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FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY

1917—1920

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FROM A RUSSIAN
DIARY

1917—1920

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1921

TO MY
PARENTS

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TO
MY PARENTS

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FOREWORD

WHEN the revolution broke out in Russia I was living in a provincial town, which since the war had become of considerable importance.

For some time before February 1917 the newspapers had been daily scanned with ever-increasing anxiety. Not only did it daily become more evident that there was much treachery and treason, but it seemed that the only one who could have put a stop to this state of affairs lacked either the wisdom or the courage, or both.

Each time that the name of a newly appointed minister was read out people looked at each other in amazement, and then came the never-varying exclamation, "What are they aiming at? A revolution?"

Even before the date I speak of thoughtful Russians had foreseen a revolution "from below," but they hoped it would be staved off until the close of the war. The revolution which they now spoke of was one which they thought might prove merely a palace revolution.

The murder of Rasputin seemed to arouse expectancy in everyone. All thought that the monk's death meant a new chapter; but what were the contents to be?

Much as the Czarina was disliked among the upper classes of Russia, never was any scandal breathed about her wedded life. The influence gained by Rasputin was attributed solely to his extraordinary

powers over the health of the young heir. In England one is apt to say that there were no powers, merely trickery. It is the old story of doubting Thomas. Those who were in a position to know best declare that he undoubtedly had great powers. On one occasion the child was brought back from the front in what was thought to be a dying condition : he was weak from loss of blood. The monk no sooner approached than the bleeding stopped.

Towards the middle of February we were left for some days entirely without news. One morning word went round that something must be happening in Petrograd, for the imperial train had sped through our station, bearing the Emperor to his capital. Again a silence. It was broken by news that the railwaymen had received an address begging them to go on with their work in the same efficient manner that they had done in the past, and telling them that, for the present, they were to obey the Duma.

Soon news came like a flood. Many hoped that the Czar's brother had but temporarily refused the crown ; maybe he wished to avoid the humiliation (if such it can be called) of renouncing rights held by his predecessors, perhaps he preferred to accept a crown offered by a Russia which had already drawn up a constitution for herself. Unfortunately this was not the case. If there had been any one member of the Imperial Family universally beloved and respected all might have been well. Russia was left to the mercy of a party who, though for years it had dreamed of, plotted and planned this revolution, had no constructive idea : it had pulled down but had not the courage to build up. In the midst of a mighty war a huge Empire was left without Emperor, without any administrative or executive powers. Governors, vice-governors, police of all classes were

done away with. The party which was too cowardly to assume even temporary responsibility spoke of a Constituent Assembly. But *when* could it come together? Russia is so vast that many parts of the Empire did not hear of the Czar's abdication until many months had passed; so vast that his subjects belong to many hundred races and tribes. Were they all to come to the Assembly? If not, where was the line to be drawn? Who was to draw it?

Days passed; no orders of any kind were received from Petrograd. Some of the more energetic of our townfolk, on the suggestion of a woman, organised a provisional local government; the hospitals, the schools, the railway, the soldiers, the merchants, the factories, etc., all sent representatives.

Some days later orders came from Petrograd to form local provisional governments; we had already done so.

For a time things went along better than in most places. Unfortunately, from the start the workmen got into bad hands; as usual, instead of voting on the merits of the question, which in such a small Assembly was quite possible, they took a leader and played the old game "Follow the Leader." This leader was the head of a girls' high school, a man who had only recently come to our town from quite another part of the Empire. (Once I sat just behind him; unless my eyes strangely deceived me, he had that morning used rouge.)

As time went on things did not improve. The sittings used to drag on until two and three in the morning. Often when nearly everyone had gone home, to snatch a few hours' rest before their ordinary day's work began, the workmen, who did not attend their ordinary work, but lived on party funds, would propose some important by-law. As there was nearly

telegram saying he was down with typhus in a frontier town. Although these brothers, clever, energetic men, did all in their power to obtain a permit which would enable the father to travel to his son, they did not succeed until many, many days had passed, and then—when they had the permit—there was no train.

