Adelaide Lukanina's "A Year in America": A Critical View of Nineteenth Century America

by

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The following text is a translation of Adelaide Lukanina's "A Year in America." First published in 1881-82 as a series of articles in the Russian journal *Vestnik Evropy*, one of Russia's most progressive journals in the nineteenth century, she provides perhaps the only published firsthand account of nineteenth century American life written by a Russian female physician. She began her medical studies at the University of Zurich but was forced to leave after the Russian government prohibited Russian women from continuing their studies in Zurich in 1873. Lukanina decided to complete her medical degree in the United States. During her fifteen month stay (1875-76), she chronicled her activities as a medical student and offers a critical analysis of American life. The plight of the Native Americans, Chinese, Irish, and women receive considerable attention. Lukanina's depiction of her experiences makes a significant contribution to understanding women's medical education in its initial stages. This translation will allow those interested in the history of medicine, science, women, and travel diaries greater access to this invaluable source.

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Translator's Introduction

In the waning months of the Crimean War (1853-1856), which ended in a Russian defeat at the hands of the British, French, Sardinians, and Turks, Grand Duke Constantine, Tsar Alexander II's brother, lamented, "we can no longer fool ourselves, but must candidly confess that we are weaker and poorer than the first-class powers. We are poorer not only in material means, but in intellectual capacity."[1] The humiliating defeat demonstrated Russia's need for reforms, most importantly educational reforms, to maintain her Great Power status and enable her to compete with the technological advances of her rivals. The state responded by assigning a high priority to education. The first clause of the University Statute of 1863 states that "education is the main basis of the state and the source of its well-being."[2] The statute lifted restrictions on university enrollments, allowing hundreds of "dark students," non-noble men from impoverished provincial families, to attend Russian universities. Both the state and educated segments of Russian society agreed that a well-educated populace was the key to Russia's rejuvenation, but as both struggled to control the direction of national enlightenment, neither side could agree if Russian women should be allowed to participate in the effort to restore Russia's status as a first-class power.

This debate gave rise to the "woman question," the public discussion concerning women's education, work, and position in the family and society. Like their European counterparts, most Russian feminists were from higher social classes and were more concerned with philanthropy than politics. Most did not seek a radical transformation of Russia's social structure, but rather a gradual improvement of the status of women within the existing social framework. Unlike in the United States, where the "woman question" focused on securing political and civil rights, in Russia the battle focused on gaining a right to higher education so that women could be an active force in helping Russia keep pace technologically with the other first-class powers and heal the "social sores" exposed by the Crimean debacle. Their struggle was to gain access to the intellectual life of Russia and become integrated into the public sphere. Many Russian women hoped to achieve these goals by becoming physicians.

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[1] As quoted in Patrick Alston, *Education and the State in Tsarist Russia* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1969), 44.

[2] As quoted in Nicholas Hans, *History of Russian Educational Policy, 1701-1917* (New York: Russell and Russell, 1931), 101.

Encouraged by Alexander II's promises of reform and liberalization, young Russian men and women were inspired by a belief that their generation was charged with fulfilling a great historic mission to solve Russia's most pressing social problems and serve society. Many saw science as providing answers to these problems and as a means to help society.[3] The study of medicine offered the perfect combination of studying the sciences and serving society. For Russian women, a medical degree offered them an opportunity to be active in the public sphere.[4] Vera Figner, a Russian medical student who studied at the University of Zurich and University of

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[3] A student attending St. Petersburg's Mining Institute in the 1850s admitted that Russian youths displayed "a naive faith in the sole saving power of science, " but there was a great need "for something unequivocal to cope with the mass of problems which showered down on us." As quoted in N. Mikhailovski, *Literaturnye vospominaniia* (St. Petersburg, 1900), 307.

[4] Many of the first Russian female physicians cite their desire to pursue *samostoiatel'nost'*, "independent action," which implies both socially useful work and independent thought as a motivating factor in studying medicine. Alexander Vucinich, *Science in Russian Culture, 1861-1917* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1970), 5.

Bern, argued that the majority of Russian female physicians decided to study medicine "in order to have in their hands an instrument for social work..."[5]

For many Russian women, the motivation for pursuing a medical degree was mainly utilitarian. With the emancipation of the serfs in 1861 and a radically changing economic environment, much of the gentry began to pursue avenues of opportunity in commerce, industry, and other professions. Gentry women also had to adapt to these changes and many, invigorated by the social and economic reforms under Tsar Alexander II, strove to escape their traditional lifestyle and achieve economic independence. In addition, they were inspired by Nicholas Chernyshevsky's utopian novel *What is to be Done?* (1863) to seek economic self-sufficiency. In it he asserts, "he who has money has power and rights; as long as a woman lives off a man, she is dependent on him."[6] Russian feminists agreed that the key to sexual equality was economic independence.

One of the major obstacles Russian women faced in pursuing medical studies was gaining admittance to secondary schools that would prepare them for such an endeavor. The most advanced educational institutions open to women until the last half of the nineteenth century were the elite boarding schools run by the Fourth Department.[7] The study of French and music dominated the curriculum. The goal of these facilities was to produce young ladies who, as Nikolai Gogol puts it, "could speak French, play the piano, and knit purses."[8] The emphasis was obviously on preparing these women to become good, obedient wives. By the 1850's, however, the curriculum at several of these women's institutes began to reflect that of secondary schools for males, including instruction in the sciences.

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[5] Vera Figner, "Studencheskie gody," *Golos Minuvshego* 10 (March-April, 1922), 55.

[6] Nicholas Chernyshevsky, *Chto delat'?* (Moscow, 1977), 92.

[7] The Fourth Department was the section of the Imperial Chancery which ran the educational institutions established in the name of the Dowager Empress Maria Fedorovna.

Although the introduction of science into this curriculum better prepared women to enter the medical profession, they still faced stiff opposition from the government and universities in gaining admission to Russian medical schools. In 1858 as part of Alexander II's educational reforms, female auditors were allowed to attend lectures at an institution of higher learning but were precluded from obtaining a degree. The following year, St. Petersburg University became the first to admit women as auditors and in 1861 women were allowed to attend lectures at the Medical-Surgical Academy in St. Petersburg. Perhaps feeling pressure from public opinion to open all the universities to women, the Ministry of Public Education sent questionnaires to the universities to canvass their opinions about the admission of women.[9] All but two responded that women should be admitted as long as they passed the matriculation exams. The Universities of Moscow and Dorpat, however, vehemently opposed their admission, claiming that they would be too much of a distraction for the male students. Based on the concerns voiced by these two institutions about the dangers of co-education as well as the state's general distrust of students, which was intensified by student disorders in 1861, the St.

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[8] Nicholas Gogol, *Dead Souls* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1948), 33.

[9] The preliminary draft of the 1863 University Statute reads, "the profits of education ought to be enjoyed by all persons, irrespective of their sex or origin." Hans, 101.

Petersburg fires of 1862 and the Polish revolt of 1863, the government banned women from attending Russian institutions of higher learning in the University Statute of 1863.[10] Although women could still train to become midwives, those who aspired to become physicians would have to go abroad to study.

The government's attitude towards educating women was colored by the perception that higher education was preparation for state service, the primary source of power and prestige in Russia. The admission of women into this system would radically transform society, conservatives feared, and threaten traditional male domination. The need for more physicians, especially female physicians, became apparent with the incorporation of Central Asian lands into the Russian Empire.[11] Physicians were needed in most of the rural parts of Russia as well. Traditionally, the average doctor (*vrach*) commanded very little respect in Russian society. Consequently, the Russian Empire had a ratio of one doctor per 7600 people in the 1860's.[12] Many educated Russian women were eager to fill this void.

The Russian government and society feared altering radically women's traditional role in society, but also worried that if it did not provide education and employment opportunities women would either go abroad for an education and become infected with radical ideas or stay at home and adopt nihilist tenets. The authorities were torn--did education and employment radicalize women or curb extremism? They concluded that by allowing women to enter the public sphere in greater numbers they would become radicals, not realizing that the desire for status and economic security dissuaded most women from engaging in revolutionary activity.[13]

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[10] One should keep in mind that most European universities were closed to women during this time.

[11] Most of Russia's newest citizens were Moslem whose faith prohibited their women from being treated by male physicians.

[12] N. Kozlov, *Zapiska po voprosu o vysshen, v osobennosti meditsinskom obrazovanii zhenshchin* (St. Petersburg, 1879), 18.

With the slow, erratic pace of educational reform in Russia, the government's fears were realized as women in increasing numbers began going abroad to study. Many entered the University of Zurich, which began admitting women as degree candidates in 1867. The same year Nadezhda Prokofevna Suslova was awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery from the university.[14] Hoping to follow in her footsteps, numerous Russian women enrolled in the University of Zurich.[15]

Facing increasing numbers of Russian women studying at the University of Zurich and fearful that their heads were being filled with radical notions, the government established a special commission in 1872 under the direction of the Ministry of Interior and Third Department to discuss stemming the exodus. The same year the government established advanced midwifery courses at the Medical-Surgical Academy in St. Petersburg to try to lure those Russian women studying abroad home and persuade others not to leave.[16] In early 1873 after Peter Lavrov, who was living in Zurich at the time, published the first issue of *Forward!*, a radical publication directed at factory workers, the Russian government decided to take action to disperse the Russian colony in Zurich. Consequently, a tsarist decree was issued on May 21, 1873 ordering all Russian women studying in Zurich to end their studies there by January 1, 1874.[17] To prevent public outcry, the government pointed to the advanced midwifery courses established in Russia the previous year as evidence of medical training opportunities for women at home. It accused women studying in Zurich of engaging in "communist theories of free love," studying medicine only to learn how to perform abortions, and participating in revolutionary activities. For their own good, the government argued in the aforementioned decree, these women must be brought back home. The majority of women left Zurich before the end of 1873.[18] Very few returned to Russia. Most transferred to other European universities open to women--most notably the Universities of Bern, Geneva, and Paris.

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[13] Barbara Engel argues that only one of the women who earned her medical degree abroad, Dora Aptekman, who graduated from the University of Bern in 1877, engaged in serious revolutionary activity in Russia. See Barbara Engel, "Women Medical Students in Russia, 1872-1882: Reformers or Rebels," *Journal of Social History* 12 (Spring 1979), 409.

[14] Suslova was one of Count Sheremetev's serfs who began auditing classes at the St. Petersburg Medical-Surgical Academy in 1861. She went to Zurich to complete her medical studies in 1863 when Russian women were banned from the universities.

[15] By 1873, the number of Russian women at the University of Zurich had grown to 104, representing over half of the Russian students there (the total number of Russian students at the university in 1873 was 184). Jan Marinus Meijer. *Knowledge and Revolution: The Russian Colony in Zurich, 1870-1873: A Contribution to the Study of Russian Populism* (Assen, Netherlands: Van Gorcum and Company, 1955), 47.

The "woman question" was also discussed outside government circles. The public debate was waged primarily in journals and newspapers between moderate and conservative male intellectuals, and centered on the pros and cons of higher education for women. Conservatives charged that a woman who sought a university education was a *nigilistka* motivated by materialism, atheism, and moral debauchery to suppress her femininity and undermine the stability of society. Their arguments against female physicians, however, were based largely on biological factors. Jules Michelet and P.J. Proudhon, French scholars and writers who contended that women were biologically and intellectually inferior to men because of the "great malady of maternity" and "the eternal wound" of menstruation, found a receptive ear among Russian conservatives. Prince V. P. Meshcherskii warned that "young girls who dissect frogs to their hearts' content lose the ability to fall in love with the whole mysterious and fascinating world of a mother and wife. Increasing knowledge is not only tiring and irritating to their nervous systems, but also kills femininity."[19] Similar arguments were put forth by Americans. Dr. E. H. Clarke contended that university-educated women suffered from "abnormally active cerebration and abnormally weak digestion; flowing thought and constipated bowels."[20] In a similar vein, Dr. Horatio Storer asserted that women make poor physicians because during menstruation they are "temporarily insane...and neither life nor limb submitted to them would be as safe as at other times."[21] A woman's ability to withstand the physical rigors of a practicing physician was also called into question--

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[16] It is important to note that the graduates of this program were not recognized as medical doctors and their practice was limited to obstetrics, gynecology, and pediatrics. For more information see Christine Johanson, "Autocratic Politics, Public Opinion, and Women's Medical Education during the Reign of Alexander II, 1855-1881," *Slavic Review* 38, 3 (September 1979), 426-443.

[17] Since the number of female students in Zurich outnumbered Russian male students by a ratio of two to one, the Russian government hoped to disband the Zurich colony by removing most of its members. See appendix I for a complete translation of the decree.

[18] Twelve Russian women enrolled in the summer of 1874. L. N. Ariian, *Pervyi zhenskii kalendar' na 1899 god* (St. Petersburg, 1899), 139.

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[19] V. P Meshcherskii, *Grazhdanin*, 9 (1872), 300.

20 E. H. Clarke, *Sex in Education: A Fair Chance for Girls* (New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1889), 41.

21 Horatio Storer, *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, no. 75 (1866), 191.

> a sudden chilling of the surface, or even of the extremities, is sufficient...to arrest the menstrual flow and bring on a febrile condition, delirium, and even convulsions. During then, from one-ninth to one-fourth of the active period of life, it is imprudent for the female to be exposed to those inclemencies of weather which, by night and by day and for seven days a week, it is the business of the medical practitioner to encounter.[22]

Moderate reformers such as N. I. Pirigov and M. L. Mikhailov countered conservatives' arguments, asserting that women were perceived as inferior to men because they lacked opportunities to prove otherwise. Mikhailov maintained that ability should determine a person's place and role in society, not gender because scientific advances had rendered physical strength insignificant. He noted that "To read history, say, or to adjust a microscope in the study of chemistry actually requires far less output of energy than one round of a waltz."[23] Pirogov, a surgeon and educator, was one of the first to champion improving education for women. In hopes of promoting a more public role for women in Russian society, Grand Duchess Elena Pavlovna, Nicholas I's sister, approached Pirogov in 1854 about organizing and supervising a nursing corps at the Crimean front. Despite protests from the Russian commander at Sevastopol that the women would be raped and the number of syphilitics would increase, twenty-eight members of the "Sisters of the Society of the Exaltation of the Cross" departed for the Crimea in 1854. These women had to endure many of the same hardships as the soldiers and several were killed. Pirogov was so impressed with his charges that he became a zealous advocate of women's education. In 1856 he published an article entitled "Questions of Life" in which he criticized Russia's educational system for training upper-class women to "perform like marionettes."[24] Pirogov did not advocate a radical transformation of women's place in society, but he foresaw that women would have to play a more active role in the public sphere and help men shoulder the burdens of living in an industrial age.

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[22] "Female Practioners of Medicine,"*The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, (May 2, 1867), 273.

[23] Quoted by Richard Stites, "M. L. Mikhailov and the Emergence of the Woman Question," *Canadian Slavic Studies* 3 (Summer 1969), 188.

Although the "woman question" was framed principally by male intellectuals, women did advocate changes in their position in society, but voiced their opinions in works of literature, memoirs, and autobiographies rather than in essays and newspapers like their male counterparts. One such woman is Adelaide Lukanina. She was born in 1843 in her parent's country-seat in Novgorod and attended the Smolny Institute in St. Petersburg. To free herself from her parents and the traditional lifestyle of gentry women, she entered a fictitous marriage to J. A. Lukanin. She began attending lectures at the St. Petersburg Medical-Surgical Academy in 1868 and studied chemistry with Dr. Alexander Borodin. Two years later she was imprisoned for a few days in connection with the Nechaev Affair and began auditing classes at the medical school in Helsingfors, Finland. Lukanina studied medicine at the University of Zurich from April 1872 to April 1875 despite the tsarist decree of 1873 forbidding Russian women from studying in Zurich. She left Zurich and traveled to America in hopes of completing the requirements for her degree. [25] Although the majority of her colleagues transferred to other Swiss or French universities,

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[24] N. I. Pirogov, "Voprosy zhizni," *Sochineniia N.I. Pirogovna* (St. Petersburg, 1910), 42.

[25] In her memoirs, Lukanina states that she came to America to pass her exams, which she had to do before she could defend her dissertation. It is probable that the Swiss government, under pressure from the Russians, would not allow Russian women to sit for their exams after 1873.

Lukanina decided to attend an American university, in all likelihood because the United States had a reputation of being more receptive to female physicians than European countries.[26] In addition to the medical schools established specifically for women in the United States, several others had opened their doors to women by the 1870's. After completing a year of course work and passing her exams, Lukanina returned to Europe and settled in Paris. In 1882 she returned to Russia and volunteered to work in rural areas to help combat cholera.[27] She later married a Russian physician, continued to practice medicine, and was active in the women's movement until her death in 1908.[28]

The following text is a translation of Lukanina's, "A Year in America," in which she details her experiences during her fifteen months stay in the United States.[29] Hers is one of the numerous published firsthand accounts of American life written by Russians in the late 1860s and 1870s. The relatively liberal censorship laws in Russia, increasing literacy rate, and the expansion of newspapers and periodicals facilitated the publication of these reports.[30] Grand Duke Alexis' trip to the United States and the translation of Bret Harte's vivid stories about the American West, among others, spurred Russian curiosity about life across the Atlantic as evidenced by the regular coverage of a wide range of events in the United States in the journal *Otechestvennye zapiski* and the weekly *Nedelia*.[31] Like Nikolai Chernyshevsky's and Alexander Herzen's portrayals of America, most Russian eyewitness accounts depict the United States rather favorably.

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[26] This can be attributed to the fact that many American women were trained in medicine so that they could do missionary work.

[27] Her experiences of practicing medicine in the Russian hinterland is chronicled in "Komandirovka na kholeru: iz zapisok zhenshchiny-vracha," *Russkoe bogatstvo* 7 (1903), 121-169; 8 (1903), 49-93.

[28] Brief biographical information about Adelaide Lukanina can be found in Toby Clymann and Diana Greene, *Women Writers in Russian Literature* (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1994), Jan Marinus Meijer, *Knowledge and Revolution*, and Jeanette Tuve, *The First Russian Female Physicians* (Newtonville, MA: Oriental Research Partners, 1984).

[29] A. L. Lukanina, "God v Amerike: Iz vospominanii zhenshchiny-medika," *Vestnik Evropy* 16, 8 (1881), 621-666; 16, 9 (1881), 31-78; 17, 4 (1882), 495-538; 17, 6 (1882), 503-545.

[30] Norman Saul, unpublished manuscript.

Although Lukanina is not unique in chronicling her visit to America, she is one of the few Russian women, and perhaps the only Russian female physician, to do so. First published in *Vestnik Evropy*, one of Russia's most progressive journals in the nineteenth century, Lukanina's memoir offers a distinctive female perspective on American life. Her audience, undoubtedly, was the small percentage of literate Russian society, especially those sympathetic to women's efforts to counter traditional myths of femininity and women's role in society. Lukanina presents a rather attractive image of life for middle-and upper-class Americans, providing a detailed description of their houses, dress, and manners. Perhaps more illuminating is her portrayal of the poorer segments of society, specifically the Irish immigrants. Concurring with most of her contemporaries, she argues that the roots of Irish poverty were deeply embedded in the Roman Catholic Church, alcoholism, and laziness.

Expecting the United States to be a Promised Land of freedom, opportunity, and innovation, Lukanina was shocked by the extensive poverty of American society as well as the conservatism and religiosity of American women, in particular the female physicians. Perhaps conditioned by her noble background, many of her reactions and conclusions seem superficial. The position of the Chinese and Native Americans receives considerable attention--she notes that the former were forced into servitude and the latter onto barren land where many starved. American women, she informed her Russian readers, were also second-class citizens barred from many professions, schools, and voting. She concludes that Russian women enjoyed more rights and held a higher position in society than their American counterparts. While Lukanina seems impressed with American democratic ideals and institutions, she observed that the fruits of democracy were enjoyed by a select few. At times, she appears to be rather self-centered. Upon hearing of the death of Dr. Susan Dimock, she immediately inquired about filling the dead woman's position at the Nw England Women and Children's Hospital. Interestingly, she gives credence to the argument that not all Russian female medical students were radical *nigilistki* infected with populist idealism as the Russian government claimed. Although she is sympathetic towards her patients and the poor, she gives little indication that she possessed a populist ethos.

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[31] Ibid.

Lukanina's depiction of her experiences at the Boston Women's and Children's Hospital and the Pennsylvania Women's Medical College makes a significant contribution to understanding women's medical education in its initial stages. This translation will allow those interested in the history of medicine, science, women, and travel diaries greater access to this invaluable source.

Year in America
Chapter 1

Departure

At the beginning of 1875, I completed medical courses in Switzerland. Suddenly, from out of the blue, I received news forcing me and my friends to stop our dissertations which we had already started. This old, dear university[1] is where I first received answers of any kind at all to the "cursed questions."

In a word, everything was thrown into chaos -- rudely, arbitrarily, for no apparent reason! Stop everything and return home? Home? I had been drawn to my homeland for a long time; I dreamed of the Russian steppe day and night, but my reason affirmed differently. It was first necessary to finish what I started, and only then think about returning to my beloved motherland. I would only have the right to return, it seemed to me, when I had finished that without which my future life would remain empty and incomplete. And now, there suddenly occurred another new, unexpected complication -- it was forbidden to finish here, but it makes no sense to return.[2] I agonized for a long time and, finally, decided to go to America.

At the same time Miss Luite, the daughter of my landlady, was planning to go to Philadelphia to see her brother; she had almost completed her preparations. Her life had not turned out exactly according to her wishes. She was having difficulty in realizing her dreams, among which was a burning desire, making use of her strength and opportunity, to help women engaged in study. She wanted to establish a comfortable, communal apartment where they could live cheaply; she would also console them when they did not meet the standards of the professors right away. Poor, attractive, capricious old maid of forty-five with a heart of gold, that was Miss Liute. Her dreams didn't come true partly because of the stubbornness of her aged mother, which resulted in the daughter deciding to move away from home so as to avoid unrelenting criticism from morning to night. To leave one's father's house and live separately on the outskirts of a tiny provincial town -- how scandalous! Everybody knows evertything about everybody: there would be no end to the gossip! No, it would be better in America, in a new country, where anything is possible and even the *pension bourgeoisie* is on a reasonable foundation.

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[1]* The University of Zurich.

[2]* See appendix 1 for the complete text of the ukaz of 21 May 1873 which demanded that those women studying in Zurich leave.

She was very happy when I said that I was also thinking of going. "That's excellent! You and I and also Fanny B., who graduated with honors from Bern... I have already arranged for her to meet us there.. we shall live together and you will both become professors."

We decided to go to France and boarded the steamship *Frizi* at Le Harve. It sailed on May 8, 1875 for New York.

It was difficult to say good-bye to my friends and acquaintances. Doctor S., whose assistant I had been, gave me several letters of recommendation to Dr. Susan Dimock in Boston and Mr. Dakosta, a doctor in Philadelphia where I wanted to go first and foremost. The professors provided me with certificates, everyone wished me luck, and I departed. One of my friends escorted me to Baden; there were no end of promises to write, we bade each other farewell. I was not ashamed of the fact that I wept. I was not afraid of the anxiety or the adversity of a long trip: it was painful for me to be cut off from that to which I had grown accustomed. We went to third class with a whole crowd of emigrants who were also sailing to America on the *Frizi*. The day before departure, Miss Liute decided to take her fifteen-year-old niece Rosa with her. Rosa was happy to go, especially since I, a good fairy in her eyes, always laughed and listened sympathetically to her tearful complaints of scoldings from her grandmother or aunt because of some kind of misdeed.

We stayed in Basel almost 10 hours. I used this time to visit Dr. S., who had moved there the previous week to fulfill his *Militär pflicht* (military obligation). I had a chance to look around the building where the military doctors were housed and discovered a few things about their activities. Every doctor in Switzerland is obliged to stay a certain amount of time, twenty eight days, in Basel for military-medical training and various practical military exercises. They also attend veterinary courses. I found my esteemed ex-boss in a dark blue linen work coat busy grooming a horse. After chatting for half an hour, we took leave of each other. This parting was very sad for me because I knew that I would not meet another familiar face.

After saying good-bye to him, I returned to the hotel where the emigrant herd was being kept under the supervision of a company agent who was responsible for transporting them to the United States; he was to deliver us safely to the *Frizi*. At the hotel, I met my travelling companions for the first time face to face at dinner. The first place among the emigrants was occupied by the Fisher family: mother, son, and daughter. There were also others-- Herr Müller, a silent, red-cheeked youngster, two young women, Anna and Babette, and finally, a strongly built, somnolent gentleman in a wide-brimmed felt hat, which, it seemed, he did not doff once during the entire trip.

All of them were either factory workers or small merchants, and almost all were Swiss, from Zürich, with the exception of the tall Herr Müller, who was Austrian and joined friends just before departure. The agent accompanying us seemed in a great hurry because he did not even take any baggage on the trip. Everyone curiously looked each other over. Miss Liute looked exactly like a country priest's daughter who found herself among this company and wished to maintain her dignity. I noticed that the young people were not the only ones snickering at my old acquaintance. They stopped laughing at her very quickly, however.

At dinner, which consisted of salt pork, fried steaks with potatoes and cabbage, and a glass of wine, everyone at first ate and then initiated conversations, in which the waitresses and even the maids and attendants took part. The company agent ate with us. The tickets which had been issued to us were from Zürich to New York and cost 450 francs for second class and 250 for third with land transportation and food included. I had a second class ticket, but traveled third class on the train in order not to be separated from Miss Liute and also because I found the emigrants very interesting. I was not at all afraid to travel in third class because I have had many encounters with workers in both hospitals and during housecalls. At the same dinner, I discovered that Babette was the sister of one of my patients. This helped me converse with my traveling companions. I have to confess that I did not even once have cause to regret that I had travelled with emigrants. From them I encountered only politeness and courtesy throughout the trip.

We all rose from dinner in the best of moods and departed for the train. Rosa had already succeeded in making friends with the fourteen-year-old Anne Fisher, and Miss Liute argued with the twenty-two year old Jackie Fisher over the "woman question." It must be said that Miss Liute was not only a champion of women, but an ardent man-hater. Anna and Babette went with Frau Fisher, the men were all together in a separate small group, and the agent escorted me like an "aristocrat" – a *Cajuten Passagier*[3] and told me stories about America and the last local war,[4] in which he had taken part. Finally, we took our seats on the train and sped off. The agent, who was supposed to deliver us to the *Frizi*, suddenly disappeared and did not return.

Everyone was happy and began to sing. Swiss Yodlers could be heard in the distance from the windows of the train. The best "yodler" turned out to be a large, sleepy, indolent fool who, on this occasion, had not slept for some reason. The car was divided into rows of stalls which could accommodate 10 people. The entire car was visible since only the backs of the wooden benches served as partitions. The entrance into each car was on one side. In the compartment where Miss Liute, Rosa, and I were seated, there was another young twenty-year-old woman who also was going to America. She joined us in Basel. Her name was Verena, or in Swiss, Freneli; she was going to see her brother in San Francisco. She was dressed poorly, did not carry herself well, and turned out to be unbearably stupid. She busied herself the entire trip with her travel bag, which was almost entirely filled with four liter bottles of *kirshwasser* which she had brought as a gift to her brother. These bottles, and the care of them so that they would not break, burdened us without mercy the entire trip; but it was even more bothersome that not one passenger passed by Freneli without pestering her. Between Basel and Paris an incident occurred: a slightly tipsy, boisterous French military officer in our train car expressed a desire "to kiss a nice-looking Swiss woman all over," but after that we reached Paris without any further incidents. There we were lodged in the dirty Hôtel de Bâle on Strausbourg boulevard. We had to remain there until night. Our things were put somewhere in the back courtyard in a fetid, damp storeroom.

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[3]* a "coddled passenger."

[4]* The Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71.

We, the human baggage,were led into a common cafeteria where we were fed very poorly. We did not have access to a room, but had to sit in the cafeteria until the time of the departure of the train at 9 o'clock in the evening. Miss Liute and I were so tired that we took a room on our own account in order to change clothes and sleep a little while the rest of the travelers pooled their resources and rented two carriages to look around Paris.

If it were not for the mud and stench in the Hôtel de Bâle, we would have succeeded in getting a good rest, but it was so dirty that we did not want to touch anything – in this regard, life in pristine Switzerland had spoiled us. I did not manage to see Paris this time. In the evening, when we gathered to leave, everyone at the hotel came out to see us off.

They wished us luck and success while we took our seats in two omnibuses, which had been hired by the company to transport the emigrants. We had to go through almost all of Paris, from the Strasbourg station to where we had to board the train for Le Harve. We went and went, and it seemed that we would continue without end. Suddenly, the omnibus stopped, and the conductor appeared at the doors and demanded money from us.

We could not understand if he asked us *pour boire* (for a tip) or if we were obliged to pay. The passengers, who had increased by about ten new travelers, did not want to pay; the conductor was angry and said that we would go no further; swearing, laughter, and squealing were heard... an old man did not pay, but others paid for him. The lengthy inspection of our things by the Paris tax office responsible for municipal taxes on foodstuffs brought into the city is still fresh in my memory; this occurred during our entry into Paris. Frenali cursed them for demanding a deposit almost equal to the entire cost of the *kirshwasser* she was taking to San Francisco; they returned it to her at the time of departure. While retrieving her bottles, she managed to break one of them and spilled it all over us and our things. Consequently, we were thoroughly filled with the strong smell of spirits. I was sure that all the passengers who walked past us thought we were drunkards. We had a great deal of trouble with our things; all of us had a considerable amount of baggage, and if it were not for the emigrant men continually helping us, we probably would have lost half our things.

The transfer to Le Harve took place at night. We came into town the next morning. Le Harve and the sea made a very foul and miserable impression on me. In Russia, I had seen a sea with green all around the shores, with boulders here and there against which cloudy, greenish waves lapped, as if caressing them. I had also seen the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean. But here, in Le Harve, I did not recognize what I loved so much, the full beauty and the secret poetry of the watery kingdom. On the muddy and flat shore, where old, dirty buildings had been built, were wooden embankments littered with trash and black with coal and smoke from the steamships, which could barely move because they were so loaded with parcels and boxes. There were tar, coal, rags, and splinters everywhere... Further off, there were huge wooden piers stretching far out into the sea and leading to mammoth ships waiting to sail; hundreds of merchant vessels of all sizes, shapes, and types. Everything was dark, foul-smelling, dirty, and permeated with coal and tar. The city itself was clean and well-laid-out, but it has somehow gone right out of my head. Only the picture of that shoreline remains.

We had to spend the night in Le Harve. We were brought to a hotel where, as in Paris, those of us who had paid for a steamship ticket had already paid for food and lodging. We were led into two huge rooms -- one for the men and the other for women. Each bed could accommodate two persons. I felt very tired and did not want to share my bed with anyone at all. Miss Liute felt the same way, and so we requested our own hotel room. The only one unoccupied turned out to be one with four doors which did not lock. We did not close our eyes the entire night; it seemed to us that someone would certainly sneak in to attack, rob, and beat us. Miss Liute's imagination ran away with her. Night passed completely safely, in essence, as might have been expected. By morning we had fallen asleep soundly and were very unhappy when we were awakened to put our bags on the ship. Every passenger had the right to transport 200 pounds of baggage free.

Having handed over our things, we finally crossed over onto the steamship; I had to say good-bye at that time to my traveling companions who departed to get settled in their accommodations in the middle deck, that is, third class.

On the Steamship

The *Frizi*, the steamship of the Hamburg company on which we traveled, was huge. On this trip it carried, besides the crew, a thousand passengers. There were seven hundred people in third class; the others were in first and second class.

As soon as we cast off and the confusion subsided somewhat, I left to visit our fellow travelers. I had to descend the stairs into the third class cabin, where you might break your neck at any time: it resembled the steep, narrow stairs leading to the attic of Russian country houses. It was slick, dirty, and instead of a handrail, one had to hold onto a dirty, slippery rope.

Just as I had descended two or three steps, I could smell a combination of sauerkraut, perspiration, tobacco, and something else so disgusting that it took my breath away. Even the huge canvas pipes did not dissipate this stench. One of these pipes wheezed and sputtered near the stairs which I went down. Upon descending, I found myself in the exact same privileged position in third class: near the stairs and pipes it was somehow possible to breath, the air here was not as stagnant as in the more remote places. All of my traveling companions managed to find room near the stairs. To the right and to the left, wherever you looked, bunks were stacked in three tiers, each for two persons. The administration of the steamship tried, as much as possible, to lodge the passengers so that women were with women; however, because of a shortage of space, they placed a man in one bunk with a woman.

My fellow travelers managed to get settled, as far as was possible, tolerably and comfortably. Rosa was lodged with Anne Fisher, Miss Liute with Fran. Frau Fisher took her own son Jackie into her bunk, but he constantly climbed a tier higher to Anne and Babette, who chased him away with a shout. Above Rosa and Anne two Jews, an elderly couple who suffered from sea sickness, wheezed and coughed, to the point where the poor young women lying on the bunk seldom dared to stick out their nose from their position since something was always pouring down from above. Miss Liute soon began to quarrel with her roommate Fran: on the one hand, she suspected her in the theft of a pocketknife, on the other, she condemned her because she had succeeded in acquiring a suitor from the first moment after the transfer to the *Frizi*, whom she did not part with for days. In general, towards the end of the first week of ship life there was no trace of the friendship which the emigrants had displayed to each other during the railroad trip. They still gathered, however, in the evenings on deck, chatted with each other and drank, but during the day there was no end to the quarreling and squabbling. The only one they never accepted into their company was "Herr Müller": it turned out (one of the passengers recognized him) that he had run away from his boss with whom he lived while working as a sales clerk and had taken some of the boss's money. On the steamship, Müller busied himself with buying up the passengers' things for modest amounts of money; especially profitable was that which he bought from those who wanted to take the hair of the dog that bit them or lost all their money at cards; all sorts of trade in drink and victuals developed quite quickly in third class; beer, wine, and tobacco, especially dear, were traded. Smoking was prohibited; nevertheless, everyone smoked.[5] The administration fed the third class passengers exceptionally poorly: they were given almost no meat and little water. The main foods served were potatoes, cabbage, bread, and coffee. Those chosen from the group went to the kitchen for the food, which the passengers divided, I believe, among ten or fifteen people per group. It was impossible to avoid arguments over the division of the food. In addition to all of these discomforts which I have described, stealing was rampant in third class; my acquaintances never departed for the deck all together. Someone always remained to guard their things. A little gaze or glance cost those guarding, and something would disappear. In a week, nothing remained of Rosa's or Anne's tinware, which, like the blankets, every third class passenger should have been provided with before departure.[6] Others lost not only their blankets, but the pillows from under their heads.

There were other nationalities in third class: all the Germanic tribes had their representatives there; besides Germans, there were Jews and Ruthenians, Turks and Italians, Greeks and Magyars, and so on. The entire group pottered about, bustled about, argued, got sick, drank heavily, wept, encouraged each other and gossiped. But these people mainly waited for something, hoped for something new, good, which would certainly meet them in America and heal everyone, improve everything, renew everybody, and give everyone happiness.

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[5] Müller's trade operation had a very unhappy ending. He bought a trunk with belongings from a drunken worker for just three bottles of beer; the latter, having sobered up, burst into tears at first, and then complained to the captain. The latter ordered the return of the trunk to the one who had been robbed and prohibited Muller from removing his personal items from it, which he hastened to stow there. All the other emigrants were pleased at such a punishment for the rogue.

[6] It was required to buy these dishes and blankets from the steamship company.

In second class, where I traveled, it was very similar to what I observed in third class when I visited Miss Liute and Rosa. It was, however, a little different. In second class, people also quarreled and gossiped, got sick, wept and rejoiced, waited and hoped, like in third, but the condition of life was quite different. The lodging, if not luxurious, was still quite satisfactory: cabins accommodated three or five people, with good, clean linen, soft pillows and clean blankets, and stewardesses as servants. The common hall, around which the cabins were clustered, served as a cafeteria. The ship's steward dined with us. The management did not spare anything for the fare of second class: fruit or ice cream appeared everyday. We were served coffee with good milk. Judging by second class, one might assume that real luxury prevailed in first class, and it was so in actual fact.

However low the moral standard of the third class passengers seemed to me, I then thought, and now think, that it was in general more humane and that there were more honest people in comparison to those in second class. I can say next to nothing about first class because I was not there and not one of the passengers of this class was an acquaintance of mine. But here, around me, were such characters!

One especially stands out in my memory. A retired Prussian officer, fat in appearance, who recruited shareholders for some kind of business. His wife, very elegant and sprightly, was with him on the ship; she had a weakness for one recently married pair from Berlin: the son and heir of a rich miller and his spouse. This young man received his inheritance after his father sold his mill, married and went to America for some reason: it seemed that he expected to grow rich quickly there. At each dinner he and his wife ordered champagne; they paid three dollars for each bottle. The officer and his wife drank it with them. I do not know what became of this couple in America. Four other women traveled in the cabin where I was lodged. One of them was a certain Miss Shtelpel, a middle aged woman; she was Swiss and, until recently, had owned a linen and modern goods store in Bern. She was now going to America to be with her fiance, who, like Herr Müller, had gone to New York a half-year earlier, having grabbed the cash of the trading house where he was a cashier. Miss Shtelpel herself apparently did not have an aversion to profit: she established a grocery and engaged in petty trade in ribbons, collars, and so forth on the steamship. Towards the end of the first week of the trip, however, the weather deteriorated and Miss Shtelpel stopped leaving her cabin because she suffered from horrible sea sickness.

There was also on the ship a young Venetian lady with long trains and a fluffed hairdo, but then there was hardly anything not on the ship. There were, by the way, extraordinarily nice individuals, not all were rogues, fools or people suffering from that moral condition which science terms "moral insanity." Three women, possessing the highest degree of modesty and quiet in appearance, were lodged in my cabin. One was going to her brother's in Newark, near New York; another to San Francisco (Frisco as Americans abbreviate it) to teach; the third to join her fiancée, a minister in Chicago. The latter, Lishken, was a quiet but good-natured young woman. She was from the island of Rügen.[7] I had never heard of it. When the weather was bad, she stayed in her cabin, lay on her bunk and read something; when the weather was good, she climbed into some remote corner of the deck, again with books. I also read a great deal, checking out books from the ship's librarian, who was also the barber. The books were, for the most part, German. For an entire week, I took pleasure in the adventures of the famous pirate Rinaldo Rinaldini; almost all the books were without an end or a beginning and although they did not lose much from this, it prevented me from finding out how the feats of Rinaldo ended. In any case, even reading such nonsense was more pleasant than suffering from sea sickness.

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[7]* a small island in the Baltic Sea off the coast of east-central Germany.

Lying down is the best remedy for sea sickness, from which I remained safe. I was considered lucky; it is very unpleasant to feel nauseous and dizzy. They called me a lucky woman because what happened in our cabin surpassed everything that I could imagine about the effects of rocking; but in general it does not lend itself to a non-medical description and neither does it hold any interest.

Among the passengers there were some mysteriously poetic individuals. One artist couple especially stood out: the husband was a pianist, the wife a singer; both were young, attractive, pale, and thoughtful, but unfortunately, they were slovenly and disheveled in the highest degree although dressed far from poorly. They always appeared suddenly, somehow from somewhere, and sat or walked or embraced, separate from friends. They were seen mostly at dusk. They were nicknamed "the foggy people"-"*die Nebelmenschen*" on the steamship. A romantic saga circulated about them: he was a future genius composer, and while he was a poor artist, he made ends meet somehow by giving music lessons: she was the daughter of an important Austrian dignitary. She had an excellent voice and she loved music passionately: he gave her music lessons, fell in love with her, and she with him. They escaped without even a half-kopeck, were pursued by her father who, however, did not catch them and only sent his curse after her. America seemed like a Promised Land to them: it will give them wealth and fame--they are themselves rich in love and happiness.

Everyone on the ship expected, as I said, something from America: one expected wealth, another safety, a third fame, and a fourth happiness. Young Frau Ekhardt was going to meet only happiness: her husband was waiting in New York and she was bringing him a six-month-old baby. The former was a typical German: blonde, ruddy, strong, cheerful. Her red-checked little boy was in the pink of health.

The Brandeis family from Louisville, Kentucky, left a most pleasant impression on me. There were five members: father, mother, two adult daughters, and a teenage son. They were nice, educated, modest people. One of the daughters was very ill. I do not know what she had, but she suffered from some kind of nervous attacks. She was very thin and could barely stand. She also passed a large part of the time by reading; she was more prudent than I and had brought enough good books with her for the entire trip. After making her acquaintance, I no longer had to turn to the ship's barber anymore. I sat for many hours near her armchair talking with her about what we had read and seen. Fanny Brandeis was a good source for those works of Russian literature which had been translated into French, German, and English. The elder Brandeis was a fully Americanized German. They were now returning home, having traveled for nearly a year in

Switzerland and Italy. Having made an acquaintance with the Brandeises on the steamship, I subsequently continued the relationship.

Life on the steamship soon became completely routine and entirely monotonous. The group gathered at breakfast and dinner, but it seemed as though the passengers were particularly happy during the evenings on the deck in good weather. The elderly women sat and did their handwork, while chatting about the weather, clothes, and gossiping softly. Young people of both sexes organized choral concerts. The elderly and some of the young men played cards, but sometimes, for reasons of economy, they disappeared into some netherworld unreachable for women and went on drinking binges. As a result, those who had their own female companions unexpectedly appeared on deck with a glass of champaigne or a glass of punch and toasted their wives, daughters, sisters, and fiancees. As I already mentioned, I know nothing of how the first class passengers passed the time. Sometimes several dandies would come to our part of the deck and joke with the young Viennese ladies, that was all; but another storm was brewing in third class concerning a certain couple: a very corpulent lady and a much younger husband. It was rumored that he had just begun his career as a professor of philosophy when she suddenly threw herself at him with all her riches, and he found it more comfortable to marry and live in clover than to live the poorly paid, harassed life of a privat-docent at a Swiss University. They were now traveling to someplace near San Francisco to construct model farms and to introduce cheese making. They brought twenty workers, cheese-makers with them whom they visited in third class.

With the exception of several stormy days at the beginning of the second week of the trip, the weather was always splendid. Generally, during our trip on the *Frizi*, nothing much happened.

