The foremost places are given to the ambassadors, special envoys and representatives of foreign rulers. Envoys and deputies who, however, according to their customs cannot enter the temple with heads uncovered—this being a strict requirement in a consecrated Russian church—have a special platform erected for their use outside, and here take their place such tributary rulers as the Ameer of Bukhara, the Khan of Khiva, deputations of the peoples inhabiting the Turkestan, the Transcaucasian lands and the Transcaucasia, as well as the envoys of Turkey, Persia, Corea, China and the other Asiatic countries. Even so great a personage as Li Hung Chang takes his place on that outside platform and sees nothing of the actual coronation.

When everybody is in place the peal of the church bells ceases and the services begin. The eldest of the metropolitans—a very old, white-haired monk, wearing a golden mitre studded with a great number of precious stones, ascends, supported by assistants, the steps leading up to the throne. The czar and the czaritz rise to their feet and remain standing while the old man addresses a short speech to the emperor, ending it with a request that he recite the creed aloud—so that all present may hear and know that Nicholas II. follows the teachings of his church to the letter.

In answer to the metropolitan solemn query: "What is your belief?" Czar Nicholas stands up erect and recites the creed of the Eastern Catholic church in a voice distinctly heard in the remotest recesses of the cathedral; at the end of which the metropolitan exclaims, addressing the czar: "The blessing of the Holy Ghost be upon thee."

THE CORONATION PROPER.
After the reading of the Gospel, the czar takes off the ordinary chain of the order of St. Andrew and calls on attendant chamberlains for the imperial mantle, "porphira," and the diamond chain of the order that goes with it. The porphira is brought forward by the metropolitan and put on the emperor's shoulders. It is made of gold cloth embroidered with the imperial arms, is lined with snow-white ermine and has clasps of large diamonds set in the shape of griffins.

The eldest metropolitan gives the czar his benediction: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost!" He then puts both his pale, dried-up hands crosswise on the reverently bent head of the monarch and recites two extremely touching prayers, in which he supplicates the king of kings to shower his blessings on the earthly ruler who prayerfully bends his head before Him.

THE CZAR SELF-CROWNED.
The prayers ended, the metropolitan takes the crown and presents it to the czar, who himself places it upon his head, while the metropolitan pronounces the benediction. This crown is formed of a circle that fits on the head and is thickly set with large diamonds and precious stones of the purest water; above these rise two gold bars, set crosswise and surmounted by a cross of diamonds that rests on an orb represented here by a ruby of wonderful color and purity and larger than a pigeon's egg. The two parts joined by the ruby symbolize the eastern and western parts of the Russian Empire. The crown represents the value of one million dollars and contains no less than 2,500 diamonds. Then the czar takes the sceptre having the celebrated Odleff diamond set in it, and the orb surmounted by the cross, the symbol of the Empire of Russia, while the metropolitan holds forth a speech, explaining significance of the regalia.

CROWNING HIS CONSORT.
This terminates the coronation of the

czar; Nicholas II. resumes his seat on the throne and proceeds to share his new honors with his consort. The scene becomes very impressive here. Summoned by a gesture, Czaritz Alexandra Theodorovna—but a short time ago the English Protestant Princess Alice, favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria, advances and kneels before her husband. Nicholas lays aside sceptre and orb, takes off his crown, and after just touching the empress' head with this, replaces it—the ceremony signifying that henceforth he shares with her all his cares and dignities. Another smaller crown, and an imperial mantle—the exact counterpart of the czar's—are then put on the czaritz, and her husband invests her with the insignia of the order of St. Andrew.

CONGRATULATIONS AND THE GIVING OF THANKS.
In mighty chorus the hymn "Long Live the Czar and His Consort and the Whole Imperial Family" arises from the chorus; 100 guns are fired outside while those present congratulate the imperial couple. This is done by simply bowing the head thrice; no one moves from his place except the members of the imperial family, and guests of blood royal, who mount the throne platform to present their congratulations.

After this they also return to their places and remain standing; the singing of the choir ceases and silence pervades the sacred edifice. This is perhaps the most impressive moment of the ceremony. Nicholas lays down the sceptre and orb, but keeps the crown on his head, to accentuate the fact

both sides of the doors of the altar; then Czaritz Alexandra advances, followed by her own and hardly less imposing retinue of gentlemen and ladies in waiting.