These brothers were like nearly all government employees out there. They detested the Bolsheviks; they worked because, otherwise, they would have been in the third category and would have died of hunger. In few government offices is there more than a sprinkling of Bolsheviks. In one big office I could name there was for a considerable time not a single Bolshevik.

Russian women have been splendid. The men being mostly at the front, the big estates were in more cases than usual being run by the women. In 1917 they went on with the sowing of crops as if nothing had happened, yet the difficulties and expenses were enormous, and they knew that in all probability the crops would not be theirs—as indeed they were not. Even after this, those who still held their lands did their utmost to get the autumn sowing done. They realised that if they did less they would not be worthy of their position; if Russia was to starve the responsibility would not lie at their doors.

Time after time I have heard them asked why they did not sell their pedigree stock whilst it was still possible; it would at least mean some ready money in their pockets. The answer was invariably the same: a good herd takes years to form; when formed it constitutes a part of the nation's wealth which even the owner has no right to destroy. So to the bitter end they bravely did their duty to the nation which now is treating them so infamously. The soil lies untilled; the herds have been broken up; bulls im-

ported at huge cost have been slaughtered to provide a village feast. There is ruin everywhere. No one is contented except a few hundred workmen belonging to a few favoured factories ; the other workmen, the railway-men, the peasants, are all discontented, and with good cause. Through their jealousies and follies they have allowed a clever few to get the whip-hand, and now they do not know what to do, from whom to seek help. If there were only a leader they would willingly enough help themselves, but as yet there has been no man whose army stood for " Russia." One was looked upon as wishing for the welfare of the upper classes, another seemed only interested in Little Russia, yet another seemed to forget that there was an Empire, and wished to treat the outlying governments like naughty children guilty of disobedience to Mother Moscow. But Moscow is not everything in Russian history ; for centuries she had no part in it. It must be " Russia," not Moscow in the future ; that is, if there is once more to be an Empire, as I trust there is to be.

I have not in my jottings mentioned our labour delegates who came to Moscow. Of course I knew of their presence, but they never came into the town and saw what was really happening, and I did not care to write down all the comments passed on their presence and behaviour ; it was galling enough to hear them. Once an acquaintance, a man whom the Bolsheviks could not do without, and who, therefore, went on working and learnt everything that was going on, begged me to come and have tea with him. Why ? Merely that he might have the pleasure of telling me about the stupidity of my countrymen who were being petted and pampered and fooled by the Bolsheviks, much to the amusement of some delegates from Afghanistan who were likewise in Moscow at the time, but who, unlike the others, were managing

to go about and gather a good deal of first-hand information to take home with them.

One of the few occasions that I ever talked to a confirmed Bolshevik was on the eve of my departure. I had gone to say good-bye to an acquaintance and offer to take any message she had to send to relations in England. The lady was out, but one of the other tenants opened the door (houses are government property and the most ill-assorted tenants are placed under one and the same roof). I went into her one little room and sat down. It was dark, for there was no electricity yet; it would not be turned on for another hour. Suddenly a voice from the other side of the narrow table addressed me:

“Are you waiting for Ellena Petrovna?”

“Yes, I am.”

“So am I.”

We went on talking, and I mentioned that I was leaving next day. Naturally I did not affect any sorrow, and I plainly called “Red” Russia one big prison.

“Oh yes, of course, Russia is a prison at present; there is less liberty here than in any other country, perhaps less than there ever has been in the world’s history. But it is quite justifiable, we must do it: until we have stamped out all our opponents, we cannot grant liberty.”

Goodness, the man was a Bolshevik! A real live specimen! What a pity I could not see his features in the dark. Of course, I had met hundreds of men and women who before strangers, in broad daylight, called themselves Bolsheviks; but when alone with them they had always proved to be other. Many had told me that they were siding with the Reds merely because there was no other place for them. They stood for Greater Russia, and at that moment they thought it was easier for the Reds than for

others to win back Greater Russia; once they had done so there would be time enough to get rid of them.