I often visited Miss Liute. She sat on the deck the entire day, wrapped in a red blanket with a fabulous band on her head. She was silent and daydreamed; her eyes shone brighter than some kind of oracular brilliance as we neared America. Poor Liute, not many of her hopes were fulfilled in the New World.

Twenty days after our departure from Le Harve, we found ourselves in sight of New York. Everyone had already grown tired of the steamship and was anxious to get onto land; meanwhile, there were, at times, moments at sea with wonderful impressions, indelibly engraved on the memory. It was especially pleasing to me when nothing hindered me from enjoying the vastness of the boundless expanse of water. Sky and sea, sky and sea! A bright sun, white clouds like snow flakes, the foam white and light like fluff on bright green-blue waves, translucent and dark at the same time.

It began to grow dark: the sun dipped into the sea. The last distant wave, the last distant cloud was scarcely colored by a pink brilliance; and here, near the ship, the darkness had already thickened. The wind became cooler, the waves became larger and began to rise, breaking up into thousands of streams, assuming the most fabulous shapes: here, mermaids surfaced from the depths and played in the waves, taking advantage of the night darkness; there a white hand thrust forward from the bright snowy foam and beckons, beckons... there a head appeared with long, dark braids, with wreaths of green seaweed... The azure sky grew darker and darker, the sea seemed completely black, only the foam on the spines of the waves were shot with silver, and near the ship itself countless thousands of phosphorescent sparks flamed up in a multicolored fire... waves poured in stream after stream like the soft, caressing, tender eyes of the world. One could not tear oneself away, it seemed, from the sea...one could spend hour upon hour there: it was as if with every moment it changed amazingly. And in the distant deep blue sky there were only brightly lit stars like a warm, flowing expanse...only at sea are they so numerous, so sparkling, so marvelously beautiful.

But an end came to this delight: a cry rang out, crazily, joyously: "land, land." The steamship, however, still ran full speed ahead for a long time. Finally, she became quieter, then she stopped completely and one could hear the anchors lowering. It was eleven o'clock at night; no one went to bed, everyone waited for something, although they knew that it would be impossible to disembark from the ship until the next day. But something struck the side of the ship, everyone bustled about and the pilot who had just moored ascended ; there was another muffled blow: thud! thud! They threw down packages with postage from Europe into the pilot ship. Behind the pilot ship, American customs officials moored and ascended onto the ship. They listed all of us by name and demanded declarations from each of us of how many bags we had. After finishing the list, the officials left; we saw them again the next morning when our baggage had been unloaded on the pier. Regarding the customs officials, I can say that they were courteous and polite with everyone.

Few slept that night on the steamship. The immobility of the ship seemed strange to everyone; with difficulty, several had become used to the rocking, and some began to vomit because the ship had stopped. In the morning, the pilot led us into the New York harbor. This is one of the biggest harbors in the world--a sea and city at the same time--a multitude of huge enclosures as if lost in the boundless void of the bay.

It was a stormy day: waves towered into blue-gray, dark blue, green mountains; in the sky, blue-gray and green storm clouds, covering the sky with black puffs of smoke, also rushed in with incredible speed. Sometimes the ominous clouds crashing into each other across the dark blue sky suddenly shouted out to the other side, or below crimson flashes, sometimes lightening, sometimes a lost ray of the sun rushing here for an unknown reason.

In the distance, the shore gradually became discernible with the buildings on it. Then the frame of the scene grew together and increasingly brighter. The white and red buildings of the factories with tall pipes began to appear on the scene; further on, the endlessly long, dirty, trade warehouses; then even further clean little country homes drowning in greenery.

But there is Hoboken, the pier where the first and second class passengers will disembark. The steamship rocks slightly, everyone is quiet, suddenly a cry--"stop" and the steamship stopped.

On the Coast

We were at the pier: it turned out to be a long, wooden, covered platform near which another five vessels like the *Frizi* could be accommodated. The platform was three sazhen[8] lower than the deck of the steamship. Several gangplanks were put in place for the passengers and for lowering down baggage. An unimaginable confusion arose among the passengers. Since early morning the deck had been packed with trunks, suitcases, and boxes. Scores of people bustled around them, shouting and pushing one another. People also gathered on the pier below. Those travelers not busy with baggage crowded at the side of the ship. Many tried to locate those who were supposed to meet them. Mrs. Erkhardt pushed forward hurriedly, almost falling under the weight of her six-month-old son. "There's my husband!"--she shouted--"there, there!" and she motioned to him and raised the head of her child. A long-haired, broad-faced, pale, but a rather attractive husband in a wide-brimmed gray felt hat sent her replying nods and blew her kisses. The pale "*Nebelmenschen*" stood at the side of the ship embracing; nobody waited for them, nobody met them. As soon as communications with the shore had definitely been established, they melted into the crowd somehow. There is the corpulent wife of the erudite philosopher-cheese-maker hand in hand with her weak, sickly husband: she bustles about on the pier near her numerous trunks which are being lowered by sailors from the ship to the platform quite unceremoniously; the former, leaving her husband, rushed headlong to the back of the ship talking passionately about something to the group of Swiss workers being taken to San Francisco. Lishken, also completely pale, quiet, and humorously-affectionate, stands on the deck near her little, recognizable trunk. No one is meeting her. Another trip lies ahead of her, it will be weeks before she sees a friendly face; but in Chicago, an honest, although monotonous, life of toil awaits her... God bless you, Lishken! Mrs. Shtelpel encountered terrible anxiety over her trunks in which fashionable goods were hidden having been declared domestic utensils to the customs officials. She was terribly frightened! She would have to pay a huge fine if they searched the trunks. She looked everywhere for a customs official for whom she had a letter; it was the only thing that could save her. An official was finally found, what luck! All twelve trunks were marked with chalk without inspection.

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[8]* A sazhen, equal to one fathom, is a Russian measure of length. One sazhen is equal to 2.13 meters.

The trunks of the Brandeis family were inspected very carefully for some reason. As for me, I was unable to find my baggage, I had to request that it be forwarded to me in the immigrant section so that I could disembark with my fellow travelers in New York. I did not want to separate from Liute and Rosa, if only for a few hours--this would have been as uncomfortable for them as for me. It all worked out finally: the baggage was found, marked with chalk, and sent to the "black half." I was met continuously by fellow travelers from second class who said farewell to each other and to me, wishing me and each other luck and success in the new country. Steering the small cart with the baggage where it had to go, I returned to say farewell to the Brandeis family. Again, best wishes, exchanges of addresses, promises to write. I finally passed completely through immigration. There, on the side of the pier where things were being set out, I was horrified at the piles of huge canvas bags, the heaps of clothes, all sorts of junk, and the innumerable trunks of all shapes, colors, and sizes. A noisy human anthill swarmed and bustled about between the mounds, behind them, and on them. The expression on people's faces was, like always, expectant and content; the recent disputes and adversities had been forgotten; it was as if everyone was saying "Thank God! Here we are in this place, in America!"

We were not released immediately from the pier because the immigrants are not put ashore at Hoboken. They are transferred on small steamships to so-called "Castle Garden" on the shore of the river much further upstream in the same town. We had to wait a very long time. There were more than seven hundred passengers in our line for the crossing, which progressed exceedingly slowly. The ferries could have sooner been called flatbottomed round steam rafts rather than ships. They were double-decked with benches along the side and in the middle. People sat, stood, and lay down with bundles and trunks on the benches and on the deck itself. Children, a multitude of whom suddenly appeared from somewhere, cried in child-like voices, demanding to eat. Everyone, however, wanted food and rest and the prevailing mood full of hopes beagn to transform little by little into dissatisfaction with oneself and others. The recent happy mood was forgotten; everyone had one thought: to cross somewhat quicker: everybody pushed forward, angry and impatient cries began to be heard.

The pier from which the riverboats left was a continuation of the main pier; it was necessary to pass through a rather large expanse under a huge, wooden awning which covered the second and first class landing stage. While I made arrangements for the transportation of my baggage, part of the emigrants had already managed to leave. Nevertheless, I was still on the dreadful boat. Frau Fisher was still here with her family as were Anne and Babette, but Fran had already disappeared with her new spouse. Liute, sitting on some kind of bundle, peered pensively and sorrowfully into the river. I was very astonished at the doleful sight of my friend and asked her what was disturbing her.

"*Ach, liebe Madame!*" [Oh, dear madame!]--she replied--"I am afraid that America is not at all such a new country like we imagined....look over there!" She pointed to the right at two women with trays who timidly offered something for sale. I approached one, then the other: the first sold half-rotten oranges, the second dry, moldy pastries. No one bought anything from them. Both women had sorrowful faces with coarse, unpleasant features: one had a black-eye. Their old clothes were tattered and dirty. I returned to Miss Liute in a foul mood. "You see," she continued to whisper to me, "a group of such destitutes accompanied us to the ship in Havre, and the same destitutes meet us here: and actually, we are still not on shore. No matter how good their cities are, no matter how they glow with luxury and prosperity, and even if I grow rich myself, I would say, regardless, that there is no equality here, that people here are not equal!... Even if in all of America there were only these two unfortunate women!... What do you think? After all, there's probably more than one more, isn't there?"

"I don't know," I said as if I was comforting my sad friend; the porters at that same moment picked up our baggage and took it to the riverboat. The crossing lasted nearly half an hour. When we reached the middle of the river, one of the passengers who had been to New York before, pointed out a big, white dome to us, which stood out brightly against the dark background of a building on the bank towards which we made our way. "There's Castle Garden, they take us there and from there they release those who want to leave, and who wouldn't want to, it's possible to spend the night there," said the passenger, "work is offered there and all sorts of supplies are sold."

We finally passed on to Castle Garden. It was a huge, round building, consisting of huge halls, similar to a manège, surrounded by innumerable storerooms, closets, and corridors. Our baggage was placed in some kind of a cage and we were given numbers to get it back. We were then herded somewhere, and the entire mass pushed forward between two handrails which led into a hall. The crowd finally carried us to some kind of dais with chairs, behind which sat either stewards or officials. They took down our name, profession, nationality, age, and the date and year of our disembarkation. After this we found ourselves with free time outside the enclosures in the same hall in Castle Garden. Here, for the first time, one could breathe freely and look around. The hall was surrounded by ugly, wooden, pine walls, on which were huge painted signs in all varieties of bright colors and in all the European languages, even Russian, which said: "Work! Work! For profitable conditions!" These signs were also put on the ceiling, which was raised by an arch. Shops, similar to our third class railroad refreshment bars, had been constructed in the corners of the hall. Four cornered booths with dull windowpanes and inscriptions, Telegraph, Post-Office, and so on, stood here and there. We were very hungry. Miss Liute bought some bread and coffee at one of the refreshment bars: the coffee turned out to be disgusting--chicory stewed fruits and berries; the bread was half-baked and stale. While we disposed of these, for lack of anything better, the hall began to empty little by little. Noises resounded, and the sound of voices subsided, as the movement of the group abated, individual voices became clearer. From time to time, names, which were called out harshly, could be heard. The name was different each time, but the voice was the same. I asked someone what this meant. I was told that they call those who arrived to meet relatives or acquaintances or have letters for someone. Liute was certain that her brother would meet her. We began to listen more attentively. "Elizabeth Liute! I am calling for the third time." "Here, here," we shouted in one voice. Liute began running to the dais where the one who had summoned her was standing. She returned in a minute with a letter in her hands and a depressed face. "He can't come! Why? We haven't seen each other in eight years!" She almost started to cry.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"What? Oh, he writes that I should...oh you'll find out later, I'll tell you later, there's no time now...Let's go quickly, we'll send him a telegram that we're leaving here today, but first let's find out the departure times for the train."

After asking one of the employees when the train departed, we decided to leave for Philadephia the same night on an express train, which cost a dollar more per person than the regular train on which we would have had to spend almost the entire night in a crowded compartment, while the trip on the express train would only take two and a half hours. After we found out when the train departed, we composed a telegram and when we went to send it, we were told that fifteen words cost a dollar (almost five francs). Miss Liute almost got into a fight with the telegrapher over the high price. She was subsequently convinced that we were swindled. But there was nothing to do; we had to pay a dollar for our telegram in which we set our arrival time in Philadelphia at eight o'clock that night. It still remained to get the baggage and reach the station, which was located almost at the other end of the city. The spinster suddenly disappeared into the crowd and I remained alone with Rosa who had already began to complain that her aunt would certainly get lost and never find us. Our searches throughout Castle Garden for half an hour were in vain; she was not in the hall, not in the corridors--she was not to be found. I finally decided that the most reasonable thing we could do was to take a seat on our bundles in the same place the spinster herself had set her bundles down and wait; if she did not return soon, we would report her disappearance to the Castle Rock authorities, leave for town, find lodging for the night, and leave our address here at the office. I must confess that although I had grown accustomed to many of her eccentricities, her disappearence began to unnerve me.

While we waited for her, sitting on our bundles, one of the former second class passengers, a Galician Jew, suddenly approached us and asked if we were going to Philadelphia. Upon an affirmative reply, he asked us to take a very young woman, a fellow countryman of his who did not know a word of English to Philadelphia either to her relatives or friends, I do not remember which. We agreed and the Jew brought the young woman over. After an hour of tedious boredom and anxiety, the spinster suddenly appeared in front of us. A very tall, thin, old gentleman in a top hat and gloves escorted her. The spinster's face was radiant. I was prepared to greet the stranger, imagining that it was her brother, but Liute did not let me say a word, but prodded us:

"Quicker now, let's get on our way! This gentleman will help us with our things"

"Who is he?" I asked her in a whisper while we and the stranger gathered our bundles and bags into our arms.

"He is a member of the German Association for the Assistance of Arriving Immigrants," Liute also answered in a whisper. "My brother sent me the address of the association and I ran down there and brought him here."

"Faster, faster" our protector hurried us, "we don't want to be late, the station is a long ways away and its almost half past four, you leave New York at half past five."

We gathered our things in an instant and requested our baggage from the storeroom; the porters put it on a cart and quickly wheeled it through Castle Garden from one side to the opposite one through which we entered. All this did not take very long; two or three minutes, our things towered on a tall two-horse wagon. We sat on top of the baggage, the wagon rolled, rumbled, and pitched, along the road. Our protector sat next to the driver on the coachman's seat; he was, in all probability, more comfortable than we were on the baggage where there was absolutely nothing to hold onto over the bumps.

We went quickly along a sooty riverside road which was dirty and along an even dirtier one littered by coal and all kinds of refuse; the roadway was not separated from the river by anything.

Finally, after passing not tens but hundreds of various landing platforms both for trains and ships, we turned sharply to the left toward the river, and entered a dirty, big courtyard, separated from the street by an iron grating. The wagon stopped.

"Get down and go get your tickets, quickly," the member of the Association for the Protection of Germans said to us; he then summoned some kind of employee and instructed him to show us where the ticket window was. We got down with difficulty and immediately ran for the tickets. While we were busy with this, the German sent our baggage to the freight department where we found it already weighed and marked. After he showed us where to go, our protector bade us farewell and refused to take a penny more from us than he had paid the driver. We thanked him sincerely and then immediately set off into the dense group of passengers going towards the courtyard whither we had been directed. I was certain that we would now enter the train station, go to the platform, take a seat on the train and go, but it did not turn out like this at all: we had to pass through several courtyards, which were covered by tall roofs without ceilings and straightened by long, uneven boards, and then we went to the pier on the river, in front of which was spread out a broad expanse like the sea; the opposite shore was hardly visible.

On the pier, people pushed forward between the ships' crews, wagons, and heavy, loaded carts. The horses fought each other and neighed; the drivers cursed; the noise and toil were unimaginable. The group of passengers, including us, pushed through in silence. Finally, a steamship, which was moving closer, appeared in the distance, or, more like a floating house, whose pipes poured out a whitish thick smoke. The steamship finally moored. It appeared to be a covered steam raft with two sections. In one there were cargo boxes and passengers in the other. The passenger section consisted of a wide corridor, opened at both ends, along its walls were benches with separate, partitioned seats for each person.

Neither machinery nor servants were visible. We took our seats, placed our things in front of us, and we were on our way. The people, extremely varied in dress and complexion, sat silently and in good order.

Those who could not find a seat stood. Silence and order prevailed. A wrinkled, old, poorly clad mulatto was near me. She entered after all the seats had been taken and remained near the entrance, but a young, well-dressed gentleman, who was sitting near me, saw that a woman was standing and immediately got up and gave her his seat. She nodded her head at him, muttered "thank'ee," and sat down unabashedly.

The trip lasted nearly four hours, after which we docked at the pier, which was exactly like the one from which we had departed; they did not charge us anything. Behind the crowd, we again pressed through big, covered courtyards which had been paved with wood; we found ourselves in a huge, luxurious train station. It turned out that we had to wait almost another half hour for departure. Most of the people were accommodated here as in the hall at Castle Garden. There were covered, shining clean tables. We asked if there was a lavatory. We were directed to a side room where we were met right away by a young Negro woman with a cheerful expression and who was stylishly dressed and asked us how she could assist us. We expressed our desire to wash up and to fix our hair, quaking inside at the thought of how much it was going to cost, so luxurious were the mirrors and furniture in the ladies' room. On many French and German railroads, in facilities that look like small sheds, they charge no less than a franc for each passenger, just for washing up. It turned out that here we had the right to use everything without cost, and to tip the Negro woman or not at will. A few cents given by us led her to thank us politely with a cheerful smile, from which her teeth shone brightly, white and clean like ivory.

But the bell rang. We hurried, hoping to get comfortable seats on the train. Buying tickets on the pier, I repeated "third class" several times to the cashier, since all of us had very little money. The cashier, without saying anything, handed me three tickets, but the class was not indicated on them, which really surprised me. We left the train station; there were no platforms, nothing was familiar: we found ourselves again in a covered courtyard where one had to force one's way ahead between rows of trains. There were no employees in sight; nobody asked for the tickets, nobody prevented anything, not crushing, not disorder, and no one to show us where to go... But there was a tall man in a dark blue uniform with bright buttons and a cap with gold braid. We approached him. "Where is the train bound for Philadelphia?" He silently pointed to the closest line of train cars on the right. We walked past the entire row; as with the tickets, the class was not designated anywhere on the train cars--they all looked identical. The conductor appeared from somewhere; we showed him the tickets even though he did not ask for them; he opened the door of the first car we reached. The splendor struck us. There were benches for two people each, soft seats with springs and upholstered in green velveteen. Frescos and gilding were everywhere on the ceiling and walls; at one end of the train car was a small ladies' room with a mirror, washstand, and so on. Across from the lavatory was a small open area with a filter where ice water for drinking was kept; a row of expensive glasses were in front of us. At the other end of the train car was a men's room.

The train started to move. The train was two-thirds full of people when we got on; already moving, several dozen people leaped into it and took the remaining seats. Passengers' newspapers and books suddenly appeared from somewhere, not a word was heard, only the noise and roar of the train. Ten minutes after departure, at full speed, peddlers entered the train car at every doorway with foodstuffs: sandwiches, boxes of pastries, and candy. Another appeared immediately with stacks of newspapers and books, which he silently began to place, two on each bench, where passengers were sitting. Having displayed everything, his supply was far from exhausted, he departed for the next train car. The merchant with the food remained; almost everyone bought something from him. The books interested me more so I began to look at the ones placed near me--they turned out to be some kind of novels. I curiously observed what the other passengers were doing: some looked through the books and newspapers, others paid no attention to them and read their own. After half an hour, the book-peddler returned and began to collect his merchandise: two gentlemen bought newspapers, one woman bought a book. Having collected his goods, the merchant left and did not return again. The peddler also left with his foodstuffs.

But now we left not only the town, but the hinterland as well; the train rushed forward incredibly quickly with bumps and jostling unknown in Europe. I was waiting for the appearance of the lush American nature; perhaps the proximity of the city prevented it from developing all its beauty with its flowering hills, rapid streams, and dense forests. I peered into the distance and into the closeness... but alas, everything remained exactly the same as that at the time of departure... Is this really America? This flat, marshy expanse is exactly like the one around St. Petersburg, only there are fewer country homes and they are poorer in appearance... and everything is so pallid, so drab, so lifeless. A green village is rare! Here and there on the flat, clay fields stood green or black puddles.

I am in America, I thought to myself, what will happen next? Damp and cold, a gray fog had already crept in from somewhere over the doleful landscape, and I traveled mentally to the blossoming land where I had spent the last happy years. There, on a warm, southern, mountainous slope, violets that are just now blooming; there, along the stony and steep paths, cheerful, barefoot, sunburned children run with bouquets of violets and offer them to passers-by: "*Went-ihr Vihönly!*" (do you want any violets).

"*Madame, aber sie weinen!*"[Madame, you're crying] Rosa suddenly exclaimed pitifully: I noticed myself that a tear had fallen from my eyes, quickly, quickly, one after another.

Everything became darker and darker, finally shrouding the entire vicinity. We had not traveled very far in the darkness when the whistle sounded and the train stopped in Philadelphia.

We hardly had a chance to look around before they collected our tickets, let us out, and literally thrown our baggage out from the train. The train rushed off further. Somebody led us into some kind of hall. The platform was dark, the hall was barely lit; we were led out and placed in a dirty, long room, which also opened out to the platform, furnished with the filthiest benches. We were advised to wait here for those who were supposed to meet us. We began to wait; time passed, but Miss Liute's brother did not appear. Exhaustion, uncertainty, waiting combined to make our condition intolerable. The pale, Galician woman sat silently with her head wrapped in a huge scarf. Rosa pouted her lips and prepared to cry. Miss Liute's eyes began to lose their oracular brilliance. I realized that I felt terribly tired and somehow apathetically wretched. Nearly an hour passed.

"Let's go outside," I suggested. We went outside and started to walk back and forth along the platform.

"How long will it be until my brother arrives?" Miss Liute said.

Besides us, a portly, middle-aged man strolled back and forth along the platform. When we passed him the third time, his face seemed familiar to me for some reason. "You wouldn't happen to be Mr. Liute, would you?" I addressed him in response to the thought that flashed through my head.

"Sette!" "Heiri!"[9] was suddenly heard, and brother and sister, with tears, began to embrace.

It turned out that he had been there for a long time, but he was not able to find us and began to pace in expectation that we would find him. His face was very similar to his father's and sister's, which is what compelled me to address him. Miss Liute did not recognize him immediately because, first of all, she had not seen him in a long time and her conception of him was different and, second, because she was always immersed in secret dreams and thoughts and in general paid little attention to the circumstances around her.

We quickly gathered our things: the large things remained at the station until morning, we took only our innumerable bags and sacks and set out on our way. It was first necessary to deliver the Galician; as for us, we were completely confident that Mr. Liute had rented us a furnished apartment as his sister requested him to do. We thought that he would take us, as they say, straight home. Mr. Liute asked the young woman where she needed to go. She gave him the address. "We can't go by car[10] on the street where she needs to go," he remarked, "there's not a direct one[11]; let's walk there, it's not more than a mile." I was amazed at the combination of English and German in Mr. Liute's speech; I subsequently learned that the majority of German-Americans speak like this.

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[9] Elizabeth and Henry in a Swiss dialect.

[10] horse-drawn tram

We walked. Only now did our exhaustion take quite a toll. Despite the fact that Mr. Liute spared us the bulk of our bundles, which he carried for us, we barely trudged on. We were silent and walked, walked in silence. The journey seemed never ending; the deserted streets, not particularly well lit, stretched one after the other, already boring in their monotony. The houses lining them looked like long rows of tall brick barracks. "Here it is," Mr. Liute suddenly announced; he rang the doorbell--a discussion ensued. "Your acquaintances left here," he told the Galician. My arms dropped--were we really going to have to search for them. After all, it was impossible to throw the poor woman into the street at night. Was it not better to take her with us until morning. But there was more discussion at the door. It turned out that the young woman's acquaintances lived near-by, and the kindhearted new resident agreed to take us to them. We all breathed a sigh of relief.

After getting the Galicain settled, we walked about another five minutes. Mr. Liute was in the lead. We were exhausted to the point where we became stupefied, we walked without asking or thinking about anything. Anyhow, such was the case with me; I stopped hoping that we would stop anywhere. Mr. Liute finally stopped by some huge, dark building; we caught up to him because we had fallen quite a bit behind.

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[11] car direct-through connection

"This is the tram station," he announced, "we will board and be home in half an hour."

He led us through some kind of dark entrance then through a covered courtyard where dozens of railroad tracks intersected. We had to force our way between a great number of hitched and unhitched train cars; the entire courtyard was dimly illuminated by the trains' kerosene lamps. We went onto some kind of porch, then into a semi-illuminated entrance hall, and from there, into a huge hall, which was brightly lit by gas, where people sat waiting for their trains to depart. We were delighted to take a seat in comfortable, ash-tree armchairs, which had been placed in rows along clean, white-washed walls. The poor spinster, she fell rather than sat down.

"There's my landlady, Frau Kupke," Mr. Liute suddenly exclaimed cheerfully. A young, blackish, bony young woman stood near the door with some kind of strange snub nose and a pile of black braids on her head. Her hair, face, and dress were splattered with something white. In response to Mr. Liute's exclamation, she began to laugh shrilly and revealed an incredibly large mouth, full of healthy, brightly white teeth, and she began to chatter quickly to us. Her voice was exactly like hammers knocking me in the head. She spoke in German with a dash of a distinctive, completely unintelligible jargon.

"What is she saying?" I asked Mr. Liute.

"She said that she is very happy to meet you and offered to take you to the ladies' room, perhaps you might want to wash up or get a drink, we still have another four hours to wait."

Rosa and I went with Frau Kupke to the ladies' room, which turned out to be only slightly less luxurious than the one on the train; there was no attendant. We really wanted a drink. We found a filter with ice water in the ladies' room. These are used everywhere in America because no one complains of any ill effects from it. When we returned to the common hall and approached Miss Liute, I was struck by the despair which was manifested in her entire person.

"What's wrong?" I almost exclaimed.

We went into a corner. She wrung her hands, whispering to me: "what I have always feared has been completely confirmed: my brother is a drunkard, he's drunk right now!....and...and...he didn't rent an apartment for us as I requested. What do we do now? Where are we going to spend the night?"

"Oh, come on!" I consoled her. "Your brother had to wait for us a for a long time; he drank an extra mug of beer out of boredom. As for the apartment, it isn't a huge disaster: tonight we will spend the night with his landlady, whom God sent; you heard when she said that she was happy to meet us; tomorrow we will find an apartment ourselves."

"I didn't expect this", the spinster sobbed, "and it's not what I promised you. My brother claimed that he didn't want to rent an apartment not knowing for sure if we were coming!.."

The conductor's voice, which loudly called out "Germantown!", interrupted the spinster. We hurriedly moved into the tram-car, the horses immediately beginning to trot at a brisk pace. Mr. Liute lived in Mrs. Kupke's house and boarded with her in the neighborhood known as "Dutch Settlement" although there were no Dutch there, only Germans; the vicinity where Mrs. Kupke lived was called "Rising Sun." Near-by was the small town of Germantown, which had been inhabited completely by Germans, and where, as a matter of fact, the horse-tram on which we were travelling on was going.

In the tram-car, Mrs. Kupke sat near me and jabbered unceasingly the entire time, telling me how she had been working for some lady and had white-washed the cellar for her. "Look how I'm decorated," she repeated, showing me the white stains which had been concealed. "All this is actually lime! Ha-ha-ha!" I didn't understand her very well and when I answered her she asked me to repeat what I had said two or three times even though I speak German as fluently as I speak Russian. The tram-car finally stopped, we got out. Mr. Liute and Mrs. Kupke took our things and we again trudged along.

"*Ach, madame,*" Rosa whispered to me, "we will never arrive anywhere!"

It was dark. We walked along some kind of boulevard, along wooden, trembling bridges, sometimes crossing the street in soft mud. The huge trees above us made a gloomy noise; there were very few houses; along the sidewalk stretched long, dark and tall fences made of bark.

"I'm scared," Rosa whispered. The spinster walked silently, and apparently, cheerfully; her brother was also silent, I was exhausted and Frau Kupke chattered incessantly. "We're here!" her cheerful voice suddenly rang out. We were hardly able to stop, it was as if we were moving only by the sheer force of momentum. I could not believe that the journey had really ended somewhere. We arrived! But where are we? A fence with trees hanging over it was in front of us; there were no gates. A small cracked bell began to jingle, almost muffling the squeak of the wire we impatiently tugged. I noticed that Mrs. Kupke tinkered with something near the wall, it turned out that she rang the doorbell. There was no answer. A dog started to bark hoarsely somewhere in the neighborhood. Finally, a door slammed behind the fence and a small light began to shine through the slits of the planks, heavy steps resounded and I suddenly noticed that the gate in the fence opened with a squeak. We entered it with Mrs. Kupke incessantly and loudly haranguing the entire time: "Do you know why we lock ourselves in this way and don't open up right away? We are afraid of thieves! Only a few days ago a house near ours was robbed and the entire family murdered!" "Yes, yes," Mr. Kupke confirmed, opening the gate for us. I glanced at him: his figure was in the shadows; the lantern, which he held level with his head, illuminated only his head, which was big with a narrow forehead, over which hung hair. The expression on his flat and wide face, with Kalmuck features, was dull-witted and coarse. I became almost terrified looking at him; and I was not alone: Rosa drew closer to me and almost wept.

They led us into some kind of room which opened right onto the courtyard and, having sat us down, they brewed an exceedingly bitter green tea, fed us burnt potatoes fried in lard, and then sent us to rest in the large, stuffy rug covered parlor, which not a single American family could make do without. Frau Kupke apologized because she thought that we would not be completely comfortable at her place and asked us not to judge her harshly by first appearances. I found a huge double bed in our room; it turned out that the hostess gave her bed to us and slept on the floor. There were couches in addition to beds.

We were so tired that despite the unbearable crude bedding and the stuffiness of the room, we all three fell asleep like the dead.

Dutch Settlement--Rising Sun

I awoke at six o'clock in the morning behind the cracked partition. It seemed as if someone was pounding a hammer rhythmically and loudly. A thin beam of sunlight played in the cracks of the window shutters. Cheerful children's voices could be heard in the street, but in the house the penetrating voice of the hostess squeaked: "Get out! Get out!" She was driving something out of the house. The frightened quacking of several ducks resounded in response. "Be quiet!" the hostess' voice roared, "these people are tired from their trip, let's give them a good sleep!"

"Well, you will certainly rouse them with your hammering."

We began to get up. After getting dressed, I went into the kitchen; the door to the courtyard was open. From there, I smelled such a sumptuous morning freshness that I immediately forgot both my exhaustion and yesterday's doleful and timorous mood. Our hostess bustled about in the kitchen, her cooking being constantly interrupted by the cat, the rabbits, and the ducks which entered the open courtyard door. I washed up with delight in cold water from the well in the courtyard. Afterwards, while waiting for the coffee which Miss Liute had requested, I began to examine the house, courtyard, and garden. The house was an ordinary American house--I will discuss American buildings in more detail later; the courtyard was similar to the courtyards of our provincial Russian bourgeois houses; it was fenced on three sides with wooden boards, was not adjoined to the house or garden, and was full of refuse and mud. Five ducks were quacking in it; the rabbits took refuge in a cage in the corner; the cat groomed itself and squinted into the sun.... Turning the corner of the house, I came upon the garden; there were two or three rows of cabbages, peas, and beans; a peach tree towered in the middle of it, and as always, was half stripped of its leaves. A scraggly grapevine climbed along the house, two clay pots with blossoming strawberries hung on the fence, long tendrils, which tried in vain to catch hold of something, were drooping, not finding any support. The soil was clay–bright-yellow, dry, and hard as a brick. They subsequently told me that all the soil in Pennsylvania was like this, and that it was possible to cultivate it only when it was soaked with rain. Nonetheless, all of Pennsylvania was cultivated superbly.

After drinking my coffee, I decided to set off for the city that same day to meet Dr. Dakosta, for whom I had a letter of recommendation from Dr. S. Miss Liute suggested that it was first necessary to find and rent an apartment, but I responded that my situation was tenuous for the time being and that, at present, I was not able to make any decisions. I asked her to wait a few days, during which we might stay with Mrs. Kupke; I instructed her to discuss this with the hostess. Liute reluctantly agreed.

The fact is that I was sure that they would allow me to take my doctor's exam immediately at the college, after which I hoped to settle down for a while somewhere near the hospital as a house-surgeon. I counted very much on the help of Dr. Dakosta and dreamt that having acquired the practical knowledge which had been unattainable to me, I would be able to transfer it in two or three years to the benefit of my homeland. Liute, who I have explained more than once was in complete agreement with me that it was better to do this, definitely wanted to live with me. It made absolutely no difference to her where we took up residence, she had only one request: in some way or another, to be useful even to one female student, if not many of them. She wanted Rosa to live at school.

The city of Philadelphia is divided into four parts: north, south, east, and west. The streets are marked by numbers up to thirty one. There are one thousand to four thousand houses on each street.[12] The side, secondary streets which connect the main streets are not marked by numbers, but bear various names. The separate parts of the city are divided from each other by prospects, avenues, or to put it differently, wide boulevards.[13] Mr. Liute had explained all this to me and noted the name of the horse–tram line that I needed. And so, I departed.

Philadelphia is a huge city with eight hundred thousand residents. It made a very unpleasant impression on me with its never-ending rows of narrow red-brick houses with white porches, white doors, and white window frames. Without fail, all the houses had two low porch steps made from marble. Everything was unbelievably clean; by this alone one could recognize Philadelphia, or Philly (in America) as a Quaker town. In the mornings, you can see women in the streets. All of them are dressed in cotton house-coats in the "Gabrielle" fashion and huge hats in the shape of covered wagons. Someone is going to the market or from it, someone is washing the porches and brick sidewalk, directing entire waves of water with long twig brooms; the landlady is in a hurry doing this as water gushes from a pipe protruding from a vent in the cellar. In the evenings, everyone, with the exception of the servants and the cooks, sits on the porch steps which had been washed in the mornings and nibbles on peanuts (I almost said sunflower seeds), a plant from the Umbiliferae family, the fruit of which is widespread in America, like a delicacy; the French name for this is *terre-noix*.

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[12] There are fifty houses per block; a square block is called a square. There are alleys after each block. There are twenty blocks per mile.

[13] Horse-drawn trams run without exception on all the numbered streets, as well as on avenues and many secondary and side streets.

I reached Dr. Dakosta's apartment safely, but I did not find him home. His wife greeted me very politely, invited me in to wait for her husband, and led me into the parlor. Looking around the parlor, I made a mental note to myself that Dr. Dakosta's affairs were probably going poorly, judging by the very modest furniture in his parlor. It reminded me of a number of provincial Russian hotels, with one difference, it was clean. Dr. Dakosta soon returned. He invited me into his office; my host immediately began talking. He spoke to me in proper, clear German with a distinctive, but not unpleasant, accent. I gave him the letter from Dr. S. and the certificates given to me by my Swiss professors. While he was reading them, I hastily inspected him in order to gain a general idea of his character as far as was possible. He had a dark-olive face, coarse, closely cropped hair, and stern steel-blue eyes. Dr. S., having met Dr. Dakosta during his stay in Switzerland and considering him a friend, asked him to give me a position as a house-surgeon in a hospital, if possible, even before the exam. In Switzerland, it is sometimes done that way that students take their exams while already having a position. After reading the letter, Dr. Dakosta laid it aside; he did not even look at my certificates. He explained to me quite coldly that, unfortunately, there was nothing he could do, that the positions in the hospital are obtained with great difficulty and that I, as a woman, would have to apply to the Women's Medical College. He wrote down an address for me, "The Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania," and gave me a card with the address of its dean–Miss Rachel Bodley, M.A. (*magister artium*).

I was very upset with this setback and the coldness and hostility of the reception. I began to apologize disconcertedly for disturbing him, and taking
my certificates and the address given to me, I gladly left.

Well, I thought to myself, my first hope had just been dashed. I returned home very sad. Miss Liute and Rosa, meanwhile, succeeded in securing more comfortable accommodations for us, and immediately upon arrival, sat me down to eat. During our dinner in the landlady's kitchen, Mr. Kupke, incessantly stitching and cleaning boots in the next room all day long, began to discuss important matters with me. My companions had told him that I was studying medicine and he made up his mind to dissuade me from becoming a doctor, advising me that it would be better to open a drug store, "it would a thousand times more profitable!" he shouted, trying to muffle the thump of the hammer with his voice. I took his speech as a joke.

The next day, I departed for Miss R. Bodley's, M.A. Mrs. Kupke took me there because she was going to the same side of town. This part of town was different than where I had been yesterday, but fron the outside, nothing was different. We found Miss Bodley on the porch preparing to leave. She greeted me very politely, but was apparently surprised at Mrs. Kupke who, while still in the street, began to explain loudly to her who I was and why I had come. When we entered the house and sat down, Mrs. Kupke left to attend to her own affairs. I told Miss Bodley that I wished to take the doctor's exam at the Women's Medical College and asked her to inform me what was necessary to complete the formalities. She answered that it was only necessary to submit the documents which attested to the classes which I had taken and then the board of regents would decide whether or not to permit me to take the exam. Miss Bodley was about fifty years old, small, heavy, a little hunchbacked with hair as white as snow and flashing brown eyes.

"How did Dr. Dakosta receive you?" she asked me, after which I explained to her how I obtained her address.

I was a little confused, not knowing whether I should talk freely about my displeasure with his reception, but I decided that the truth was always the best and replied that his reception was cold.

"He can't stand teaching women," Miss Bodley remarked, "and he's not the only one, the majority of American male doctors are the same way. As for Dr. Dakosta, I will say this: he is one of the best doctors and teaches a clinical course to our students, but it is so unpleasant for him to do it that he stands with his back to the students the entire time; one cannot refuse to take this class from him because the hospital where he works admits women into its clinic."

This assessment caused me to burst out laughing.

Discovering that I lived in Dutch Settlement, Miss Bodley winced: it was one of the most unfashionable parts of town, only German workers lived there. She suggested that I move closer to school and attend clinical classes which were in progress despite the fact that school was in recess and gave me the address of one family which usually lodged students. She then took me to the hospital, which is located near the school and introduced me to two female doctors who were on duty in the hospital's pharmacy. They asked me if I wanted to stay until Dr. Thomas arrived who was going to meet them there. I readily agreed because I was very interested in everything I could see in this new country. When Miss Bodley left, I did not know how I should act: the female doctors busied themselves behind the counter preparing medicines and did not pay attention to me; I finally decided not to pay attention to them, so I sat down on a bench and began to look at everything around me. The pharmacy was nothing special, and hardly differed except that there was nothing superfluous in it; nothing luxurious. The young female doctors interested me greatly: they were dressed in cotton, floor-length dresses with long sleeves and cotton aprons. They were both weighing, measuring, and mixing something on a burner. Nearly half an hour passed; suddenly, the entrance door swung open with a creak and a portly, rather short, gray haired little man with a cheerful, genial face burst in. The female doctors immediately introduced us; this was Dr. Thomas. An old woman with sick eyes entered behind him. During my first meeting with Dr. Thomas, he practically quizzed me on eye diseases and had me examine the old woman's eyes with an opthalmoscope. Having examined her, I diagnosed that the blindness was due to atrophy of the optic nerve. Dr. Thomas was satisfied with me and began to instruct the female doctors in ophthalmology. He treated me genially and politely, and invited me to visit his polyclinic in the future. Two more sick people came in, and with that it was over. I went home.

Although it was sad for me, even temporarily, to part with Miss Liute and Rosa, I immediately moved in with the family which Miss Bodley recommended to me and I began to go to the polyclinic daily. It was impossible to travel there from Dutch Settlement since one would have to spend one and a half hours on a tram there and back. Unfortunately, the visits to the clinic proved to be quite unproductive: there were almost no patients, they did not come because they knew that there were no official visits due to the school holiday. There were also no students. I was terribly bored sitting on a bench doing nothing and waiting for patients who did not appear. I went to Miss Bodley's several times and first heard from her the sad news of the death of Suzanne Dimock, to whom my second letter of recommendation was addressed: Miss Dimock, who was a house doctor in a Boston hospital, had studied in Zurich. She had gone to Europe in order to study a little and rest a year in Switzerland. The steamship *Schiller*, on which she travelled, was wrecked near the English coast and Susan Dimock was one of the hundred passengers who drowned. This news was very sad to me because I had heard many good things about the deceased--an energetic and active young woman--and because her death took away another chance of success for me in America. I told Miss Bodley of my sorrow and I asked her to make efforts on my behalf to fill the vacancy of the house-surgeon position at the hospital. She replied that she could not make that decision because she was not a doctor, but a chemist--a chemistry professor, and that only one hospital in Philadelphia, the Women's College, was accepting female assistants, but even they were already doctors and those positions were filled a year in advance. Dr. Thomas, to whom I appealed, said the same thing. With regard to the exam, I would have to wait until fall for a decision from the board of regents, whose members had all left town for the summer. Miss Bodley expressed strong doubts that they would allow me to take the exam earlier than the following spring, referring to the college regulations which require the examinee to take classes from the college's professors during the first year. All these difficulties were very unpleasant. I was very homesick, sitting alone in my uncomfortable room in the home of complete strangers. Two weeks passed, finally, I could not stand it anymore and returned to Liute in Rising Sun; I was among friends there at least, and life itself was cheaper. Upon returning, I brought American medical books with me to read in order to tutor myself in unfamiliar American medical terms, a language I already knew fairly well. Rosa also began to study English assiduously. As for Miss Liute, she was a landlady, quarreled with her brother, and surreptitiously continued to cultivate her rosy dreams of our future.

Besides my medical studies, I was interested in American life and, in particular, the fate of immigrants who arrive annually in great numbers from Europe. With respect to the latter, Mr. Liute could give me some information since he himself had endured the hardships which befall some of the poor devils who arrive to seek happiness in a new country. Mr. Liute was only at home on Sundays; during the week he worked at an oilskin factory where he was a pattern draftsman. He received seventeen dollars a week for ten hours of work a day.[14] He considered this compensation insufficient, but at the same time admitted that it not only sufficed, but it allowed him to save nearly five hundred francs a year. He had been in America almost eight years, but he did not obtain his present position immediately. In Switzerland, he was a dyer. He drew not only as a child and in school, but sometimes subsequently for pleasure. At the national university, Secundar-Schule, they taught him to paint and draw stil life subjects; at home, he drew in pastels. He was quite an intelligent person who was interested in nature and collected plants and butterflies. He arrived from Switzerland with his very favorite butterfly collection and it, as they say, saved him from starvation during his first stay in America. The fact was that after his arrival with the knowledge of a Swiss dyer, he was sure that it would not be useful for anything in America. In Switzerland they work well, beautifully, slowly, durably, expensively; factory workers stay true to the old methods and produce a small quantity of products, but of such a quality that a grandmother passes them to her granddaughter. In America it was not that way: the majority of production was cheap and crude, and the production methods had been perfected–everything goes quickly and the goods are made in incredible quantities.