As the czar stands before the open doors, the eldest metropolitan brings out a precious vessel containing the holy chrism with which to anoint the sovereign. This vessel is made of jasper, mounted in gold, and is known to have belonged to the Roman Emperor Augustus Caesar; it was sent as a present to the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir Monomach by one of the Greek emperors, just before the close of the tenth century. The metropolitan takes in his hand a little stick, and immersing it in the chrism, anoints Nicholas II. by tracing a cross on the latter's forehead, on his nostrils, his ears, his bare breast and on both sides of his hands—each time uttering the words, "The seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost," while another metropolitan wipes off each anointed spot with a piece of tissue paper that is forthwith burned on the altar. The anointment of the different parts of the czar's body is meant to be the token of the grace of the Holy Ghost that is to strengthen all the faculties of the czar, to enable him to bear the enormous responsibilities devolving on him as the autocratic ruler of 129,177,000 human beings belonging to over 70 different tribes and nationalities.

As Nicholas withdraws, taking his stand to the right of the altar, before the image of the savior, the czaritz approaches and is also anointed; but she has the sign of the cross traced on her forehead alone. Immediately after this both take communion; she, in the form in which all the lay people take it; but the czar takes it as do the priest. He is led to the altar, where he kneels thrice, before the exposed host, and then administers communion to himself with his own hands—first the body, and then the blood of Christ. This is the only time in his life when the czar is allowed to do this; for it is to be remembered that the czar holds no ecclesiastical rank in the church whatever, any more than does Queen Victoria in the Church of England.

A solemn thanksgiving Te Deum follows; then the royal pair leave the cathedral, emerging from the northern door and proceed along the elevated walk outside, in plain view of the hundreds of thousands who throng the whole enclosure of the Kremlin. First, they proceed to the Cathedral of the Archangel, and thence to the Cathedral of the Annunciation, where they pray for a little while at the biers of former Russian rulers, of the patriarchs of the church, and at the shrines of several saints reposing within those walls.

Nicholas II. and the Empress Alexandra return to the large Kremlin palace by the historic "Red Porch" on which they stop. Here both the czar and the czaritz, standing on the red carpeted stairs, and bend their heads low before the people—those in front, and on the right and on the left—amid the unceasing "hurrahs" of the assembled populace. And that the people are sincere in this profuse expression of their joy at the event is open to no doubt in the minds of such as have any knowledge of the masses of the Russian people.

DR. KLOPSCH MEETS THE CZAR.
Having received, the day previous, a communication from the minister of the interior that the then caesarvitch, now the Emperor Nicholas II., desired to meet the "commissioners" who were visiting Russia on an errand of mercy in connection with "The Christian Herald," steamship Leo, laden with bread-

in military fashion. At the palace itself a veritable host of servants surrounded us, relieving us of coats, hats and gloves before we entered the dining-room, where a beautiful lunch was quite enjoyed; after which we again entered our carriage to be driven to a smaller palace, then occupied by the caesarvitch. There again a small army of servants were in attendance, being obsequiously. An attendant led us and our escorts to the second story, where we waited about half an hour in a sumptuously furnished apartment before being summoned into the presence of the caesarvitch. In the meantime an elderly gentleman of gentle demeanor, wearing a dazzling uniform engaged me in conversation, in the course of which he expressed great delight that his imperial highness was to have an opportunity of testing his knowledge of the English language, and we hoped that I would have the goodness to note carefully whether he used it correctly.

While this conversation was in progress a door leading to a library opened and another military man announced that his imperial highness desired to see Dr. Talmage. The reverend gentleman was not slow in acceding to the request and soon disappeared through the opening. After another wait of 20 minutes Dr. Talmage emerged and the military gentleman appearing again, announced that the caesarvitch would now see Mr. Klopsch. My heart was in a flutter, but I hastened to obey the summons.

The room was finished in hard wood, furnished after the fashion of a well-to-do gentleman's library, and was evidently the crown prince's work room. In it were bookcases, a leather lounge, a mahogany desk and some minor pieces. The windows overlooked the Gulf of Finland. The caesarvitch, as I entered, stood at the desk. He seemed to be about my stature, five feet six inches in height, with a pleasing, intelligent, frank countenance. He wore a mustache and was just then indulging in a month's growth of full beard. Attired in a semi-military white duck tunic, to which was attached the richly jeweled decoration of the Order of Vladimir, he made an altogether pleasing impression; but his face lacked character and strength, largely due, no doubt, to his youthfulness. There was nothing striking or commanding in his appearance, and no one would have suspected him to be the son of the tall, broad-shouldered, ad-visaged emperor of all the Russias, whose throne he was so soon to occupy. He extended his hand and cordially grasped mine, smiling pleasantly, as I greeted him, and assured him that I esteemed it an exalted privilege to be thus honored. He replied that he deeply appreciated the commendable spirit of our visit to Russia, and he hoped that he would receive a favorable impression during our stay. Having had an exceedingly enjoyable time, I could truthfully respond that his hopes had already been fully realized. We then branched off to the very pleasant and friendly relations that had always obtained between Russia and the United States, and he hoped that they would long continue. I briefly related how the Christian people of America had been stirred up by the reports of famine from the affected provinces of Russia, how they had sent nearly \$50,000 to The Christian Herald in response to appeals published in that paper, and how that money had been expended in the purchase of flour and other material. The caesarvitch—who by the way was president of the Russian National Relief committee—was greatly



