

**NO NAME SERIES.
THE
TSAR'S WINDOW**

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No name series. The tsar's window by Lucy Hamilton Hooper

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LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER

**NO NAME SERIES.
THE
TSAR'S WINDOW**



NO NAME SERIES.

"IS THE GENTLEMAN ANONYMOUS? IS HE A GREAT UNKNOWN?"

DANIEL DEKONDA.



THE TSAR'S WINDOW.

By
Miss Louise Stoughton.

"I WISH," SAID PETER THE GREAT, "A WINDOW LOOKING OUT INTO
EUROPE."

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1889.

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CONTENTS.



CHAPTER	PAGE
I. DORRIS'S JOURNAL	7
II. LETTERS FROM THOMAS AND GRACE CATHERWOOD	9
III. DORRIS'S JOURNAL	14
IV. LETTERS FROM MR. TREMAINE AND DORRIS ROM- ILLY	19
V. DORRIS'S JOURNAL	28
VI. SKATING AND RUSSIAN OPERA	44
VII. STCHONKINE DVOR	67
VIII. AN IMPERIAL CHRISTENING	90
IX. EPIPHANY	108
X. TROIKA PARTIES	123
XI. AN IMPERIAL WEDDING	146
XII. A COURT BALL, AND THE MYSTERY SOLVED . .	160
XIII. MORE REVELATIONS	179
XIV. MARIE TALKE	192
XV. LE BAL DES PALMIERS	213
XVI. THE KREMLIN	231
XVII. THE BLACK WINTER	253

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THE TSAR'S WINDOW.

CHAPTER I.

DORRIS'S JOURNAL.

November 27, 1877.

HOMESICKNESS, chills, cold, fog; outside the window, a musky atmosphere, and a dull roar which tells of toiling crowds at a distance; inside, a sombre room, furnished in ugly chintz: in short, London, — London in November, London in a fog, London seen from the windows of a hotel in its darkest, most unlovely aspect. For lack of something better to do, I am wondering vaguely where all the smoke and fog come from. I can picture it rising slowly from millions of factories and breweries, miles upon miles of palaces, and acres of wretched dwellings. The splendor and the squalor are alike hidden by this misty curtain, which settles down by my window, and on my spirits, causing an unpleasant gloom. How the passers-by jostle each other with their umbrellas, and of what a dull color are the brick houses opposite! I take a look at the room, and the prospect is still more depressing. Voluminous cloth curtains obstruct the entrance of the feeble yellow

light. Dark, chintz-covered chairs, and a tiny fire in the microscopic grate, complete the gloomy picture.

My sister is making futile efforts to warm one foot, and to keep from crying. Poor Grace! She, too, is wondering why she came, and she thinks I am so interested in my writing that I do not notice her.

Of course Tom considers this the finest and most cheerful hotel in the city, as he selected it, and we are staying here. After the complaints which I made this morning, I am sure that Tom would pronounce me a sour old maid if I belonged to another family; but as I am his sister-in-law he thinks kindly of me, and speaks of me as "Dear Dorris! A little quick, you know, but the kindest and the cleverest woman in the world."

I never shall become so accustomed to Tom as not to laugh at him. What a blessing that there is something to laugh at!

The waiter comes in to know what we will order for dinner. He looks at us as if he wished to say, "Poor creatures, how sorry I am for you! After all, it is not your fault that you were not born British subjects."

Why did it occur to Grace that she would like to spend a winter in St. Petersburg? Why should she have cared about getting acquainted with our Russian kinsman? Why did Tom make that investment which gave him the money for this trip? Above all, what evil genius whispered to me that it would be pleasant to accompany them? To these questions I can find no answer, and I am going to drown my sorrows in crumpets and tea. Those articles, at least, are good here.

CHAPTER II.

LETTERS FROM THOMAS AND GRACE CATHERWOOD.

LONDON, Nov. 27.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I have not quite recovered my land legs, and Grace is completely knocked up after our long sea-voyage. We were eleven days on the water, and though it is humiliating to confess it, I was absurdly sick. Grace was wretched in body and mind, and Dorris did the cheerfulness for the whole party. She was irrepressible, and for two days was the only lady at table. We landed yesterday in Liverpool, and came directly here, where we have found nothing but fog and rain. Grace has succumbed to her miseries, and a bad attack of homesickness. There is a suspicious redness about her eyes, and she avoids looking me directly in the face. She told me that nothing would induce her to write a letter to-day, and has retired to her room with a novel to cry; but I shall take her on to Paris in a day or two, where I hope Worth's influence will revive her.

I don't care much for London at this season, myself, and if Grace were not homesick, I might be so, but I feel obliged to differ from my wife. It ruins women to agree