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[14] Eighty five francs by the nominal exchange rate of five francs to the dollar. At the time, however, the dollar actually equaled 4.60 francs.

The slightly slow Swiss mind of Gary Liute was simply going in circles trying to understand new, unfamiliar, unthinking systems. He could not obtain a position in a dye factory. He did not have any money; and had to sell his belongings. His collection helped him most of all: a profiteer gave him twenty five dollars for it, he then resold it to a university museum for a hundred dollars. Twenty five dollars does not go far; it was necessary to find resources that would go further. What kind of work did that poor man not do, and he was already over fifty years old. He dug ditches, painted placards, and stuffed stuffed-animals....He was finally able to secure a permanent place as a draftsman for a certain German architect; the latter recommended him to the Potter oilskin factory in Philadelphia as a draftsman, who could draw patterns from freehand and transfer them to plates from which they are printed. From the minute he entered the factory, Mr. Liute's troubles ended; he had a life of toil, but a secure life. "If I had wanted to," he said to me, "I could have settled down much earlier and much better: it would have been worth it to join some sect. They recruited me! But I prized my convictions (he was a free thinker); I would not sell my conscience for a piece of bread, or even for riches." He added that it is no joke to go hungry and that many immigrants, in his opinion, joined various religious societies because they furnished them with good jobs.

In the words of Mr. Liute, and as I myself subsequently saw, nothing comes easily to immigrants in America, especially at first. Even the money they brought with them from Europe was worthless. To live on European money in America is like a curse: it all goes to pay for "learning" and if over time people grow rich, it is almost always on money earned in America. The famous New York merchant, Stewart, may serve as an example of this fate. He sold ready-made clothes for several tens of millions and began with a retail store. He was a school teacher in England and had to fight for even a slice of bread; he emigrated, hoping to use his pedagogical knowledge more beneficially in America. But here he was lucky in that he succeeded in saving a hundred, then two hundred dollars over quite an extended period of time. He decided to open a store which sold thread, needles, and lace, finding this less difficult and more profitable than teaching. After thirty years, three years ago, he died, leaving his widow an inheritance of eighty million dollars. Of course, not everyone was so lucky. Stewart's will and death were published in both the American and European press. Americans were very disconcerted, stunned by the fact that he left nothing to charity–not a penny to hospitals, schools, and such. Not one rich American had forgotten society's needs. Furthermore, he left those employed in his huge stores such a small amount that it was ludicrous; he left those who had worked for him for more than twenty years not more than one thousand dollars combined. They cursed him and said that he would not rest in peace. Two years ago, I read in French newspapers that Stewart's body and coffin had been stolen from his family's crypt and despite all the efforts of the police, they could not find him. I do not know how the story ended.

German farmers usually fared especially poorly at first in America. They were swindled for the land they bought, and for the loans and houses which were built by company contractors; besides that, their conservatism and love for native customs impede their own affairs, and they flap about to no avail until, as they say, they acclimatize to the new environment.

Settling anew in America, the German farmer, after buying land, let's say in the west, certainly starts a kitchen garden, and sows a little wheat, a little corn, a little oats, and so on. This takes a significant amount of time and demands a large number of workers, and the harvest is sold so cheaply that neither the labor nor the capital spent is recouped. Another year passes and the German family is threatened with starvation amidst fertile land. On the other hand, the American farmer who prospers not only avoids debt, but can save a hundred dollars annually. Since the German, despite his slavery to routine, has a sufficient dose of worldly gumption at his disposal, he begins to look for reasons for his condition and begins to compare his methods of management with those of Americans. He sees that the American does not spare his strength, but does not work with oxen like the German, but with steam engines and actual machinery, not with his hands, but with steam when possible. The American spends as little as possible on his initial capital and tries to have credit everywhere. He does not undertake small-scale farming, but sows a large area, usually with one crop, always corn at first which thrives in the virgin soil, then he sows wheat. Various societies are organized to let him use farm equipment on credit[15]; he pays for it with the money from his crop. Although cheap, he is able to sell it quickly with the help of the rapidly developing modes of communication. The women tend the kitchen-garden, but not always, because they are needed to tend the livestock, of which every American farmer has much. Having a large amount of only one kind of crop, Americans manage without brokers or buyers, which a German could not do. If the latter follows the example of the American, then his affairs will begin to go well if not, then he is completely ruined and either returns to his homeland destitute or seeks his fortune in the city where he almost always succeeds in securing a meager livelihood, thanks to the help of his fellowcountrymen because Germans generally don't allow their own to fail. Wherever they settle, they immediately form various societies and strongly support each other.

What I say is not news; it is, however, worthwhile to remember the German doctors, pharmacists, bakers, and butchers in our country. They settle, multiply, and prosper on any kind of soil. There is, however, one kind of German, with whom Germans well disposed towards their compatriots empathized little; even the kindest and generous Mr. Liuti, a Swiss German, laughed at the dreamers, fanatics of socialist ideas, who settled in America with the burning desire to lay the foundation of a new, rational social order on the rich soil of a free country. "*Ach, diese lateinischen Bauern!*" [those Latin farmers!] he exclaimed sometimes with a laugh: "These people! They try to transform the world, but don't know how to plough the land!" This was said, apparently, good-naturedly, but in essence with an undercurrent of deep hostility. In addition to the situation of the farmers, Mr. Liute also told me something about the life of city workers. For example, the worker goes to an employer to get a job with or without a recommendation. Upon arrival, he first declares that he can do this and that. The employer takes his word for it and hires him. At the end of the day, if he did a good job, the boss or manager summons him and tells him, "You did a good job, I will give you so much to work." Then all the usual formalities are concluded, that is, the little book is signed and the worker begins work in the establishment or factory, receiving his pay usually on Saturdays. This is how it is until the worker either leaves for some reason or declines the job offer for some reason. The boss sometimes sets the wage higher than asked, with the condition that the newly hired worker will work over the course of a year just as well as he did on the first trial day. If the worker works poorly or slowly the first day, then he is not hired, even if he would work for the very smallest wage. "I don't need you!" the boss says. "If you stay with me you would occupy the place of quicker hands, I don't need you even at no cost!" A "hand" is a general term meaning worker.

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[15]* This is perhaps a reference to the cooperatives established by Grangers committed to making farms more productive and cost-effective.

During the time I was in America, everything was affected by the huge railroad "crash," which occurred not long before my arrival.[16] Wages

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[16]* The Philadelphia banker Jay Cooke, who purchased the Northern Pacific Railroad Line in 1869, triggered the Panic of 1873 when the line's construction costs

were, therefore, low. Despite the financial crisis, the work week reached the following rates: a baker in a bakery received twelve dollars, a coachbuilder
fourteen, a cigarmaker eight, a maid from two to three, a cook five; the last two would accept anything from their employers.

Mr. Liute, like any German, treated his fellowcountrymen, the Swiss, with good-nature and kindness, a large number of whom own "beer-saloons" which teem on every street in Rising--Sun. True Americans seldom own taverns; for the most part, Germans, Swiss, and Irishmen engage in this. Beer-saloons in the American-German sections of town occupy the central place between the small restaurant, small store, and Swiss *wirtschaft* where a Swiss drops by with his family on Sundays to drink beer.

On Sundays, we went into the forest, "*in's Grüne*," in accordance with German custom.

Only in the forest did American nature take pity on me and reveal part of its beauty to me. What amazing groves, what glorious fields lay beyond Philadelphia! The forest is a truly mysterious fairyland! And the trees, the bushes, the grass... A tulip tree is in full bloom and I remembered that there was such a tree in a fairy tale. It grew over the grave of a boy's evil stepmother. There was a magical, beautiful carpet made of small forest flowers and grass under his feet... on the side of the broad field there were

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exceeded investment and he could not meet his obligations to his investors. In September 1873, Cooke's bank closed and the stock market collapsed as speculators panicked. The Panic of 1873 ushered in a five year depression. By 1875, 18,000 businesses had gone bankrupt and farm prices and wages plummeted.

magnolias, poisonous wild solonaceae with vines as strong as grapevines; there is sanguinaria, more than you could ever count or examine...

Not a day passed that Rosa and I did not sit under the shade of the oak trees, lime tree; we were never bored in the Pennsylvania forests. The miraculous, grandiose nature constantly attracted us! Meanwhile, there was a change in our housing situation. Miss Liute began to quarrel more and more often with Frau Kupke, the most tiresome and noisiest of people. Miss Liute persuaded us to move somewhere else. We rented a small, single house in Franklinville, a section of town which neighbors Rising--Sun.

Buying only the essential furniture, we lived quietly as our own landlords in expectation of fall, which would probably bring changes for all of us, except Mr. Liute. We did not live morosely: everyone worked; for relaxation we walked in the forest which was not more than half an hour walk from us. We had absolutely no acquaintances over; only an old friend of Mr. Liute's dropped by, an old Negro who was a neighboring farmer of whom Rosa was terribly frightened after he once offered his heart and hand to her in a serious manner, but winking at her uncle, because she was so white and pink and because she had such wonderful golden braids. As far as Miss Liute was concerned, despite her forty-five years and very unpleasant features, she received two very respectable marriage proposals through Mrs. Kupke. She refused, of course, but apparently was flattered by her unexpected and unforeseen suitors and was surreptitiously proud of them despite the fact that her brother unabashedly explained to her that there are more men than women in the ranks of the working class in America and that an immigrant who wanted to settle down was willing to marry the devil himself just to have a housekeeper and a home.

Besides the walks, we varied our recreation--we planted a garden in front of the house. The house was in a new region and the soil in our garden had never been worked. It was yellow clay and hard as a rock: it was very difficult for us to dig a path and plant flower beds in the middle and at the corners of it. The entire garden was no bigger than three-fourths of a sazhen.

We dug up sod from a neighboring spot where grass grew for some reason; we brought a little black earth from the forest in a basket, we got sand from the neighboring river, and the garden turned out wonderfully. An American blacksmith and his family lived next to us. Our house and garden were separated from his house and garden by a low fence; witnessing our tireless labor, the blacksmith's family became very interested and began to give us advice. They later helped us in doing this and that. They brought us, for example, flower seeds, manure, and soon the seeds began to sprout. Having planted the garden, we had the ambitious wish to also have a kitchen-garden. A courtyard was attached to our house which was four sazhen wide and approximately ten in length. It was filled entirely with rubbish, bricks, coke, and kindling. We cleaned it, cultivated the land, and planted. Mr. Liute also began to help us, but only Rosa and I tended to the gardening and market-gardening; now our work was completely harmonious. Greens soon appeared in front of and behind the house. Although rarely planted, the kitchen-garden did poorly, but in any case it was prettier than the heaps of rubbish and the moderate manual labor had a very beneficial influence on our health. We finally acquired a dog. The dog was sick and had been beaten and, apparently, had been abandoned by someone in the vicinity; it had a large burn wound on its back and had a completely starved appearance. When it arrived, it was terribly pathetic, trembling, and huddled in the corner. We fed it, petted it, and it suddenly felt like it was at home. It was so restless that on the very first day we named it Jackie in memory of the fidgety Jackie Fisher, who left his mother and sister in Minnesota. The Jackie-canis breed was the most common in America--something in between a jackal and a fox in appearance; a little tail curled into a circle at the top, however, gave him a claim to noble status. With regards to their personality, we called such dogs "empty barkers" because of their lack of sense.

While we lived in Franklinville, I received several letters from Europe from Dr. S. and other friends. It cannot be underestimated how much of a moral support these letters were for me. Fanny Brandeis wrote me twice. She reported that she had secured a position in a hospital for me. I put little hope in its success, remembering the failures that had already befallen me; nevertheless, I was very pleased to see that my relationship with this sweet young woman was not strictly limited to gossiping out of boredom, but that her regard for me was apparently sincere. She said that her health was rapidly improving. She was in Louisville, but hoped to travel to Boston towards the end of the year.

The First Success

My entire life during that period consisted only of anticipating the future; I must confess that I began to lose patience, when suddenly, one beautiful morning in June 1875, I received a letter from Boston. The content was as follows:

Dear Madame,

Doctor Emily Pope gave me your card yesterday recommending you for a position as assistant in our hospital. One of our students is taking a leave of absence due to a lung ailment, she may, however, return in a week; in view of this, I can offer you only the position of second student in our dispensary (hospital for walk-in patients). I can't make any promise concerning the position's certainty or longevity. So, if you want to accept the position, which will depend on all kinds of variables and will replace this or another one of our assistants, for example those who may become ill, or those who will take several weeks off to rest, then I would invite you here. Please write me as soon as possible, if you find it possible to accept my offer.

Permit me to ask you a candid question: are you one of those Russian women who, in a word, by their dress, masculine mannerisms, and other small eccentricities, try to distinguish themselves from the majority?

I myself am a person with completely radical convictions, but have a deep aversion to expressing my views to everyone I meet by my appearance.

Yours truly, M. E. Zakrzewska.[17]

P.S. Are you acquainted with Drs. Cleveland or Bruman in Philadelphia?

The letter seemed somewhat vague to me; nevertheless, I responded to it: I wrote to M. Zakrzewska that, despite all the uncertainties on which the length of my future stay at the Boston hospital depended, I was prepared to accept the position provided that I have a little free time to study for the exam and study English. Furthermore, I informed her that, as far as I knew, my outward appearance was not in any way peculiar; as to the women studying in Russia, I told her that they are far from uneducated creatures as they are depicted in a certain famous work, just as women studying in America are far from those types who wear pants and high boots as they were described to me in Europe. I then asked Miss Zakrzewska to describe to me in detail the conditions of hospital life.

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[17] * Dr. Marie Zakrzewska was the founder and director of the New England Women's and Children's Hospital in Boston.

After two days, I received a courteous invitation to come immediately to Boston. The detailed terms were spelled out, but I will talk about them below, as well as a description of my life in the hospital. Dr. Emeline Cleveland's card with her address was with the letter as well as a request for her to introduce me to a young, female doctor who was going to the Boston's Women's Hospital so that we could travel together. All the correspondence was in German. M. Zakrzewska was a Prussian Pole. I recognized that I had absolutely no idea who these doctors were: Zakrzewska, Pope, Cleveland, and Bruman, and after receiving the first letter, I turned to Miss Bodley for information. She explained all the pertinent information to me since she knew all of them well. I will describe them all later. For now, I will only mention that Dr. Cleveland was a professor of women's diseases and midwifery at the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.

I have already spoken of Susan Dimock: she was a house doctor for several years, for the most part at the New England Hospital in Boston where I had been invited. With her death, her position became vacant and Miss Monroe, the female doctor with whom they suggested I travel to Boston, hoped to receive the vacant position and, therefore, was going to look at the hospital. It subsequentlly turned out that she did not like either the hospital or Bostonians; therefore, she did not stay. I met her occasionally in the winter in Philadelphia. Receiving Dr. Zakrzewska's second letter, I got ready as quickly as possible, traveled to Dr. Cleveland's, was introduced to her, made arrangements to meet Miss Monroe, and departed the next morning. Unfortunately, the trip was not without incident; it turns out that there are unpunctual people not only in Europe, but also in America. It is necessary to say that in the American hinterland, as in the cities, it is possible to find only horse-drawn trams on the street; if you need a carriage to take you and your things somewhere, you must rent it the day before. It is possible to go by tram, of course, and send your things with a transport company, but this is very inconvenient, and my little trunk was not worth all that unnecessary running around; consequently, they rented a small, oilskin, two-wheeled car from a neighbor to take me and my things to the train station. Bidding a warm farewell to the Liute family until winter, I departed, full of expectation and hope.

I was late getting to the train station; the train had left, but fortunately, Dr. Cleveland had waited for me in the station. She showed me where to catch and meet Miss Monroe and bought me a ticket for another train, which turned out to be an express train and it immediately rushed me north, at full speed. From Philadelphia to Boston one can travel either by rail or by two steamship lines. The trip, by train with part of it by steamship, lasted eleven hours; the entire trip on a steamship would take a day and a half. I traveled part of the way by train and part on the Fall River steamship line. At one point, the railroad was interrupted by a wide sea bay; the entire train was immediately placed on a huge, two-story, steam ferry and was taken this way to the opposite shore. There were stores and restaurants on the upper deck. I do not have the slightest memory of similar accommodations in Europe, nor of the huge, luxurious, and comfortable American-style river steamships. The cabins were huge halls covered with rugs with superb furniture and a great number of mirrors. There was velvet and gilding everywhere; all the passengers, without exception, enjoyed this luxury and comfort; there are apparently no classes on the steamship as on the train, it was not wanting in cleanliness and order was not disturbed. Negroes and mulattos comprised most of the steamship's servants; these cheerful, polite, and compliant folk struck me by their lack of rudeness, impertinence, and servility. In general, when I was witness to rude, impudent, or impertinent outbursts and even servility in America, it was almost always perpetrated by Europeans, especially those who had arrived in this country not long ago. It is difficult to imagine, not seeing what kind of a gentleman an American is, whether he is white, yellow, or black; in order to understand this, it is best to compare him, for example, to a Frenchman: I speak of the lowest class in the highest strata, the intelligentsia. People seem to me in terms of manners and customs, apart from different purely racial particularities, quite similar in all countries of the world where I have been. For the same comparison let's take American and French conductors on horse drawn trams. In Paris, especially at night, it is terrible to have to ask the conductor a question; he is tired and in a foul mood. Not only will he refuse to answer you, he may not even bother to tell you where to get off, although he is required to do so. Neither protests nor disciplinary measures help. In America, you always see polite and courteous people, although they might be just as tired and busy, especially since the number of seats in American cars is unlimited: as many passengers as can sit or stand are allowed.

I met Miss Monroe on the steamship pier; we sat together on the steamship and spent the night on it. At seven o'clock in the morning, we arrived in Boston and immediately set off to search for the hospital: New England Hospital, Cadman Avenue, Boston Highlands, as the address read.

Year in America
Chapter 2

Boston and the Women's Hospital

Boston is more similar to a European city than Philadelphia. The streets here do not all intersect at right angles, and there are fewer red brick houses. The town is very large--not smaller than Philadelphia--and is still growing on the outskirts, extending even into the ocean with the aid of artificial fill. My young female acquaintances told me that people now live where they used to ice skate as children. The hinterland is hilly; the houses are built on rocks or are surrounded by cliffs, covered with ivy and wild grapevines and interspersed with red cedars. In my opinion, this type of tree is not at all beautiful; it is just a half-dried up bed of junipers. But a cluster of these poor trees is unusually picturesque on the gray granite rocks from which overhang bright green ivy, wild grapevines and thick shrubs of short dog rose with red, pink, and white flowers.

The New England Hospital is located just outside the city in a hilly area with abundant stones covered by natural decoration. In front of the hospital is a large glade, separated from the hospital by a public thoroughfare. Beyond the glade are endless gardens and fields which slope down towards the bluish ocean in the distance. To the west are steep imposing cliffs amidst which quarry workers labor in great numbers. On the east side of the hospital there is a low valley with a small river and marshy banks overgrown with old willow trees. In short, the setting is so pleasant as to be rarely encountered, the kind you do not often see.

I breathed freely for the first time after the dusty roads of the city, the bumpy tram ride, and thousands of inquiries about where we needed to get off. We finally arrived at Cadman Avenue near the quarry, where we received directions to the hospital. At the corner of a side alley where we were supposed to turn stood a pole with a sign reading, "Private way, dangerous passing." I was about to turn back, but Miss Monroe explained to me that there was no danger, and that the sign means that the city takes no responsibility if a carriage breaks on that road, that the road is private property, and that the city is not responsible for maintaining it. There are many such roads and thoroughfares in the center of the cities. Americans call these thoroughfares "passages," "courts," and so on.

The road was indeed safe but disgusting; it was made of clay and rock with ruts dug into it. I came to appreciate it later, when I had to make house calls day and night, in all sorts of weather. But in front of us was the hospital. Opposite is a field of flowers and a sea of green below the hills. A little farther you can see the dark blue sea, and to the side, the tops of foggy hills called "Blue-hills," which blended imperceptibly with the clouds and the sky.

The New England Hospital is built in a purely American gothic-romantic style. It is a large, rectangular building made of dark red brick and brown mountings. Round towers with small gothic windows and round roofs of tolite are affixed to the four corners. The front door leads to a staircase in the center of a wide corridor, which divides the whole building into two equal halves. At the entrance of the hospital, we were met by some women scurrying back and forth along the corridor who led us somewhere. I understood very little of what they said, although, as I mentioned earlier, I know English tolerably well. Frankly, Americans do not speak pleasantly. They use many regionalisms and swallow not only syllables, but sometimes entire words. They lisp slightly and, at the same time, speak through their nose. In general, their voices are harsh and grating on ears accustomed to the melodiousness of Slavic languages. At present, however, I have become so accustomed to their speech that the pure British accent seems pretentious to me. In general, nature did not endow Anglo-Saxons with pleasant voices. The English themselves have told me that in Britain a voice that is not grating on the ears is a sign of a good upbringing and is acquired artificially.

We were taken to the resident doctor--Miss Ferris, who held this post "per interim." She greeted us very warmly, although she knew that Miss Monroe hoped to replace her. Two or three other women also came in. Here, in the hospital, I was astonished at the American women's dress. In Philadelphia, the simplicity of dress is noticeable, since mainly Quakers live there. In Switzerland, the women also dress simply. Much has already been said about the German and Russian women studying there--they dress and style their hair more simply than the Swiss women. I had for several years become used to all this. In the New England Hospital, I was struck by the number of scallops and bows. Dr. Ferris' coiffure was a countless number of curls one on top of each other in every direction. Dr. Ferris had an aging, already grayish face, and her waist was so thin that, at fist glance, it seemed as though it might break in two. In general, I noticed that the majority of American women are thin, pale, and unattractive. That, however, does not mean that you will not find very intelligent and attractive individuals among them. It is also noteworthy that I have seen more attractive elderly men and women than young people. The majority of American women dress recklessly and in doubtful taste. The habit of cloying kindness and overly-polite receptions is especially unattractive in them, as is the affected childishness and naiveté – a kind of coquettishness that I noticed several times even in older American women.

The female doctors and students with whom I dealt with most in America represented the most serious part of female society. But even among them, truly serious women with an entirely logical way of thinking and a really deep and varied education are a rarity. All American women are very neat. All, or most, go to church every Sunday and often quote the Bible. And they have one indispensable virtue–they are afraid of lies and seldom tell them. I cannot say, in general, that American women have made a good impression on me, though I must confess that in terms of moral and intellectual levels they are on a higher plane than European women. Their aspirations, as "women" taken as a whole, are also higher and the results they have achieved in the field of philanthropy, for example, are positively amazing. In the sphere of teaching, they have labored long and hard, as is also the case in winning human rights for women as citizens of contemporary society. On the other hand, American women are not nearly as well-educated as Russian women, particularly those with whom I was especially close in my student days.

The apartment of the resident doctor in the New England Hospital had a neglected and morose appearance. Everything looked as if the hostess had just arrived and had not yet sorted things out. Later I was told that the rooms had been left exactly as they were after the departure of Suzanne Dimok. This was done out of respect for her elderly mother while she remained in the hospital.

Dr. Ferris said a few words of greeting to us and then had to leave to attend to her duties. We were left alone for almost two hours. Since I had nothing else to do, I had a look around the room. There was very little furniture: two or three rocking chairs, in one corner a bookcase with books, in the other a writing desk. In the other two corners there were bookcases with knick-knacks and between them, in the most visible place, were sea shells and some kind of bird nests. For some reason, muslin curtains were on the windows; usually, Americans consider window draperies a luxury and are satisfied with shutters or blinds. The draperies were decorated by garlands of dried up ferns and different colored leaves--green, red, brown, yellow, and white--pinned to them. Nowhere have I seen such a variety of colors as in the beginning of fall in the American woods. You only have to glimpse a ray of sunshine and it seems to you that thousands of shades of emerald, ruby, and topaz play and dance: in a word, you see something magical. Americans gather, dry, and decorate their dwellings with these leaves until spring when they are replaced by living plants. You do not see one house without flowers in the spring and summer and without dried plants in the winter. In vases over the fireplace there are dry ferns together with some kind of grasses similar to maribou feathers and dried multi colored leaves. Being unaccustomed to decorations of this kind, I was not left with a pleasant impression. It was as if they had forgetten to throw out a dried up bouquet. Later, this started to please me too. Several beautiful chromolithographs hung on the walls of the room--one on every wall. The frames of the pictures were covered with long grey moss. Americans call it Southern Spanish moss; the Latin name for it is Tillaadsia. It comes from Florida, where it has taken over the forests, giving them the appearance of old, sorrowful men, overgrown with long gray beards. These plants are parasitic and can live for a long time, even if torn from their host trees and can be fed by water and air: they even bloom, hanging somewhere in a room–one needs only to spray them with water from time to time. Their flowers, however, are not pretty. They say that Southern moss is especially hardy where there are marshy miasmata, by absorbing which they make entire localities habitable.

While I looked around at the strange parlor furniture, different women came into the room, bustled about, chatted, and left again without giving any attention to Miss Monroe and me. Finally, we were taken to see our rooms. My guide was a short, red-cheeked blonde who informed me that she was a student named Alice Bennett and that I would be her roommate. Affectionate and jolly, she made a good impression on me. Then I was taken to lunch.

The hospital cafeteria turned out to be a very pretty room. In it stood two long neatly set tables. On them were set out various condiments–butter, radishes, and for the main course, different kinds of soy and other sauces, which were extremely hot and pungent. At the end of the table was a silver apparatus for preparing tea or cocoa, served in place of soup. By the way, Americans eat what they think of as soup once or twice a week. In my opinion, they have only one kind of soup–pepper soup–because there is so much red pepper in it. Soup was served at the hospital on Fridays, and sometimes my mouth would still be burning from it on Sunday.

The hospital lunch, served at one o'clock, consisted of a choice of tea or cocoa, then roasted meat, three types of vegetables boiled in salt water, and pudding. The exact same [meal] was served daily in the course of my entire stay at the hospital with one difference--one day they served veal, on another lamb or fish, or beef. The pudding changed as well; or in its place they served cooked or raw fruit. This fresh simple food seemingly should have been very healthy, but Americans, in general, are pale, thin, and almost everyone suffers from dyspepsia. The most widely eaten vegetables are potatoes, fresh, tender corn, eggplant, and sweet potatoes. They eat tomatoes mostly raw and consider them so healthy that this is the first vegetable that convalescents are given. Of the remaining vegetables there is a wide variety-- cabbages, carrots, different radishes and turnips. They eat celery raw. Well-washed young stalks are placed in a glass before the diners as an hors d'oeuvre. Salads are not in great demand, they are replaced by thick, sour cranberry preserves which are served with roasted meat. Speaking of the latter, one of the favorite dishes in America is roasted turkey stuffed with white bread and oysters, sprinkled with thyme and pepper. This they eat with cranberry preserves and fresh celery. As fantastic as this mixture might seem, it does not taste bad. Chowders are strange and quite untasty. A chowder is a milk soup with fish, ham, and a large amount of pepper. On the other hand, oyster stew, a milk soup made of oysters, is very nutritious and healthy and is not bad tasting. In general, oysters are in great demand in America. On every street corner in the big cities in the east you see booths where oysters are sold. They eat them boiled, roasted, and raw. Americans really love all sorts of sweet pies, made of the strangest ingredients, such as pumpkin and rhubarb. They are not, however, nearly as good as those you find in Europe.

Of the fruits, peaches, bananas, and pineapples are widespread. Pears, apples, and oranges are found less frequently. There are quite a lot of grapes, and also coconuts, so-called brazil nuts and walnuts. There are several kinds of chestnuts and most of the berries which can be found in Europe.

Americans eat a lot. In the morning, when a Russian sits down for tea or coffee, Americans begin with beefsteak or roast beef with vegetables, followed by sweet pies and fried eggs, and wash it down with tea and cocoa. Americans are afraid of coffee as well as wine. Men drink beer, but women don't, with the exception of those in the lower class: old women of this type drink everything- gin, brandy, and whisky. I must add that among Americans proper, drunkenness is rare. More inclined to this are the immigrants from Europe and especially the Irish.

Lunch is usually at one or two o'clock. At seven o'clock they eat a hardy supper, like breakfast and lunch. In many places they eat a snack called a luncheon or lunch at eleven o'clock in the morning. As for the quality of foodstuffs, it is apparently not bad, except for the bread, which seems wretched to me. But this is not only in America. I do not know why, but in general, bread abroad is bitter; for me, there is no bread that compares with Russian. As for the United States, bread, that is purchased bread, is everywhere; as far as I can judge, it is heavy and is not baked through. They put soda in it even if it is baked at home. In many places in commercial bakeries, they do not allow the dough to rise like we do. They substitute carbon dioxide which is produced with the fermentation of dough. This dough is artificially infused with air--not clean air, but air right off the street, filled with all manner of dust and city miasmata. Is this the reason why Americans have such bad stomachs?

Besides the table at which we dined with the chief doctor and the student assistants, there was another one in the cafeteria for the matron, her assistant and sick nurse. They ate immediately after us. Next to ours was another cafeteria for the hospital servants. The food which is served to them is simpler than what we had.

After dinner, the students took me on a tour of the hospital. I must say that I was absolutely delighted by its cleanliness and conveniences for the patients. I have not seen anything like it elsewhere. Nothing had that institutional look which in European hospitals incites despair not only in the patients, but also in their visitors. I will recount what I found out about the founding and activities of the New England Hospital before I describe my personal experience of hospital life.

History of the Hospital

In 1859 the New England Female Medical College invited Dr. Marie Zakrzewska to head its department of midwifery and female illnesses. Immediately upon joining the faculty, Marie Zakrzewska suggested that the board of directors found a hospital and school affiliated with the college where women studying medicine would be able to acquire practical knowledge. Dr. Zakrzewska, who I would meet for the first time the next day, was a Prussian Pole, a native of Berlin. She first studied midwifery at the Berlin hospital "Charité," then moved to America almost without any means to support herself.[1] At first, she made ends meet with some kind of sewing work, but then, with the help of her outstanding intellect and energy, she was able to obtain not only a doctorate degree and a large medical practice, but she also furthered the dissemination of medical education among women. The Blackwell sisters, Elizabeth and Emily, who were physicians and pioneers of the woman question in America, helped her begin her medical practice and achieve her scholarly title. Elizabeth Blackwell herself tutored her in English and obtained the necessary materials for her to enter the Women's Medical College in Cleveland, Ohio. Finishing her medical courses, Zakrzewska moved to New York where she began to participate in the Blackwell sisters' endeavor, working under their leadership in a New York clinic for poor women.

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[1]* Dr. Zakrzewska decided to emigrate after her mentor, Dr. Joseph Schmidt, assured her that science had "no sex" in America and that women there received a medical education equal to that of men. After arriving, however, she found that female physicians "were of the lowest rank and did not hold even the position of a good nurse" (Zakrzewska, 84).

When the board of directors of the New England College agreed to found the hospital, Zakrzewska insisted on directing the business side of things and upon her initiative, a board of administration and management was formed; Miss Abby May, who I will mention later, was appointed its secretary. Two students of the college became Zakrzewska's assistants.

The year the hospital was founded, $1, 463 and 32 cents was spent. Seventy-two patients were admitted and 211 outpatients treated. After serving three years as a professor at the college, Marie Zakrzewska left the department because of the introduction of homeopathy in the school. With her departure, the clinic and hospital were closed. Consequently, finding a hospital essential for philanthropic and scientific purposes,those women who were members of the administrative board of the hospital and also members of the Boston intelligentsia decided to act independently and establish their own hospital. A new, temporary board was established which was to form a "Hospital Organization" for the "incorporation" of the hospital by the Massachusetts legislature. The clinic opened on July 1, 1862 in a tiny house on Pleasant Street in Boston. Four of the women who were members of the board agreed to pay for the quarters. Each of them promised to collect money for this purpose, but in case of inadequate collections, they would use their own money as a supplement.

From July 1, 1862 to November 1863, the hospital treated 118 hospital inpatients and 1,507 outpatients. Hospital physicians treated 88 people at home free of charge.

The Massachusetts Legislature incorporated the hospital on March 12, 1863. Miss Lucy Goddard, Marie Zakrzewska and Edna Cheney, their partners and successors were recognized as a corporation with the name, "The New England Hospital for Women and Children."[2] Here are the particular rules and regulations which were signed by the founders at a meeting on June 5, 1863 with the addition of the amendments of 1869. I quote them *in extenso* since they are identical, in general, for all philanthropic and academic institutions--hospitals, colleges, shelters for children, and so on.

By-laws

1). The name of the hospital is The New England Hospital for Women and Children.

2). The goals of the institution are the following: I. To ensure medical aid to women by doctors of the same sex. II. To assist female physicians in the practical study of medicine. III. To train nurses for the care of the ill.

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[2] * The hospital was founded on the principles of separatism, the cornerstone of nineteenth century American feminism. Women argued that they could assume a more active role in the public sphere by establishing their own separate institutions.

3). The governing body of the hospital must consist of not less than ten and not more than forty directors, the responsibility for all the administrative affairs of the institution lies with them.

4). The hospital's administrative body should consist of a president, two or more vice-presidents, a secretary, treasurer, and an auditor, selected from the board of directors.

5). The subscribers (philanthropists) have the right to vote.

6). Subscribers paying a onetime donation of fifty dollars will receive a lifetime membership.

7). Subscribers contributing $250 have the right to a free bed (that is, they are able to send patients to the hospital for a free bed).

8). The hospital inspectors must be selected from among the directresses and are changed monthly.

9). The medical officers of the hospital will consist of one or more resident physicians, one or more attending physician and not less than two consulting physicians, chosen from among the directors.

10). A yearly meeting is to be held the last Tuesday of October. Reports will be read by the secretary and treasurer at the meeting.

11). Yearly subscriptions are counted from the first day of October.

12). The secretary is responsible for informing members about meetings by placing announcements in one or more newspapers. The secretary will inform the directors about announced meetings and other special meetings by letter.

13). The directors should meet monthly to discuss routine hospital business.

14). The secretary is responsible for keeping the minutes of the meetings and recording the activities of the directors and organization, and even keeping the organization's correspondence in accordance with the requests and approval of the directors.

15). The treasurer is responsible for receiving and disbursing the money and for carefully maintaining the books, always open to the inspection of the directors.

16). The auditor must audit the current accounts as well as the yearly reports each year or more often if necessary.

17). The resident physician is responsible for submitting a report at the annual meeting to the board of directors concerning those aspects of the yearly work at the hospital considered the most important and beneficial.

I will take note here that I have looked through the detailed reports of several years and in almost each one of them the beneficence of the results of treating poor children whose health was neglected at home because of the poverty and ignorance of their families was discussed. The excellent results of the school for sicknurses was also discussed at length.

18). The monthly inspectors manage the daily operations of the hospital, sharing this duty with the permanent officers.

19). Five directors constitute a majority.

20). Eleven members constitute a deciding majority, sufficient for conducting business in each of the emergency meetings.

21). During the year, directors will fill in for each other during vacations.

22). The present by-laws can be amended at any of the meetings with two-thirds of the voting members present; two weeks notice must be given when changes in the regulations are proposed.

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I cite these by-laws because, judging by them, the members of the organization took on this work regardless of profit. From the by-laws, it is not obvious, but I am certain that in the majority of cases this work was performed indefatigably and conscientiously.

And so the new institution was founded with an educational purpose, on the one hand, and a philanthropic one, on the other. The women on whose initiative the New England Hospital was founded readily accepted help and cooperation from men – the board of directors always contained members of both sexes, although women are in the majority because they have the sole responsibility for attending to the wards while the men manage the business side of the institution–financial and legal matters, in a word, what Americans mean by the expression "business matters."

The treatment and nursing of the patients is in the hands of the women. The resident and attending physicians are women, but advice and help from the male specialist physicians is always readily accepted. Concerning the students' clinical studies, resident and attending physicians always grant them a certain amount of freedom with regard to the patients, guided by the opinion expressed by the founders: "freedom of action develops a person's self-respect and a strong and resolute character."

The medical officers of the hospital in 1863 were: Dr. Marie Zakrzewska, attending physician; Dr. Storer, attending surgeon; Dr. Yera, consultant in internal diseases, and Dr. Cabot, consultant surgeon; the resident physician was Dr. Lucy Sewall.

After graduating from the New England Female Medical College, Miss Lucy Sewall spent a year in Europe for further training and, returning to Boston, became a resident physician at the hospital. Two students became her assistants.

The hospital's surgery department was under the leadership of Dr. Storer for three years due to a special circumstance: he wished to have the convenience of hospital assistance for his poor patients and worked to increase the financial resources of the hospital.[3] The presence of Dr. Storer among the attending physicians was the only exception to the by-laws, according to which all internal offices of the hospital are placed in the hands of women.

The house rented by the Board of Directors on Pleasant Street soon proved to be insufficient in size--business increased: more and more patients appeared. The Board therefore found it necessary in 1864 to buy, as financial considerations allowed, four houses--one big and three small on Warren Street. This allowed new mothers to be isolated from the other patients and clinic patients to be treated in the dispensary. The surgical department expanded and gained importance.

The resources which were spent on the purchase of the houses were received in part from subscribers' charitable contributions, and in part from the concerts, bazaars, and theatrical performances arranged on behalf of the hospital. The Massachusetts Legislature, for its part, gave the hospital five thousand dollars.

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[3] * The Board of Directors decided to employ Dr. Storer because a qualified female gynecologist could not be found.

In 1864, Dr. Ellen Webster became Dr. Lucy Sewall's assistant. She received her degree in Boston and served on the sanitary commission of the city until she transferred to the hospital. The same year, Dr. Walter Channing, the best obstetrician in Boston, became a physician-consultant. One should note that the consultants were not only "honorary members," they participated in the hospital's activities and were selected from among the best of the city in the various specializations.

In 1865, Dr. Ruth A. Gerry became an assistant physician. She received her degree from the Philadelphia Women's Medical College. The same year that Dr. Storer left the surgery department, Dr. Anita Tyng became an assistant physician in the surgical department and was also a student at the Philadelphia College.

In 1866, Dr. Annette Buckel became an assistant physician and eventually resident physician and served in this capacity for three years. While Dr. Sewall became an attending physician at the hospital with Dr. Zakrzewska, Dr. Buckel graduated from the Philadelphia College and was a medical inspector of the military hospital of the Northern army in the southwestern states during the war with the South. Completing her three years of service as resident physician at the New England Hospital, she immediately departed for Bonn and then to Paris to improve her knowledge and study in the specialty of surgery. In 1875, after returning to Boston, she began a private practice and became an attending physician at the hospital. Last year, in 1879, I received disturbing news concerning the success of Dr. Buckel in private practice; despite her indubitable knowledge, which I had the occassion to be convinced of more than once, she had no luck. She lived in Boston with the hope that the practice, promised to her by Marie Zakrzewska, who, tiring from more than twenty years of work in the medical field and having acquired two huge houses, wanted, as she herself expressed it, "to retire in peace." But she has not done so yet.

Miss Buckel's appearance was remarkably pleasant. She was middle aged when I saw her the first time; she had curls white as snow–her entire head was covered in them. Her eyes, intelligent and bright, were black as coal. Her teeth were bright white and she had jet-black eyebrows. Her voice and smile were exceptionally pleasing, her movements quick and adroit; if it were not for her gray hair, she would appear to be only twenty-seven or twenty-eight. I noticed that Dr. Buckel was not the only young woman with gray hair who I happened to see in America; people, in general, age rather late there in terms of character and external appearance, with the exception of the gray hair. I met several such women here who began to study something in their forties and not only surpassed the young people, but obtained very respectable results with regards to the acquisition of knowledge and to the usefulness brought to society.

In 1869, Dr. Ellen Morton took the position of consultant at the dispensary. She also had gone to Europe for four years.

The hospital administrators strove for the full attainment of the goals on which the hospital was founded and believed they could achieve them only if the building where the patients recovered was purposeful in every aspect. Meanwhile, the houses which the Board of Directors had acquired again proved to be too small and uncomfortable. Furthermore, the constant growth and development of Boston caused the streets surrounding the hospital to become extremely noisy and densely populated and deprived the patients of the peace and quiet so essential to their recovery. Consequently, a charity bazaar was held, yielding such outstanding results that, for the construction of the hospital, it was decided to buy the plot of land on which the New England Hospital now stands. It is located on the southern outskirts of Boston and is attached to the city, which is very important because it allows it to use the city's gas and water, but at the same time, it seems as though it is located in the country with regards to the air, light, and peace. The site of the hospital is elevated and, as I have already said, is very picturesque. All of the hospital's administrators took an active role in its planning in order to intelligently construct the institution. The question of sanitation was handled for the most part by women.

The facade of the building was intentionally positioned at an angle towards the north so that there would not be one part of the building upon which the sun did not shine and the rooms on the north side were arranged so that each of them has a window facing south. All of the wards faced south as well as the sicknurses' rooms and bathrooms. The wards were not very large at all: the entire hospital consisted of sections containing larger wards with four windows and accommodating four patients; the smaller wards were for two and between them, the sicknurse's room, joined by a door to both wards but which could be closed to isolate one or both wards. These wards were also divided from each other by bathrooms. Gas and water, both hot and cold, are conveyed to each floor and there is a lift in each corridor from the kitchen and laundry room for the quick delivery of food and linen.

The surgical wards are completely isolated from each other and can accommodate three patients for minor surgeries and two during more serious surgeries. The children's ward is located on the upper floor. Wide corridors, halls, were constructed on each floor of the building in two lengthwise halves to facilitate ventilation and to provide a place for recuperating patients to stroll when they are not allowed for some reason to go outside into the air. The halls have wide, tall windows facing south.