NICHOLAS II CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS



THE CREST OF THE ROMANOFFS AS NOBLEMEN OF RUSSIA



CZARITZA ALEXANDRA THEODOROVNA

by electric lights arranged in the shape of garlands of flowers in their natural colors; they may even get a glimpse of the czar and his consort as they make their entry into Moscow or pass from one building of the Kremlin into another, but of the coronation itself they will see absolutely nothing, as any person acquainted with Russian customs might have told them. No amount of gold, however lavishly spent, can secure a place for an outsider in the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the actual ceremony of the coronation takes place next Tuesday—and that, for the decisive reason that the old temple is so small that it hardly affords room enough for the active participants in the coronation, the representatives of the different classes and peoples composing the Russian nation, and the visiting princes and the official representatives of the other rulers of nations.

Even those who have made the journey to Moscow must, therefore, rest satisfied with the description of what takes place in the cathedral on the 26th; for this, happily, one need not wait for the reports of the 10 or 12 reporters from the outside world that are to be admitted. The dates and everything, even to the minutest details of the ceremony, have been settled in advance, and not the slightest deviation from the programme will be permitted. The readers of this article have, in effect, a full and accurate report in advance.

HERALDS PROCLAIMING THE COMING EVENTS.
Early in the morning on May 23, 24 and 25, detachments of courtiers, clad in coats of gold cloth, white plumes waving from their broad-rimmed hats, mounted on gold cloth covered steeds, file out of the five gates of the Kremlin wall. In parties of five or six, they gallop off in all directions, stopping at all the street crossings and market places; the bugles ring out, the drums sound and the populace hasten to the spot. Then the court officials, parading as medieval heralds, read the announcement of the coming coronation from a parchment written in old Slavonic script with elaborately decorated

their coronation carol, taken up by the "40 times 40" churches of "white walled" Moscow; this is the signal for the clergy to assemble in the Cathedral of the Assumption—a small antiquated structure, built in the fifteenth century.

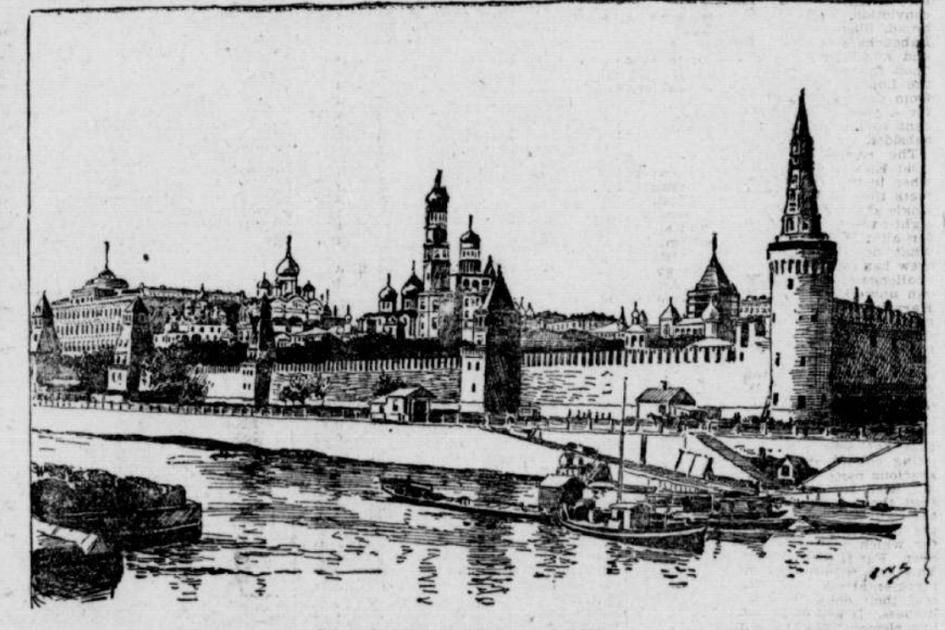
Amid the incessant ringing of church bells, the court, the imperial family, the visiting princes and foreign envoys, assemble in the large halls of the Kremlin palace and follow the sovereign to the doors, where the procession is formed. The imperial couple march under a dias of gold cloth, richly decorated with the imperial arms—the two-headed eagles—and finished with a heavy bullion fringe and gold tassels. This is held over their heads by court chamberlains and generals of the army. A raised and carpeted walk extends from the doors of the palace through the whole circuit that their majesties have to travel. The large enclosure within the walls of the Kremlin is black with the populace, and as soon as he shows himself the tens of thousands of spectators and the brilliantly uniformed soldiers shout a mighty welcome to their ruler—a shout that drowns the church bells and even the cannon that are fired continually during the solemn march.