“But if you will only give liberty of speech and press when all your opponents have been wiped out I fail to see where the liberty comes in.”

“It is impossible to give liberty at present; the others are too strong: they would undo all we have done.”

I ventured to suggest that that would be very desirable, and then went on to say that probably he lived in the Kremlin and knew nothing of the misery in town; that they and their laws had been the cause of the present want of fuel and food; and I thought the least they might do, as a proof of their good-will and sincerity, was to share alike with us, instead of feasting on white bread, meat, and sugar. He did not deny the fact that they fared well in the Kremlin, but justified it by saying: “We are the bearers of a great idea; therefore, we are entitled to freedom from minor worries.” So much for fraternity, equality, or communism!

Luckily he found me as disagreeable a companion as I was finding him. He got up to go; at that minute the light was turned on. He was rather low of stature, with a sallow complexion, longish, oily black hair, big dark eyes, a Jewish nose and Jewish lips.

It is no use sending people to Russia with the view of gaining information unless they know Russian; they can be hoodwinked without trouble. In the beginning of September 1919 a friend and I went to several big government shops, among others to the former officers' stores, in order to obtain some ink, but all in vain. Passing down one of the main streets, the Arbat, I saw a new government stationery shop which displayed not only ink but such luxuries as

note-paper, paper serviettes, sealing-wax, pencils, etc., etc. On the door was a notice : " This shop not yet opened." The same notice was still on that door when I left Moscow in March. I suppose our labour delegates were duly shown that shop and took the notice for one of the ordinary ones stating closing-hours. Towards Christmas many of the government shops displayed $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packages of coffee, likewise cakes of soap. It was no use going in and asking to buy ; the answer was invariably the same : " We have not yet received permission to sell." It was not real coffee, but made of oats and other grains.

People over here must not judge of enthusiasm by the sum of money " voluntarily " given to the Red Army. I have been obliged to give one day's salary to the Red Army as my " voluntary " contribution. This sounds rather disloyal, but I could not help myself ; I did not give, it was taken. It happened thus. Hearing that we were leaving for England, I went to the Director of the school at which I taught and told him. I then went to the Treasurer and asked for my February's money (the Bolsheviks never pay to date ; they cannot print the money fast enough ; the pay is invariably received in fresh money), likewise for the days I had worked during the month of March. The Treasurer paid me for February, but deducted one day of my March work ; I asked why. " That is your voluntary contribution to the Red Army." I explained that, being British, it would be disloyal to give money to an enemy's army. (In Russia the Bolsheviks never let us doubt that England was their enemy.) The Treasurer said he could do nothing in the matter ; the " voluntary " contribution had been deducted by the authorities before the money had been sent to him. If I wished I could write a protest. So much for voluntary contributions. It is quite clear

that with such methods one can secure huge sums without any enthusiasm on the part of the "voluntary" donors.

Russians had always liked us as individuals, though many distrusted us as a nation. During the war, however, our nation was loved even more than the individuals of which it was composed; nothing was too good to say of our great and glorious race. Now, alas! that has completely changed. The upper classes think that we have played with them, or at least are indifferent to their agony; some darkly hint that we wish their agony, that in their weakness we see our strength. The lower classes are taught to hate us by the Bolsheviks. They begin to regret that they did not come to terms with our enemy; some, in their despair, seem to think that Germany alone can give them a helping hand out of this. It is difficult to see how it will end. We certainly have not crowned ourselves with laurels. Our Ambassador helped to overthrow the only power there was in that vast land. We let him work, and yet have not replaced that fallen power by any other. One thing alone seems certain: anyone who knows Russian history must agree on that one point—Russians will not fight *with* the Poles but *against* them. Poles are delightful people; but if you cannot discover their faults yourself you need only go to a Russian and turn the conversation on his cousin Pole; in less than five minutes you will know all you wish. Likewise, Russians are charming—mention your opinion to a Pole, and you will at once hear many other Russian qualities of quite a different order. But it is not merely that the individuals of the two races do not pull together (even their revolutionaries could not do that); the Governments have never done so. When the Poles held the whip they let the Russians feel it; we all know what the Russians did when they seized the whip. At present all Russians

admit that Poland must be a separate State ; the difficulty is what governments can truly be said to be Polish.