The hospital's construction resembled the pavilion type. Its ventilation was produced by air ducts; the building is heated by warm air from the outside; moreover, each ward has a fireplace which burns continuously in the fall, winter, and spring. During the construction of the hospital, special attention was paid so that there was no unnecessary decoration on the outside or the inside where dust could accumulate or air could stagnate. The building's floors are solid, in the European style contrary to the American habit of laying them all in one row of planks which are then covered with carpets. Concerning the thickness of the ceilings and walls in the hospital, care was taken to ensure that there is less noise and that carpet is unnecessary, which is always inappropriate where there are ill people.

The entire building consisted of four floors, the three upper floors are occupied by patients and medical personnel; the kitchen, laundry, maids' rooms, cafeteria, pharmacy, and storeroom are located on the lower floor, of which one side was underground. On the second floor, the resident physician's apartment and the housekeeping and linen room, where the hospital's linens are kept and everything that needs mending by the housekeping assistants.

There is also a waiting room and a parlor--the director's sitting room, which is separated from the students' parlor by folding doors; when these doors are opened, both rooms form a large hall where lectures are sometimes given and where meetings are held. It can accommodate nearly one hundred people. Besides the rooms which have already been mentioned, the second floor has several individual wards for well-to-do paying patients.

In addition to the wards, the patient's cafeteria is located on the third floor; on the fourth floor there were wards, students' and assistant housekeepers' quarters. The entire hospital is furnished like a private home and nothing resembles the European-style hospital decor. Uncommon cleanliness is evident everywhere.

The obstetric ward is located in the "Maternity cottage" in a separate, smaller house which stands at the side. The cottage has two floors and a cellar. Halls have been built in it. The cottage has been furnished in the same manner as the main house; all the hospital's furniture has been donated, in part by religious societies. The beds are made of iron and have good hair mattresses, which is a big luxury in America. According to hygienists, it is a huge mistake to have hair mattresses in hospitals because they should be changed as often as possible, but this is not done at the New England Hospital; there are thin sheets on the bed and muslin curtains on the windows; the latter are a necessity because there are vicious mosquitoes that do not give the patients peace from spring to October.

The consecration of the new hospital was planned for November 12, 1872. Unfortunately, the famous Boston fire occurred at that time which destroyed all the industrial and the richest sections of town. It had a huge impact on contributions made on behalf of the hospital; the majority of the people who had been supporting the hospital lost a great deal in the fire. I could judge its severity even in 1875 by the burnt frames of huge buildings consumed by fire which one meets at every step. The burned quarter consisted of buidings which were occupied from top to bottom by warehouses.

In August 1872, Susan Dimock, having completed her medical courses in Zurich, became the resident physician at the hospital where she had been a student assistant until her trip to Switzerland. She accepted the directorship of the hospital for a term of three years, and performed her duties with such success that after two years the Board of Directors persuaded her to stay for an additional three years. She agreed on the condition that she be allowed to leave for the summer to rest and study a little in Europe. She departed from New York on April 28, 1875, on the steamship *Sheller* and drowned on May 8 during a shipwreck at Scilly Isles. Her body was brought back to America and was ceremoniously buried in Boston. She was first replaced by Miss Mary Little who received her degree at Michigan Medical College, then by Anna Jackson Ferris, and finally by Dr. Elizabeth Keller from Philadelphia College who had been the head of a small hospital in Philadelphia for several years which she had founded with her own resources. Dr. Keller was the resident physician for two years and was replaced by my acquaintance and fellow-countryman, a physician at Berne University, F. B. Presently, the head physician at the New England Hospital is a Russian.

After the patients and administration had moved into the new building, the hospital for clinical patients remained in one of the city houses on Warren Street; it could bring the greatest benefit being in the city among the crowded, dense worker population which mainly benefited from its services.

Wards for charity patients were established at the hospital. The stipulations for the latter comprised of the following: the patient must be poor, their illness must not be chronic nor incurable, and the hospital's treatment must enable full recovery. The free beds are established by contributions donated by philanthropists. Maintenance of each bed requires five thousand dollars. In 1875, there were fourteen donated beds. There were a total of 58 beds in the hospital.

A charge of ten dollars a week is levied on patients in the ward--this, however, is the lowest price. Patients who pay for their own treatment and have a private room with a sicknurse to themselves pay between twenty-five and thirty dollars a week. Patients treated in the dispensary in the city, such as clinical patients and those who receive treatment at home, receive aid free of charge; twenty-five cents is charged for medicine, but only to those for whom paying is not especially difficult.[4]

The educational mission of the hospital consists of the following: six student assistants, who enter each year, live in the hospital continuously. For the first half of the year, the students pay five dollars a week for their upkeep that includes food, housing, light, and electricity; all the remaining expenses such as clothes, laundry, and so on, are handled as one wishes and at one's own expense. If a student proves herself to be a good nurse, then nothing is charged for her upkeep during the second half of the year. These assistants are accepted from American colleges as well as European universities and are selected at the discretion of the board of directors from those submitting an application; no entrance exam is given and patronage is not necessary. A student must have some theoretical preparation–the hospital doctors begin to teach her the practical aspects of medicine. Such positions are readily filled by doctors who have recently completed their medical courses; some hospitals require a doctor's diploma from the entering assistants, as, for example, at the Philadelphia Women's College.

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[4] * The hospital encouraged patients to pay what they could to increase their self-respect. Those destitute female patients had to produce evidence of strong moral character, usually in the form of a letter from a respected individual, to obtain treatment free of charge. A woman could demonstrate her worthiness for treatment by her martial status, piety, and appearance.

The total number of students who studied at the New England Hospital from its founding to 1876 was sixty-four. I was not successful in finding out much about their fate. I only know that six died, and of the remainder, many got married; not one of those who married or remained unmarried left the medical profession.

One of the missions the hospital took upon itself was the training of capable sicknurses. A need for them became especially evident during the war.[5] Susan Dimock provided much help in solving this problem, both theoretically and practically. It was decided that the sicknurses would study for a year. A new student enters initially on a two-week trial basis; if she proves to be capable, then they accept her completely with a salary of a dollar a week for the first six months, two dollars a week for the second six months and three dollars if she decides to stay at the end of the year for another six months. The pay is not considered compensation for working but given for necessary expenditures–the purchase of dresses and so on. The outer clothing demanded of the sicknurses consists of cotton dresses; they are also obliged not to wear leather shoes, but soft slippers. The sicknurses spend several months of the school year in each of the hospital's wards. It was recently decided that their studies should last a year and four months. Dr. Keller added the study of food preparation for the sick to the theoretical study of nursing for the ill.

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[5] * The American Civil War

The first year that sicknurses began to be trained was 1872 and their training consisted of twenty lectures which were open to the public as well. A charge was not levied on anyone. In addition to theory, the resident physician constantly teaches the sicknurses at the patients' bedside. The sicknurses are awarded diplomas at the completion of the term and upon their departure from the hospital. Several of those who graduated from the New England Hospital received a supervisory position or a post as head of a school for the education of sicknurses.

The resident physician of the New England Hospital received three hundred dollars a year for her total support. Even the board of directors considers this sum very slight since it requires much work. It is true that the hospital's revenue in 1876 was equal to $2,000 and significant expenses were covered by donations by benevolent contributors and various philanthropic undertakings, its financial affairs thrived due to inexhaustibile American philanthropy. The hospital's debt from purchasing houses and land in 1876 amounted to $47,000. At the beginning of 1879, this debt had decreased to $22,000, of which $15,000 was old debt and $7,000 was new, again in consequence of purchasing land. In 1879, this debt had decreased to $7,000. This should not seem surprising if we take into consideration that only one charity fair was held that year, bringing in more than $13,000.

The hospital's expenses increased considerably last year due to increased salaries for the employees and various improvements to the ventilation and heating systems now produced by steam. One may note that the last improvement was more than essential. New England's climate is rather severe, with snow still on the ground in March. It was so cold in our rooms in October that at night we literally covered ourselves in half a dozen blankets in order to warm up a little. Beginning in November, the water in our rooms froze by morning. The patients did not suffer from the cold: fireplaces burned day and night in the wards. Despite the soil and cold winter, several kinds of grapes and peaches grow in and around Boston. To conclude the history of the hospital, I will cite the number of patients treated at the hospital over the years:

1862	Hospital patients	72
The year the hospital was founded –	Clinic patients	211
	Expenditures	$1,463.32
1879	Hospital patients	263
	Treated at home	854
	Clinic patients	4,358
	Prescriptions	22,680

There were 3,883[6] patients who paid for medicine and treatment during this time and 1,329 non-paying patients.

Total expenditures this year [1879]............................39,902.52

Such is the history of the hospital and its conditions of existence. The number of poor patients benefiting from its practitioners and resources is counted in the thousands and the entire endeavor has been in the hands of ten or twenty women doctors, students, and a number of energetic philanthropists. With all its philanthropy, the New England Hospital is not in a position to prevent or even partially improve the horrors resulting from America's modern industrial system. Nevertheless, honor and praise should be given to the tireless workers who strive to comfort and help the unfortunate as far as possible.

The New England Hospital is not an isolated case. The reason why I have discussed it in such detail is because its history is the history of a great number of large and small institutions founded in a similar fashion entirely on philanthropic and educational resources. A hospital is sometimes founded which offers medical courses, the institution then grows rapidly, and a college is established. Dispensaries for patients are sometimes founded with the college and then a hospital is founded, the very process of founding in my description. The New York Infirmary for Poor Women and Children is one of a number of hospitals founded by female physicians; it was the first; the New England Hospital was founded after it; there are hospitals in Philadelphia, Chicago, Providence, Jersey City, and many other towns. The men who served in almost all of them worked zealously. The initiative, however, always rested with the women. It is apropos to remember here what especially struck me about these American women: once an institution had been established, it was never abandoned, it never perished, but grew rapidly and thrived; to that subject I will now permit myself to direct the attention of my (female) readers, if there are any.

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[6] Those who are able to pay for medicine are charged, as already stated, twenty- five cents.

My Life at the Hospital

I rested on the day of my arrival, but I began to perform my new duties on the following morning. At first, I was made supervisor of the pharmacy; fortunately, contrary to the habit of those studying medicine, I had diligently studied pharmacology and pharmacy and worked for several months as an apprentice under the leadership of one of the best pharmacists in Zurich. After a little while, I was transferred to the women's ward. There was almost no work in the pharmacy; in the maternity ward, the work consisted of helping patients at night if necessary; my day was divided in the following manner: arising at six o'clock in the morning, I had to examine my patients, note their pulse, respiration, and temperature and any changes in their condition which occurred during the night. We ate breakfast at seven o'clock. The official rounds of all the patients by the resident physician and in the presence of either an attending physician or consulting physician and all the students began after breakfast. Drs. Morton and Zakrzewska were present during my first rounds. I was introduced to them. Miss Morton made an exceptionally good impression. She was well past thirty years old, but by all appearances was uncommonly attractive. She was rather plump, very lively, and her smile was exceptionally pleasant. She was smoothly coifed with a low dark-chesnut braid; her dress was black wool with a half-open neckband in front; instead of a collar, she wore a white tulle kerchief which indicated that Dr. Morton was a Quaker; but she spoke to all of us as "you" and not "thou" and so I could never decide if she was a Quaker or not. She knew her subject excellently -- the lessons she supervised were definitely useful for the students.

At the completion of rounds, we departed for the operating room if an operation was expected; if not, we went to the pharmacy to prepare the medication prescribed by the doctors. This occupied the time until lunch, which was served at one o'clock in the afternoon. After lunch, the patients' histories were documented as well as their respiration, pulse, and temperature. Then we had to visit the patients or stop at the house of one of those recently released. Dinner was at seven o'clock. After dinner there were more rounds, the fulfillment of the doctors' orders, and various observations to be written down--the day ended towards ten or eleven o'clock.

The second day after my arrival, as I remember, I saw Dr. Zakrzewska. She was also a very lively woman, near fifty years old; she was thin with sharp, unattractive features and small, intelligent gray eyes. She was not married. What struck me most about her was her vitality and the simple common sense in her speech combined with a good understanding of people. With regards to her medical education, it proved to be rather poor. I do not mean to say that she was a bad doctor in practice; on the contrary, her encounters with patients went very well, but she was a very poor theorist and explained the causes of diseases and their symptoms in a very fantastical manner. Her patients did not suffer from such a deficiency of knowledge since she knew the general hygienic rules and regulations of the "American school"; she knew what to do for this or that illness by heart.

Marie Zakrzewska's value lay in her energy, in her devotion to her work, and in her diligence. It was not her fault if things were viewed differently when she was a student than they are now; she herself would probably say that she never strove for "knowledge." She was only concerned with obtaining sufficient experience in order to be helpful and beneficial. The motives guiding her, without a doubt, differed in many ways from those which currently inspire the best Russian women. It is important that she did not bury her talent. Her views were, generally, very distinctive. She always fervently argued that any "decent and capable person," especially female physicians, "should strive to have a career and to grow rich, absolutely grow rich!" "Society," she said, "judges the seriousness of your work and your abilities by your success. If you have a career, then that in itself already brought benefits to your cause and to everyone who walks with you on the same path. You must succeed! (in regards to obtaining status and money), if you have a strong desire to help humanity."

Zakrzewska treated me strangely at first; it was as if she was apprehensive about something during her clinical explanations, as though she was afraid that I might take it into my head to embarrass her because of my "European education." She realized very quickly, however, that I was a docile person, possessing an especially low self-confidence and she became very polite to me and shortly in her tone appeared a kind pity, which was evident when she expressed the opinion, in a moment of candor, that I would "never grow rich!" I chuckled and seconded her view.

Nevertheless, my acquaintance with Zakrzewska at home left me with a very pleasant memory. The first time I was at her house was for a picnic which she held for all of us students. She lived half an hour's walk from the hospital, also just outside the city in Roxbury, Boston Highlands, in a spacious, wooden house reminiscent in appearance of the old Russian gentry houses. There was a rather large garden around the house, it was somewhat wild and neglected, but its market-garden and orchard sections were immaculately kept. Zakrzewska lived with the Hansen family, including grandparents, father, mother, and a young son, who was currently absent.

When we arrived, we were taken directly to the garden where the country society, which had been invited, were sitting under the trees on the grass. Greeting me, Zakrzewska called out in German; "Hansen, Hansen! Come quick, there is someone here with whom you can speak German to your heart's content!"

At the summons, an elderly man of enormous height with a slight stoop and gray hair appeared. We were introduced to each other; he talked to me extensively about Switzerland and soon his wife joined us, a small, red-cheeked elderly woman with hair white as snow. Their son had graduated three years ago with a degree in architecture from the Zurich Polytechnic. I subsequently found out that the elder Hansen was once one of the foremost statesmen of German youth in 1848 and had been friends with Heine and Freilgrath.[7] His greatest hero was Atta-Trolia. He really could have been embodied in the guise of a bear, he was so large, awkward, and at first glance, lazy. In reality, he was not indolent, but worked diligently and assiduously for the publication of the radical German newspaper, *Pioneer.* In it, he fiercely battled with the socialists and defended the republic, progressive property, income taxes, and so forth. In other words, he did not digress far in his demands from what is presently granted in the constitution in the Zurich canton. Both he and his wife were very friendly with Zakrzewska and even addressed her with "you."

I became more closely acquainted with Zakrzewska only later, during my second stay in Boston in the spring of 1876. Spending Sunday evenings in Roxbury, I never dreamed that with this acquaintance I might cause harm to anyone, but I unknowingly deprived director Ferris of sleep and food: she was afraid that I would slander her by telling all sorts of horrors to Zakrzewska. The matter, by the way, was not confined to internal suffering on her part; after being at the hospital for two or three weeks and feeling at home there, I began to notice that Mrs. Ferris exhibited an obvious coolness towards me. She tried to "put me in my place" at every turn and tried to show me that she was my superior. This was very upsetting to me, especially since I behaved very peacefully and even submissively. The hostility of the head doctor was particularly distressing to me becasue I was not close to any of my collegues. Only Alice Bennett showed any sympathy towards me. I did not like the others despite their many very respectable qualities.

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[7] *Heinrich Heine was perhaps the greatest German lyric poet whose works, such as *Reisebilder* and *Der Salon* , denounced German reactionism and had considerable influence among the German youth. Ferdinand Freilgrath was also a German poet who was exiled for most of his life because of his radical political views. Like Heine, he was popular with young Germans.

There were four of us in all at the hospital; besides Alice Bennett and I, there were Miss Allenwood and Miss Seraph Frizel. Miss Allenwood had lived at the hospital for two years and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the administration, serving it in all respects; she shunned us and was notable for her silence and very doleful appearance, which as far as I know was the consequence of various family tragedies. With regards to Seraph Frizel, she was a completely peculiar creature, of a kind I have never seen before. She was a young woman, less than thirty years old, short, with almost albino hair and complexion. She was not a "complete" dolt, she was a fair student and, like the others, performed her duties conscientiously; at the same time, any reference to literature, art, the public and political aspects of society produced unimaginable chaos in her head. She seriously declared to me that to go to the theater, for example, was "wicked," very sinful; reading novels, dramas. poetry, everything except textbooks is harmful just as all similar matters were "immoral." We persuaded her somehow at least to read *David Copperfield*, she had heard of Dickens from her teachers in school, and this persuaded her to agree to read it. She fussed over the book for a long time, but never completed it, first because she thought it was boring, and second because she was embarassed by the thought that reading anything but a textbook was wicked. She was amusing, but Alice Bennett convinced me that Miss Frizel was not amusing, but frightening, as any fanatic is and that she did not represent the exception in America, for she belonged to a New England

Puritan family. Alice Bennett herself was also religious, but not to such lengths.

In general, I can say that my first stay at the hospital was not blissful. Everyone was alien to me and I was alien to everyone. Fanny Brandeis' arrival in Boston was, therefore, especially pleasing. She had visited me several times and, through her, I became more closely aquainted with her friends, the Pope sisters, who supervised a clinic among others; the sister-doctors were twins, their names were Emily and August. They were so similar that I never could tell them apart. They introduced me to Dr. Emma Cole, whom I especially liked for her knowledge, vivacity, work and kindness. Both the Popes and Emma Cole were young women with financial resources. After completing their medical courses, they had gone to Europe for two or three years for further study. The Pope sisters had studied in Paris and Miss Cole in Vienna; I was much indebted to them, especially for the practical aspect of my medical education.

I visited Fanny Brandeis several times and, thanks to her, I managed to gain some insight into the domestic life of American families, but more about that later.

During my time at the hospital, I was very busy ; in my rare free time from working in the hospital, I gathered material for my dissertation. I had been warned that I would not have one free minute during the winter semester at the Philadelphia College. This held true later as well. I had to work more with books since original research was not required for a dissertation, only a more or less intelligent compilation of others' works. Fortunately I already had some of my own observations from my studies in Zurich so that I had more in hand than necessary. Incidentally, I had to write the dissertation then because I still hoped not to be required to attend the winter semester before the exam. That hope, however, proved to be vain. In the middle of August, I received a letter from Miss Bodley who informed me that the professors at Philadelphia College could not agree to my request concerning the exam and that I still needed to complete one semester at the college.

This news did not discourage me. And so almost another year of various ordeals lay ahead of me before I could stand on my own two feet. But there was nothing I could do. Without protest, I had to resign myself to the fact that I had to do it. I was less satisfied with this decision than if I had known about it at the beginning of my stay at the hospital; for several weeks I had taken the time to clarify many of the differences between American and European theory and practice of medicine, and decided that I would need to study them in more detail. Of course, if circumstances had not compelled me to do so, I would not have done it since I had neither the time nor the resources. I was not rich and such extensive study in my field was, at the time, a luxury for me.

I wrote Miss Bodley that I would arrive at the beginning of the semester. Two weeks later, Miss Bodley arrived in Boston on some kind of business. She visited me and Alice Bennett, who was a student at the Women's Medical College. Returning her visit at her quarters, I became aquainted with another future colleague, Miss Gaston. Both she and Alice moved to Philadelphia for their last semester and had to take the final exam in March 1876. I did not like Miss Gaston's nervousness nor her pomposity, and Alice Bennett, who was called the "enfant terrible, " whispered to me that she was simply doltish and I subsequently had a chance to verify this.

Miss Bodley and Miss Gaston both stayed not at the hospital, but in a house with cheap rooms, rented to "intelligent women" of modest means. The house belonged to a religious society. Unfortunately, I was too busy to examine the house fully or to get acquainted with everyone more closely. I only know that the rooms were comfortable and cheap, that there was a library, dining room, bathroom and so on at the service of the tenants free of charge, that the tenants were not constrained by any special regulations, and that the house was always full.

As I already said, I had plenty of work at the hospital; visits to Zakrzewska's house and occasional strolls in a field opposite the hospital served as relaxation. Aside from Dr. Ferris, I could not complain about anyone; after she had concluded that her suspicions of me were unfounded, the misunderstanding between us was cleared up, and I could then call my life pleasant since I became somewhat better friends with the students. The reconciliation with Dr. Ferris was concluded, however, only after my return from the dispensary.

Besides my work, which has already been described, there is something else which should be mentioned: namely, the fact that the sicknurses were partly under the supervision of the students. Most of the sicknurses were decent and fairly well educated women and, in general, there were no difficulties with them. Several of the them, especially the younger ones, intended to study medicine subsequently, which is quite common in America.

A large number, however, were not preparing for anything else, only for nursing. One of the sicknurses, a certain Miss Moshke, who was of Bavarian German descent, for some reason suddenly began to display a special penchant for me. For a long time I could not understand what this involved until Miss Moshke explained to me once that she considered me a compatriot because, in her opinion, Russia was nothing more than one of the numerous German provinces. I had the naiveté to try to convince her that she was mistaken, but all my efforts proved to be in vain, she maintained the same opinion, "if not, then why do you speak German so fluently?" and she concluded triumphantly, "I, for example, can't speak any other language other than my own, except a little English."

But poor Miss Moshke spoke her mother tongue rather poorly thanks to her extended residence among American Germans. One can hardly imagine anything more amusing than the so-called "Pennsylvania Deutsch," which is spoken in German neighborhoods in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. This language is not only a mixture of German and English, but is also speckled with completely distinctive expressions arising from the literal translation of English words into German and from the Germanization of very American expressions. For example, the Germans use "muffen" to mean "to move," in the sense to move to a new residence; instead of "I like"–they say "ich gleiche das"; the word "without" is translated "mitaus" (with-mit, out-aus). This, by the way, is completely nonsensical.

Regarding the foolish Moshke, I remember one of the most touching customs in American hospitals: the patients' wards and cafeterias are always, both in winter and summer, decorated with fresh flowers. Miss

Moshke had a special talent for elegantly arranging them. Every free minute she and the other students had during the summer was devoted to gathering flowers and to decorating the wards. Americans, in general, are not recognized as having a great artistic flair. I think that they do, however, and it is quite evident in the way they exercise a remarkable ability to give a luxurious and cheerful appearance to their dwellings with small touches. No other people can compare with them in this respect. They also know where real comfort lies, and they have to obtain it, comparatively speaking, with very insignificant material expenditures. The meadows around the hospital provided the patients with flowers in the summer--in the winter, they were obtained from hothouses of benefactors and trustees of the hospital. The cult of flowers was widespread among American women. Almost everyone wears live flowers either at their waist or as a corsage, or in hair, on holidays and on weekdays alike.

With regard to the trustees of the hospital, besides sending flowers to the patients, they tried to give us students some favor; sometimes they would give us tickets to the theater or concerts; other times they would send us and the patients fruit or ice cream. As I mentioned, the patients had their own cafeteria. It was improved so that it was nicely furnished and a piano was placed in it which the patients could play to their heart's content so long as there were no seriously ill patients in the hospital. There was also a bookcase in the cafeteria and books for light reading which the patients could use as they desired. Besides this library, there was a rather complete medical library for students and doctors; it was located in our parlor. The hospital did not yet have a garden, but there was a rather beautiful grove of cedars nearby where the patients could stroll or sit. For those who were more feeble, hammocks were sometimes hung in the trees so that they could make use of the best medicine in the world: clean air, warmth from the sun, and sunshine.

At the Dispensary

After spending nearly two months at the hospital, I became rather comfortable with the language and used to American customs so I was not frightened by the thought of going to the dispensary, the city branch of the hospital for out-patients only, for several weeks to replace Miss Merchant who had completed her assistantship at the clinic. The dispensary was located downtown; the students worked more independently there than in the hospital and turned to the older doctors for advice only in difficult cases. Patients are received by the doctors during certain hours of the day; the rest of the time, especially during house calls, the students were left to their own abilities and knowledge. The students are responsible for providing assistance with childbirth and performing minor surgeries, in other words, to act as midwives and medical attendants since there are neither midwives nor medical attendants in America. As I have already said, medical assistance at the dispensary was free and even from the more well-off patients only twenty five cents was collected even if the medicine cost two dollars. It was done that way in all of the dispensaries which I saw.

When I left for my assignment at the dispensary, thinking it would only be for a short time, I took only the necessary personal items and books, boarded a horse-drawn tram, and bade farewell to the hospital for six weeks. The change for me was, if you like, even pleasant because Dr. Ferris would not be there constantly looking over my sholder. I arrived at the dispensary just in time for lunch. Miss Mitchell, who had been there alone after Miss Merchant's departure, greeted me neither warmly nor coolly. A black housekeeper, Rachel or Mrs. Clark–as only I called her–welcomed me more warmly. Her ten-year-old son Tommy, who was as black as shoe polish and as curly-headed as a sheep with messy and dusty wool, immediately picked up my things and took them to the students' room. I was led into the cafeteria and sat down to lunch, which proved to be better than the hospital fare. After lunch, Miss Mitchell explained our responsibilities.

First of all, we got up at six o'clock in the morning, ate breakfast and then immediately went upstairs to the rooms where the patients were received. Sarah, the part-time assistant, by that time had already organized the rooms. Our job was to prepare for the patients' arrival.

We took the books off the bookshelf and placed them on the physician's desk. In one, the patient's name, address, and illness were recorded; in the other the medication was prescribed. We then got out the medicines most often used. In another room, the instruments and all the items necessary for the treatment of female internal diseases were prepared. The various instruments and glassware were cleaned if necessary. All this was done hastily because everything had to be prepared by eight o'clock when the physicians arrived and began to receive patients, which continued until noon or one o'clock, depending on the number of patients. There were days when more than one hundred people came. We ate lunch at one o'clock and made house calls after lunch. When we had to visit remote parts of the city we were allowed to take a horse-drawn tram at the hospital's expense. We ate supper at five o'clock. After lunch we sorted the prescriptions written during examinations by us or one of the doctors who were making house calls. We prepared the medicines which had been prescribed and then again departed to make house calls. We were home by eight o'clock; but our duties were not yet complete: we added up the amount of money received for medicines, spent for transportation, and for the purchase of various things for the dispensary. We also put the tickets in order which were delivered to us for the distribution of portions of broth, meat, milk, and wine from the dispensary to the poor; we then checked how many portions were alloted for the next day by ourselves and the doctors and notified Rachel. We were then busy with the preparation of medicines "en gros"–namely, the most widely used tinctures, extracts, mixtures, and powders. At pharmacies in the city, we bought many of our medicines – all of those that require much time or very expensive equipment and skill in preparation. Anything that can be made into a powder can be procured already prepared in any dose you like. An especially favorite type of medicine in America is the sugar pill. We had an entire shelf full of them. The clock finally struck ten o'clock. According to the dispensary's rules, we were not obliged to leave again at patients' requests. The city was huge and was teeming with all kinds of people; it could be dangerous for a woman traveling alone at night in an unfamiliar place. We could go to bed at ten o'clock. But I managed to do this only very rarely; as soon as I had shed my dusty dress and washed out the dirt and soot, which had gradually accumulated, as soon as I lay my tired head on the pillow, when the bell would ring frantically over our very ears calling us to a patient. We gave cards to women who asked us for assistance in case of emergencies; a person who produced such a card had the right to demand treatment at any time day or night.

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After listening intensely to Miss Mitchell's instructions, I went with her to closely examine the medicines and books. I had seen the dispensary earlier: it was an ordinary, narrow, tall American house. The facade had one window and door on the lower floor. There were two windows on each of the three upper floors. There was a dining room and kitchen with pantries on the lower floor. There were two rooms on the second floor; one, which exited to the outside, housed the students; the second, the back room, was furnished with benches for patients waiting during reception hours for their turn to be treated. On those days when one hundred or more of them came, however, they sat on the staircase and even on the porch. The next floor, the third, was used to examine and treat patients; on the same floor, there was a shelf with medicines and instruments. On the upper floor, which was just under the roof, Rachel and her son were housed in small bright and light rooms which slanted in the corners. The house had a yard in which flowers had been planted and almost all of them were corseted from above with splendid grapevines–it was Tommy's favorite place when he was not in school.

During my time at the dispensary, Doctors Buckel, the two Pope sisters, and Morton were the physicians. They alternated among themselves. Miss Cole was added later. They arrived in the morning, received the patients, examined them and prescribed medicine. One of the students let the patients in and showed them out and while the patient was being examined, the same student prepared the medicine that had just been prescribed while listening to what the doctor was saying at the same time and guarding the door from an onslaught from outside by the impatient people in a line waiting to be examined. Usually two or three minutes were spent on each patient. My head was always spinning when it was my turn to work the reception room. At the same time, another student was in the back room administering treatment ordered by the doctor which could be performed there. There was not such a rush here. I still remember that, for example in 1879, the total number of patients who received treatment at the dispensary was 5,212 and 22,680 prescriptions had been written. This demonstrates what quantity of work is done by the unrecognized personnel, and it is this way everywhere in charity as well as non-charity medical organizations in America. Besides providing treatment, donated food was distributed to the patients, and sicknurses were sent to tend the sick at home when there was no one to care for them or when they could not be admitted to the hospital. In those cases where the illness occurred because of a filthy apartment, the hospital personnel help the patient find and rent a better one.

I will add here that total expenses in 1879 was $66,382.31.

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After I had been at the dispensary several days, it seemed as though I would be there for an entire century and that the century would last forever. The morning work, receiving patients, greatly fatigued me, but I did not have to deal with anything that would have been particularly and sharply painful morally at any given moment. Of course I felt sorry for the patients, sorry for their unfortunate situation, for their ignorance, and for the society which can exist under conditions that brought about such a great amount of poverty... but all of this in comparison was, so to speak, a chronic illness, partially losing its impact. Here at the dispensary, the poverty was not as shocking as that which one saw during house calls, meeting the evil oppressing them in their own homes. In the dispensary, the reception of patients was not a time for thought, one need not reflect and sympathize, but think through a given case as quickly as possible and decide how and wherewith to help -- with medicine or food or clothing or sometimes simply with moral support --we had those cases too.

It was not that way when visiting patients at home. One particular incident still makes my flesh crawl when I think about it.

You are not inferior, New World, to the Old World in the ability to cause complete mental, moral, and physical emaciation of your own children who seek refuge from you! The Irish were especially unfortunate and pitiful poor devils. They grew up and lived separately in their own "green Eire" never seeing the fruits of her rich harvest, but maintaining their sorrowful existence on potatoes alone -- called "Irish potatoes" in America[8]; they live and die in the smoke and stench of their shacks, in the majority of cases serving as only obedient tools in the hands of the fanatical clergy. Moving to America, they dreamed of happiness and prosperity, but they found the same smoke and stench, the same "Irish potato," and the same clergy--there are many Jesuits in America-- and no one obtained richer land or a better home.

As I have already mentioned, there was a workers' crisis during my stay in the United States; the majority of the workers who were without work lapsed into poverty. Among them, the Irish primarily suffered from this. They were the first to be denied work, despite their strength and ability, mainly because they are lazy at work and often lapse into drunkenness; most of them, called "loafers" in America gather at taverns day and night. Most of the poor devils who turn to the dispensary for assistance are Irish. For example, some kind of poor woman came to the dispensary and requested that a doctor come home with her to tend to a sick person.

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[8] "Irish potatoes" in contrast to the American sweet potato.

"Where do you live?"

"On Athens Street."

In order to go, one would have to be gone for a long time. Miss Mitchell adamantly refused to make house calls on Athens; as for me, I had made house calls there until I fell ill and had been sent to the hospital to regain my strength.

Boston's Athens, or simply Athens Street, is no more than a narrow passage three or four versts long. Filthy, narrow, tall houses tower along both sides of it; they are packed from the cellars to the attics with poor, or better to say, poverty-stricken Irish. Filth, stench, smoke, fetidness, shouts, drunkenness, and superstition, it is inconceivable for a visitor to return there. I have never seen anything like it in my life, and I probably never will again. These people work, dawdle, drink, fall ill, quarrel, become friends, are born, and die in this mess. When I had to visit Athens Street for the first time, it seemed to me as though I had been transported from immaculate, clean Boston to, let's say, Peking. The road disappeared under a layer of thick, deep mud; children of all ages thronged in this mire with the cats and dogs, among faded cabbage leaves, picked remnants of corn and old rotten bones. From windows and doors, from openings in attics and cellars one can find people, mostly women, young and old, beautiful and unattractive, well-dressed and and half-dressed, sometimes without any clothes at all. All of this produced a cacophony of squealing, laughing, and shouting from the attic to the cellar, from one building to another. A two-horse heavily loaded wagon suddenly appeared from around the corner, the noise and din approached unbearable proportions; the driver, at a walk, dangerously maneuvered amid the swarming children in the middle of the road, the mothers, who expressed their fear by shouting, swiftly threw themselves almost under the horses, snatching a child from danger, picking him up by the shirt to spank him. But the driver passed through without wounding anyone, thank God! The results were sometimes different.

This is the street, the external picture; it was no better inside the houses: each one of them was a crowded, filthy apartment packed with people, cats, cockroaches, flies, bugs, fleas, and all kinds of vermin that could only exist on or around people. I worked among these people in August and September, 1875. The heat outside was so intense that it seemed to bake any living thing that could not take any precautions against it; the poor devils' apartments were even worse. There was a stove in the middle of each room--most of the apartments were only one room, rarely with storerooms--on which something was always boiling: now dinner, now water for laundry, now some kind of medical drug. Add to this the unbearable stench, resulting from unbelievable slovenliness. The poverty of the Irish was practically universal, but as I thought then and think now, it stemmed not only from the workers' crisis. It overwhelmed them as well as Americans, Germans, and Negroes; what is one to say about the difference in the domestic situation and way of life in one word between the Irish and the other three nations? All of them except the Irish are clean and sanitary, there are no parasites nor stench.

The streets on Negro blocks are worse than downtown. Their apartments are small and crowded like the apartments of the Irish, but there is a difference in their condition. There is not a speck of dust anywhere, they even attempt to decorate. There are plants in the window and cheap pictures on the walls; wax or paper flowers on the fireplace under bell-glass to prevent dust. Furthermore, there are shells, photographs, and so on. Negroes have a real passion for photography. I gave Tommy a dollar for some reason -- he used part of the money to buy a half dozen photographs, he ceremoniously presented one to Miss Mitchell and one to me; I have kept it to this day and it is very much like an inkspot incorrectly blotched on a grey background. But we will return to the Negroes' apartments. If you have ever met a Negro family, you would find everything in the house orderly and the hostess dressed not only neatly, but stylishly, in a heavily starched, very bright cotton-print dress and bright yellow or red madras--a shawl worn on the head. A different kind of madra, like Rachel Clark and I wear in the dispensary, is a chignon made from someone else's hair, since one's own would be too short for this even if rather thick. In this case, their heads would appear strange: a cheap chignon made from Chinese hair which is straight, but in the front over Negresses' foreheads were naturally puffy, curly tufts. All the Negroes' households are neat, the dishes shining from cleanliness. The children are neat, decently dressed, and do not roll in the street filth and are either with their mothers or in school. The Negroes have one bitter misfortune: many of their children die, perhaps as many as Russian peasants' children.

Without exception, all Negro children are rickety and scrofulous; the comparatively dry climate of the New England north is not suitable for children of the hot south. The one thing that struck me about Negro children is that they are born almost completely white and turn black over time. I had to see many of them and I do not remember one instance when it was not this way.

I was interested in the character difference between the Negroes and Irish. I compared them subconsciously and found that, despite the very unattractive side of Europeans compared with Africans, the latter are still inferior in brain development. Comparing the children, one must confess that Africans are less intelligent than Europeans, but learning is more difficult for Africans, especially in abstract thought. They comprehend the concrete quickly, and they do not have bad memories. They really like handicrafts and art and are very good at them. They should not be labeled incapable. Teachers who had worked with Negro children for several years told me that, on the whole, it has not been proven that the black race is less intelligent than the white race, and, moreover, that it is categorically impossible to make such a judgment because the black race has just recently begun living mentally. It seems to me, however, that if the black race was not inferior to whites then they would have become intellectually active earlier, independently, which, as we know, did not happen. To use a similar argument to support the legality of slavery would be absurd. It is not proven that Negroes are not capable of further development after receiving their first incentive and particularly in the mixing of their race with the whites. Assuming that Negroes' brains are underdeveloped and even incapable of further development, no one has the moral right to make them slaves just as no one has the right to put in chains those people of our own race who do not have renowned intelligence.

I will be told that I am jousting with windmills by expressing these thoughts, but in other areas arguments similar to the one I called absurd are applied to women in regards to their place in society and working conditions. A Negro, a woman, a worker – all are striving for complete freedom, for the world of reason, for independence, to be dependent on the personal labor of life. Negroes, women, and workers alike all encounter one and the same adversity in different forms. Instead of helping the weaker ones find their way to God's world of freedom, the race, class, and sex in charge repels them with contempt while at the same time not disdaining to use their inexhaustible labor.

Have the Negroes in America had civil rights for a long time? What is the situation of women and workers in the most civilized country? The teacher-missionaries who built schools for black children in the southern states after the Negroes' emancipation all speak quite warmly of their pupils, stating that they are very diligent and smart and are very attached to their teachers who are in the position to do everything with them. There are now colleges in the South for Negroes. A large number of them were established by women or on their initiative. We shall see what comes of them.

After saying that I noticed that Negroes have a certain inability in understanding abstractions, of course, I might be capable of being mistaken. I saw a large number of lower class people and very few of them were actually educated Negroes; my experience with them is not great. Besides, I was told that it was difficult to judge Negroes in general based on what I saw in the North since most of them stayed in the South. Nevertheless, as I have already said, Negroes are less developed mentally than whites; I will add, however, that I almost never happened to meet completely stupid persons among them and that they left a much more pleasant impression on me than the Irish, for example. Having to work with Negroes, I did not pay attention to their black skin of course. Americans really surprised me because the color of a person's skin was almost the sole criteria for them when first meeting someone, even among the more enlightened. More than once witnessed people who were not offended by the theory that some of their ancestors might be gorillas and chimpanzees, but were proud of the fact that there was not one drop of African blood in their veins. The most painful shame for Americans, not only Southerners but Northerners, would be the notion that one of their ancestors might be a Negro; at the same time, many are even proud of a touch of Indian blood. Now Negroes are equal to whites according to the law of the United States. But they were not in the 1860s even after their liberation. Not only voting but even traveling by omnibus were strictly forbidden.

Among the inherent characteristics of Negroes, I noticed, in general, a predominance of mood swings. The happiness of Negroes is well known, their transitions from happiness to deep sorrow are expressed more obviously than by whites.

But we will now return to the comparison of the way of life of the various nationalities. With regards to the Germans, their dwellings are far from clean and are stylish like the Negroes' apartments, but parasites do not breed in them--parasites are rarely encountered by actual Americans because they keep their households very clean and teach the Negroes to do the same. I have talked extensively about city workers. I will add that although in general the conditions in which they perform labor are identical, the various nationalities are paid very differently. Thus, Americans, at home among themselves and in a different position than the others, are preferred by employers; almost the same thing can be said about Negroes. Germans support each other and do not stint in helping their compatriots. They are assiduous and industrious like Americans, and although they fill themselves with ample beer, they drink far less than the Irish. Remarkably, second and third generation Germans remain German even though they imitate Americans a great deal.

Concerning the Irish, "Pat,"[9] becomes a typical "American citizen" always by the third generation and sometimes by the second. This occurs, in all probability, because of the vivacity and pliability of their disposition, which could not endure battles with the stronger masses surrounding them that attract and absorb them. I cannot do justice to the Irish with respect to a few of the most attractive features of their character. They are all ready to help a neighbor in need especially at a minute's notice and under the influence of pity and sympathy, which are easily aroused in them. They participate in organized philanthropic organizations and concern themselves with the welfare of their own families. They also stand up for the offended. Their happiness and good-nature are even touching. During my first encounter with them, I was convinced that they were a lying people who were generally fake. I was later convinced that they sincerely say "God bless you!" to your face for any service rendered them just as they emphatically curse you the next minute for remembering, for example, your reprimand for some impermissible carelessness in caring for a sick child.

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[9] The nickname of the Irish

Their songs are melodious and completely fill the heart with sorrow. The women are chaste to the highest degree despite the fact that everyone, it would seem, contributed to their moral depravity. Despite that, like the men, they are lazy and disreputable: they do not clean their houses, dress sloppily, although with attempts at foppishness. Their hair is in curling paper until evening, they take it out around seven o'clock in the evening, the curls do not go at all with the slovenly dress. The men and elderly women drink heavily; a young woman would be considered a libertine if she drank. The children go to school very rarely despite the fact that schools are free; almost all the Irish are illiterate. Furthermore, they are all extremely religious with complete childish trust in their spiritual shepherds – the Jesuits and the Catholic clergy in general. I have already said that the latter have rich estates in America, in the North and the South, with large houses and have a great number of schools, primarily the so-called academies and institutes for wealthy pupils of both sexes. There are also schools and shelters of a philanthropic nature for the poor.

I sometimes found Catholic priests or their influence at the bedside of patients; I cannot say that this left a pleasant impression on me. They once summoned me to a young, ill Irish woman; she was not, seemingly, in critical condition; her family comprised only herself and her husband. Their apartment was rather large, there was rather expensive furniture in it, but everything was a little dirty, in disrepair, and scattered about.

During my first visit, while I was examining the patient, in the next room her husband was popping the corks from his beer with his disheveled friends. The sick woman had dysentary so bad that I feared she would die. I did everything I could for her and explained what needed to be done after I left. Not seeing any improvement after two days, I spoke very sternly to the woman looking after her, and she confessed that not one of my orders had been followed because the priest did not put any confidence in a woman's education and labeled me a heretic. There was nothing else for me to do but to discontinue the visits to the patient. Before leaving, I received her promise to seek assistance from another doctor immediately. I do not know if she kept her promise or not, but after about a month, she came to the dispensary again and for six months we treated her for weakness and anemia.