THE PROCESSION STARTS.
First in the procession are the court chamberlains, who carry the imperial mantle on two gold cloth cushions and the imperial regalia. The train of the empress is carried by five ladies in waiting; she wears a white satin dress covered with gorgeous hand embroidery in silver and gold thread and her head is adorned with the regulation "kokoshnik," or diadem of velvet embroidered in precious stones.

The czar—a young man of 28—is dressed in the uniform of a Russian general and has the golden chain of St. Andrew about his neck. As the imperial couple enters the cathedral by its southern door, they are met by the metropolitans, the archbishops and bishops, with the rest of the clergy who are to officiate at the coronation, in all wellnigh 200 priests. As the imperial regalia are brought in,

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The Kremlin From the Outside.



The Cathedral of the Assumption Where the Coronation Takes Place.

that it is a czar who is prostrated before the Almighty; and, kneeling on the platform, his face turned toward the altar, he recites aloud a prayer in which, like King Solomon of old, he begs the Lord to invest him with wisdom so as to understand the will of God and carry it out in his life.

His prayer ended, Czar Nicholas resumes his seat on the throne (the symbol of his terrestrial elevation above all men) while the old metropolitan kneels in turn, all the Russians in the church doing likewise, and makes a long and earnest supplication to God to watch over the monarch and invest him with all the qualities needful to a righteous ruler of men. This same prayer is to be read in all the churches of the realm on the same day, and in all Russian churches, including those lately established in New York, Chicago, Scranton, Minneapolis, Alleghany, Bridgeport and other American cities.

THE ANNOINTMENT OF NICHOLAS AND HIS CONSORT.
Then the solemn Liturgy of the Russian church begins, the czar standing with his crown taken off, in token of his humility before the high presence.

Toward the end of the Liturgy, just before the communion is administered, two of the officiating bishops summon the czar to the middle doors leading to the altar. First unbuckling his sword and handing it over to one of his chamberlains, but retaining his long, trailing mantle, the czar advances, preceded and followed by the masters of ceremonies, the court marshals, the various chamberlains, gentlemen in waiting and other functionaries, dressed in uniforms of the utmost splendor. The courtiers range themselves on

stuffs and other supplies for the relief of the starving peasants," said he, and I were waited on, one delightful day in July, 1892, by Count Bobrinskoy, a warm personal friend of the present czar, and a military attache of the emperor. We were driven down the Nevsky Prospect—the Broadway of St. Petersburg—to the railway station, where a special train was in readiness to take us to Peterhof, the summer residence of the imperial family.

We had received instructions as to dress—full dress suit, white tie and white gloves, the right hand ungloved—and thus attired and full of delightful anticipations, we were whirled along through a charming country—Count Bobrinskoy meanwhile making innumerable inquiries in regard to such American affairs as specially enlisted his interest.

"You will find the caesarvitch of quite a retiring disposition," said he, changing the subject, "and should there be a lull in the conversation, please do not construe it as a hint that the audience is ended. The caesarvitch is greatly interested in your country and its institutions, and you will find him a good listener; but he mistrusts his knowledge of English somewhat, and is therefore a little demure when using that language."

After about half an hour Peterhof was reached. At the station a company of soldiers in magnificent uniform were drawn up to receive us, and half a dozen gorgeous equipages, with drivers and footmen in scarlet livvy richly embroidered with the imperial coat-of-arms, were ready to convey us to the palace, where the party was expected to lunch. Every hundred yards or so soldiers emerged from sentry boxes, presented arms and saluted us

interested and pleased, and begged me, on my return, to assure the American people of his unfeigned gratitude. Then the conversation lagged somewhat, but remembering the friendly hint which I had received, I quickly revived it by telling him that I had enjoyed the honor of meeting the Queen of Greece, his aunt, at Athens, and the mention of her name affected him very pleasantly indeed. On my telling him that Dr. Talmage had also met her, he said to me, half inquiringly: "Dr. Talmage is a great author—which I promptly affirmed, asking at the same time the privilege of sending him Dr. Talmage's latest book. To this he replied: "I shall be glad to receive it, and after I read it I will send it to the Queen of Greece." Looking out of the window, I remarked on the beauty of the location and on the great width of the sheet of water below.

"Yes, indeed," I responded, "I shall be glad to have you send me some clippings, in fact anything you may write about Russia."

Thanking him for honoring me with this request, and for the delightful audience which I had so thoroughly enjoyed, I retired, a cordial grasp of the hand having ended the interview.

Getting Close to the Record.
From the Chicago Tribune.

Fifty divorces were granted in six hours in Boston. Jealousy was the cause in most instances, but this is carrying jealousy of Chicago too far.