During the first year of the revolution we were all painfully surprised to see how little cementing power the Russian Church, even though headed by the Patriarch, seemed to possess. Things have changed since then. How great that power may be, whether it will be the power finally to overthrow the Reds and show how few those Reds really are—that is impossible to foretell. But that the Church is growing daily more powerful, that her priests are looked up to in a way they were seldom looked up to in former days, is a fact. Before, the priest to many—to me among others—was often looked upon as a somewhat ignorant man who had become priest because that was usual in his family and who, on account of his wife and the number of his children, had to extract as many kopeks as possible from the surrounding peasantry : now most people—myself amongst them—consider him a very brave man, who is not afraid of openly proclaiming an ideal which is very different to the one proclaimed by the State. The Orthodox Church in Russia will certainly stand high in the estimation of her children after this ordeal. I only wish that Westerns could find some means of really helping her now. Catholics (the old-fashioned ones who believe in the Pope, the ones whom Russians know as Catholics) ought to be the first, for the two religions are so near akin ; we have the same way of looking at so many things. Besides, if we think we are the one and only true Church we ought to recognise our responsibility of upholding truth. There can surely be no question where she is in this case—whether with those who destroy a famous Madonna in order to flaunt their motto, “ Religion is opium to the people,” or with those who pray to that Madonna

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in the same way that we do. Surely we do not mean to act as though, in the downfall of the Orthodox faith in Russia, we had any gain for ourselves !

A friend in need is a friend indeed. When we meet as friends misunderstandings will soon be cleared away.

HANTS,

June 20, 1920.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN I started this diary I was living in a town some little distance from Moscow with a family which consisted of the father, Alexander Alexandrovitch, the mother, Maria Petrovna, and three children: Nadia, a girl of eighteen; Nikita, a boy of nearly fifteen, who was already over six feet, shaved, and had a deep voice; and Vada, a very diminutive boy of eight. Alexander Alexandrovitch had in his youth been in the Guards, but, as Marshal of the Nobility for his district, was unable to go to the war. He had had much to do with the recruiting, and had earned the reputation of being scrupulously fair towards men of all classes and creeds. He was Director of a large Red Cross Hospital.

Maria Petrovna was the daughter of a well-known and much-loved member of the first Duma. She owned three estates. The one I call the First Estate was the usual residence of the family; it consisted partly of forest, partly of agricultural lands, and possessed a very good saw-mill. When the revolution broke out the family happened to be living in town because Maria Petrovna wished to have her children with her, and it was impossible for her to leave the town because she was responsible for three Zemstvo Hospitals, several homes and workshops for refugees, and was patroness of two schools. The Second Estate was in a western government; it consisted mostly of forest land, and was the home of Maria Petrovna's mother. The Third Estate, in a south-west govern-

ment, was small but in a very flourishing condition. It owned an oil-mill.

E—— N—— was a dear old lady who had once been governess to Maria Petrovna and the Baroness (Maria Petrovna's first cousin), and later had looked after Maria Petrovna's children. Some years before 1917 she had been given a small house and garden on the Second Estate, and there she lived with her sister, W—— N——.

The Baroness bore a name which was often held up to scorn during the first months of the revolution, merely because the mob was told it was German and naturally believed what it was told. The name was Danish; the bearers had no lands in the Baltic Provinces, considered Russian their mother-tongue, and the Orthodox Religion the only true religion. Those who have been in Poland and Russia, and know how religion in those countries stands for nationality, will be able to judge for themselves whether the Baroness were a true Russian or no.

HANTS,

July 1920.