Another case did not turn out so successfully. This occurred on Athens Street. First it must be said that once you go there, it is almost impossible to leave. Just as you leave one house, someone presses you into another on the same street. I was once taken to a sick child in this manner. In this instance, the family was apparently more prosperous than usual; the apartment consisted of two rather large rooms and a kitchen; there was only a child's cradle in the middle of the first room and an old commode in one corner and a neatly made bed, a table, and several chairs in the other. There was even rather clean air and sufficient light. When I entered, I found the mother crying over the cradle, and a half-dozen old folk mercilessly bickering over what should and should not be done; there was a plump, well-developed, little boy in the cradle who seemed to be a year and a half lying on a clean, white pillow. He was asleep although by the bluish pallor of his face, neck and hands he could be mistaken for dead. He was cold to the touch, his pulse was faint. The old women were almost deafening with their differing opinions and advice, but I insisted they leave, threatening that I myself would leave otherwise. I then asked the mother to explain what the problem was. It turned out that the child suffered from a severe case of diarrhea. *Cholera infantum*, children's cholera, usually raged through big industrial centers in the American North in July, August, and September carrying off a countless number of victims; the people called it "summer complaint," summer illness. Its cause is attributed to high temperatures in the atmosphere which has been damaged by "urban conditions." In New York and Philadelphia, its appearance coincides with the rise of the mercury to higher than ninety degrees Fahrenheit.[10] During the hottest week in July of 1866, an especially hot year, the mortality rate in New York reached 1,200 and 700 in Philadelphia--more than died in a week from Asiatic cholera later in these cities, and twice the normal rate. This scared the doctors who propsed that the cities build so-called "summer camps" where poor children could leave the city during the hottest summer months. Unfortunately, this plan has remained unfulfilled to date.

It was clear to me that the child had *cholera infantum*; I began to inquire about the symptoms and who had been treating him. It turned out that the diarrhea had stopped thanks to the remedy of some kind of doctor, but the child was not eating, just sleeping, growing pale, and cold. They showed me the remedy; it was a mixture of opium, chloroform, laurel water, and something else I cannot remember. I threw out this medicine and persuaded the mother to make as quickly as possible some "beef-broth," a strong broth with a meat base. We woke up the child with difficulty and began to administer the tasty and fortifying drink spoonful by spoonful. He was also given a few drops of whiskey mixed with water and covered with warm clothes. When I left to go home after an hour and a half, the little boy was conscious and even attempted to smile. The next day, early in the morning, I again went to see the sick little boy. I found him in even better condition; of course, color had not returned to his cheecks, but the waxen paleness had become more life-like, his lips seemed to have grown more crimson. I fed him some of the broth myself. On the third morning, I found the child to my horror in almost the same condition as he had been during my first visit with one difference, he was not sleeping, but softly moaning. I asked the mother what she had fed him.

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[10] Fahrenheit is relative to Celsius and Réaumur by a ratio of 9:5:4.

"Nothing" she dryly answered.

"What! Since yesterday afternoon the boy has had nothing to eat?"

"Yes, nothing! I didn't want to sin anymore! I have resisted the will of God for too long. He doesn't want my children to live: this will be my third child to die. The priest explained everything to me, I do not want to keep my baby alive forcibly!"

"Oh you foolish woman!...." almost without thinking I fetched the meat and made the broth myself and hastily began to feed the child--he drank it ravenously... The mother suddenly snatched the cup from me and threw it on the floor.

"I don't want it, don't want it!" she cried, "it is sinful!"

The child, reviving somewhat, cried loudly, demanding food. What was I to do? Bitter tears streamed down my face. Although I was not familiar with this block, I searched for a policeman on duty. Finding one, I explained to him what had happened and asked him to send the police doctor as quickly as possible to the address. The policeman shrugged his shoulders–"We will send the doctor," he answered as if nothing would come of it.

"Listen to me," I repeated: "the child is dying of nothing more than starvation."

"We will do everything in our power!" he reassured me.

I subsequently found out that the child lived another three days before he finally died. I do not know if the police doctor came or not.

* *

I will repeat again that the Irish left me with extremely painful memories. They tormented me with their thoughtlessness, intemperance, ignorance, and superstition to the point that I could not hear an Irish accent for a long time without shuddering. I can now treat them in a more unbiased manner and may do justice to the many splendid traits of their national character, namely: their vivaciousness, warm-heartedness, and deep compassionate instinct. I recently read in the newspapers that the Irish-Americans were able to collect several hundreds of thousands of dollars to send to the Irish Land League. What a sacrifice this money was could only be understood by someone who has seen how the Irish worker lives in America.

I saw much in my wanderings through all sorts of hovels, basements, and garrets in Boston and Philadelphia. There was open and shameless poverty that they tried to hide so that the holes and chinks were not so obvious. One could help when poverty resulted from a shortage of work. But what was one to do when poverty was worsened by a vice, particularly drunkenness: beer, vodka, ether, and opium? I will never forget one case. Once a note was delivered to me with a request to visit a patient; the address was enclosed: Mrs. Williams. A little old man, who came sometimes to the dispensary for a helping of milk and broth, delivered the note.

I departed for the aforementioned street located on a remote block unfamiliar to me. I wandered a long while along various sidestreets searching for the street and the house. A passerby finally pointed it out to me. It was similar to a carriage house or a barn leaning over in decreptitude, over which something like a second floor had been built. I hardly found the stairs; it was as dark as a cellar. It was getting dark outside. I was in danger of breaking my neck, stumbling on the slippery, teetering steps, when I finally began to call out loudly: "Mrs. Williams, where are you?" "Here, here!" an old man's rattling voice answered. A ray of light glimmered at the top of the stairs and illuminated the familiar little old man; I ascended several more steps and a creaking door swung open in front of me. I stood at the threshold of such a poverty-stricken dwelling that an indescribable stench overwhelmed me. There was a great deal of furniture in the room, but all of it was broken, bent, and covered with soot. In every corner there were rags, horribly tattered linens, old shoes tossed about in slovenly piles...everything was black and dirty. There were various dishes scattered on the table, chairs, and floor: bowls and saucers with picked bones, stale crusts of bread, and congealed soup. On the heaps of rags and rubbish, between the cupboard and the bed, something moved and groaned. I could not make anything out at first since the entire apartment was barely illuminated by a guttering tallow candle which the little old man tried to protect with his hand from the wind blowing through all the cracks in the windows and even in the walls. He led me to Mrs. Williams. He explained to me that his wife was sick and led me to the pile of rags she was lying on.

"I will not let her look at me!"--she suddenly began to say in a weak and hoarse voice-- "why did she have to come here? I don't want to meet her."

In a sad, shaky, and tender voice, the little old man began to reassure his wife. He convinced her that she was very ill and that she needed help. I have never seen anything more neglected than this unfortunate old woman. She was so debilitated that it appeared as if she was on the brink of going to rack and ruin from decrepitude; she was trembling all over. All of her bodily functions had ceased. One had to alleviate her painful indigestion. I prescribed opium. The little old man, watching what I was writing, silently and disapprovingly shook his head. I asked him what this meant, but he suddenly began to wave his hands despairingly whispering, "later, later."

I promised to give him a different medicine if he would go with me to the dispensary. He agreed and while accompanying me en route he tearfully told me his shameful secret--his wife was an "opium drinker." When that passion had taken control of her, everything was lost, the house was thrown into chaos, the children abandoned the family, and they became poverty-striken. He was too weak and too old to do his own work as well as that of his wife who, in addition to drinking everything away, sold or pawned what she could. He loved her so much, they had been so happy before. Apparently, they did not belong to the working class. Despite his ragged appearance, the little old man looked like a decent person; he spoke in correct, clear language. I gave him the medicine and advised him to come to us daily for free milk and broth. I do not know what happened to these poor devils because I soon returned to the hospital.

Poverty and ignorance next to fabulous luxury – that is what we had to confront every day and every hour. Time and again I remembered the women selling rotten oranges on the pier in New York and the prophetic despair of Miss Liute at the sight of them.

I cannot say that Miss Mitchell was also deeply affected by similar phenomena of life. Miss Mitchell never grew to like me: sometimes I refused to wash floors and glassware when I had difficult cases on my hands which demanded two or three visits per day. Miss Mitchell even complained about me to Miss Cole, who was in charge of the hospital at that time. To my surprise, Miss Cole understood that my actions were guided not by an aversion to physical labor and not by a desire to "study interesting material" as Miss Mitchell had said. She instructed Sarah to clean and tidy up and whispered to me that I did not have to pay attention to the "eccentricities" of Elizabeth Mitchell. Consequently, Rachel and Tommy treated the latter with much more respect than me. "She can't even control those unbearable Irish women!" Rachel once said about me not knowing that I was in the next room.

I spent nearly six weeks at the dispensary until I was exhausted. As I already mentioned, I was sent back to the hospital; Miss Fritzel was sent to take my place.

At the Hospital Again

Returning to the hospital, I had to rest from working so much. Dr. Ferris greeted me in an uncommonly polite manner and hinted that she was guilty of having suspected me of wishing her harm with Zakrzewska. I was, of course, extremely pleased at the cessation of this senseless misunderstanding.

I was assigned again to the women's ward for a while for the orientation of a new student in obstetrics, Miss Greene, who had replaced Miss Allenwood. Soon Miss Duel replaced Alice Bennett and in Miss Fritzel's place we expected a Russian lady from the college in Ann Arbor. This person, a compatriot in a foreign land, interested me very much. I could not decipher her last name because Americans pronounce any kind of foreign name very strangely and not one of us had seen this lady's name in writing. We nicknamed her N.N. in her absence. The only thing they could tell me about her was that she was apparently a rich woman younger than forty years old.

I was now considered a senior student at the hospital. I was entrusted with the supervision of the entire women's ward including my compatriot from Bavaria, Miss Moshke, and a new young sicknurse, Miss Devi, a well-educated and very attractive young woman who hoped to enter a women's medical college in a couple of years. My life took shape excellently: my sicknurses were conscientious, efficient, and affable, and Miss Greene turned out to be a pleasant colleague. She was not a young person, thirty years old or more. She was very well-educated, cheerful, and witty. She had studied at a college in New York. I, however, impatiently waited for my compatriot. She arrived on one beautiful day, but instead of a forty-year-old person, I saw, to my surprise, an eighteen-year-old young woman who was very beautiful, although in terms of height and plumpness reminiscent of a young elephant.

We immediately introduced ourselves. She was assigned to the women's ward under Miss Greene's authority, and I was transferred to the surgical ward. But, alas, the arrival of N.N. disrupted our living arrangements. Her liveliness and rebelliousness soon placed her in a semi-hostile relationship with everyone at the hospital. She had not yet studied very much, and she knew very little, although she had a great amount of ability; but she did not have enough endurance for anything, especially for carrying out the boring, practical hospital trivialities. If she had had self-restriant, she would have been better than those who now considered themselves to have the right to judge her; nevertheless, she was to blame for all the unpleasantness she had to endure.

Two days after N.N.'s arrival, Dr. Ferris departed and was replaced by Mrs. Keller. All of us immediately grew fond of her. She was a tall, thin thirty-five-year-old woman with curly, short black hair, black, thoughtful eyes, very pale and obviously in poor health, which did not prevent her from working indefatigably. Miss Greene treated her with some kind of fervent adoration. I must say that the relationships of the students with each other and with the older doctors reminded me greatly of the blessed memory of institute relationships: adoration, strong friendships, enmity, and worship. Each had some earthly God and some scapegoat.

At that time, almost everyone's scapegoat, unfortunately, turned out to be poor N.N. Her lack of knowledge, frequent indolence, and impatience probably could have been pardoned, but her mockery of those features of the relationships of students with each other and with the doctors which I just mentioned, could not be forgiven. She mimicked them so amazingly that she made me laugh to tears.Miss Greene positively hated her and attacked with harsh irony her laziness, healthy appetite, and lack of discipline, and not exactly scrupulous tidiness in clothing and habits. But do not think that N.N. was a "nihilist"; she was a very rich young woman who was in her right mind. She was far from agreeing with the theories they propounded–community property, service in the interest of humanity, and neglect of personal existence and its comforts. Dr. Keller tried to get close to her for a long time, but she was unsuccessful and it seemed after this that it was partly on her initiative that N.N. was forced to leave the hospital. She has most likely received her degree and is practicing somewhere. Personally I did not have any unpleasant clashes with her, but no friendship was ever forged between us either. With regards to Miss Keller, she deserved the kind feelings we all had for her. She knew her work well, was well read and was a very industrious, energetic woman. She was married, but did not have any children and she lived apart from her husband, although they corresponded constantly and she always talked about him very warmly. I have already said that she used to supervise a small hospital in Philadelphia which she had founded with her own resources. The hospital, Mission's Hospital, now flourishes with the help of various donations and patronage of wealthy people.

And so, we students loved Dr. Keller; One cannot say the same about the senior doctors and directors–they did not exhibit any particular fondness for her, and she was treated rather poorly by the Board of Directors, a fact discovered during the course of one minor incident. The point is that the Board of Directors, which writes the bylaws for the internal affairs of the hospital, consisted not so much of doctors as of primarily philanthropists and although they had good intentions in all matters, they did not always understand what should and could be expected from women studying medicine, preparing for a scholarly life, and for not only the clinical activities of sicknurses or midwives. Moreover, the directors in character and spirit are American Yankees, that is people who value little that does not immediately give tangible, practical results. They do not understand that a student needs time to read and more time to observe patients; they demand that the students be busy every minute with practical matters the results of which could be shown to their directors' offices or shown clearly to them during their meetings and visits. We had no time to read, to think creatively, or study anything seriously. It was required that we note the pulse, respiration, and temperature of all the obviously ill patients, which required a great deal of time and was completely unnecessary since this could be performed just as well by the sicknurses. This is done by sicknurses in Swiss hospitals where they are on duty day and night and even go to help in the kitchen and laundry room. They are also responsible for cleaning the wards and halls and for washing the patients' dishes. In addition, they mend the linen in their ward and in the only male ward. I shall note that in the men's ward, the patients are cared for by men who receive a third more in salary than the women's sicknurses and are excused from going to the kitchen or laundry room and from mending the linen. At the New England Hospital, the sicknurses do not do anything but tend to the patients. Furthermore, there is a rotating night nurse, and the day nurses have to care for not twenty patients, as in Zurich's hospitals, but only six or four. In the Swiss hospitals, the sicknurses are even required to perform simple chemical tests on patients excretions--at the New England Hospital, the students do this. I assert that in difficult cases where particular precise tests were needed, the students themselves should not have yielded to anyone's supervision over any aspect of the illness. In easy cases, however, or in chronic cases, once the methods have been learned, all these records, notes, and examinations were simply an irreparable waste of time. And we agreed that it did not help us in the study of illnesses; but, for example, the following demand was made: that we teach the attending sicknurses anew how to serve food to the patients, that is, how the dishes are usually arranged on tables and trays. The meek Miss Duel was indignant--she was the first to receive such an order and explained to Dr. Ferris that the hospital employed for these things a housekeeper and her assistants, who were much less busy than us.

This clash was the first spark that began the fire. Our discontent grew even more when a rule was implemented by which the students were required to fill in for the sicknurses during their breakfast, dinner, and supper hours. The fact is that we usually used this time to make note of our observations of the patients; by taking this away from us, we were forced to work until eleven or twelve o'clock at night and we were all outraged because we were very tired after being on our feet since six o'clock in the morning. The new rule was implemented to allow the cooks to work more quickly and not bother with separate meals for nurses relieving their collegues at the time. We argued that since the cook had a less difficult job than ours and since she slept peacefully at night, but it seldom happened that we were not called to the hospital, the directors' policy was unfair and we protested it collectively. We further insisted that each one of us came to the hospital to study medicine and for nothing else. Dr. Ferris almost wept during this incident and just prayed to heaven that she would be taken away quickly from the hospital. She begged us to resign ourselves, saying that the directors considered her guilty in all of our actions which they disliked. Just at that troubled time, Dr. Keller came to us. Her first order of business was to rescind the directors' order. She managed to persuade them through Zakrzewska's mediation, who agreed with the students, although reluctantly, despite the fact that she also did not completely understand that the students needed a certain amount of time for reading, contemplation, and making notes of various things... she had gone without it. Neither she nor the directors forgave Mrs. Keller for her protection of us--they fired her before the end of her three-year term..

This entire incident occurred shortly before my departure for Philadelphia where, as has already been said, I intended to attend class during the winter semester at the Women's Medical College and take my doctorate exam in the spring. I again would have to meet with Alice Bennett and Mrs. Ferris in Philadelphia. The day finally arrived for my departure. I almost cried as I bade farewell to Zakrzewska, the Hansens, and everybody at the hospital; all those people had been very kind to me. Dr. Keller, taking her leave, gave me a letter of recommendation to Miss Emily Francis Waite, a lecturer in anatomy in the Philadelphia college and her classmate and friend. I stopped by the dispensary, visited the senior doctors, and received the most affectionate wishes for happiness from everyone. Having taken leave of Boston, I left, not thinking that I would have to return and live there for a while.

Year in America

Chapter 3

The Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania

Having concluded my affairs in Boston, I returned to Philadelphia where the Liute family greeted me joyously. I was so happy to see them it was as if I had returned home. After resting for a day, I went into town and registered as a student at the Women's Medical College. The procedure for enrollment consisted of giving Miss Rachel Bodley, the dean, an oral request to include my name on the enrollment roster. The dean's office incorporates all the offices and bureaus of European universities. One might also make a written request.

On the day of enrollment, I met one of my old acquaintances at the college, a Russian whom I had gone to school with in St. Petersburg. She had enrolled for her first year at the Women's Medical College. We were very happy to see each other; she immediately invited me over to her place. She said that she lived practically next to the college. I called on her the same day; she was married to a Russified German who had come to America after his father and mother moved into a new apartment there. My acquaintance's name was Vera Yakovlevna B. We began talking about the difficulties connected with renting an apartment, namely, that as a Russian I felt an insurmountable disgust at the constraints of the American way of life, its tension, the unrelenting cheerfulness of one's hosts which prevents one from speaking frankly, or even from making the most reasonable request. Living with an American family, one is obliged to submit to all its habits and customs, to become a part of it – I did not want this yet. Vera Yakovlevna replied that she was also aware of this and that she had even heard similar complaints from American students. Consequently, she planned to get a furnished apartment without these inconveniences. She suggested that I move in with her until things settled down. I informed her that Miss Liute hoped that I would move in with her. I showered such praise on my old friend that Vera Yakovlevna wanted to meet her in hopes that they would become friends and perhaps move in together. But unfortunately after meeting they did not like each other very much. We then decided that Rosa and I would move in with Vera Yakovlevna and Miss Liute would remain with her brother. This is what in fact happened. We enrolled Rosa in a so-called "grammar school," which she attended from eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon; I also began attending classes. On Saturday nights, Rosa and I went "home" to the Liute family and spent Sunday there.

Before I speak about what I saw and heard in the course of that winter, I must say a few words about the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia and its professors, with whom I was a student.

The institution celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in the spring of 1876. The college was founded on the contributions by private individuals. It worked quietly from the day it was founded, calling no attention to itself except in its placement of its new young physicians literally in all parts of the world. The physician-missionaries left the college, funded partly by the hospital, and went not only farther west in America, but also to India and Australia. Women who practice medicine and preach the Christian gospel to pagans and Muslims call themselves "physician-missionaries."

Admission to the college was open to any woman who was able to provide evidence of a satisfactory general education, fair knowledge of English and elementary Latin, as well as a familiarity with the natural sciences and mathematics as specified by the college. This roughly corresponds to the course of study at one of our gymnasia. Nationality and religion play no role in admittance and are asked for statistical purposes only. During my stay at the college, I met Americans, Irish, English, Germans, mulattos, French from Canada, and Russians. In terms of religion, there were Puritans, Protestants, Methodists, Catholics, "infidels"--free thinkers, Quakers, and even three Mormons. Two of the latter were married to the same man. Only one arrived initially. She attended half of the semester, but suddenly received a letter informing her that one of her children was ill, and so she returned home. The younger wife took her place at the college and with the permission of the older wife, made use of all of the latter's books, instruments, and even, it seemed, some of her clothes. Both of these women spoke very highly of each other and vehemently defended the sanctity and inviolability of family life.

In 1875, the college first provided its students with a building suitable for serious scientific studies. In the institution's twenty-five year history, the students all studied in one room, which was inferior to any first-class Russian *pension* for women. I attended several lectures in this building, which had been added to the Women's hospital by the same group of private individuals which administers the Women's College. On the one hand, the goal of the hospital is philanthropic, and on the other, to assist students in the clinical study of diseases. The college's chemistry laboratory is located in the attic of the annex and the anatomy theater in the basement. Only American determination and persistence in such conditions permitted the achievement of useful and practical results. The loyalty of the physicians--all of whom received their training at the college--to their alma mater is touching. This loyalty, by the way, is largely responsible for the improved material conditions of the college. Classes are now held in superb auditoriums in the spacious building which was constructed and furnished according to the rules of science and comfort.

The medical training at the Philadelphia Women's College, and at all American medical schools, differs from European medical training in all respects. There are no "universities" in America in the sense that this word is understood in Europe, although this title is bestowed on many schools here. When I refer to education in America, I am talking strictly about the so-called "regular schools". There are, in addition, "irregular schools," that is, "eclectic" schools. I cannot speak about those institutions which sell diplomas because I have not yet come into contact with them, and also because these abuses will soon disappear since they are being watched by the authorities. That is to say, these institutions will lose their authorization to teach from the state without which no educational establishment can exist. Of course, such strong punitive measures were completely deserved; unfortunately, these abuses have not been completely eradicated as of yet. For example, one such establishment in Philadelphia, after it had been ordered to close, moved to Jersey where it circulated its advertisements for the sale of diplomas among the Germans and Swiss. I myself have read such advertisements in newspapers.

Among the irregular schools are those which teach only homeopathic medicine. So-called "eclectic" schools enjoy little respect.

"Eclectic" schools are so characterized because they teach a smattering of many things: both allopathy and homeopathy. These schools are also known for inculcating extreme fear of medicines. They use only certain plant products from Central America. There are even a few doctors--not yet entire schools--who ignore medicines altogether and proudly publish statistical profiles of their practice which show that mortality rates among their patients are far lower that those of doctors who prescribe medicines. Both doctors who reject medicines and "eclectic" doctors place great emphasis on hygiene, but aside from several completely rational positions which they share with other doctors, they propagate, in most cases, fantastic nonsense.

I will now return to the "regular schools," which enjoy more respect than any others and which include in their ranks the Pennsylvania Women's College. A European would find the American teaching methods strange. It is hard to believe that the entire medical course is taught in five months! The students study chemistry, anatomy, physiology, *materia medica*, pathology and therapy, surgery and obstetrics. All these subjects are compulsory for the students. Do not think, however, that a student is permitted to take the doctorate exam after this five month course even if she answers brilliantly in all the recitations, which are conducted each day in each subject. In order to be allowed to take the exam, one must fulfill numerous conditions. First of all, one must attend a minimum of two winter semesters--I will note that the exact same courses are taught from year to year and that attending two winter semesters means taking each class twice; or, to put it differently, to be in school for two years. Furthermore, students must prove that they have studied general medicine for no less than three years; in other words, evidence must be produced from a preceptor that the student spent six months to one year reading medical texts and doing rounds at the hospitals, and that this was done outside class time. Preceptors are called mentors and are chosen by a student from among the practicing physicians[1]—this is a completely individual matter; a student must then provide evidence from medical college professors that she has performed clinical work in anatomy, chemistry, and pharmacology. In addition, one must complete a semester at the college where the exam is being given, that is, certificates provided by other universities and colleges regarding the completion of an "entire course of study in the medical sciences" are not taken into consideration. These are the essential prerequisites for admission to the exam. Students usually do the following: after attending one of the two winter semesters at the college where the exam is to be given, the students serve as "interns" for a year at the hospital where they work in the surgical ward for three months, in internal medicine for three months, in obstetrics for three months and in the dispensary for three months, or in a clinic for out-patients where house calls and assistance to poor women during childbirth are compulsory. There are no professional midwives in America. Physicians, due to these circumstances, have to act as midwives and know this trade very well. After completing a year as an intern in the hospital, the student returns to his or her college or transfers to another one, completes a second year of classes (which are exactly the same as the previous two years), and begins to take exams. Exams usually begin on the same day that classes end and continue for nearly a week to ten days. Students have no time at all to prepare for them – they must demonstrate what they have learned as they study.

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[1] A student could select any licensed physician to act as his preceptor. The compulsory preceptorships came under heavy criticism in the early 1880s because most preceptors were average physicians and poor teachers—the majority lacked access to dissecting-rooms, laboratories, microscopes, and libraries. Physicians were eager to become preceptors because of the prestige associated with the distinction and the convenience of having someone else to do their work. Dr. William Green, in an address delivered before the Maine Medical Association on June 21, 1881, outlines the usual course of study with a preceptor: "certain books are given to him [the student] from time to time which he 'reads' after his own fashion. If he has means he may stay around the office, and in some cases occasional recitations are heard, and now and then he rides with the doctor to see patients. Sometimes the student 'works his way', as it is called, with the doctor, acting in various capacities as hostler, office boy, gardener, ect. But the majority spend very little time with their preceptors. They take certain books, and in place of studying them to any important degree, they work on farms or in mills, teach school, or follow some other lucrative employment..An occasional call upon the physician and a few remarks or general questions constitute the tutorship." (William Green, "Private Preceptorship in the Study of Medicine," *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, July 7, 1881, p. 27.)

This is the usual course of medical study in American colleges. Several schools, including the Women's College, are beginning to change this procedure. Thus, after completing one winter semester, a student may, if she wishes, take the anatomy, chemistry, and physiology exams. Furthermore, certification from preceptors will no longer be required and in its place, individual study with doctors not affiliated with the school will be implemented. A second six-week summer seminar has been planned, during which those who wish may do clinical work under the supervision of professors at their college and visit its clinic. During this time the professors' assistants tutor the students in the subjects covered during the winter semester. During that semester visits to the clinic are limited because of a lack of time, which is barely adequate for theoretical study. Lectures and recitation begin at nine o'clock in the morning and last from six to twelve hours; on several days there are additional lectures at night from 7:30 to 8:30. During the day, two hours are allotted for rest, between one o'clock and three o'clock, but we sometimes had practical training for an hour during that time. We also had a practicum from eight o'clock to nine o'clock in the morning, as well as anatomy instruction. Each subject in the winter term costs ten dollars. Practicum costs vary according to length. Summer classes and clinic visits are free. There are no scholarships except for future missionaries; students unable to pay may study at the discretion of each professor since the above-mentioned ten dollars goes to the professor. The college itself charges a fixed fee for the right to attend the classes, take exams and receive the diploma. A student who has paid for and attended two winter semesters is admitted free of charge to the third semester.

The differences between American and European professors may be described as the following. A European professor is an old scholar, grounded in the sciences and objectively concerned with anything that can help him find Truth. If a student asks for assistance, he will open his library and suggest relevant texts, he will perhaps deign to speak to the student, then devote far more time to his own work than to further contact with the student. An American professor is a young, new-fledged teacher who knows nothing besides what he learned in school and who does not conduct any independent research, but in the ardor of youth makes certain that his students learn what he has managed to learn from others and which he considers the unvarnished Truth. But what exactly does American science teach? Generally speaking, only that which has been empirically verified and proven; hypotheses, however brilliant and clever, are not seen as worthy of class time; let the student investigate them independently if he so desires. In medical colleges, most of the time is devoted to anatomy--its students know it very well: without knowledge of anatomy, one cannot acquire knowledge about diseases, and intelligent treatment is impossible; it is thought that anatomy cannot be mastered with textbooks alone. The study of anatomy is surrounded by particularly formidable obstacles in America. I will describe them in more detail below.

With regard to physiology, it is stripped of all that is hypothetical and is taught jointly with hygiene. Physiological experiments are not performed at all in the majority of colleges because of Americans' aversion to cruelty to animals and to vivisection, which is allowed to be performed only when necessary by scientists in their laboratories. Society as a whole, and not just those concerned with animals' well-being, vehemently demand that the animals be anesthetized. Inorganic and organic chemistry is taught briefly with elucidatory experiments; in addition to chemistry, there is the special study of methods of disinfecting, and so on. Not one American doctor begins his medical practice without knowing how to use pipettes and burettes perfectly and without having them in his small, portable laboratory. All of this is extremely oversimplified in America -- one may purchase instruments and everything necessary to prepare reagents very cheaply in any pharmacy. Europe would do well to emulate the study of *materia medica*. A student is given the opportunity to learn the pharmacopoeia very well, to be able to distinguish medicinal substances not only by reagents, but by color, smell, and taste, as well as how to prepare medicines and to convert raw materials into extracts, tinctures, powders, and solutions which are necessary for the expeditious preparation of medicines. Such knowledge is especially important for Americans because many doctors must practice in areas where there are no pharmacies and where a doctor would be in trouble if he had learned only to write prescriptions in schools and not how to prepare them himself.

Pathology and therapeutics are a boring combination of prescriptions, formulas, and external symptoms, according to which a disease is diagnosed-- diagnoses are made based on symptoms "from the head, from the stomach," and so on. Intellect and powers of observation matter less than memory.

In the surgical ward, we were again confronted with acquiring a practical skill. In American surgical wards, everything is arranged to give the future doctor the opportunity to experience every possible situation so that the students will not become confused about details or theories and can go out into the world full of confidence that they can be of assistance in any emergency-- in the street, on the road--in a word, everywhere, without having to consult a book which would be lying at home. The American student has no need to consult a *vademecum* for physicians and students, those "brief extracts" which are so prevalent in Europe. This is always with them in their head. Of course, those students who, upon completing their course work, do not expand their knowledge, find their practice limited; they find that what they knew in school quickly flies out of their heads. The main deficiency in medical education in America, besides the backwardness of many of their views, is the virtual absence of clinical training by the professors. We visited one of the city's hospitals only once a week, saw patients only from a distance, and the professors told us that they had this or that. As I have already said, students try to compensate for this lack of clinical training by becoming interns at hospitals, in which the scientific community helps them become acquainted with the hopsital and its patients. Unfortunately, few are able to do this.

Obstetrics and gynecology remain to be discussed. They receive considerable attention in women's medical colleges. I did not notice that the teaching of these subjects at the Pennsylvania college was inferior to the instruction at European medical departments. But this depends on the professor. Dr. Emeline Cleveland, who taught us obstetrics and gynecology, had studied in Paris.

In addition to the compulsory classes, there were elective classes such as pathological anatomy and histology in which microscopy was studied. Professor Hunt's histology night class at the Women's Medical College always attracted a hundred people from the general public, among whom were many elderly men and women, especially Quakers. Lectures were occasionally enlivened with the help of a microscope which magnified the images several thousand times and projected them on the wall. Sometimes, however, Dr. Hunt showed scenes of the city; the general public liked this very much.

During my stay at the college, chemistry, anatomy, obstetrics, and gynecology were taught by women; pathology and therapeutics, surgery, *materia medica*, and physiology by men. Miss Clara Marshall later replaced Dr. Thomas, who taught *materia medica*. Miss Marshall was amiable and was a very beautiful twenty-six-year-old woman. When I knew her, she was still a student of Dr. Thomas and the students answered to her for all the pharmacological supplies they took from the hospital. Professor Thomas was, of course, a very learned person and taught in a very lively manner, but often strayed from the subject at hand. We would have been left knowing only half of the necessary material if Clara Marshall had not supplemented the lectures. I should add that no matter how angry Dr. Thomas got, he never offended our ears with one equivocal allusion or expression, it was not always possible to avoid this in European lecture halls, even in Germany.

Speaking of Professor Emeline Cleveland, I forgot to mention that she was justly famous as a practicing physician. She was famous in Philadelphia for performing the hysterectomy, that most difficult of difficult operations. Professor Cleveland was a charming woman; she was almost forty-five years old and her hair had already turned completely gray, but she was shapely, tall, energetic, and lively. Like the majority of our other professors, she treated us genially and warmly. We felt like one big happy family connected by common interests. Of course, there were exceptions, but the general impression was such as I have just related. Mrs. Cleveland was married to a pastor who had prepared to be a missionary, but was crippled by paralysis and had to abandon his dream of becoming a missionary. He subsequently recovered to the point where he could visit us at the college. He warmly encouraged his wife to begin studying medicine. She studied in America, but after finishing her course work, she went to Europe and studied for several years in Paris. She had no children. Mrs. Cleveland supervised the women's ward at the college's hospital.

Mrs. Mary Scarlett-Dixon, professor of anatomy, was married to a Quaker. She also did not have any children. She was about fifty years old. She works so gracefully that one would think that she is doing some kind of exacting, elegant, feminine work. She was a very kind woman and a good doctor who had a respectable private practice.

Miss Rachel Bodley, an elderly woman, was *magister artium*, the dean of the college, and professor of chemistry. Her elderly mother, whom she adored, was her only family; she thinks only of her and of the prestige of the college.

Mr. Williams, professor of surgery, kept his distance from us; he had a large practice and, it seemed, treated several female physicians in a condescending manner.

In contrast, Mr. Comly, professor of pathology and therapy, liked us very much. He was a Quaker and used "thou" with everyone. He was a very genial, gray-haired, sixty-some year-old elderly man. For us he represented conservatism in medicine, in contrast to our professor of physiology and hygiene, who was an ardent innovator despite his fifty-five years. Dr. Hartshorn wrote extensively about medicine; the majority of medical schools in the United States use his compilation of internal diseases and hygienics as a guide. He is also the author of a synopsis of all the material covered in medical courses. A complete compilation of his essays was translated into Japanese; I saw his books printed on fine rice paper. A lithograph of the author, who looked for all the world Japanese, had been added to the translation. Like the majority of American professors, Dr. Hartshorn did no independent research. It was simply disturbing to me to see our professors' splendid laboratories and offices empty. On the other hand, American book knowledge is excellent; Dr. Hartshorn closely followed what was written about medicine. In class, he constantly quoted authors and, incidentally, our Russian scholars, which always gave me a great deal of pleasure.

Dr. Hartshorn left the Pennsylvania Women's Medical College and was replaced by Emily Frances White, who was the only one of our professors who conducted independent research. While I was there, she was an anatomy demonstrator and an assistant to Mrs. Dixon. She had to endure many adversities. The fact is that in America, as in Great Britain, it is extremely difficult to obtain corpses for anatomy classes (and perhaps, still is -- I do not know). The law requires that decedents be buried and strictly forbids any kind of desecration of corpses except embalming. Anatomists obtain corpses with extreme difficulty, paying at least fifteen to twenty dollars for each one, but they are also in constant danger of persecution. An agreement similar to the following is usually concluded: an anatomy professor or demonstrator strikes a deal with the gravediggers who steal corpses from the graveyard, exhuming the bodies at night. The corpses are subjected to forensic-medical dissections conducted by the college. Dr. White was put on trial for buying corpses from a gravedigger. The police, on a tip from a different gravedigger, found two coffins in the college's basement. The affair was suppressed, I do not know how, but probably thanks to the omnipotence of the dollar. I only know one thing, the talented and energetic Miss White was not imprisoned and actually continued her brilliant clinical classes in the college's anatomy theater and the informer himself supplied her with corpses, having achieved his goal and taken the place of his rival.[2]

I will say a few additional words about the study of anatomy in the context of hygiene at the Pennsylvania College. Dr. White always used a solution of chloral hydrate mixed with alcohol to inject into the corpses; this was done to protect them from decay and to prevent the development of miasmata. Muscular fiber, although completely intact, is better maintained that way because it becomes brittle and demands a bit more care in its preparation; but this is of no importance in comparison to the absence of a stench in the hall where the students work. Of course, absolutely clean air is impossible to obtain in anatomy theaters, but when chloral is used, no one in the lecture hall may notice how close the corpse is to her, and it is laid out very close indeed.

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[2] I should add that American anatomists resort to such deals with gravediggers only in cases of extreme necessity and deeply regret having to do so.

I will turn my attention to one particular habit of American anatomists: instead of using a colored wax preparation to make the blood vessels more visible, they use plaster. This is important for considerations of hygiene as well as expense. Plaster is less expensive and requires much less effort to prepare--it is quite easy to find the proportion in which it should be mixed with water, so that the mass is well distributed through the vessels. For purposes of hygiene, the use of plaster is important because it requires neither special laboratory facilities nor an army of assistants. In our college, with its anatomy theatre, there was only one man responsible for the pharmacological materials, but his assistance was seldom needed--all the necessary materials were moved from floor to floor by a dumbwaiter. Of course, there is less school work here than, for example, at the St. Petersburg Medical-Surgical Academy; there are only 100-125 students per year. Using plaster, students avoid the stubborn headaches, stomach trouble, and such which our students have experienced when doing practical work in anatomy.

The Winter Semester at the College

After Rosa and I moved in with Vera Yakovlevna, I began to go to classes and recitations diligently. Knowing that I would not have time to prepare for the exam, it was imperative to get the most I could out of classes. The method of studying was practically identical for all the students; they usually took notes during class and read through them at night; then they re-read them before recitation. As I have already said, there was one recitation a week for each class; it was not conducted by the professor, but by assistants chosen among the hospital's doctors. Only one of them, a Mr. Comly, went beyond this and devoted fifteen minutes of each hour to posing questions about material previously covered. His queries were often amusing. The dear old man never got angry, however awkward the answers he received. For example, on the subject of throat quinsy, he would ask someone:

"Well, tell me, who died from this?"

The student he had asked looked at him with surprise and answered, "Very many people!"

"Yes, and among them Washington!"

Professor Hartshorn did not present anything particularly remarkable in class. I have already discussed Professor Thomas's class. Mr. Wilson's surgery class was so interesting that when he finished his lecture, it seemed to us that not even a quarter of an hour had passed. Mrs. Dixon taught rather tediously, but sensibly; Mrs. Cleveland was lively and interesting. With regards to Miss Bodley, her classes never passed without some kind of special adventure. The poor old woman was terribly nervous although she knew her field, chemistry, quite well, but when she started to do an experiment or write a reaction on the blackboard, she would blush, grow pale, and become confused. The majority of the students, remembering that she was not to blame for this, did not let her know that they noticed her embarrassment and would only ask her privately after class questions concerning anything that remained unclear. Unfortunately, however, there were those who liked nothing better than to confuse and frighten the trembling professor by asking her questions during the lectures; she would almost begin to cry. Such outbursts left an extremely unpleasant impression on me. Sometimes Miss Bodley offered her own brand of philosophy. Once, talking about the relative dissolubility of oxygen and nitrogen in water, she drew our attention to the foresight shown by the creator of nature who made oxygen more soluble that nitrogen: "otherwise, how would fish live in water?" Almost intentionally, her lectures were interrupted by a wide variety of events: male students appeared who wanted to attend class at a women's college, a woman, a propagandist of something, appeared in the auditorium and asked the lecturer (Miss Bodley) for permission to say "a word" to the students. Poor Rachel Bodley, *magister artium* and dean, when she was faced with forcefulness she would become confused and permit anything. She was not able to deny anyone anything.

I soon became closer to several of my friends--Alice Bennett, Adel Brindle, and Nell Boardman. Especially with the latter two I shared an enthusiasm for the intellect and capabilities of our anatomy instructor, Miss Emily White. I should say that I have seldom seen a more talented and intelligent woman. I think that her anatomy and physiology recitation classes did more for the scientific and intellectual development of the students than all of the other classes combined. She analyzed each event and every fact in a strict scientific method; no one passed through her class unnoticed, she opened a new, undiscovered world to us every day. Her hour passed imperceptibly, she drove our thoughts into feverish excitement. Miss White was a favorite among the older students; for the younger students, however, her class was pure torture. Even so, Miss White did not press the beginning students for answers, usually calling upon those farther along in their studies. She had an excellent knowledge of the natural sciences, which she considered the foundation of a good medical education. She often emphasized the connection between them for her students. This seemed confusing and obscure for the younger students, and sometimes she would abbreviate her remarks on this topic when talking to them. To the beginning students, this seemed confusing and complicated and they became very despondent at times.

If Miss White ever became aware of something like this, she would work her characteristic magic to comfort and cheer the agitated student. She always worked privately, at home, with students who were behind. To the ranks of her admirers came a steady stream of younger students, who had been in despair before Miss White helped them regain their confidence in their studies. The other recitation instructors did not introduce anything remarkable; their classes were only a literal reiteration of what was said by the professor in the last lecture. Only Clara Marshall distinguished herself by her zeal and hard work, but she was not able to do anything remarkable in her field, which was pharmacology.

I felt close to Miss Brindle and Miss Boardman because they had no trace of superstition, fanaticism or American exclusivity. For this they were indebted to Miss White. Most of the students condemned their beliefs and called them "infidels," but at the same time, not one person in the college would deny their intellectual and moral superiority. Miss Brindle and Alice Bennett soon moved into Vera Yakovlevna's; Miss Boardman lived with Miss White where she probably lived more comfortably than we did. We had complete freedom--in this respect, Vera Yakovlevna kept her promise not to restrict us, but there were no other comforts in her home besides freedom. Studying at the college herself, she was not able to look after the house: housekeeping was not her forte. The children--she had two--were noisy, naughty, rummaged through all our things if someone forgot to lock the door, and drove their mother crazy.

Vera Yakovlevna's husband was not often at home because he was busy the entire the day with work; I think that he did not particularly enjoy the sight of the synagogue his dwelling always became between dawn and dusk. I felt sorry for Vera Yakovlevna, a rather intelligent and kind woman who began to study medicine not on a whim, but in order to add something, in the future, to the meager income of her husband. Soon a certain Miss Sarah Macmillan joined us at Vera Yakovlevna's; she was the indirect cause of an improvement in our living situation. Her younger sister, Hetti, became the governess of Vera Yakovlevna's children because she had more free time than Vera and we began to live a little better. Miss Macmillan soon wrote for her wet-nurse, a Negress named Harriet, to come to Vera Yakovlevna's to be the cook. After her arrival, almost complete order was established in the house.