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FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY

1917-1920

CHAPTER I

NOVEMBER 14-24, 1917

TOWARDS the end of October, Trotzky (Bronstein) proposed that the Soviet Congress, which represented but a minority of the Russian people, should proclaim itself the supreme organ of the revolutionary power and no longer acknowledge the Provisional Government.

The people of Russia not desiring to be ruled by the Soviet, civil war broke out.

By the end of the first week in November, after severe fighting in the streets of Petrograd and Moscow—fighting during which the Provisional Government found itself surrounded by intrigue and treachery, whilst the Soviet found expected help from German prisoners of war—the Bolsheviki seized the power.

Kaluga, Kieff, and some other places were held by the Kosaks.

Maxim Gorki, the well-known writer, who all his life had worked for a revolution, wrote the following lines :

“ Lenin is trying to introduce the Socialist régime into Russia in the way Nichaëff [a famous Nihilist] would have done, namely, to let the train run full speed across the bogs. Imagining themselves to be Napoleons, the Lenins, both great and small, are going mad and are completing the process of the destruction of Russia. . . . Lenin is a man of genius, and possesses all the qualities needed in a leader ; the word ‘ morality ’ has no meaning for him. Verily, like unto a great

lord, Lenin despises the complicated life of the masses ; he knows naught about that life ; he has never lived in touch with the people ; books have not given him an insight into their lives. But just on that account he is able to lash the basest instincts of the labouring mass into fury. Considering present conditions and our material, I myself consider it impossible to create a Socialist State. But why not have a try ? What does his lordship Lenin risk by forcing the people to try the experiment ? The risks lie entirely with the masses, whom Lenin despises."

Lenin's father was a Jew who married a Christian named Ulianoff ; soon after his marriage he changed his name from Zederbaum to Lenin ; the children used the mother's surname.

November 1/14, All Hallows.—Went off to early Mass ; there was a mist hanging over the town, but it was cold and frosty. The streets were wonderfully quiet ; in church there were no soldiers [usually it was over-crowded with Polish soldiers] ; coming back across the market-place I saw a good many broken-down army horses being sold. On arriving at the house I found that Nikita and his tutor had returned from their journey ; they had passed a train which had been all fired through ; they said that several echelons of Kosaks had been refused entrance into our town ; the " dog-deputies " ¹ who had been sent to meet them, having come with arms, were whipped and sent back on foot. I stayed about ten minutes in the house, and then the tutor, Vada, and I went out with the intention of visiting the Baroness. We had only got to the next house when I noticed that many carts were coming towards us ; a few

¹ The Russians wished to shorten the term " Soldier and Workmen Deputies " : the word " sobatchie " naturally suggested itself. The fact that " sobatchie " is the Russian adjectival form of " dog " was not a drawback, and " dog-deputies " came to be one of the words we heard most often.

seconds later boys came running in our direction ; then carts were turned in mid-street and everyone seemed flying towards the country. We asked what it meant ; some said " Strike ! " some " Pogrom ! " some " Kosaks and slaughter ! " We returned. We had only got as far as the next street, yet during those few seconds our road, from being a quiet, sleepy one, had become an agitated thoroughfare along which women, boys, and carts, many of the latter laden with stolen wood, were flying. On entering the house we found Alexander Alexandrovitch sitting at the window laughing ; he recognised some of the First Estate peasants returning to the country with wood stolen from his wife's forest. The fear of the Kosaks will keep the peasants quiet for several days !

It seems there were but six shots fired at the station and two people injured. The Baroness says that the scene in the High Street was extraordinary ; the panic was worse than in Jewish villages at the front.

Others told us that in the market-place carts were overturned to lighten them of their stolen goods, and the deserted place was full of wood, hay, and potatoes.

November 4/17—All these days we have been most anxious about Maria Petrovna, who is in Moscow ; she should have been back a week ago. There is neither postal nor telegraphic communication. What is happening in Moscow we only know from the Bolshevik newspapers ; none of the respectable newspapers are being printed. Last night Alexander Alexandrovitch sent some cheese and bread to a girl who is going to Moscow, asking her to try and give them to his wife. I had a feeling that Maria Petrovna would return. At about 5 a.m. Katie, the maid, came to me for her mistress's keys ; the latter had returned with her daughter Nadia. I hurriedly dressed and came downstairs ; the others did likewise.

For six days Maria Petrovna and her daughter had been in one of the most dangerous spots of Moscow, on the Prechistinskaya Street, with a trench at their front door. The other inmates of their house had been in the cellar, but Maria Petrovna had refused to go down. Of course there was no undressing at night. One night shots were falling into the bedrooms ; Maria Petrovna lay on the landing. There were provisions of sorts in the house ; the maids—one had been fifteen years with the people—would not go and get wood from the yard. Maria Petrovna and two other ladies undertook to get it ; the men, including an officer, cowered in the cellar. S—— A—— B——, although not young, was fighting on the side of law and order.

The bailiff of the Second Estate was in town when the disorder started ; we do not know whether he got away or no. Nadia will stop here for the present. Unfortunately things have gone against us ; the Bolsheviks are in power. In Moscow it was said that there was great fighting here and that the town was burning ; we had been told that Moscow was in that plight, and that the Kremlin was destroyed. It is not true ; some houses were burnt down ; most damage was done near the Nikita Gates. It is a relief to have Maria Petrovna back again.

About 9 or 10 a.m. Ivanovitch, the First Estate bailiff, came ; he had escaped ; the peasants wished to tear him to pieces. The Kosak is still there [the Kosak had been invalided home and was with us as overseer]. The peasants have received printed orders to destroy the First Estate and three others near by. They mean to seize everything.

Everyone says the trains will stop on the 10th, or that very few will run after that. If the Germans are in Reval, or if there is a break at X——, as they say there is, then the Second Estate may already

be in their hands and the old Countess "abroad."¹ She is so old that, if she is abroad, there is no hope of her seeing her family again, unless we also soon become "abroad." The Baroness and the bailiff are to go for her if possible. I wish I could be of use!

November 5/18, Sunday.—Came back from church and found the head steward and the First Estate bailiff in conversation with Maria Petrovna and her husband. It was decided that the bailiff had better stop here; he is of military age, and must not fall into German hands. The Baroness cannot go, as she must return to her house in Petrograd, settle things there, and try to get a little money from the banks if that be yet possible. Alexander Alexandrovitch, being of military age, cannot go. Maria Petrovna, besides being needed here, is physically unfit. It is decided to send Nikita and myself [Nikita, the eldest son, was a very tall boy of fifteen]. If the Germans are in the house we are to come back; if the train does not run as far as Y—— we are to get out at X—— and from there take horses.

We are to persuade E—— N—— [an old lady, aged seventy-six] and V—— N—— [aged sixty-nine] to leave with the Countess. If the Countess be too weak to travel, we are to tell her that her daughter, Maria Petrovna, will do her best to come and see her; but we are to return.

Maria Petrovna gave me 300 roubles; I take 50 of my own. There are newspapers again, and the post; the telegraphic service does not yet work.

November 9/22.—Nikita and I left on Sunday night. Everyone gave us a hearty send-off; it was, "Bring back the Countess!" "Don't go abroad!"

¹ As the Germans declared their intention of keeping the territories they conquered, or of forming them into States independent of the Russian Empire, we used laughingly to say that those who lived there were no longer in Russia, but in a foreign country—"abroad."