In November, Miss Liute and her brother moved from Franklinville to the city, but they took up residence quite a long ways from us because Mr. Liute had to move closer to the factory where he worked. We could visit them only on Sundays, but not one Sunday passed that Rosa and I did not spend at "home." Nothing could have been more modest than our Sunday amusements. As soon as we appeared in the morning, Miss Liute would give Rosa some large white dishtowels and an oyster box, which she would fill with oysters for thirty to forty cents apiece. While she gathered oysters, Mr. Liute would bring out a sweet California wine and would then go to a popular bakery for fresh pretzels sprinkled with salt. Miss Liute bustled about the hearth, frying, boiling, baking, searching for her glasses, which were on her brow, cursing everything and everyone, but at the same time beaming with delight. I was not allowed to touch anything during these preparations. A stack of newspapers and German publications which Mr. Liute subscribed to and which had accumulated during the week were put at my disposal. When everything was ready, the meal would begin. Everyone related what had happened to her or Liute that week; occasionally there would be arguments.

Time flew by imperceptibly; in the blink of an eye, Christmas was upon us. There was a week-long recess at the college; some of the students left town to spend this time at home. There are not many holidays in America; as far as I know, they celebrate Christmas, New Year's, Easter–though not for everyone, 22 February–Washington's birthday, 30 May–Memorial Day, and 4 July–the day the colonies declared their independence from Great Britain. In addition to these holidays, there is another, the so-called Thanksgiving day, which the president designated to be celebrated on the last Thursday in November. The origin of this holiday is as follows: the first settlers in America during the first November suffered from great need to the point that they had to be satisfied with five kernels of corn a day per person while waiting for a ship from Europe to deliver provisions. They were very emaciated and prayed together, preparing to die from starvation and asking God to let this cup pass from their lips, when the long-awaited ship appeared. In memory of this, Thanksgiving day was instituted for which the entire family tries to assemble. On this day, without fail, pumpkin pie appears on the table as essential as goose or turkey for Christians. Before Thanksgiving day, our professors inquired who among us did not have family in the city and all the lonely "strangers" were invited to eat dinner with the professors on the holiday. Miss Bodley took me in. Such concern for the students, which is found nowhere else but in America, deeply touched me. It was exactly the same at Christmas time. During the week-long vacation, I had to visit Mr. Comly, Mrs. Dixon, and Miss White. Different professors invited other students to their homes. Rosa and I spent a large part of the holidays with Miss Luti. The weather was superb, there was no trace of snow, and it was so warm that we were able to go out with only one layer of clothing on like it was summer. We took advantage of the conditions and visited the huge Philadelphia park where preparations were already underway for the Centennial, the international exhibit to commemorate the hundreth anniversary of American independence.

The Philadelphia park covered, as I was told, a fifteen square mile expanse; it was very picturesque, but it was poorly maintained because of its size. It is not artificially planted, it is a natural forest. The Delaware

River flowing through it, which divides it into two unequal halves, adds little to its beauty. Incidentally, there is a city menagerie in the park. There were many animals in it and their cages, which were scattered over a rather large distance from each other, were built beautifully and designed quite well. Of all the animals I saw there, the one which I found most surprising was that famous grey bear they call the grizzly. It was brought from the high mountains. Nothing could be more ferocious than this monster.

The expression of his small, deeply sunken eyes was devilish. His growl is no less frightening than that of a lion. People stupidly teased him: he would throw himself against the bars of his enclosure with indescribable fury and blazing eyes, then retreat to the back of his stone cage, in which he had been involuntarily confined. Looking at him, I could not help but shudder; Vera Yakovlevna's children began to ask tearfully if we could leave. The so-called prairie dogs[3] with their round dug-outs were very entertaining as well as the beavers tirelessly building dams in the streams provided for them;

not far from them, a half dozen raccoons were constantly busy rinsing their food in water and washing their smooth, hairless black paws which they rubbed one against the other. "Shake hands!" people yelled and the poor prisoners thrust their paws through the railing and put them in people's extended hands in the exact same manner as if they were greeting each other; after each time they shook hands, they returned to their washtub to wash their hands which they zealously rubbed together.[4] In their winter quarters, the lions' roar so frightened the children that they had to be taken away; we stayed to see the rhino, snakes and lizards. We also enjoyed the sea animals, the walruses and sea lions, who deafened their surroundings with cries and wails. We spent several nights of the winter break with Vera Yakovlevna and some students she invited over. On one of these nights, there was a strange electrical occurrence at our house. It could have been attributed to the climactic conditions in America and the particular methods of heating and furnishing American houses. I will digress a little to discuss this.

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[3] American marmot

In the cities as well as in the country, the houses in America are constructed in the English style, that is, narrow, two windows per row, and are built sometimes with up to five floors. Usually, only one family resides in each house. The very wealthy construct "double houses" for themselves with four windows per row. An entire poor family is crammed, as I have already said, in one room, exactly like our poor families. Heat is produced one of two ways: either by small, cast-iron portable stoves which stand in the middle of rooms--like the poor and people of meager means have; or with the help of one or two huge stoves located in the basement, which are constructed under each house. The house is heated with warm air, which is piped in from room to room via air ducts in the walls, in the floor of the first floor, in the walls of rooms on the other floors, opposite or next to windows or doors, in a word, where it is most convenient for them to be placed. In this way, the necessity of distributing the warm air into all the rooms equally is taken into account. Ventilation, for the most part, is natural, with the assistance of windows and doors. The windows are *en guillotine* everywhere, that is, the frames, which are divided into two halves--upper and lower-- move freely up and down. It is easy to lower the upper half and raise the lower half a little, thus creating an excellent means for air to flow in and out freely. The interiors of the houses are, in general, similar to the following: entering from outside, the door opens onto a hallway leading, on the one side, to the drawing room or parlor, and straight ahead to the dining room; in the same hallway, next to the wall and opposite the parlor, there is a staircase leading to the next floor where the bedrooms, work rooms, and such are located. The kitchen, with a courtyard, is usually located behind the dining room. This is how almost all houses in America are constructed and arranged; there may be more or less stories and the rooms may be larger or smaller, but the floor plan is usually one and the same. Because of this, drafts in an American house flow nicely from the cellar all the way to the attic despite obstacles such as doors.

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[4] I heard that they are trained very easily, that they become very attached to their owners, are very clean, but are very unpleasant to have in the house because they are notorious for their mischief--tearing, ruining, and breaking things.

I did not notice that catarrhal illnesses occurred more often there than in other places because the air is always very clean. During the summer, the unbearable American heat literally stifles you and at night, as during the day, one can survive only thanks to draft ventilation. The furnishings of the houses are rather beautiful; but at first, the small amount of furniture seemed strange to me; every foreigner inevitably notices this. There is only the necessary furniture in each house, that is, only furniture for the family's needs--there is nothing superfluous.

One should say something about the rocking chair, an American's favorite piece of furniture which I consider one of the best inventions in the sphere of domestic furnishings. You see rocking chairs everywhere in America: at a rich person's house, at a poor worker's house, in gardens, in yards, in beer saloons, and so on. It looks exactly the same as those in our country. Americans prefer them to any other piece of furniture; while sitting in them, they work as well as rest; if the house is quiet, you can hear the rhythmical rocking exactly like a child's cradle. A rocking chair is excellent for a sedentary life. While remaining seated, you can continually change locations, rest tired limbs, maintain better blood circulation, and all of this without stopping your work. I could write or read for five or six hours in a row while sitting in a rocking chair without becoming tired, but working for two hours in an ordinary chair or armchair fatigued me so much that I had to get up and take a short walk around the room. This constant rocking apparently did not cloud the minds of Americans; they were always very clear headed.

Returning now to the furnishings and decorations found in an American house: in general, the floors of the rooms, the staircase, and the hallways are covered with rugs. The choice of carpeting, of course, is determined by the function of the room. Kitchens are simply covered with oil-cloth; however, there are houses where there are wool rugs in the kitchens: they are necessary because if the floor over the cellar was covered with only a layer of boards, one could not only hear, but also see from the cellar through the cracks of the floor what was happening in the rooms on the first floor. The acoustics are such that it is possible to hear what is being said on the fourth floor from the first floor. Americans are unhappy with the dryness caused by the heating of the air, which comes not from the street, but from the cellar. They attempt to solve this problem by putting water and plants in each room, but these do not help significantly. On the other hand, if the method of heating is changed, the house becomes extremely damp. In Philadelphia, for example, the underground water levels are so high that there are pools of water in the cellars during the summer, and in the winter, especially if the cellars have not been drained, the water accumulates up to an arshin[5] or more. This, of course, furthers the development of horrible infectious diseases such as malaria, typhus, and so on. Everything that I have said thus far refers, for the most part, to Philadelphia and Boston, where I lived; but, as far as I know, the same things occur in all the cities and the countryside of the East and in some of the western states. To conclude this characterization of American life, I will add that all of the houses in the city have gas and water, both hot and cold; the water is heated in a boiler, cemented into the hearth, and is conducted throughout the entire house by pipes; the houses also have special rooms for bathing. Of course, there are houses and even entire blocks, for example where the Irish and poor German workers live, which do not have the latter convenience; for American workers, these comforts are not luxuries, but a vital necessity.

I will now return to the aforementioned incident. It occurred, as I have already said, on Christmas day. The house where we lived was built as I have described: that is, heated by two large stoves in the cellar and covered with rugs from top to bottom. It was a dry day, even stifling hot;

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[5] Twenty-eight inches

the sun burned as if it was summer and the sky was cloudless. There was dust everywhere, exactly as we have in our country in July. I recall that, despite the fact it was winter and the weather was clear, we expected thunderstorms; some kind of weariness and nervous tension were felt, which are sometimes present before a thunderstorm. It was also very warm that night and the sky remained completely clear. Such days in Philadelphia are not uncommon in the winter, but neither are they especially common since you will not soon forget one. In anticipation of our guests, student-friends who promised to come over, I sat in my room at my desk. There was a cardboard box on the desk, which was covered with a wool tablecloth, where I kept my pens, pen-knife, pencils and such. I unconsciously took the knife, opened it and stuck it into the side of the box between two layers of cardboard; I left it there when I was called down to the parlor to greet our guests who had just arrived. I returned to my room for some reason or other after ten minutes and, noticing the mess on my desk, I began to tidy up: I removed the knife from the cardboard and placed it next to the pens lying in the box, but I accidently forgot to close it.

I was surprised to see my knife, which had never, as far as I knew, been magnetic, attracting several steel pens. This occurred just after I had attended a lecture on magnetism; this strange phenomenon especially interested me. I quickly picked up the knife: three or four pens were attached to it and they held on very strongly. Going down to the parlor, I informed the people who were there about the spontaneous magnetization of my knife; I showed them the knife, pens, and the box. My friends laughed at first, believing that I wanted to play a trick on them, that I had probably magnetized the knife beforehand in the auditorium where there was a magnet. I decided to repeat the experiment to convince them of the veracity of my words and to assure myself that I was not mistaken in assuming that my knife had become magnetized after being in the box. We began the experiment and were completely successful in turning Vera Yakovlevna's knife into a magnet. At first, we were convinced that it would not attract iron. We did the exact same thing that I had done, inserted the knife blade into the box and left it there two or three minutes. We then put all the tableknives and other stainless steel objects to the same test. Finally, so that no one would remain unconvinced, we found a thick piece of cardboard, and to the great delight of our negro cook, Harriet, we brought a small axe from the kitchen and subjected it to the same test as the knives, forks, and so on. Harriet, to whom we explained the experiment as much as possible, dropped in on us in the parlor and grinned with delight for a long time after we had calmed down.

The next day after our experiment, we wanted to repeat it at the college, but it was a complete fiasco. The failure of the experiment can be attributed to the fact that either it was not raining that day or because the college did not have any rugs, or perhaps because the heating and ventilation at the college were constructed differently than in private homes. The test which I described above was never successful again. The phenomenon of which I speak, however, is not in doubt. Nearly twenty of us were there to see it, far too many for it to have been a mistake. I should add that each time we isolated the items, putting them in separate cartons or on ordinary cardboard expecting, for inexplicable reasons--perhaps due to the atmosphere, the dry air, or the carpet--that an electrical current would cause magnetism. I noticed that the exterior of both the cartons and cardboard were smooth, the interior, where the things were placed, was rough. There were no electrical incidents of any kind that day, although they are common in America. It is common in the spring to play the following joke, as Miss Bodley told me: someone would be "electrified" without his knowledge-- have his foot dragged along the carpet or cat fur rubbed against him. Then he would be forced to touch a lighted metallic gas burner, whereupon, to his surprise, a spark would fly and the flame would flare up.

In the spring of 1876, I happened to visit in Boston the Pranga family, which was famous in America for chromolithographs. The Pranga family had just moved into their newly constructed "double house" which had been furnished luxuriously and was covered with wool rugs throughout. Mrs. Pranga's daughter, a cheerful young woman who had just married the young Mr. Hansen, met us at the door--I arrived with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hansen; Rosa Hansen kissed her and Mrs. Hansen suddenly cried out in fright. When Rosa's lips touched hers, an electric shock stung the elderly lady. Much laughter and joking ensued. Rosa was delighted, running around and generating electricity again and again. She ran up to us and took our hands which produced a spark and shocked us. This continued for about a quarter of an hour until we became accustomed to this "electrified" house.

The End of the Semester and Exams

The time after Christmas passed very quickly. I was too busy to visit anyone or anywhere. Of the new faces I saw during this time, I can only mention in passing the *conferenciere* Mrs. Levermore, who is well-known in America, and to whom one of the doctors introduced me. Mrs. Levermore is one of those Americans who devotes herself to making known to everyone what he or she should consider to be good and truthful. Her name can be found at the top of all petitions regarding women's rights presented to law making bodies. She is an energetic philanthropist and tries, as much as possible, to raise the intellectual and moral level of American society. She writes articles for journals and delivers public speeches on all topics that will help her achieve her goal. She is rather old.

She greeted me warmly when I was introduced to her and even gave me a little speech; but I must confess, to my shame, that I did not catch anything she said because at that moment all my attention was riveted on a small elderly woman with close-cropped grey hair in wide, black velvet trousers and a short, black velvet jacket who had accompanied the propagandist. This sight shocked me so much that I was absolutely at a loss for words in responding to Mrs. Levermore's salutation. I subsequently discovered that the attire of the elderly woman is called a "bloomer costume" and that the person wearing it belonged to the "Sorores" or "Sarosis" society, I have heard both names. It was founded several decades ago by Mrs. Bloomer, who championed the expansion of women's rights as well as several other rational ideas, among which was a change in women's attire. One cannot say that our women's attire is particularly sensible, comfortable, or hygienic, but in any case, it is more appropriate and sensible than the outfit of the aforementioned elderly woman, who struck me as inexpressibly pathetic in her jacket and wide trousers–she was dressed exactly like a monkey. I was able to find out little about this group, whose primary concern is clothing. At the present time, the "Sorores" have been forgotten. Neither society, nor the government, therefore, have taken any preventative or punitive measures against them.

During this time, I also saw Dr. Dakosta at the hospital. He did not treat his students in an especially courteous manner, but Miss Bodley had warned me about this beforehand.

With regards to the college, it was in full swing: we all prepared very diligently for our practice exams and, in addition, for the exhibition. The college wanted to take part in the Centennial. From morning until night, we either studied feverishly or cooked, ground, filtered, and crystallized various pharmaceutical products which were supposed to be displayed at the exhibition in an pavilion reserved exclusively for works done by women. Poor Clara Marshall, who led us in this endeavor, grew thin and pale.

Finally, the day of the first exam arrived: I must confess that my heart was pounding. During the semester, I had to memorize much of what I had once learned in European books but had unfortunately forgotten. While studying, I tried not to become confused, but I feared that I would forget everything during the exam and would confuse that which I had read in Europe as theory with that which my American professors considered unreliable hypotheses, but which I consider to be the truth. Everyone, however, performed well on the exams: I did not to have to mention anything about bacterium or open means of healing wounds or antiseptic bandages or the treatment of cold water typhus, scarlet fever or general illnesses which are accompanied by high fevers... I had to remain silent for a long time about those histological, physiological, and therapeutic theories which were considered heresies.

At the end of the exam, worries began to torment me. I even wrote to Marie Zakrzewska. She replied with a half-joking, consoling letter, in which she informed me that in American colleges final exams are considered much less important than the practice exams and that a person who did well on them is guranteeed to receive a diploma.

In the practice exam sessions, it was quite clear how much students had learned during the year. Some who heretofore had been considered to be rather diligent, suddenly faded from prominence; others who had not distinguished themselves earlier, displayed unexpected intelligence. Alice Bennett and Adel Brindle remained among the best. Miss Bigelow, who often liked to embarrass Miss Bodley during class, did the best of all. Meanwhile, we could all sense an underlying nervousness in her festive mood. "What does this mean?" I asked one of her closer acquaintances.

She was afraid that she would receive ten big zeros in all the subjects, and she was so ambitious that she became completely ill if she did not receive an "excellent" mark in everything as she had promised her father when he gave her permission to study medicine.

I did not feel much sympathy for Miss Bigelow, and I was much more interested in those who did not know the answers to the questions on the exam. One of the latter was named Miss Ekhart; her efforts were unrelenting, yet unavailing; unfortunately, her abilities were inadequate. Nothing came easily to her, all the more so since she transferred from an "irregular" school where poor teaching had confused her. In the opinion of her classmates, there was another young woman, X, who was at her same level: she seldom came to class, was strangely silent, and avoided everyone. She was considered arrogant; in reality, she was a poor young woman surviving only through her own efforts and holding herself apart from her fellow students because she feared supercilious glances from the rich students. The majority of the students at the college were, if not rich, then at least not destitute. Nothing is held in more contempt by an American woman or especially an American man than a poor person. This feeling is so strong even among philanthropists that, being prepared to help everyone in need, they never consider allowing into their clubs or in their circle of friends someone known to have fewer dollars in their pocket than they do. Neither education nor intellect nor talent helps. In order to stand on the same footing with those families who have money in America, one has to have roughly the same status, live on a block and street which are considered "genteel," and wear clothes that are of the "quasi" Parisian fashion. With regards to X, she was treated with poorly concealed contempt because before entering college she had been a sicknurse. What torture this poor woman endured when she could not answer a single question, I can only imagine. I felt terribly sorry for her.

The third "weak one" reacted to her situation quite differently. Mary Young was an eighteen-year-old, spoiled, rich orphan. Her guardian was an elderly doctor who was one of those Yankees always certain of everything, who knows little but can take better advantage of his ignorance than does a scholar of all his knowledge. I sometimes visited Mary, whom I loved like a good dear child: I saw her guardian every once and a while. He would always begin a conversation with me about medicine and about the method of instruction at the college. Mary loved him very much and believed his every word. He convinced her that all the professors at the college were pedants who demanded too much studying and knowledge from students than would ever prove useful. Based on the views of her guardian, Mary hardly ever studied; on the practice exams her ignorance was especially evident, and it became clear to all of us that she would never survive the exams. Knowing that the consequences of failure would be grievous for her, I decided to advise her to remain at the college for another year because she was very young and because if, with some assistance, she worked hard she might yet graduate and do something. Of course, I did not feel justified in upsetting her by directly expressing my doubts about her knowledge. This would have offended her and nothing good would have come of it since she would not have believed me or anyone else in that case. Arriving at her house, I found her very busy: she was trying on the dress which she had made for commencement. She was happy and blushing when she greeted me. I delivered my speech about the exams; but my cautious hints were not persuasive.

Mary interrupted at her first opportunity. "You're so serious; all you seem to do is study, study, study. I myself don't want to stop studying, even after the exam, I shall continue to study... You think that it would be better if I didn't take the exams--that would be like refusing to wear my new dress to the commencement, simply scandalous!"

I tried to allude to the difficulty of the exams, but she burst out laughing and, in reply, she said that they would be easier than the practice exams and that she would pass them!

"How do you know?" I shouted.

It was impossible to convince her especially since she was relying on the authority of her guardian who was of the opinion that she knew more than necessary for the exams. And then there was the new dress! One could not miss the opportunity to give it a triumphal first wearing! The rest of the students did not view the matter this way. Everyone had to worry about new clothes for the commencement, but no one allowed this important matter to distract them from studying. Everyone studied feverishly, did not sleep at night, and hardly ate. All the classes continued; finally, the last day of classes arrived. Dr. Hartshorn was the last to speak to us and at the first stroke of twelve o'clock, he congratulated us on the completion of classes. We immediately rushed en masse to Miss Bodley's office to get the schedule of exams; it had already been posted. We had been divided into several groups each of which was to set off at the appointed time to the professors' houses to write the examinations. There would be one exam a day and the exam session would last an entire week.

The week of exams passed incredibly fast. I was in no condition to study anymore. It seemed to me that if I sat down with one more book, I would probably be so tired that I could not collect my thoughts when I must answer exam questions. Alice Bennett and Adel Brindle not only shared my view, they went even further and decided to have a good time. They did exactly as they had resolved to do and never did we have a better time in Vera Yakovlevna's house than during this difficult time. Every night, instead of studying in our rooms as we had done during the semester, we all went down to the parlor and gathered there. In that camaraderie, boredom had no place. I did not want to shun the others, so I took part in their gathering and fun willy-nilly. I was not completely calm and when we departed for our first exam at Mrs. Comly's house, while I was ringing the doorbell, my heart contracted convulsively; but this forced me to recite from memory all the symptoms of the various illnesses "in American," that is not according to this or that particular process in the organism, but on the basis of an alphabetical list. I was called into the parlor where Mrs. Comly, the examiner for pathology and therapeutics, immediately entered, greeted me politely and asked me, smiling:

"I hope that you are not terribly frightened at the thought of coming to my house for the exam?"

"On the contrary," I answered, "I am frightened because I must write these examinations like an American."

"Do you believe that they are so different from European examinations?"

"Of course, between the theories here and the theories of the German school, which I had studied until now, there are rather large differences... You yourself pointed several of them out to us."

Mrs. Comly suddenly, for some reason, expressed an unusual interest in these differences and asked me to cite an especially clear example. I pointed out several examples, I was comparing, citing clinical facts, the mortality and recovery statistics in a Swiss canton hospital....when a "friend" of Mrs. Comly's interrupted me:

"Well, that's enough, I am very satisfied with you and hope that you do as well with the rest of my colleagues!"

"What?" we burst out laughing: my exam was over, but I had not even suspected that it had begun.

Mrs. Dixon's exam (anatomy) went even better. I fell into her good-natured trap in the exact same manner, despite the fact that my performance at Mrs. Comly's had prepared me for the American examination method.

Mrs. Wilson (surgery) conducted her exams in a different format, and this terrified me, but fortunately, everything turned out fine.

Mrs. Cleveland only gave us a written assignment to do at home and explained that she was already familiar with our practice exams.

Professor Hartshorn held the hygienic exam in his office at the college and he then gave us a written exam in physiology. We had to complete this task in one hour in one of the auditoriums where we were seated on benches with a considerable amount of distance between us.

We had to take only a written exam for Miss Bodley (chemistry) in the same manner as Professor Gartsgorn's. Miss Bodley, who had worked with us the entire semester in the laboratory, could judge what knowledge we had acquired under her guidance without an exam.

Dr. Thomas' exam, the last one, unnerved me most of all. It required a detailed knowledge of American pharmacopoeia; for me, the study of this subject was absolute torture since much of it was completely new to me. In addition, it required that we define without any mistakes ten medicinal substances given to us. The exam went well for everyone except Miss Bigelow, who not only did not identify five of the substances, but wrote two perscriptions that were so wrong and senseless that Dr. Thomas publicly announced his intention of declaring her work utterly unsatisfactory. Fortunately for her, several of us, upon hearing about this, went to the professor, who had hid himself in his office, and persuaded him to pass her on the grounds that only ill health caused the mistakes she had made. Mr. Thomas reluctantly agreed, shaking his head, "I would like to fail her if only because she is so arrogant," he added. "Do you not think I saw how she behaved towards her fellow students? I saw everything!"

We told him that her vanity would be sufficient cause to give her several black marks – he did not want to give her full credit (the full ten points) and gave her a grade of seven. With that decision, he dismissed us.

The effect of this incident on Miss Bigelow was remarkable. Before, she was similar to a rooster always ready for battle: her eyes blazed, her eyebrows and forehead were knit, and her lips relaxed only to let pass a jibe or haughtily to correct someone else's mistake. Now she suddenly became as soft as wax and began to treat us all like fellow students and not only did she not resent out intervention into her affairs, but she expressed sincere and open thanks to her colleagues who supported her in her time of trouble.

Dr. Thomas' exam was held on Saturday morning. That night, a committee of professors had to make and announce their decision as to who had passed the exams and how everyone did on them. At eight o'clock we were all assembled and sat quietly in the reception room in groups, quietly discussing that which most interested us: the professors' meeting and the weighty discussions going on in there. A half an hour passed; the waiting annoyed some and several, leaving the reception room, began to pace along the large, brightly lit, round, wide, main staircase landing that led to the higher floors. From this landing one could see the entrance to the room where the professors had convened. Several students slipped into the room where we hung our coats and there, in the quiet and twilight, talked among themselves. Mary Young passed by rather haughtily and said,

"Well, the examination is finished now! Perhaps I should have postponed it for a year? Now it's all over, for better or worse."

I did not respond to her.

X was nowhere to be seen; as to Miss Ekhart, she was terribly nervous and ran from corner to corner. I approached her and began to talk to her, thinking that this would distract her somewhat; she expressed doubts concerning her passing the exams. "They will not overlook the fact that I studied in a homeopathic school before I transferred to this college," she said; "that means that I accepted another theory and rejected homeopathy. They will also refuse to let me forget that my former preceptor was a charlatan with a bad reputation...as if I, too, wish to be a charlatan. When I discovered that my preceptor was a bad man, I rejected his teaching and informed him so in writing since I had no personal acquaintance with him. Why do such people advertise in the newspaper to attract students if those students will suffer for it?"

She had tears in her round, despondent eyes. I began to console her, saying that she was exaggerating and that she should be allowed to continue because of her conscientious attention to her studies, which proved that she would not be a charlatan. I managed to calm her although she seemed quite distraught. She responded to my words:

"All this is true, but you do not have the slightest understanding, for example, of how Miss Bodley loathes irregular schools. A few days ago, one of our former students who had transferred to an 'eclectic' school visited me. She had not seen the new college building and wanted to see it, and Miss Bodley almost threw her out. She told this student: 'if you come here as a visitor, I will give you permission to look around the college, if however, you come as one of our former students, I bid you farewell! I have nothing more to say to you.' You see, she did not even want to give her permission to look at the college."

But hark! What is that? Singing could be heard coming from the reception room. We went there. Alice Bennett was the instigator; she was very tired of waiting and persuaded everyone to entertain themselves by singing. It was now almost ten o'clock. Hymns and songs were sung, including "Yankee Doodle"; then they began to sing "Glory, Glory Hallelujah!" The origins of the latter song deserve explanation. The bloody attack by the citizens of the southern American states on the abolitionist John Brown (an abolitionist stood for the abolition of slavery) was the straw that broke the camel's back in the conflict between abolitionists and slaveowners. The cruel murder of this innocent, peaceful man aroused a storm of protest and outrage and led to the outbreak of war. The song was written upon the death of John Brown and consists of various religious appeals, whose subjects range from the damnation of Jefferson Davis (the president of the southern states) to the exaltation of brotherhood and freedom.

The song is a lively one and brings to mind Russian Cossack songs; in this song, the most sincere and venerable feelings are aroused, expressing so clearly the mediocrity of the "Yankees'" artistic creativity. Americans are delighted with it and say that when it is sung by a crowd, in particular by Negroes, it makes quite an impression. Although the song is poor aesthetically, it made an impression on me after I found that Negroes in the North went by the thousands to die for their slave brothers and to die horrible deaths at the sound of it. Southerners tried to capture them alive, as much as possible, in large numbers in order to torture them as if they were rebellious slaves; whites commanding negro soldiers met the same fate. With regards to "Yankee Doodle," an American national hymn, it is not better, but much worse than "Glory" in terms of content, form, and music. It also makes an impression when it is sung en masse. I happened to hear it in a crowd of thousands on election day and it had a strong effect on me— not like other, good music which uplifts; neither the sound nor the poetry nor even the voice of the crowd was responsible for this. It was the content that was impressive. The song speaks of an agile youth, who must be able to dance and court the favor of girls even if cunning city people rob him of everything, including his frock coat. Americans themselves know that this "national song" is rather vulgar. When a crowd of Americans sings it, you feel as if you are among a thousand men who, having no good clothing, may buy a new suit, frock and trousers, very shortly and get themselves some money to put in their empty pockets.

Alice soon became bored with singing just as she had become bored with waiting in silence, and she suggested that we give a concert to the faculty by their door. "They fell asleep, they fell asleep!" she repeated, "we will wake them up, or else they won't decide anything until tomorrow!"

Five of the more boisterous students joined her and the singing could be heard all the way at the landing of the stairs. The choir sang:

> We'll hang the faculty
> On a sour apple tree[6]

Suddenly, the door opened: we could see in and hear genial laughter; Mrs. Dixon came out and said:

"I know, I know that you are tired of waiting, but what else can we do? You shall have to wait another half hour; there is a disagreement among us and we have not finished all our work." While she was calming us down, two middle-aged men entered from outside and approached the staircase landing. I recognized one of them as Reverend Cleveland and the other as Mrs. Dixon's husband.

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[6] In the song about John Brown, the choir sang "the faculty" in place of "Davis", to whom the threat had originally been directed.

"Tame this unruly crowd, gentlemen!" she appealed to them laughing.

"All right, all right!" Alice replied: "now there are even more of us... go back into the faculty lounge, Professor Dixon, I now know what we can do to stave off boredom for another half an hour during which time you will continue the meeting to torment us."

Mrs. Dixon returned to the faculty lounge saying to herself: "we were young once, you know!" With regards to Alice, not only did she not calm down, but within a minute, she had goaded Messiers Dixon and Cleveland to take part in a performance of a fictitious hanging of the discordant faculty on the "sour apple tree" even though one was a pastor and the other a devout Quaker. Everyone cheered up little by little, one could not remain a calm spectator amidst the commotion around us, in which even some of the professors' spouses joined. Suddenly, everyone fell silent. Mrs. Cleveland came out of the faculty lounge accompanied by X, who was pale as a ghost. She quickly threw on a shawl and almost ran out. All heads turned to hear the whispered exclaimation: "She didn't pass, the poor woman! You should have expected this! How could we have not seen that the professors had sent for her? Now we see, of course."

Mrs. Cleveland approached Miss Ekhart, said something to her and led her away.

"Is it possible that she won't pass?" I asked someone.

"I don't know, we will see when she returns".

A good quarter of an hour passed before the faculty released Miss Ekhart. When she found herself again among us, her eyes were more perplexed than usual and there were red blotches all over her face, but at the same time, it radiated pleasure.

"I passed, I passed! Oh, I swear to God it was difficult!" She sighed, blissfully smiling.

After a couple of minutes, Mrs. Cleveland came out again, approached us with cards and began to distribute them to us.

"I passed, I passed! Everyone passed!"--resounded all around. There was no end to the celebration. All the professors joined us, and smiling, congratulated us with very gracious handshakes. Mrs. Cleveland, for some reason, congratulated me on the successful completion of classes in an especially affectionate manner. I hurried home: Rosa and Vera Yakovlevna were very interested in the number of high marks I received, demanding that I hold my head high before these "Yankees," as they said. I moved toward the dimly lit room where my raincoat was and donned it when I heard quiet sobbing. I rushed to where it was coming from. In the corner, behind a coat rack, hiding her face in her hands, was Mary Young shedding bitter tears.

"Mary, what's wrong?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, why didn't I listen to you, why didn't I listen to you! You see, they rejected me, they shamefully rejected me! And I had such a beautiful dress!"

I began to comfort her as if she had died. Soon, several more people had gathered around us. Among them was Eugina Sheets, a special friend of

Mary's; she had brought her home, still crying. I subsequently had the opportunity to talk with Miss Bodley about the students who did not pass the exam. The reason why Mary Young did not pass was due not so much to her ignorance as to her childish frivolity. "We cannot pass such child-doctors" Miss Bodley said. "All the immaturity and lack of knowledge they displayed would lie heavily on our conscience. Let Mary return for another year and then we will see what can be done; but I will not guarantee that we will give her a diploma in a year. Concerning Miss Ekhart, although she studied conscientiously and we hope, as we advised her during the semester, to keep her on the correct, respectable, scientific path and prevent her from returning to the ranks of charlatans, from whom she came to us. I felt very sorry for X: she was both talented and respected, and very poor--it is difficult for her to maintain herself, to pay for her education and study at the same time--the reason for her lack of success lies in the extreme burden she has taken on herself, but what is to be done? She knows almost nothing; we would have acted unscrupulously in the highest degree by giving her a diploma; we will allow her to attend classes free of charge next year, after which we will see what she learned from her studies."

Two days after the exam, I visited Mary Young; I found her not sad, but angry--her guardian had convinced her that she did not pass the exams only because the college wanted her payment in its cash-box for another year of classes. She treated me rather dryly since I could not let such a statement pass without a heated protest. After this, I never saw her again.

Mary Young's and X's misfortune was soothed somewhat by the mood of general elation, and we bade farewell to the professors and each other in a polite and solemn manner and departed for home. Vera Yakovlevna, the children, Rosa, Miss McMillan, and her sister enthusiastically greeted Alice, Adel, and me. We prepared a sumptuous feast. It lasted rather late until fatigue put an end to the festivities and the interminable conversations about passing exams and the forthcoming commencement, set for two weeks later on March 16, for which everyone waited with much impatience. At the commencement, the diplomas would be distributed and the cherished title "Doctor of Medicine and Surgery" would be bestowed on us.

The Commencment and Reception at the College

Miss Bodley did not give us any rest before the commencement. She took the entire group of us new doctors almost every day to the so-called "Horticultural Hall," a place that one could rent for charity bazaars, concerts, and so on. A stage had been built in the "Hall" which we were forced to climb onto, keeping a one-step interval between us, to form a semi-circle to greet and take a packet, which would display our diploma, from the dean's hand and again greet the imaginary Board of Directors who were to sit on the stage. After all this, we descended a narrow, side staircase which did not have a handrail and went back to the hall. For some reason, I stumbled down the stairs every time and the thought of ascending and descending in public, in front of three thousand people, the capacity of the hall, scared me much more than all my past and future exams. Finally, the long awaited day of commencement came. That morning, everyone in our house bustled about, got dressed, and did not stop running from room to room and from floor to floor. Rosa irrationally burst into tears because of the excitement and anticipation, and I had to work very hard to calm her down. Vera Yakovlevna beamed; her husband, whom we seldom saw because he was busy from morning until night at the exhibition where he worked, joined us and was also beaming for some reason. The children were much more sensible than Rosa; they took a very active part in the preparations and played a large role in everything that was happening.

We finally departed for the ceremony.

The hall was very large, cold, had bare yellow walls, and very crude furnishings. It was full of endless rows of wooden benches painted brown; the audience, as well as the first-and second-year students, sat in them. As for us who were to be honored, there was a row of chairs just opposite the stage in front of the benches. The latter were covered with green cloth. At the back, the professors' and trustees' chairs were arranged in a semicircle. Near the front of the stage were baskets of flowers and tables with gifts and diplomas, each of which had been placed in a special scroll and bound with a pink or blue ribbon. The bouquets and presents were, as is the American custom, to be given to the parents and friends of the students and were to be distributed publicly after we received our diplomas. On the right of the stage was a narrow podium, behind which speeches would be delivered by administrators, professors, and as we later learned, by members of the public who wished to speak. To either side of the stage, you could see the staircase that so plagued me.

Together with the invitation cards, we were given programs for the commencement; on the last page of the program, in English, were announcements and advertising on behalf of the college. I gave Miss Liute and her brother their invitations; both were in attendance.

We took our seats immediately upon arrival. The administrators were not yet on stage, but the hall behind us was half full. But then the clock sounded eleven-thirty, and a German orchestra struck up the Strauss waltz identified in the program as "Honor the Ladies." The musicians performed capably. After the waltz, they followed with a selection from "Sonnambul" and finally, the overture, "Le Chevalier de Breton." All this continued for nearly half an hour. With the last note of the overture, at the back of the hall, a door opened on the stage and, accompanied by the sounds of the Kameke march, the Board of Directors and professors decorously entered and settled into their seats. The men were wearing frock coats and white ties, the women were wearing black silk dresses, lace, and fresh flowers on the bosom and sleeves. Everyone quieted down and Reverend James Danforth approached the podium and said a prayer. He asked for heavenly help for the new doctors in their future endeavors; it was a good prayer and was said with feeling and would have undoubtedly made a good impression on me if the reverend had not specially asked that the Creator not to turn his face from us as we wrote prescriptions to spare us from mistakes.

Oh America, practical America! I thought to myself and my wonderful mood melted like spring snow as I suddenly remembered Dickens and his Martin Chuzzlewit[7] among Americans. But I was annoyed with myself for this and again try to share in the mood of the moment. The reverend finished. There was music again instantly; The first stroke of the bow...What is it?...*Ach, mein lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin!...*

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[7] In Charles Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the main character, Martin, came to America expecting to see the Promised Land, but he found Americans and their customs and habits contemptible.

I put my shawl to my mouth so that I would not burst out laughing and then the bow struck the first note and the orchestra began to play "Dear Augustine." Everyone listened without batting an eye. "What's the matter with you?" Adel Brindle, who was sitting near me, whispered.

"Martin Chuzzlewit!" I sobbed.

"She's lost her mind!" Alice Bennett whispered, sitting next to me on the other side.

Miss Bodley waved at us despairingly for quite a while from the stage; we got up from our chairs in an orderly manner and clambered up the accursed staircase; we formed a semicircle on the stage, and Mr. Moriss Perrot, esq., president of the Board of Directors, gave each one of us our diploma, bound with a ribbon. We curtsied to him, the board, the faculty, and the audience and descended in single file back into the hall; as usual, I stumbled on the first step and a frightened "Oh" burst out of Miss Bodley who was fluttering around us. All the while the orchestra played Strauss's "Doctor Waltz." But thank God, we were back in our seats; I was so glad that I would not have to climb those stairs again·that I breathed a sigh of relief from the depths of my soul.

Mrs. Cleveland than delivered the valedictory address. As always, she was poised and graceful as she approached the podium. Her words were simple, sincere, and full of good-will towards us, her former students. She reminded us of the moral principles which the college tried to instill in us, in addition to the scientific education; she asked us not to forget our duties as a doctor and human being and finished by wishing us good luck and success in life. Her speech made a profound impression on everyone, including me. But hark! Something knocked on the door at the back of the stage. Everyone looked in that direction; the honored directors turned away from us. The door swung open to reveal a strange, I could almost say unpleasant, figure. It was a woman who was dressed in a long, dark blue raincoat; there was nothing on her head except for a thin, greyish braid on the back of her head; a white handkerchief was tied about her face. She curtsied courteously to the faculty and board of directors, then turned to the president and asked if she might say a few words to the new doctors. Permission was granted. She then rushed to the podium, loudly cleared her throat and began to speak. One could not call what came out of her mouth speech: it was a stream, an avalanche, one word tumbling after another. There was advice, some nonsense, then kind words... The theme was the same throughout: our medical, civic, and humanitarian responsibility in life...The difficulty was all of it mixed together; one could discern only that she seemed to be threatening someone with something.

"If some of you...if ever..." the orator roared "then I will subject her to public ridicule and then..."

"Why did they allow this lunatic to be here?" I whispered to Adel Brindle. "She looks dangerous, look–she's foaming at the mouth..."

"Shhh...thank God you didn't make me laugh!" she replied. "This is Miss Dell, a famous publicist." Miss Dell noticed us and shot us a withering glance that forced us to be silent; she would now probably fix her attention on me and rebuke me, I thought, but thank God, she only looked as if she would. In looking out over the crowd, she no doubt noticed a furtive smile here and there, but she continued nonetheless, turning to us:

"Perhaps I am bothering you, but what is to be done! I consider it my responsibility to give you some parting advice; I will repeat it again:

remember, my eyes are open, I will watch over you like an older sister, like a mother, and woe to those of you who ever stray from the path of truth!"...

Finishing with us, Miss Dell addressed the audience:

"I am very sorry if you, the audience, cannot understand everything that I have said; I tried, as much as possible, to articulate every word precisely and clearly, but I have a toothache; I caught a cold in my kitchen where I labor each day as every good housewife must, especially in our country where you can't rely on your servants...just a short time ago, like yesterday..." but she suddenly thought of something else, and we learned nothing of her cook's misdeeds.

I must confess that I could not keep from laughing this time... fortunately, it was muffled by music, they began playing something from "Lucretia Borgia" very loudly...it was very apropos: Miss Dell in her speech had reminded us about poisonings.

After this comical intermission, Reverend Danforth began to speak again; I was very grateful for his heartfelt words as he bade us farewell. We were then given bouquets and presents and did not have to rise again before the audience. Miss Emily White gave me a beautiful bouquet of white roses, heliotropes, and camellias as a token of her affection, which pleased me in the highest degree.

The ceremony ended with a revolting musical potpourri. After receiving an invitation for a farewell reception at the college which was to be held that night before we departed, we returned home,

I could not let the chance to go that night pass. Vera Yakovlevna, her husband, all the other residents at our house, with the exception of the children, also went. The reception halls at the college were brightly lit.

There were cold hors d'oeuvres in one of them. I was struck by the fact that the furniture from all the rooms which had been illuminated had been removed: there were no chairs, or armchairs, not even a stool. People either stood in groups or strolled about. In answer to my question regarding the apparent disappearance of the furniture, I was told that it is not polite to sit at American receptions and, therefore, the furniture is always removed so that there would be more space and the ladies' clothing would not get crumpled. We ate supper at the reception while standing around the table. Near the end of the evening, some chairs appeared for the comfort of some of the older ladies. I unceremoniously retrieved a wooden stool from the closest laboratory and announced that I could not eschew the European custom of sitting down when I was tired, even if I was at a reception. We were introduced to Miss Dell that night. She had shed her raincoat for a more modest black silk dress and a white lace cap, her toothache must have passed because she did not have her handkerchief, and she seemed very lively and happy. She began talking to me about Russia and she asked several very intelligent questions about the intellectual movement among Russian women. I told her that I was familiar with it. Afterwards, I had the opportunity to talk about her with Marie Zakrzewska, who told me a little about her life. Miss Dell--a fervent activist in the sphere of the women's question-- published a journal and wrote books on this subject. Incidentally, she had compiled and published a biography of Marie Zakrzewska entitled *From the History of Working Women*. I have this book: it is interesting and is written in a lively and intelligent manner. Miss Dell had been friends with Zakrzewska, but then quarrelled with her because of a disagreement about the contents of Miss

Dell's journal and she refused to print Zakrzewska's articles in it. Miss Dell was so angry at her on one occasion, at some kind of public discussion, that she tried to attack her with her fists only to be restrained. "It was only thanks to this that I remained unharmed," Zakrzewska added, laughing as she related the story to me.

At the reception, Mrs. Cleveland invited Adel Brindle and me to come to her house the next morning, saying that she had something to ask us. The next day, we departed together for her house. Mrs. Cleveland, greeting us in the parlor, asked me to wait a minute and took Adel Brindle to her office. She kept her in there for nearly fifteen minutes, after which Adel left the house, not returning to the parlor, and not waiting for me, which was rather surprising. Mrs. Cleveland began to question me about what I planned to do and suggested that I should become a member of a female physician association called the "Alumnae Association of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania". I agreed with delight. She informed me that there would be an association meeting today and invited me to attend, adding that she would nominate me for membership. Furthermore, she asked me if I would accept a position as an assistant at the hospital for a year. I thanked her for the offer, but replied that, unfortunately, I was going to leave Philadelphia because I wanted to return as soon as possible to Europe, feeling an unbearable longing for the Old World.

Returning home, I immediately went to reproach Adel Brindle because she did not wait for me and then forced me to endure a half hour boring tram ride alone. But I found my "learned colleague" in bitter tears and instead of admonishing her, I began to ask her what was the matter and offered her my services if they could be of some use.

"Oh no," she answered, "nobody can do anything for me!"

"What's the matter?"

"Well, you see, I went to school with a dear friend of mine. We have studied together since childhood. At first we were enemies and competed to be the best student in class: then we became closer because we were 'infidels'; then we became engaged and went to medical school. Our wedding is set to be held immediately after graduation; he has also just graduated--and now suddenly, Mrs. Cleveland has offered me a position as an assistant/junior faculty member...I don't know what I should do; should I get married or become an assistant? I love my fiancée, he would be very broken-hearted if we had to be apart for another year...I would also be broken-hearted... we have to seriously consider the consequences of declining the opportunity of gaining clinical knowledge, which is so difficult for a doctor beginning in private practice."

And she began to cry again!

"Well, I certainly can't be of any assistance to you," I said to Adel, hardly suppressing a smile. To study or get married? There's a dilemma! She decided to postpone her wedding for another year and the day after our conversation, she moved into the assistant's residence at the hospital.

Leaving Adel with her thoughts, I departed for the alumnae association meeting where I was elected to be a member by those in attendance by a majority of votes. I paid a dollar for a year's dues and after that, we listened to several abstracts which were read by various members, among them Mrs. Cleveland. The abstracts were both useful and interesting. I saw Anita Tyng, whom I had heard much about in Boston, for the first time. She differed dramatically from the other doctors in her outward appearance. She had short hair, she was dressed in a short, tight, black skirt and in something resembling a frock-coat; she had a round, felt, man's hat on her head; she was convinced that this was the only outfit suitable for very busy female physicians in the far West where they often had to ride their horses for days on end to call on the sick, whose houses were scattered over large distances.

Among the members of the association were all of our professors and the junior faculty members, and even Miss Monroe, Doctors Keller, Bokel, and Mary Putnam-Jacoby, a lecturer in internal medicine at the New York Women's Medical College. Miss Green told me much about the latter in Boston. Subsequently, Dr. C., whose assistant I was in Zurich, spoke to me about Mrs. Putnam-Jacoby, who had visited Zurich in the summer of 1876, in the most flattering manner, saying that he had rarely seen a better clinical physician among European male physicians. While in Switzerland, Mrs. Putnam-Jacoby divided her time between attending classes, visiting the clinic, and breast feeding her six-month-old son. The boy, by all appearances, did not suffer at all from having a mother who was a medical student. I seldom encountered such a strong and healthy child.

I will now return to the alumnae association meeting. The association was founded on March 11, 1875 by female physicians who were former students of the Women's Medical College, and its goals were the exchange of scientific and other information and the success of its members. It was decided that students of other colleges would be accepted as associate members. Mrs. Cleveland was the president, Doctors Scarlett-Dixon and Anita Tyng were vice-presidents, Miss Emily White was the secretary, Mrs. Scarlett-Dixon was the corresponding-secretary, and Emma Barton, a

Quaker, was the treasurer. In addition to these administrators, the association had a "Board of Censors," which decided whether to accept or reject those proposed for membership.

I should add that the association was guided in its internal and public affairs by the code of medical ethics, where all moral and societal rules which doctors must obey as well as a few oddities are written. Each newly graduated doctor was given a souvenir copy of the code, which was published by the "American Society of Doctors."

My Last Days in Philadelphia

And so, I had completed that which I had come to America to do; now I was drawn back to the Old World as I had been earlier. I longed for my homeland. I could hardly keep myself from leaving at that time, but Miss Liute persuaded me to wait another month; she said that Rosa could then go with me--her uncle thought that it would be better for her to return to Europe because he was not in a position to give her the kind of education in America she could receive in Switzerland without undue expense. Knowing that the young woman would be sent off in any event and that if I did not take her with me she would have to travel alone, I agreed to wait for her departure. At that time, I received a letter from Marie Zakrzewska in which she invited me to stay with her for a while. I was very happy about this since I hoped to take this time to acquaint myself with the many sides of American life with which I was still unfamiliar. For the most part, only hospital and college life were known to me, but I wanted to visit schools, places of work, theaters, and such and become acquainted with the everyday life of the American family. In addition, I wanted to meet with my friend, Dr. Fanny B., who had arrived four months ago from Russia and taken the position as assistant physician at the New England Hospital at Marie Zakrzewska's urging. Departing for Boston, I bade a rather heavy-hearted farewell to Miss Liute. I felt very sorry for her: she had not realized one of her dreams. She could not find a job and could not even foresee the possibility of obtaining one, especially since English did not come easily to her. She could not rent a furnished student's apartment because she lacked the necessary funds and she never asked her brother for help even though she hoped he would offer, but this failed as well since Miss Luite was true to her Swiss ancestry in her penury. For a time she had to live with him at his expense -- this was very difficult for her. As for me, I could not help her in any way except for lending a sympathetic ear.

Taking my final leave of everyone in my rather extensive circle of friends, I departed for Boston intending to return to Philadelphia in a month to get Rosa and travel back to Europe with her.

Chapter 4

My Visit With Dr. Marie Zakrzewska

I was now a free person; I no longer had any pressing or urgent matters to attend to, and neither anyone nor anything could prevent me from peering more intently into the surrounding way of life and studying it. Not having the time or, more importantly, broad historical and literary training, I can bring nothing to my reminiscences expect the fragmented and often superficial observations of an ordinary person, which I know myself to be. I therefore have no intention of saying anything new or especially interesting.

Much of what I saw and heard in America was new to me, but a great deal of it was somewhat familiar. Like anyone else in my circumstances, I attempted to determine the reasons for the differences and similarities in the ways of life between the New and Old Worlds. I noticed that both private and public life in the United States of America are the very personification of individualism and capitalism, which explains both the successes and failures experienced in various circumstances in life across the Atlantic. When I consider the future of the country, it is difficult to discount the possibility that this very same individualism and capitalism might be the downfall of this unusual civilization, when humanity embraces new, higher moral principles and the ideals of love and brotherhood.

One sees the most intriguing contrasts in the daily life of the United States. At every step, we noticed fabulous wealth near neighborhoods where poverty and ignorance not only persist but constantly spread all their attendant evils among the residents. Then again, we saw the most active philanthropy; the systematic robbery and forced resettlement of the Indians; the exploitation of Chinese laborers and the deepest sympathy for the cause of equal rights of blacks with whites; the freedom of institutions combined with the petty tyranny of public opinion, which even manages to intrude into Americans' daily routine, and so on....It is essential to see all of this with one's own eyes, so as to be able to acquire a clear conception of all these contradictions existing side by side, apparently peacefully but full of potentially serious consequences for the future.

If life looks good to Americans--that is to say, to those who are living relatively well--then one could say that what they think about their circumstances goes something like this: "my aspirations are lofty, but so much the better if I am not worse off for them. If I am not, then I can think about the welfare of my neighbor; after all, there is no reason why his poverty must make me callous, or must disturb the circumstances of my physical or moral existence." On the other hand, if one finds that this dilemma can be solved by chasing the poor neighbor away, and if this is easier than helping him, then the necessity of helping him becomes less acute--here the fate of the Indians and Chinese workers is instructive. It is well known that Congress has been debating the removal of the latter from the United States for some time. It goes without saying that if the poverty of one's neighbor is a fact of life for some reason, then it will not disappear and in fact will be supported in some quarters. There are many well-intentioned people who believe that the struggle to achieve material prosperity is the primary motivator of humanity. One cannot deny that everyone is searching for what is better and where it is better for him--

even Reshetnikov's Podlipovtsy[1]; the question that naturally poses itself is, what is meant by "better"? The Great Teacher said that "one does not live by bread alone." And if everything in the United States is not exclusively focused on obtaining bread, its average citizens are concerned about the satisfaction of those needs which, one must say, they share with the less fortunate, since the satisfaction of said needs is the main preoccupation of everyone. To condemn individuals or entire classes of people because their psychological tendencies made them one thing or another is a dubious business. The character and aspirations of individuals and nations, with all their pecularities of development, are not a function of anyone's wishes or deliberate intent. Rather, they are the product of an infinite number of reasons, some of which are connected to the past and the present, and others with internal and external circumstances. Who can change, for example, those geographical, climactic and geological conditions which formed the old world and which are now beyond the reach of contemporary civilization? Who can account for instances where people were more important to each other than anything else, since it was only through communication that they could overcome external threats? Who can explain the development of the concept of community in the steppes of Old Russia, where it was difficult for people to find each other since there was more than enough room for everyone? In some places, nature itself helped to develop trade and crafts; elsewhere, people gravitated toward certain areas because they were safe and eventually began to crowd one another. From such places came the concept of private property, such as in western Europe. The first colonists arrived in North America with centuries of ideals from the Old World, which they put to good use in their new surroundings. These ideals--among which are the desirability of profit--took firm root in America. Can American society be saved from them? The best people in America say that salvation will indeed come, because Man has higher aspirations than merely making a lot of money.

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[1]* Feodor Mikhailovich Reshetnikov (1841-1871) wrote *Podlipovtsy* in 1864. In this "ethnographic study", Reshetnikov, who lived near the Kama river for twenty years, exposes the hardships barge haulers in Podlipovtsy experienced in the first few years after emancipation. Hailed in liberal circles as a true depiction of life for the Russian people, Reshetnikov argued, a year after emancipation, that Alexander II's reforms were half-hearted and completely failed to improve the lot of the Russian people.

I was to spend nearly six weeks at Marie Zakrzewska's. She and the Hansens received me cordially and politely in the highest degree. The day after my arrival, I visited the hospital and met Fanny B. there. She missed Europe, and was unhappy with the same aspects of American life that I was; we decided to meet a little later. I visited the dispensary and, as in the hospital, little had changed--there were, however, noticeable signs of serious study by Dr. Keller.

After completing my visits, I explained to my hosts that I wanted to visit places of interest in Boston and Mrs. Hansen very courteously agreed to be my guide. She first took me to Mr. Prang's chromolithograph factory. I had met the Prang family during my first visit to Boston. The factory was enormous, with a multitude of large machines and countless workers and employees. Mr. Prang represents a model of success in America. Twenty years ago he arrived from Germany in search of fortune. He was a lithograph worker. I do not know how he met Marie Zakrzewska, but when he was planning to build a chromolithograph workshop, Miss Zakrzewska helped him with money. His work was brilliant, perhaps because he has the most practical, middling kind of artistic flair. He had received only a minimal education and fell just below the standard of the American artistic sensibility; he was influenced by German sentimentalism, which Americans like very much, and had a good sense for what would be profitable. Most of his subjects were close to Americans' hearts and belonged to what one might term the "mignard genre." All of this is "terribly" precious and dreadfully cold, which does not prevent Americans from exclaiming, "Oh, how lovely, how delightful!" And now, in front of me lies the illustrated catalogue of Prang's collection; here are Americans' favorite topics: chickens and ducks, "maternal love"--a gazelle caressing its young; children playing; "The Forest Queen"--a young woman standing in a forest crowned with flowers; "The Young Commodore"--a young boy in a sailor suit; "Baby in Trouble"--a dog pushing a baby away from a cup of milk, drinking it itself, and the baby beating the dog with a spoon on its head with all his might; "Young Lincoln"--young Lincoln reading a book by the light of the fire in his log cabin; "Girl in prayer"; "First Music Lesson"--one little girl is forcing another, a younger girl, to blow into a toy trumpet, and so on. I seldom saw oil paintings in America, even among wealthy people, but chromolithographs were everywhere.

The most popular decorative items in hotels were works by the Rogers group; at first I thought that they were made of terra-cotta, but then discovered that they were made of some kind of special substance and painted on the surface. As an artist, Rogers has talent, but he shows the same inclination towards the sentimentally "beautiful," which explains his success. In Paris, I was told that wealthy Americans buy sketches and pictures mainly from those artists whose lack of talent is legendary and whose works are shunned in Europe. They say that in Paris there is an entire group of artists *du genre mignard* who grow rich on American dollars by desecrating art. The subjects of the Rogers group come partly from Washington Irving, one of the rare American authors who sanctify the divine spark of lively poetry, but the group also features well-dressed little ladies and gentlemen playing hide and seek, fairies whispering to babies, and other rubbish of the same type. That Americans lack taste is evident in their literature. I must say that I am not enamored of the latter. Americans boast of Longfellow, Cooper, and Beecher Stowe--and two or three others--but they are too few for a nation of fifty million inhabitants, of which more than half have a higher education. In my opinion, Edgar Allen Poe is gifted with exceptional intellectual power, and he went farther than his teachers, but not much farther...he seems artificial and cold.

By contrast, Washington Irving is a true poet, but I discovered him in Europe, not in America. Excluding Longfellow, here are some of the names of the best known American authors and poets: Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Willis, Percival, Pierpont, Sigourney...[2] What did they give the world? What noble, honest, great human ideas have they communicated? What have they said that is new? All their work is beautiful and sentimental and nothing else. One perceives more humanity in some than others, for example, in those who expose the evils of slavery, which is now dead. I have read many of these prose writers, mainly Cooper, Irving, and Beecher Stowe.[3] I should add the names of Wetherell and Cummins, who write moral-religious-sentimental novels for young women.[4] Miss Alcott writes very well for children and young people, she has true talent. I should mention Miss Phelps, Holland Parton, and Mark Twain–the Russian public is familiar with several of them from translations. Americans themselves, after enumerating their authors, were almost never able to tell me what distinguishes one from the other, or who does the best work. The majority of American writers are prolific, they are all moral, religious, as well as cold and boring in the highest degree. Most do not lack a sense of humor, but unfortunately, it does not help them to express any profound thought or emotion; it speaks to a jokingly superficial approach to life. Lately we have had many translations of Bret Harte, but this author, although he writes vividly and quite entertainingly, *à la Alexandre Dumas père*, is far from portraying American life accurately.[5]

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[2]* Lukanina is referring to John Greenleaf Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Daniel Henry Holmes, Nathaniel Parker Willis, James Gates Percival, John Pierpont, and Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

[3]* James Fenimore Cooper, Wahington Irving, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

I must add that I am not expressing a categorical opinion about American literature; perhaps I missed some literary pearls. Either I did not encounter them, or did not understand them. Perhaps my critical opinions of American artistic works are not warranted; but in any event, I did not encounter one single work of art–picture, sketch or poem–that captured my imagination or awakened in me that feeling of pure awe and holy fear that I felt in reading Shakespeare and Byron, or looking at Raphael's "Madonna" or Antokol'skii's "Christ."[6]

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[4]* Susan Bogert Warner (pseudonym Elizabeth Wetherell) wrote *Wide, Wide World* in 1850, which is hailed by many literary historians as America's first best-seller. An evangelical Protestant, most of her main characters are adolescent females who study the bible and submit to God's will. Maria Susanna Cummins (1827-1866), the author of *Mabel Vaughan,* focused on domestic fiction and the trials and tribulations of American women faced. See Estes, Glenn, ed. *The Dictionary of Literary Biography: American Writers for Children Before 1900.* Vol. 42. (Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1985), pp. 363-366, 142-146.

[5]* Alexandre Dumas (1802-1870), French dramatist and novelist whose most famous works include *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers.*

I will mention one more episode. In January 1880, the United States government passed a bill placing a duty on antiques imported into the United States. Art is met with widespread patronage everywhere here. Among the compulsory subjects in all schools are drawing and music theory, and even painting and sculpture in some schools. Visiting Swiss and American schools, I often thought that if Russian children were exposed to the kind of teaching that Americans and Swiss children enjoy, if they could have only half of what their American and Swiss peers have, they would be well-rounded people. Based on my American experience, however, I can only conclude that one needs more than classroom instruction for the development of artistic and creative talents. There are a few, but very few, gifted American writers, and I never visited a school where the study of the English language and American literature was not the most important subject; children begin writing compositions even in the preparatory classes. Even after graduating from school, Americans of both sexes do not stop studying their mother tongue; sometimes associations are formed, such as the Boston Spelling Bee, for this purpose; such societies are dedicated to the correct spelling of difficult words. It is remarkable how much Ameicans love concrete facts. In science, they tend to explain everything with statistics; work generally stops at the precise moment when generalizations and conclusion mirror the calculations.

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[6]* Mark Matveevich Antokol'sky (1843-1902) sculpted "Christ Before the People" in 1874.

I will now return to my visit to Mr. Prang's factory. Having inspected the studio and works in progress within them, we went on to the storage area, where the stones for the chromolithographs were kept. I was informed that some pictures require up to forty different stones. Lithographic stones in America are of very low quality; therefore, Mr. Prang orders from Germany all the materials needed for his more delicate work. The lithograph workers in this factory can be called quasi-artists, their pay is good, some receive up to eight hundred francs a month, but black workers receive no more than five to six dollars a week (25-30 francs). Women workers also receive meager salaries. I became closely acquainted with one of the female workers in Mr. Prang's factory. She affixed the lithograph stones to the canvas and received twenty dollars a month for her ten-hour work day--this was insufficient for a comfortable living and she did embroidery work on commission in the evenings. This fräulein belonged to a noble family from Austria; poverty had forced her to seek work in America and she found work at Prang's factory. The workers at the factory formed a rather close-knit group despite the variety of nationalities, opinions, material conditions, and ages--this is a very rare occurrence in America. Marie Zakrzewska jokingly referred to Prang's factory as the "workhouse" because everyone there who did not have an actual trade wanted to acquire some training; but in fact Mr. Prang took only those who already had a skill; philanthropy had no place in his calculations.

In addition to the impoverished fräulein, there was a retired Prussian cavalry officer, an industrious and up right person. There was also a Swiss woman, a former school teacher, and her husband, there were unsuccessful doctors, and there was even an ex-singer from the Slavinsky Choir. All these people either knew how to draw or had studied some aspect of lithography. Mr. Prang was growing richer and richer with their help. They say that he wanted to establish a workshop at first on a cooperative basis, but that venture was unsuccessful due to both internal and external circumstances.

Leaving Mr. Prang's factory, I asked Mrs. Hansen to take me somewhere else. My host, Mr. Prang, heard my request and took it upon himself to show me the granite quarry just outside Boston. We went the next day. Unfortunately, I can say very little about the Boston granite works. I only remember deep abysses with people swarming in them and machines for hoisting the granite from the bottom of the quarry and whole mountains of grey stones standing like a fragment of a cliff. Around the offices and houses, where both owners and workers lived, and the workshops, which form long, winding streets, there was yet another product--gravestones and markers. There was a wide assortment: garden-style decorations in the shape of urns, pedestals and wide platforms. One unpleasant aspect of the surroundings was the fine granite dust one is forced to swallow with each gust of wind, dust which draped the green of the surrounding trees in a sad, grey hue. Mr. Prang regarded our visit lightly, like a *"partie de plaisir,"* but I did not; I could not gather any information on this industry. I found out only that most of the workers there were German. We returned to town late because the quarry is located far from the hinterland where the Prangs and Zakrzewska lived.

"Come over to our house for dinner," Mrs. Prang said to me, "they have already finished dinner at Dr. Zak's[7] house and even if the President of the United States himself suddenly appeared at her house, they would not disturb their cook, Bridgit." I gladly agreed because they would only reluctantly have disturbed the cook, who was the only servant besides the Negro coachman, that only looked after the horses.Even though all the work was done by only one servant and the household was of considerable size, everything was always clean and orderly; there were five people in the family. Dinner was always good and during the preparation and serving everything was impeccably clean and pleasant. This state of affairs was possible because all the tasks were delegated by the hour and nothing was permitted to disturb the established order of things. This occurs in all the families in the United States whether they be German, American, or English. Bridgit also did the laundry. She was off on Sundays and left in the morning; if Dr. Zakrzewska wanted to have a hot dinner, she had to fix it herself. Only under such circumstances, not having many servants, is it possible to live comfortably, fend off disorder and filth, and not burden people with work. Sundays were always festive in New England.[8] Now, however, Sundays have changed in character somewhat– not all the shops, for example, are closed, they say that previously it was impossible to buy even bread; there had been no entertainment, but now, public opinion has stopped the persecution of amusements such as taking walks. Even so, the city's streets and neighborhoods are far from as crowded and busy on Sundays as they are on weekdays– it is seldom that you meet people, who undoubtedly would be dressed very simply in black. The simplicity and absence of bright colors in the women's attire on Sundays is especially striking because women of all classes in America usually get very dressed up even to take a stroll along the town streets in bright and multi-colored dresses trimmed in ribbons and lace, that is, in attire which would be worn in Europe only for dinners and parties. One newly-arrived young Frenchman, an acquaintance of Zakrzewska's, while sightseeing in Boston wanted to visit where Boston's high society go for strolls. Zakrzewska told him that between two and four o'clock in the afternoon, he could meet the "fine fleur" of Boston's moneyed aristocracy on Broadway.

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[7] Americans and Americanized Germans love to shorten such names and long words. They even simplify long dates. For example, they would read the date 1355 in the following manner: thirteen fifty-five–and everyone knows that it is thirteen thousand and fifty-five.

[8] The residents of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island alone rightly call themselves "Yankees."

"Perhaps you are mistaken about the time and the place" the Frenchman replied: "I was there yesterday and saw, pardon me, only demimondes."

"What's that? We don't have that sort here!"

"Well, that's what you say!"–the Frenchman began to get excited-- "What kind of respectable women dress up only to take their clothes off for money! You see such women in Paris."

"Please don't judge us by Parisian standards," Zakrzewska replied, laughing. "They have one sort in Paris and we have another; you saw Boston's most fashionable women on Broadway and I guarantee that a majority are respectable women and good mothers."

It seemed as if the Frenchman believed that we were mocking him.

I finished dinner at the Prangs'. The Hansens arrived towards evening as well as Mr. P., a Russian singer, who was immediately cajoled into singing Russian songs, which drove the Americans into delight.

When we were introduced, he was so happy to meet another Russian that he almost began to cry. He arrived with his wife, a rather old woman who was not particularly interesting and did not speak Russian. G.P. had a fine bass voice, but in every other respect was a completely ordinary man, and if I had met him somewhere other than abroad, I most likely would have forgotten him long ago; he remained in my memory because, God knows why, I was happy to meet a Russian, one of my countrymen among all those Americans and Germans who were so foreign to me. Mr. P. told me of the fate which had befallen Slaviansky's choir. It was very well received in America--I heard high praise for the choir from Americans--but it had abruptly fallen into confusion. "But why?" I asked. Mr. P. shook his head and began to relate some previous misfortunes.

"Well, both Slavianskii and I are to blame. The choir members told me that they were unhappy, that they were paid too little, and so on. We thought that we could try our luck without his help..."

It was a very awkward affair. For Slavianskii, it was sometimes difficult; when his singers were away from him, they quarreled among themselves and went off to try to keep body and soul together. It was rumored that some were doing business, others were doing sexton duties in churches. As for Mr.P., he drew before beginning work at Prang's factory, then served as a choirmaster in a synagogue on Saturdays. "God works in strange ways! I, an Orthodox believer, came to lead a choir in a Jewish school."

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The next day, Mrs. Hansen accompanied me to the theater. I was most satisfied with the troupe; the acting seemed serious and well-crafted, which surprised me greatly. I expected far less and so it was pleasant to see pure artistry. I cannot remember the name of the play, or for that matter any of the actors; I only know that they were Americans rather than British. Perhaps the relative unpopularity of the theater in America helps explain the high artistic quality displayed by American actors; average Americans, even those without any particular prejudices, consider the theater a sinful waste of time. Only the intelligentsia and foreigners like and support the theater. There is a pecularly American form of theater presented by "Negro minstrels," a wandering troupe of Negro actors, although I never saw them. The plays which they put on are almost always comedies. Miss Zakrzewska told me that both the subjects and acting are designed to attract as many people as possible and always inspire friendly laughter among the spectators. These "minstrels" illuminate the funny sides of life for both whites and blacks.

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Miss Buckle promised long ago to take me to see two charitable shelters–one for fallen women and the other for impoverished orphans. We went to the orphanage first one fine morning. Miss Buckle was the physician-consultant at the orphanage; she did not give me enough time to inspect it thoroughly; when she was told that everything was going well, she rushed through two or three wards with that distinctive American haste all the while patting some of the well-dressed, healthy-looking children on the cheek as she passed by. I was struck most by their apathetic-depressing gaze which contrasted sharply with the vivacity and mischievous expression on the faces of American children of all classes and social strata. Even the ill children in the New England Hospital were livelier. Everything in the shelter was clean, bright, and unencumbered by bureaucracy. A stout head mistress reigned over the children's home apparently with motherly tenderness. I am still tormented by the memory of those children's lifeless eyes.

Shelters for orphans and indigent children are founded by the state as well as by private organizations; all the shelters I saw were privately administered. Indigent children are kept in a shelter until they become teenagers at which time the shelters can "bind them," that is, place them in apprenticeships in various workshops where they must remain--young women must remain until their eighteenth birthday and young men until their twenty-first birthday, after which they are free to go anywhere they please. The majority of them become good workers, it is seldom that things turn out badly. All this is fine, but why are their faces so sad?

The women's shelter was located outside town; we traveled there by rail, and two stops later exited in a place which evoked in me the same unpleasant feeling that I had experienced upon seeing the New York suburbs for the first time. The fields and forests near Philadelphia had partially blocked it out--now it was reawakened with fresh strength. For me it is always extremely difficult to see a place ploughed up for some kind of commercial or industrial enterprises; the yellow sand or red clay of the new railroad enbankments are like fresh, gaping wounds; desolate, neglected, sick, covered with sewage and garbage, they reminded me of places that are undeveloped, but have already been sold to those hoping to build summer cottages.

A melancholy thought seized me while I walked behind Miss Buckle along the country road where we took a turn from the railroad tracks. Off to the side, we could still see several farms; there was water on the fields and gardens, in low spots forming a veritable lake. The shelter was already in sight when Miss Buckle suddenly stopped me, pointing out something to the right of the road. A large puddle, a fathom and a half wide, extending to the porch of the nice-looking little farm house with a low, descending, tiled roof; at one point, I saw a chicken swimming along in the water, flapping its wings and raising its tail. Men working near the road pointed to it and laughed. "If chickens have begun swimming," joked Miss Buckle, "I guess God has willed that women should become doctors too!" I was not in the mood for humor and remained silent, no doubt leaving my companion with the impression that I was haughty or unpleasant... Within ten minutes we had reached the shelter. I did not see anything new. The faces of its residents were familiar–much like the faces in the hospital; their expressions were also familiar–either pitiable or impudent, either defeated or feverishly excited. Several were dirty and dissolute, others retained an air of cultivated, coquettish innocence. The majority of them were working on something. The shelter is located amidst a grove of oak and cedar trees; it is large, comfortable, clean and well-equipped, with large kitchens, laundry areas and workshops; all the housework was done by the shelter's residents. Everything was quiet, too quiet; it was as if they were in prison or in the grave. Aside from the assistant managers, there is only one supervisor for every twenty boarders. The bible was read to sinners in an attempt to raise their moral standard...At the same time, a medical committee is working for the legalization of prostitution in the United States. Presently, it is not legal and so it is easier for these women who have fallen on hard times to save themselves from further destruction. It is painful to talk about this, and useless; there much already has been said about it by people more competent and knowledgable than I.

I was almost sick when I returned home; on the way, Miss Buckle explained to me that the most important thing for returning sinners to a life of truth is not awakening in them a desire to do good, but rather finding them honest work in an honest environment. Upon leaving the shelter, most of the women go right back to the same factories, the same manic competition there, the same environment that made them what they were before. In this regard the philanthropic societies are powerless. With great difficulty they find good places for a very few; the rest are drawn back to their previous path by the force of circumstances.

Shelters in America are not uniform in their objectives; they have the most varied purposes. Some, for example, exist exclusively to care for alcoholics. Presently, there are no such shelters for women; meanwhile, alcoholism is increasing more and more. I already mentioned the fact that middle-aged and elderly women drink heavily, and among the lower classes one sees many incidents of opium abuse. These forms of addiction have become a problem even among upper-class women, so that philanthropists have decided to create a treatment facility for the victims of the revolting vice. The hospital will be located in Connecticut; the site has already been purchased, contributions are coming in at a brisk pace, and if the organizing committee had not specified that they should limit contributions to ten dollars per person, the necessary funds would have been raised long ago.

The Woman Question--The Massachusetts Senate

I led a rather strange life during this time; I actually missed those classes just prior to exams. I cannot say that I had nothing to do; I read a great deal and had my medical writing to do. While I was in Philadelphia, I was asked to write an article about koumiss for a certain medical journal. Writing this article on the basis of detailed Russian material I had once known very well occupied most of my mornings. During the afternoon, I took strolls or attended to various matters; we were all at home almost every night. After dinner, the entire family gathered in the parlor. Marie Zakrzewska would knit, Mr. Hansen sat in his Voltaire chair, resting from his publishing and journalist travails, Mrs. Hansen read aloud a German novel while tirelessly knitting--she made an incredible number of stockings and socks, but that did not prevent her from helping in Mr. Hansen's literary pursuits during the day. The elderly couple were strongly attached to each other--they had endured a great deal of anxiety, poverty, and grief together. Since it was necessary to leave Germany after the events of 1848, they moved to America and initially lived in poverty because Mr. Hansen could not find work... One hour was set aside for reading novels; just as soon as that hour passed, the book was put away in favor of another--something more serious, history or political economy. This reading also lasted exactly an hour and with the first stroke of nine o'clock, the book was put away and the cards made an appearance. They played whist. At ten o'clock, we went to our rooms. Living at Zakrzewka's house, I became absolutely convinced that, like many practicing physicians in America, she did not keep up with scientific developments. At first I thought that she spent her days reading, but, after visiting her office in the city, where she spent all of her time when she was not busy with patients, I noticed that even when she had no patients to attend to, she would do anything but read. I went at times to her office where she invited me to come as a "consultant"–a courtesy extended to beginning physicians by their older collegues. She once introduced me to a patient, G.S., a Massachusetts senator. His wife had been treated by Zakrzewska for a long time and convinced her husband to go to her to verify the opinions of the doctors who had diagnosed him with heart disease, which had frightened him. Zakrzewska, who was not familiar with the new methods of objective examinations, summoned me for help.

I discovered that G.S. suffered form severe tachycardia and his heart had enlarged. He did not, however, have any signs of damage to the mitral valve. Wishing to discover for myself the cause of the enlargement of his heart, I began to question the senator about his medical history. Did he engage in stressful physical work? Had he repeatedly become tired because of excessive exercise, such as running or hunting? Had he done too much horseback riding, and so on? He answered no to all these questions and added that the only exercise he had had in his seventy years was milking cows when he lived on his father's farm. I was so surprised by this purely American social trait that I could not keep from smiling; the senator began to laugh good naturedly and remarked that it was unlikely that any European senator could have told me something similar about his life–I disagreed with this. Incidentally, General Garfield's life is a fine illustration of the high regard in which physical labor is held in America, as well as the strength of will and spirit some Americans possess. He was born in 1831; in his youth, he was first a day laborer, then studied business, then became a boatman, which did not prevent him from passing his university exams. In 1856, he became a professor of classical languages at a pedagogical institute in Hiram, Ohio, the next year he was appointed director of the institution, and he remained in that post until 1861. In 1859 he was elected to the Ohio legislature at the same time passed the bar and became one the state's lawyers. In 1861 he was commissioned as a colonel in the federal army; in 1862 he was promoted to general. He participated in several battles and his army record reveals laudatory assessments of his bravery and personal conduct. He resigned in 1863. In 1862 he had already been elected as a representative from Ohio to the House of Representatives, and in 1879 he was elected to the United States Senate.

Generally speaking, regardless of the many similarities between the New and Old Worlds, there are many pecularities here that would be unthinkable in Europe. What government or institution in Europe would be troubled by a surplus of specie? Not long ago, I read that Secretary [of the Treasury John] Sherman delivered a letter to Congress, a strange letter from a New York treasury official, in which the latter complained that he had no more room to hide the steadily growing supply of specie in the state treasury. He wrote that he had 28 million silver dollars weighing no less than 500 tons, which threatened to crush the treasury roof and walls. The official warned that if Congress continued to issue two million silver dollars per month, he would run out of room and take radical measures to remedy the situation. Oh yes, and there is no shortage of curiosities in America. I could go on and on about those one meets at every step, for example couples whose marriage is blessed by a pastor on the white sands of a fashionable beach, with the roar of the waves behind them, or in a train at the sound of a locomotive whistle. I recall reporters crawling through pipes leading to the reception halls of clubs and societies which failed to invite them and so on. I will pass over similar things in silence since my purpose was to talk mainly about those aspects of American life with which I personally came into contact. For this reason, I can say almost nothing about the women's movement. I had the most contact with female physicians; they were almost always busy with their work and thought about little else. I know only slightly more about American women's political goals than informed Russians do. Thus, for example, as far as I know before I arrived in America, women had already presented petitions to Congress several times demanding the right to vote. When they first approached the House of Representatives with their petitions, they were not even considered, but were treated with ridicule. I was told that the fate of the second attempt was different--Congress decided that their demand was legitimate, but untimely. It now appears that the matter is stalled at the following point--Congress recognized the legality and timeliness of the demanded reforms and everything now depends on Senate approval, that is to say that very little more is needed for American women to receive civic rights equal to those of men. I write this not on the basis of documentation, but by word of mouth from American acquaintances. In some states, as well as the territories, as is well known, women already have the right to vote. But one should not think that women in America do not have to overcome many obstacles to obtain even the simplest of things, such as the right to study and practice medicine. Until about ten years ago, few female students were spared rotten eggs, potatoes or just dirt clods thrown by passersby. Even now many male physicians do not want to consult with female physicians and male medical associations refuse to accept women. Furthermore, it is rare that a medical journal agrees to print reports or articles written by women, and editors become furious if a female physician succeeds in forcing her way onto the pages of their publications by using a male pseudonym. Winning civic rights is a thousand times more difficult than winning the right to an education and work, which until recently were the exclusive right of men; but let's not forget that American women have a remarkable amount of determination; like drops of water eroding a stone, they slowly scale the cliffs of American prejudices and will probably achieve their goals eventually.

The position of women in American society is, in general, far from auspicious. Their property rights are more restricted than those of Russian women. To have the opportunity to own property, they must protect themselves upon marrying with a host of legal formalities, which, for the majority, are often unknown or unaffordable. As elsewhere, women receive only about a third of men's salary; the theory is that women have fewer needs than men, and moralists continue to harp on women's empty-headed extravagance. Apparently, the idea of intellectual equality of the sexes and equal right to an education has not caught on in America; by no means do all institutions of higher education accept women on an equal basis with men. Here are the names of several of them where women are admitted on an equal footing with men: Cornell University (a general education institution), Syracuse, Ann Arbor (medical college), Bates, Colby, Middleton, Boston University (a general education institution): upon graduating from the latter, students are eligible to enter a technological institute; they are sent abroad sometimes with financial assistance from the university. General education institutions exclusively for women serve as institutions of higher education: Antioch, Smith, Vassar, and Wesley College. Vassar is especially favored by high society; shameless luxury reigns there in the opinion of some Americans.

Of the art schools that admit women, I can recall one in Philadelphia and several in New York and Boston.

Medicine is not the only new path open to women in the United States: we saw female clerics, although only a few and only among the Quakers, Universalists, and Unitarians. The Methodists as well as the Quakers have lay-women, that is, female preachers.

Speaking of the women's struggle for civic and human rights, it is impossible not to mention Ms. Woodhull. I never met her personally, but heard a great deal about her from Zakrzewska, who, for some reason, was very hostile towards her, scorned her intelligence and energy and expressed no regret for Ms. Woodhull's misfortunes, which were intensified by the most vituperative attacks from her enemies. Life for her was very hard. She married when she was very young to an evil man and lost her physical and moral health long ago because of her chaotic life. The poor woman's existence was a hell--both the law and society delivered her into the hands of a man who did not have the respect of decent people. With characteristic strength of will, she swallowed her disgust for him in the name of "duty"; she probably suppressed her growing awareness of the injustice of her situation, her submission to this man who is not a person but a mental and moral pitchfork. For the sake of her son she refused to leave her husband. But her son was not only unhealthy, he was also an idiot owing to his father's wild life. If people only knew that they sacrifice their health by drinking excessively and participating in orgies, they would engage in these things much less frequently. The wretched state and inauspicious future of her son horrified Ms. Woodhull. She wanted to separate from her husband, but although one can obtain a divorce in America more easily than in Russia, it nonetheless entails a mass of conditions and formalities. She did not receive one. She was embittered by her trials and failures and felt that her burden was shared by thousands of other women. She was, moreover, convinced that this evil was not concentrated in her husband or husbands in general, but in the situation with which all women have to cope in marriage. Thereafter she devoted herself to a campaign against the complecations in obtaining a divorse. She began to teach others about the necessity of changing the existing state of affairs; she wrote, called meetings, made speeches. She inspired great sympathy, but in many cases stronger hostility. Among the things Ms. Woodhull always said was that women should have the right to choose freely whom they wished to love. Was it really possible that the law could tie a woman permanently to a scoundrel, that on the day she married the scoundrel she lost forever the chance to form a new family? In condemning the concept that women are degraded and shamed by leaving their abusive husbands, she exonerated all those women who refused to hide their lovers although they had no legal right to marry them, who stood up and told the world, "I love this person, and my love is moral, legal and honest, because it is sincere. You took away my right to a family, and I am restoring it to myself. I refuse to consider myself depraved just because I cannot enter our names on the register of married couples."

Two groups could not forgive her for these views. One was made up of women whose lives had given them no reason to challenge public opinion, that is to say women who were happy wives and mothers. The other was those who had secret affairs going on and felt deeply ashamed of themselves when they saw how freely and honestly Ms. Woodhull expressed herself in this manner. She was living in New York during this time when she suddenly ran into her husband. This wretch had become a poor, indigent alcoholic and was mortally ill. She took him in and looked after him. He grew weaker and died after several weeks. This gave new ammunition to Ms. Woodhull's enemies, who alleged that she had a love affair with one of her friends at the same time she had forged a new tie with her husband. Not one of these "moral" souls understood what moved this woman to forgive the man who wrecked her life, to repay him with love for all the harm he had done her.

The famous scandal involving Pastor B. is partially related to Mrs. Woodhull's story. Pastor B. lived in Brooklyn, near New York City; he was the head of a group of "rational" religious believers and had formed some kind of "liberal church." Hundreds of people attended Pastor B.'s services and listened to his sermons. Ms. Woodhull was friends with both Mr. and Mrs. B. and Mr. B.'s friend Tom; it seemed to her that these people shared her views. They opposed conventionality, saw the harm in the evil that others had done, expressed contempt for conventional morality, and so on. But when she asked them to contribute to the journal she had founded in which she had offended almost everyone with her extremest theories, they publicly denied any solidarity with her. Dr. Zakzrewska, who related this story to me, added that Woodhull informed Mr. and Mrs. B. that they were sanctimonious hypocrites since they were doing far more shocking things in private than she was doing in public--and what followed was a scandalous process, in which Pastor B., the founder of the "church," played a very ugly role. I do not know how it all ended, only that Pastor B. was forced to give up his pastoral duties. Somehow, a great many prominent New York families were involved, many of which remain abroad to this day hiding from the shame of the tawdry story. However, B.'s influence on his parishioners was so strong that they gave him a parting gift of 20,000 dollars. This happened more than a year before my arrival in America, but the newspapers were still full of news about it. As for Victoria Woodhull, she distanced herself from what had gone on before and went to work on the campaign for women's politcal rights. Perhaps readers will remember her campaign for the Presidency, which of course failed but demonstrated how much enthusiasm there is, even in prim America. Victoria Woodhull is a talented, truthful, sincere, and long-suffering woman; if she has sinned on this earth, she certainly has not done so through deceit, cowardice or greed...let he who is without sin cast the first stone at her.[9]

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[9] * Victoria Woodhull (1838-1927) was an American feminist and publisher of the reformist journal, *Woodhull and Claiflin's Weekly*. In the November 2, 1872 edition of the journal, Woodhull accused the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of having a love affair with one of his parishioners, Elizabeth Tilton. Woodhull argued that such affections should not be veiled by hypocricy and were natural. Beecher filed a libel suit against her, intensifying the public's attention on the matter. Many prominent American feminists rushed to Woodhull's defense--such a close association of the feminist camp with a radical who advocated free love and the legalization of prositution further damaged the respectability and legitimacy of the feminists' cause in the eyes of many Americans.

I must now return to Senator S. Satisfied that I had found nothing wrong with his heart, he very kindly invited me to attend a session of the Massachusetts Senate. The next day, Mrs. Hansen and I went there. The Senate assembles in a large stone house which is partially obscured by neighboring buildings. A wide marble walkway leads to the entrance. As we went into the building, we stopped to wait for our host, Senator S. We were soon moving along seemingly endless high, well-lighted corridors which reeked of tobacco smoke--something I had not previously encountered in America. Mr. S. soon appeared and led us into one of the rooms during a break in the debate. I was certain that he would seat us somewhere in the corner; I was somewhat embarrassed when we passed rows of honored senators who looked up at us with the curiosity of schoolboys entertained by some unexpected amusement during a boring lecture. "So where is he taking us?" I thought. To my horror, I saw at that moment that the Speaker had left his position and was bowing to us. There were introductions all around, after which we were offered two chairs near the podium. Debate resumed. I felt the most acute embarrassment when the Senator introduced me in a booming voice, proclaiming that I was a representative of Russian women physicians who was intrested in the social and political life of the state of Massachusetts. The Speaker's kind words mortified me. An American woman would have fared better in my place, but I was in such a state of shock that I could barely understand what I was seeing and hearing. I do remember that they presented me with a schedule of the day's proceedings, after which I came to my senses.

In all, there were fifty bills under consideration. A large number of them concerned the railroads. Others concerned regulations: insurance provisions for married women; animals destined for the slaughterhouse; hotel, tractor, and factory inspection; and limits on access to privately-owned fenced areas. Several bills dealt with the water supply and road construction in various areas, licensing of various agencies, heating, lighting and furnishing of schools, material assistance for women being released from prison, salary increases for state workers--from the Senate and House of Representatives' chaplain to the firemen. Other business under consideration included hospitals, confiscation of alcohol sold illegally, prisons, banking institutions, and so on.

The session and debate made an excellent impression on me. I did not notice a trace of pedantry or superficiality. Each question was discussed in a businesslike and dignified manner. Relations between opponents in the debate were respectful. The orators never forgot their obligations or their dignity...in contrast, I saw nothing but acrimony in the Chamber of Deputies in France. Returning home, I expressed to Mrs. Hansen my satisfaction with the Senate, which never forgot that it had undertaken the sacred duty of representing the people. "That's true of Massachusetts," she said, "but in other states the moral atmosphere in the legislature is quite different. A year ago, in a city I would rather not name, two senators began a fight in the middle of a public session of the senate, a fight which ended so badly that one of the members of the Radical party is still feeling the effects today. This member's opponent, who was a Democrat and represented a slaveholding state, literally broke a cane over his head. After word of the assault became public, friends and allies of the assailant sent him twenty new canes, some with silver or gold handles and decorated with elaborate and expensive stones.[10]

"Of course it's disgusting," answered Mrs. Hansen. "The only comforting thing about it is that the further one gets away, the less one sees this phenomenon. No one prevents anyone else from expressing his vehement dissatisfaction with the concept of might makes right. Besides, these incidents are so unusual that the Senate--where this occurred--censured itself for allowing such an outrage and decreed that no member should be replaced if he becomes ill or is harmed; the Senate must wait until he recovers and is able to resume his duties again. Until he returns, his chair must remain vacant as a stern reminder of the shameful incident."

I asked Mrs. Hansen how, given the fact that there are completely free elections in the United States, Senators such as the ill-tempered man involved in the incident managed to be elected. It was also surprising to me that there could be administrators and officials such as those just convicted in Washington for graft, bribery, embezzlement, and so forth.

"Well, are human judgments infallible?" she asked in reply. "The Democratic party, for example, sometimes elects some dubious people who are eventually called to account for their actions. One should also keep in mind that money is the most dangerous temptation for the vast majority;

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[10] * On May 19, 1856, Senator Charles Sumner delivered a speech to Congress concerning the "Crime Against Kansas." In it, he denounced the "murderous robbers" of Missouri who were determined to turn Kansas into a slave state. During his three hour monologue, he leveled several insults at Senator Andrew Butler of South Carolina, whom he called the Don Quixote of Slavery, although Butler was not present. A few days later, Butler's nephew, South Carolina Congressman Preston Brooks, attacked Sumner at his desk, striking him over the head with a cane repeatedly in retaliation for the affront. See David Donald, *Charles Sumner and the Coming of the Civil War.*

one can seek there the root of all evil. Our evil goes hand in hand with people's attempts to make money by all legal and often illegal means. This could ruin America except for another, deeply rooted American conviction: the love of freedom. Nothing stands in our way from prosecuting vice wherever it appears, however it manifests itself. One should add, however, that what has happened in Washington cannot be compared to what happens in European governments. We do not hide our wounds, we heal them in the open and punish wrongdoing strictly regardless of how it is committed. Our love of freedom and lack of hypocrisy are our support and our strength. They give us the possibility to fight even the evil within ourselves. That evil, of course, is most curable. It lies deep in each one of us, but not anybody or anything can stop us from struggling to rid ourselves of it. The moral level of our country continues to rise thanks to free institutions and we will live to see the day when there will be no thieves or plunderers, when we will not have one single individual living at the expense of others."

Mrs. Hansen continued in this vein for a long time, flushed with the exhilaration of expressing her husband's views.

* * *

Accompanied by Mrs. Hansen, I went to see some of Boston's schools, including a "regular school" or as it is called, a teacher's college. The building and grounds were reminiscent of the New England Hospital: roomy, fresh and clean. Since I intend to discuss American schools later, I will not go into detail about the program and teaching here. I will speak only of what I was able to see and hear during my visit. I was most surprised by the kindness shown us upon our arrival, also by the school officials' willingness to show and discuss with us anything in which we were interested. We visited several classrooms and sat in on algebra, drawing, physiology and English literature classes. We saw the entire building. Between the classrooms there were wide halls flanked by tall shelves with books and scientific displays, of which the most impressive was one devoted to mineralogy. The second floor housed workshops for sculpture and painting, as well as a darkroom. Nearly all of the students are involved in one or all of these arts. I did not notice anything particularly brilliant in the exhibited works, but they were in general neat, correctly done, and indicative of the diligence and hard work that produced them. In this "regular school," as in all the different "grammar schools" (which are comparable to our gymnasia), one finds that music theory is also a part of the curriculum.

The Chinese and Indians

In spite of Mrs. Hansen's willingness to show me Boston, she could not hide the fact that our travels fatigued her. I therefore insisted that she not accompany me and decided to explore the city on my own.

I wanted to get an over-all view of Boston; therefore, I often simply wandered around the city's streets. I did not stop for anything in particular since I was trying to see the big picture, but some things very much surprised me and remained in my memory, for example the streets in the Irish neighborhoods. I must add incidentally--although perhaps not too incidentally--that the Irish almost to a man almost always vote for Democrats since the latter are supposed to be defenders of the people's rights, not understanding that they have recently become the most vile conservatives. I also see clearly in my mind's eye the dockyards and their dirt, a major source of wealth and commerce. And who does not see the Chinese in this day and age? They have emerged from their decaying wall and have settled in London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. There are many, many of them in America, mostly in the far west. There is an entire Chinese quarter in New York City. For some reason, they have devoted themselves to the laundry business. I often passed by one of the Chinese laundries. Outside, near the ironing-room window, there was always a crowd of curious spectators. One can imagine nothing more amusing than a Chinaman ironing linens with his grave, impassive countenance visible to all. At the same time, however, the Chinese did not inspire laughter so much as pity. The pale-yellow, serious faces betraying their peasant origins, their lack of height, strange hats and clothing--all this set them apart from the active, lively people around them. The Chinese paid no attention to the world outside the window, working slowly but never stopping to rest for a minute. The room which housed the ironing apparatus was clean, in contrast to what one usually finds in a Chinese laundry; white sheets covered the walls. In the center worked a saffron-skinned Chinaman, dressed from head to toe in dark blue and wearing his lifeless-looking black hair in a braid so tight that one could not distinguish one strand of hair from another. The Chinaman's narrow eyes gaze out at once coldly and pitifully; his face reminds me of an ugly, sick, jaundiced child. There was no trace of the European in that face, which does not mean that the Chinaman has less intelligence or fewer talents than other nationalities. The worker I observed was completely absorbed in his simple task, assiduously moving the iron across the linen spread in front of him. Just then another worker appeared with a new bundle of laundry, which he carefully laid out on the table. Then he took a mouthful of water out of the pitcher nearby and watered down the table with a steady stream. Russian washerwomen cannot hold a candle to the Chinamen. This procedure is common only to the Chinese and Russians; the public always laughs when it watches from the street. I was told that the Chinese do an excellent job and, as a rule, work more cheaply than most. They take laundry by the dozen, making no distinction among the items given them; kerchiefs and sheets are treated as equal parts of one load. This is standard procedure in American laundries.

In the far west, where there are large concentrations of Chinese, the latter are masters of all trades--they are ditch-diggers, farmers, whatever you wish, also cooks, lackeys, coachmen, and so on. Chinese men also work as maids; Chinese women do not. There are few women among Chinese settlers; those who do manage the journey are invariably prostitutes, according to Americans, who are held in such low regard that it is not considered a sin to stone them to death in broad daylight. Following several such shocking murders, local authorities forbade Chinese women even to be on city streets.

Everyone is aware of the pitiful condition of coolies in America. American society deserves credit for its efforts to eliminate this reincarnation of the slaveholding plague, but they have not yet succeeded. Numerous entrepreneurs go to China each year to find laborers--there are always many, many Chinese hoping to come to the United States to work. They sign contracts for a predetermined number of years and wage, then are brought over by the thousands and are resold to large landowners just off the boat. Of course, coolies are free in principle, but in reality they are bound to their contractors like Negro slaves. Among the coolies are some fortunate ones who have managed to use the protection of the law to liberate themselves from their owners and exploiters, but the vast majority cannot do this because they have no idea that the law of the land protects both American and foreign workers. There are Chinese who choose to remain in America after their service is completed, but not many. Every Chinaman who has earned a little money either returns home, or wants to return home eventually. If he dies away from his homeland, he requests in his will that his body be sent home to China; he has most likely designated all of his savings for this purpose.

I believe that the Chinese funeral about which I recently read was a highly unusual event. The affair went as follows: about 50 Chinese walked beside the slow-moving catafalque on which the coffin rested. An acquaintance of the deceased moved briskly towards the front, spreading strips of rice paper all along the route to the cemetery so as to help the dead man ward off demons and find his way home if he wished to return. The deceased had been a grocer. On his grave the mourners burned his clothes and then added lighted candles, boiled rice, chicken, mutton, and tea so that the soul could fortify itself before the journey to heaven. Afterwards several leaves of dry tea were distributed. The dead man's Irish wife was among the mourners.

There are Chinese who come independently to work in America, but they join the coolies in the American imagination as the plague of the country. They consistently work for wages on which Americans could not live. I saw with my own eyes that the salaries of artisans and black workers are almost mathematically equal to the minimum amount of money which workers require to live. Americans cannot live without meat, or nice clothes, or the well-known conveniences in their homes. The Chinaman needs none of these; he subsists on water and rice and wears miserable-looking clothes. As for his living conditions and cleanliness (or lack thereof), I offer the following story. On a street in San Francisco there was a hotel, a large hotel that could accommodate 500 guests. For some reason, Chinese settlers began to live nearby, and almost immediately there was all manner of filth accompanied by an unbearable stench; moreover, Chinese prostitutes became the object of fights and scandals. The hotel began to lose business and the owner was only too happy to hear that the Chinese wanted to buy it. The day after the sale was made, some 2,000 Chinese moved in, each person requiring only enough space for his bed. Lowering their level of basic necessities to the point at which a white person would die of hunger, the Chinese saved all the money they could. Aside from their austerity in food, drink and clothing, the Chinaman is unusually patient and industrious; he does good work for his small size and physical weakness in comparison to Americans. And he is quite clever. Marie Zakrzewska told me the following anecdote, which profiles the relationship between free Chinese and their employers in America. One wealthy American woman in the west made it a habit to employ only Chinese servants: she had a Chinese cook, a Chinese maid, and Chinese nanny and so on. She especially valued the chef, who cooked very well. He had worked for her for about a year when one day she began bragging about an especially fine meal in front of her friends. Expense and trouble were no object–the meal was scheduled for six o'clock that evening. At five, the woman peeked into the kitchen and, to her horror, saw that everything was clean, orderly and utterly devoid of any preparations fro the upcoming feast. The cook sat idle, dressed in formal clothing.

"What is this?" exclaimed the woman, who was clearly in despair. The cook rose and calmly explained that in a quarter of an hour he would mark his first anniversary in her employ, that he had promised to remain for one year and that the year had passed. Now he had found a new job that paid two and a half dollars, and he was leaving. He had begun to work in a clean kitchen and felt obliged to leave it in the same condition; in a quarter of an hour he would depart for his new position.

The woman nearly burst into tears at the thought of her guests and began pleading with him to stay at least through the day; he refused, but conceded that he had nothing to complain about, that his employers had done well by him and paid him a good salary. Then the woman offered him a raise of fifty cents per week, but he responded that he had to keep his word to his new employers and had to arrive there by 5:30. He agreed to remain only when he was promised three dollars a week, then worked like a man possessed to produce an excellent meal.

Woe to the American housewife who has difficulties with the free Chinese living in her home as servants! I have already spoken about the coolies, who had to bear all that the Negroes had borne earlier. The Chinaman will not tolerate a bad employer; he will just leave, but before he does, he will leave behind little signs in specific places in the kitchen. These signs, which are intelligible only to other Chinese, are a chronicle of all the servant had endured. The Chinaman who came after him would decipher all these hieroglyphics from his employers, and no amount of pleading could convince him to stay if they were wicked; he would gather up his belongings and leave. The same story is often told about Negroes. The secret of passing along this kind of information is closely guarded by every colored servant. In spite of my attempts to win the confidence of a colored acquaintance and learn what the signs are and where one can find them, she simply smiled and pleaded ignorance. On her way out of town to a new job--she had been unhappy where she was--she came to say good-bye to me. At one point she winked at me and whispered that probably no Negro would work for her unbearable former employer.

Americans in the far west have an overwhelming hatred for the Chinese. There are often vicious brawls resulting in the stabbing deaths of dozens of Chinese. The United States government has tried for a long time to stop this, using all kinds of measures, but its intervention has brought no results. Now, of course, there is all kinds of talk about banishing all Chinese from America. As for the relations between the American and Chinese governments, they are excellent; the Chinese government has invested high hopes in America for the intellectual development of its citizens there. It even founded an educational institution in Hartford, Connecticut, specially designed to teach American ideas and mores to Chinese youngsters. These latter are destined to take positions in the Chinese government eventually. Since 1876, some one hundred and fifty children between the ages of eight and fourteen--chosen from among the most talented--have passed through Hartford. Upon arrival in America, they board with American families, go to American schools and spend only the summers in Hartford, where Chinese professors do not allow them to forget about their homeland and insist that they learn what they must for their future. The Peking government paid one and a half million dollars to establish the Hartford school and supports it generously.

Unfortunately, I cannot say anything from personal experience about the Indians, since I have never seen one. Even in the big cities there are few civilized Indians. Americans regard those who have abandoned the nomadic life of the plains in the same way that Europeans see gypsies. In fact there are many similarities between Indians and gypsies. They resemble one another, they have the same trades, even produce the same things: items made of skin, bone and feathers. The main occupation of nomadic groups has traditionally been hunting. In one key way Indians and gypsies differ considerably; among the Indians there are no singers or dancers, which is particularly due to their national character, which is thoughtful and reserved. There is also no premium on buffoonery in American society.

Some assimilated Indian tribes have become excellent farmers. One should note that the north American states committed the lion's share of sins against the Indians. They treat them inhumanely, and I am not counting here the original plunder of the Indians in the colonization of North America. Even today it is not considered bad form to dupe and rob Indians. For some reason, these tribes are being depopulated and crowded out only in the American lands. Dishonest political philosophers justify their actions with the pseudo-scientific axiom that weak tribes must die in a struggle with superior peoples. And yet in neighboring Canada, Indians are not dying; they are becoming a peaceful and growing community. There is not a hint of the bloody battles, raids and murders perpetrated by and against Indians within the United States. A year never goes by here without government repressions, which are inevitably followed by rebellions and reprisals. For example, in 1873 there occurred an uprising of some six hundred Ute Indians, against which the government sent General Merritt. The repression did not prevent the Utes from staging several raids in neighboring Colorado. Recently, American newspapers gave details of a long series of hardships endured by the Ponca tribe.[11] The latter had long been a peaceful and friendly tribe; they were openly proud that they had not spilled one drop of white blood. They had even helped the government in its struggles with warring tribes. In exchange for lands and "in view of important services rendered," the government concluded a treaty with the Ponca. From all appearances, Washington intended to abide by this agreement, since its terms were uncharacteristically clear and well-defined. The treaty gave the Poncas exclusive rights to government lands in the South Dakota territory; the government gave up its authority to dispose of the lands without obtaining the Ponca's permission. The tribe thus settled there, built housing, schools and churches, and tilled the soil. These redskins primarily worked the land and raised cattle. They were not mere subsistence farmers; they became prosperous. Suddenly, in 1876, Congress abruptly passed a bill which gave the Ponca's land to the Sioux Indians. The Ponca were to vacate the lands immediately and move to other Indian territory. Agents sent to induce the Ponca to submit to the will of

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[11] *The Poncas were one of the southern Siouan tribes. Known for avoiding hostilities with whites, they signed and generally observed at least three treaties with the federal government before 1865. Under these agreements, they ceded vast lands and accepted living on a reservation in northern Nebraska near the South Dakota border. In 1868, they were forced to cede their Niobrara River lands to the Santee Sioux and were forcibly removed to Indian territory in 1877.

Congress were not successful. At that time the tribe had just gathered the harvest and were preparing the land for seeding. They refused to leave their houses, cattle, farming equipment and lands where, as they told the agents, their ancestors had lived and worked. Afterward the government ordered troops to take the Ponca to Indian territory. The tribe protested, but did not resist and died by the hundreds on the long and difficult road into exile. They never raised a hand against the soldiers carrying out this inhumane and senseless order, when they could have easily killed them all. Climate and famine finished what the difficult trip had begun, and now there are no more Ponca in the infertile and unhealthy place that became their home in Indian territory. The tribe's chief, "Standing Bear," watched his sons become ill and die. A short while after the death of one of his sons, Standing Bear and those tribe members who could endure the trip went back to the Dakotas.[12] The old man carried on his shoulders a bundle containing the remains of his son, which he intended to bury in the lands from which the whites had driven him. The exiles finally arrived in the lands of the Omaha tribes, whose members urged them to stay a few days and rest. They had barely settled down when soldiers acting on the orders of the Secretary of War surrounded and arrested them. This time, however, some honest whites spoke on their behalf and awakened society's conscience, after which the Ponca were freed from prison. Now Americans have taken up their cause and emboldened them to file suit against the

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[12] *Standing Bear's band tried to return to Nebraska and received national attention in the 1880's. The plight of the Ponca was presented convincingly in the media and in Congress and the courts, as well as by Indian rights advocate Helen Hunt Jackson. Moved by these pressures, the government paid an indemnity and allowed some of the Poncas to acquire homesteads in Nebraska.

American government for civil rights violations. As the expense of court proceedings was considerable, "Standing Bear" and his followers moved to New York and began a series of public lectures about their trials and tribulations. These lectures will not only help raise needed funds, but will help move public opinion in their favor. Among those now in New York is a young Indian woman named "Bright Eyes" who speaks excellent English.

At the end of 1880 some 2,000 Sioux Indians, led by Chief Sitting Bull, surrendered to federal authorities. The Sioux had been fighting with the American army for several years. Two years ago they appeared to have saved themselves on British territory. However, bison had disappeared north of the Missouri territory, and since meat is a staple among nomadic tribes, famine forced the Sioux to return to the United States. There they surrendered to American troops at Fort Keough. Sitting Bull and a hundred of his followers remained in British territory.

The Women's Club

Mrs. Hansen invited me to visit a women's club and its president, Miss Abbey May, who is one of the energetic Boston activists in the field of women's rights and philanthropy. the primary goal of this club is to raise women's level of morality. Whether it is achieving its objective, I cannot say. It is quite possible that the women who come often will become better mothers and wives, but I cannot say for certain on such a brief acquaintance.

The club is located in a beautiful, luxuriously furnished building, whose rooms are warm, well-lighted and cheerful. Women generally come right after work, very simply dressed, or fashionably simple. They often pass the time in quiet conversation; sometimes there is a presentation directed towards everyone attending. During my visit, the topic for discussion was home economics. As one might expect, the speaker dispensed good advice regarding how to avoid waste. Occasionally other topics are addressed, including women's clothing and how to dress well without spending too much money or ruining one's health with faddish fashions. Why these rather ordinary women were considering those sorts of questions will become clear in the light of this excerpt of Miss May's speech before a meeting of the Society:

"If we ask ourselves why the question of clothing has become so important to us, I believe we can answer this way: because a relatively unimportant, external thing has become an urgent matter for a large majority of women who are living an independent life. I was once most unpleasantly surprised by an unintelligent, able young girl, who confided to me that whenever people asked her what she was thinking about, she would always answer truthfully, 'clothes.' It was even more unpleasant to hear the opinion of one very honorable, wise and experienced older woman, who declared, 'I think that if the majority of today's women suddenly found themselves in heaven, they would not ask where God was, but rather, how do they dress here?'"

I will say no more about Miss May's views on women's clothing, except that she wants them to be comfortable, clean, pretty and inexpensive.

There are many such societies in America, and all of them enthusiastically tout the progress women have made--moral, intellectual and political. This is discussed at length in widely circulated pamphlets, in which one finds these sorts of questions:

Are there any women writing about or conducting scientific research in your community?

Are there any women specialists in chemistry, physics or natural sciences? Are they teaching or writing about their specialty?

Are there any women doctors, and is their practice flourishing?

Are institutions of higher learning open to women?

Are there women supporting such institutions financially?

The formation of societies, calling of meetings, creation of corporations--all these things are widespread in America. Thus far, nothing illegal has come out of it. Public opinion tends to be supportive and if any society appears to threaten the foundations of America, that is, its free institutions, no repressive measures would be necessary. Americans themselves would take appropriate action, although I should add not with their fists. All so-called "subversive doctrines" may be expressed freely, just like views diametrically opposed to them, and no one is the worse for it. "You don't believe in God? As you wish, that is your business. But if you come to disturb worship in our church, you will have only yourself to blame when we evict you." This is how Americans treat those with whom they disagree regarding religion and any other issues of a social, moral or economic nature. Everyone may think and do whatever he pleases, so long as he does not disturb others or break the law. It is understandable that this arrangement encourages the development of all kinds of parties and views. If this state of affairs occasionally causes serious conflict, it does not shake the nation's foundations, and individual and public liberties are affirmed.

There are as many different sects in America as there are political and economic viewpoints. I managed to become acquainted with one of them, the Quaker Swedenborgists.[13]

The moral underpinnings of Swedenborgism proved too abstract for the practical Yankee mind. Therefore American Swedenborgists concern themselves primarily with dreams and visions rather than philosophy in their meetings and journals. Like the majority of sects, they are zealous propagandists who rally their believers through persuasion, but they also offer them earthly advantages such as teachers, help with various tasks, and so on. This sect counts in its membership many writers, in particular Swedenborg commentators–and adherents of the *New Jerusalem* publish their essays free of charge, since commercial publishers seldom accept them. There are also warehouses full of Swedenborg literature in Paris and London. I will not comment on the Swedenborg theories of perfection or spheres of earthly and otherworldly life. I must say, however, that I find it difficult not to smile when I read accounts in the *New Jerusalem Herald* of the visions members have experienced. In one such account, the souls of dead children attend a ghostly school under the tutelage of teachers who never get old, while the children grow to adulthood. In this world beyond the grave, people get married, eat, drink, and so on. Even so, members of the sect have only contempt for spiritualists, whom they believe to be either charlatans or fools. Those who have some contact with the world beyond, according to this view, only see low, vile spirits. In private life, Swedenborgists are fine people; they are very moral and tolerant, much like the Quakers. Both groups believe that the Sabbath was created for man, not vice versa; man can work on Sunday if necessary, although Sundays are considered an essential day of rest. Swedenborgists do not believe that singing, music, dancing or theatrical presentations are sinful.

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[13] *Swedenborgists were followers of the Swedish theologian Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1771). One of the many departures from mainline Protestant religion in the early 1800's Swedenborgism had adherents in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and New York. The first General Convention at Philadelphia (1817) revealed the existence of seventeen societies in nine states.

The tenets of their faith are expressed in Swedenborg's own meditations on God and the universe, the so-called"Heavenly Doctrines." According to Sydney Ahlstrom, "Swedenborg's visions and his communications with famous men long dead encouraged emulation, while his unusual views on sex and conjugal love provided a rationale for defying laws and social conventions on marriage. His spiritual interpretations encouraged new views on health, healing and sickness, and his disdain for tradition encouraged radicalism in every direction: in social and religious matters, and particularly in biblical interpretation." Sydney Ahlstrom, *A Religious History of the American People* (New York: Yale University Press, 1972), 485.

Return to Philadelphia and Departure for Europe

My time in Boston passed remarkably quickly--I had barely managed to turn around when it was time to leave. Zakrzewska proposed that I do an internship at the New England Hospital, but circumstances demanded that I refuse, even though I originally intended to spend several years in America. More than anything else, I regretted saying good bye to Fanny B., who would now have to remain completely alone away from her homeland. She, Mrs. Hansen and Zakrzewska saw me to the train, and I was off on my return trip to Philadelphia.

Upon arriving, I found my landlady, Vera Yakovlevna, in a profound and painful grief following the sudden death of her fiancè. Miss Liute's family was preparing for Rosa's arrival. I went to their house to spend some time with them and to attend the exhibit, which was about to open. Miss Liute was very worried; having been informed that there would be an Australian section of the exhibit, she was hoping to obtain some information about her brother, who had disappeared without a trace in

Australia. Poor Miss Liute had unrealistic hopes; now she was certain that any Australian there would be able to explain to her why her brother had not written home in eight years, One had to see how she flew into the exhibit and cornered a worker amidst the wheat, wool, and so on, and with what grief she received the news that he knew nothing about her brother.

When the exhibit opened, we visited several times and saw a great deal. I was interested in the education section, especially school books, but I would have come away with a superficial impression had I not seen Mr. Biuisson's book. Mr. Biuisson was a delegate to the exhibit from the French Ministry of Education. I did not visit the Russian section--it was brought in later than the others and opened only after I left.

The women's pavilion, in which various women's organizations exhibited, featured weaving stations, embroidery, linens, dresses, floral arrangements and so on. Off to one side stood a long table with pharmaceutical products from our college; behind it sat a pretty second-year student who was thoroughly confused by the inquiries directed to her. She had not often seen visitors, since the women's pavilion was usually empty.

Since I had little time, I only passed by the incomprehensible machines and military equipment, took a brief look at the flowers, furniture, carpets, china, crystal and silver, and only once stopped at the ethnographic section. There I saw a variety of human-sized wood figures, which represented all the peoples of America and Europe. Then I was off to inspect the Chinese and Japanese sections.

I will not discuss here the weaving, mosaics, or the wood creations with the clever inserts of ivory, wood and metal. I only want to make mention of the half-drawing, half-embroideries, a whole row of which illustrated a long Chinese poem, probably allegorical, in which the characters were four-legged animals and insects--there were no humans. I particularly remember the funeral rites for some kind of beetle, who was carried by several grieving blue and green dragonflies. The latter were in turn accompanied by a crowd of flies, long-legged mosquitoes, and various small insects and butterflies. The entire party moved along under a pall amidst long, luxuriantly green grasses and bright azure, raspberry, yellow and dark blue flowers. A dark red fox with a fluffy tail played some part in the proceedings. The contents of the poem are completely foreign to me, but this did not prevent me from thoroughly immersing myself in the fairy-tale world depicted there with remarkable skill.

Attendance at the exhibit was especially good at the beginning. It was almost impossible to get a place in a tram, all of them were filled with visitors. I saw others which were not merely packed, but, as they say, crawling with people; people were hanging off the sides and the roofs. I do not know exactly how these people were able to do this since there is no second deck on American trams. One joker attached a chair to the tram platform and regaled the laughing passersby with his antics.

While I was there, the floor of two cars suddenly gave way and the public scrambled away while the frightened horses were reined in and calmed. We generally would walk, only taking the tram for longer distances. We did not wish to risk any unpleasant incidents.

From Philadelphia to The Hague

The time passed quickly and soon the day of departure was upon us. We decided to travel on a French steamship, where there are four classes--

that is, third class has two divisions, of which one is several dollars more expensive. Passengers in this division share a cabin with seven other people and eat the same terrible food as in the cheaper class. All in all, however, the surroundings are a bit cleaner. Rosa did not have money for second class, so I went with her in third class, since I could not help her financially. Throughout the trip I thought about how people in the cheapest class must suffer, since we semi-privileged passengers were quite miserable ourselves. This trip is one of my most unpleasant memories.

We were to board the steamship in New York. I will not talk about all my farewell visits--I spent several days on them and received the kindest wishes from everyone. The saddest moment came when I said good bye to Miss Liute, whom I will probably never see again. I see her clearly in my mind's eye as I saw her out the window as the train pulled out of the station. As usual, she was talking some kind of fantastic sentimental nonsense as she removed her glasses to clean them of the fog her tears had caused. I imagine that she stood on the platform long after our train had disappeared from sight.

We arrived in New York the night before we were ready to leave, hoping that we could go to our cabin right away, as is customary on German ships. As it turned out, this is not a common practice on French vessels. At first we were turned away; then we were taken to see the captain. After surveying us rather contemptuously from head to toe, he asked us what circumstances obliged us to board that day. I answered that we knew no one in New York and had not asked about decent, inexpensive hotels in Philadelphia since we assumed we would be allowed to sleep aboard ship. Now, I continued, we did not want to spend the night just anywhere, fearing high rates at first class hotels and thieves elsewhere..."You may remain if you wish, " the captain muttered between his teeth before turning his back on us.

Although I resented the captain's haughtiness, there was nothing to be done about it. We had not only to refrain from protest, but were obliged to say, "*merci.*" Now back in his cabin, the captain obviously did not understand that one had to treat even third-class passengers with courtesy, but we could not teach him this lesson. In order to reach our cabin, it was necessary to descend into a gloomy, uninhabited, pitch-black passageway. Both Rosa and I began to feel afraid, especially after we encountered several dissolute, insolent-looking sailors and laborers. There were no women, not one passenger...we seemed to have stumbled into a den of thieves. "Where is the attendant for our cabin?" I asked a freckle-faced young man with curly hair. "*C'est moi!*" he answered, grinning broadly.

All this time, he was staring rather impudently at Rosa, who had hidden herself behind me.

Our cabin was in the depths of the lowest deck. When I saw it and realized that we would be far from any living thing and completely alone, I was horrified and decided to risk any unpleasantness that might come our way in an unfamiliar hotel in an unfamiliar city. This would be preferable to staying the night on board. The young man only smiled at my request that he take us back to the upper deck. We breathed more freely on the pier. It was dark and cold; a fine rain was falling, and there was mud everywhere, even on the sidewalks. We decided to make our way to Castle Garden, which turned out to be nearby, and ask where we could find a nice hotel. At that point fate smiled upon us; we happened upon a German missionary society, where we could spend the night for a small fee.

How happy we were to find a bright, well-lit cafeteria filled with sanded wooden tables, one can only appreciate if he has once been in that spiral of fatigue, uncertainty and nervous tension which had afflicted us from the minute we arrived in New York. The cafeteria was full of people, most of whom had already eaten. Among the groups of emigrants and garment workers sat an elderly, gray-haired pastor. He was smoking a long-necked pipe and from time to time he would approach a table with a pitcher of beer a take a swig. As it happened, he was the manager of the place. We explained that we would like to spend the night and asked how much it would cost. "Two and a half francs with breakfast and dinner," the pastor answered. "Our food is simple, our lodgings unpretentious."

We were so thankful for the feeling of calm and security that enveloped us when we met the pastor that everything seemed wonderful. This German society was the same one that helped us upon our arrival in America. It is a non-profit organization and takes only from its guests what is absolutely necessary to cover expenses. Often, however, guests voluntarily pay more than they must.

We transferred to the ship the next day at nine, confident that our trials were over. There were many passengers on board, though probably ten times fewer than on voyages to America. We were immediately shown to our cabin, but chose to remain on the upper deck since the weather was beautiful and we wanted to watch the ship set sail.

We were strolling around the deck, when I suddenly noticed a strange man circling around Rosa. He was neither a customs agent nor a commissioner. It occurred to me that he had been near us since they early morning, before we boarded the ship; I was struck by his narrow, cunning eyes. I had noticed him reading the identification on our trunks as we checked them into baggage. At first I thought nothing of it. However, when he abruptly cornered Rosa a few steps behind me and began interrogating her like a policeman, I demanded that he identify himself–what right did he have to be asking those kinds of questions of a woman he did not know? "Stay out of this and be quiet!" he answered rudely. "And you, young lady, if it isn't too much trouble, just who are you and where are you going?" I must confess that I was so shocked that I was speechless; I should have gone promptly to the management. Unfortunately, the scoundrel chose a moment when no one was around. I did not want to scream for help or leave Rosa to call someone over. I addressed the girl in German.

"Tell him who you are, where you are from and where you are going; don't do anything, tell him the truth and only the truth because you have nothing to hide."

Rosa answered all the questions, shaking and sobbing all the while.

"You're lying, you're an English girl who's run away from home, and I am going to arrest you. You must come with me."

Those words both cheered and frightened me. It was obvious that the detective had mistaken Rosa for someone else. It would not be difficult to prove who we were with our passports, but the latter had remained at the bottom of our trunks since our arrival in America. Now these trunks were in the baggage compartment and very likely buried beneath the hundreds of boxes and packages. The ship's departure was only minutes away–would the captain open the baggage compartment and delay the departure on our account? Not likely–he would probably put us off, leaving us to prove our identity any way we could. The money paid for the tickets, not to mention all our things, would be lost. Even if this did not happen, what kind of trouble and expense would this stupid episode mean for us? We were not responsible for what had happened.

"You are mistaken," I told the detective. "This girl is Swiss and speaks poor English, as yourself can judge from her answers. Besides, you could have avoided frightening her if you had examined our tickets, which bear our names and nationality. The tickets indicate clearly where and when they were issued. If that is not enough, then we will ask the captain to retrieve our baggage and show you our passports."

The detective took my advice and left us in peace following an inspection of our tickets.

I later found out that I should have informed the captain when the trouble started. He would have reprimanded the policeman for not consulting him, instead of needlessly worrying innocent passengers. At that point, however, I was completely preoccupied with Rosa, who was wailing with fright.

Alas, that story was just the beginning of our troubles. It was not enough that poor Rosa was seasick for the entire trip because of stormy weather. I myself nursed a painful shoulder, the result of tossing and turning on the ship. But the worst was yet to come. Among the passengers in our cabin were two Frenchwomen, who did not miss an opportunity to sing "*chartreuse*" with the crew in their cabins. This could only inspire disgust among the other passengers, as much for the activity itself as the insolent tone of the conversations they had with one another–they did not care who heard them. They were so outrageous that the female passengers threatened to take up the matter with the captain and demanded an end to this brazen decadence. The threat had the desired effect; it was soon quiet in the cabin. The songfests continued on the side, but they did not bother anyone and no one felt like interfering.

We took our meals with the male passengers. The food was unbearably bad, so Rosa and I subsisted on bread and the fruit she had brought from New York. We only became acquainted with one of our fellow travelers, a consumptive former sailor in the French navy. The poor man was genuinely pitiful. They brought him on board half dead; he was coughing up blood. And then I was able to observe first hand the beneficial influence of sea air on diseased lungs. After a week on the ship, the sick man was on his feet and could walk some distance without becoming tired. He ate, drank, and slept well. If not for his deathly pale face and gaunt appearance, no one would have known that he had only one month to live. He had become embittered by life and was abusive with the passengers around him. For some reason, he treated Rosa and me well and assured us that he would confide in us. For the most part we listened silently to his stories about the difficulties of naval service and discipline in the French navy. "Here is what fetters and back-breaking work have brought me," he said coughing. "I am dying and I have never lived. I went to work on a ship as a child; I never saw daylight, I worked like an ox, and I came out of it poorly...now I am dying. I will never see thirty." When he had recovered his composure somewhat, he began to work, helping the attendants and sailors.

Once he ran up to us, almost out of breath with excitement: "they have put Henri in chains!" Henri was the other cabin attendant with the freckle-faced Pierre whom I mentioned earlier.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," interjected Pierre, "Henri was sick, and so he did not carry out the officer's order to bring him something quickly enough. The officer cursed him. Henri said that it wasn't right to curse a sick man--anyway, it was '*aux fers.*'"

"What does that mean, '*aux fers?*'"

"What does it mean? In the bowels of the ship there is a crossbeam to which shackles are attached. They lock the offender's legs in them so that he can only lie on his back or sit uncomfortably. The shackles are affixed to the cell wall at ground level. Poor Henri," Pierre continued. "His health will be ruined, and his mother and sister may or may not find him alive in The Hague. Thank God, we have a kind *maitre d'armes*, he will bring the poor unfortunate a mattress...but what use will a mattress be when there are ten centimeters of water in the cell?"

The story ended two days later when Henri, who was delirious, was unchained, carried out of the cell and taken to the infirmary where all the passengers visited him. He did not die on board ship, but his mother claimed him senseless and delirious upon our arrival in The Hague. The sight of that old woman wailing from grief made an indelible impression on me. This was old Europe's first greeting for us, old Europe to which I was now returning with a painful melancholy and at once a faint sense of joy--the same things every exile feels upon returning to his homeland. "Where, where are things better?" I wanted to cry out to anyone who would listen.

At the same time tears of happiness welled in my eyes--I was getting closer to my homeland, closer by thousands of versts! I am no longer separated by the boundless expanse of ocean waters; I will soon see my home again and, who knows, perhaps things will be better at home.

Appendix I

The ukaz of 21, May 1873 concerning women students studying in Zurich from _Pravitelstvennyi vestnik,_ no. 120 (21 May 1873).

In the beginning of the sixties some Russian girls went abroad to attend lectures at the University of Zurich.

At first their number remained very limited, but for the past two years it has been growing rapidly and at present more than a hundred Russian women are counted in the university and polytechnical school of Zürich. Meanwhile, information about them of a more and more unpleasant nature has begun to reach the government. At the same time of the growth in numbers of Russian students, the ringleaders of the Russian emigration have chosen this city as the center of revolutionary propaganda and have made all efforts to win the young students over to their ranks. Under their influence scientific pursuits have been set aside for fruitless political agitation. Several political parties of the most extreme views have been formed among the young Russians of both sexes. The Slavic Social Democratic Society, the Central Revolutionary Slav Committee, and the Slavic-Russian section of the International have been formed in Zurich and they count among their members quite a few Russian men and women. In the Russian library, to which some of our publishers are sending their periodicals and newspapers gratis, lectures of an exceptionally revolutionary character are held: the Pugachev Uprising, The French Revolution of 1870 – such are the usual themes of the lectures. Attending workers' meetings has become a regular occupation for young women, even for those who do not understand German and content themselves with translations by their friends. Political agitation warps their young and inexperienced minds, giving them false direction. Meetings and party conflicts complete the picture and confuse these young women who take this artificial and fruitless agitation for real life. Dragged into polemics, they come under the influence of the emigration leaders and become willing instruments in their hands. Some of them travel two or even three times a year from Zurich to Russia and back, taking with them letters, instructions, and proclamations, and taking an active part in criminal propaganda. Others are carried away by communist theories of free love and under cover of fictitious marriages push their disregard for fundamental moral principles and of feminine chastity to the limit. The undignified behavior of the Russian women has aroused the indignation of the local residents, and even the proprietresses of boarding houses accept them unwillingly. Some of these girls have fallen so low that they are making a special study of that branch of obstetrics which is punished by criminal law and despised by honest people in all countries. Such a moral outrage cannot fail to draw the governments' serious attention. One must not forget that these women will at some time return to Russia and become wives, mothers, and teachers. One cannot but pause at the fearful question-what will the generation raised by these women be like?

The government cannot and must not remain indifferent to the moral decay which involves a part, even though a small part, of the young generation of Russians. It is conscious of its ineluctable duty to fight the rising evil and has decided to use all measures within its power, beginning with primarily prophylactic measures.

The government has constantly adopted a sympathetic attitude towards the striving for higher education for women appearing among more gifted individuals. Some special pedagogical courses were founded under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Institutions of Empress Maria which, if they did not have the character of higher educational institutions, at least significantly surpassed the general level of female education. In addition, the Minister of Public Education had permitted special courses taught by university professors at a university level in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Finally, a special course for training learned midwives had been founded as a four-year experiment at the Imperial Medical-Surgical Academy, and the Ministry of Public Education is considering the establishment of similar courses in all the universities with medical faculties. Furthermore, the Tsar has ordered the preparation of a draft for the establishment of higher courses for women, initially only in Moscow and St. Petersburg and later in other university cities when the means are found. Thus, by creating and supporting institutions which will satisfy the needs of women for higher education, the government gives to those who desire it the possibility to gain academic knowledge within the boundaries of our homeland.

But certainly it is not only the thirst for knowledge which lures Russians to Zurich. Western European states, which are considerably ahead of us in the field of education, are still as little inclined to admit women to higher educational institutions and provide only an insignificant contingent of women students in Zurich -- less than twenty percent of the number of Russians. It is, therefore, difficult not to come to the conclusion that the majority of our young compatriots attends Zurich University for reasons which have nothing to do with a thirst for knowledge. The thoughtless propaganda of a certain segment of our press, a false understanding of a woman's task in family and society, enthusiasm for the latest craze, all these causes have their influence on the relatively sizable influx of Russian women to Zurich. The ringleaders of our emigration cleverly exploit all circumstances and, luring these young and inexperienced women towards the maelstrom of political agitation, ruin them irrevocably. The government cannot accept the idea that two or three doctor's degrees can balance the evil which springs from the moral decay of the younger generation, and therefore considers it necessary to put an end to this abnormal movement.

In view of all this, the government is forewarning all Russian women attending the university and polytechnical school of Zurich that those who continue to attend lectures in these institutions after 1 January 1874 will not be admitted to any occupations the permission for which is dependent on the government, or to any examination or Russian institution of learning.

The government hopes that such a timely declaration will exempt it from the regrettable necessity of applying to anyone the aforementioned restrictions.

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