“ God bless you ! ” On account of the long drive which we in any case would have, for Y—— is forty-two versts from the Second Estate, Maria Petrovna made me put her *shuba* on over my own. We got into the train all right ; into one of those carriages which have the corridor not quite at the side. We both got upper berths. I could not go to sleep, but listened to the tales of two officers who had been in Moscow and had evidently fought on the right side. They said that the Kosaks, who had come to our town and tried to get through to the capital, had been persuaded to return from whence they had come ; others have it that the Bolsheviks of our town destroyed part of the railway and thus prevented the Kosaks from reaching Moscow. One young officer was trying to get to “ Hamburg ” [pun on the word Kam, which is the Russian way of pronouncing Cham (Noe’s ungrateful and disrespectful son) ; Hamburg was Petrograd’s latest name] ; he had tried by another line, but the rails were up ; he looked worn out. Towards 8 p.m. we got to the junction and had to cross to the other station in the small communication train, which consists of trucks and one fourth-class carriage. We crowded in, but could hardly breathe ; more people tried to squash in ; we asked to be allowed out first. It was very difficult to squeeze through the door, which, on account of the throng, opened barely a quarter of the way. We were glad to get to the fresh air of a truck platform, although it was very cold and draughty ; as the engine was burning wood, the sparks were like a long snake in the air. There were seven of us crammed into the tiny space, and yet, compared with those in the carriage, we had ample room. A Bolshevik, standing on the steps, was telling the others, in a weary voice, how he had fought in Moscow. No one seemed interested. In fact, whilst standing inside I had noticed that the soldiers [we were the only

civilians] had never mentioned recent events. Constantly we heard the firing of the sentinels on guard at the distillery. At last we started, and were soon at the other station, where we were lucky enough to get seats at a small table ; having provisions, we made a good supper.

It was indeed fortunate for us that we were well supplied, for there was no bread to be bought, and a single biscuit cost 40 kopeks. The night passed fairly slowly, the chairs seemed so uncomfortable and hard ; later on I managed to get three chairs and tried to lie down. It was stiflingly hot, and the air reeked of tobacco, or rather of mohorka ; yet not for a moment could one leave go of one's shuba. Only a few days ago the bailiff had his coat and hat stolen in the train, and came all the way from the station to our house bare-headed and without any warm covering. At last morning came ; up till now we had not been able to get anything to drink, but at 6.30 the samovar was brought and we had tea. We were not to get another drink until one o'clock at night. The train was nearly empty, for we were going towards the front, which was now being deserted by the Russian soldiers ; Nikita and I had a whole compartment to ourselves. We made ourselves most comfortable, and, not knowing whether we should have any sleep the coming night, spent a good deal of the time dozing. Towards late afternoon the train filled up ; people were sitting six or seven in a compartment. Although many opened our door and looked in, they did not venture to disturb us ; I do not know why. It was not until about nine o'clock that an officer, a Jew, and a young school-boy came in. The two former began to speak with each other ; the Jew was indignant with the Bolsheviks. Soon two " dog-deputies " came round for passports. I thought it was only for men's, but they asked me for mine. They had

spoken so insolently that I wished to make fun of them, and opened mine so that the British and not the Russian was visible ; they gazed at it, first from one angle and then from another, but could make nothing of it. I said, " If you do not understand English you will find a Russian one underneath." They pretended to have found out all they needed.

Nadia tells a good tale. Her friend B—— was travelling in a compartment with several other people. The " dogs " came round for passports ; a Jew pulled a paper out of his pocket-case and passed it to them unopened. The soldiers unfolded and looked at it ; they seemed satisfied and returned it, still open. The Jew, about to fold it up, stopped in surprise ; waiting till the " dogs " had passed on, he turned to his fellow travellers, exclaiming, " Look with what they are satisfied ! " It was his daughter's vaccination certificate. [The soldiers who worked for the Bolsheviks in the early days were those who had the least education ; few of them could read.]

We got to Y—— about 10 p.m. We had hoped to be able to telephone up to the estate, saying that we were coming, and asking for horses to be sent to meet us, so that we need not go all the way in a hired trap ; the telephone was not working. A Jew consented to take us the first twenty-five versts to a post-house. The road was an excellent one, the scenery magnificent ; during the first hour and a half the sky was starry, and one could admire the great clumps of pines and firs, the broad lakes, the rivers. We were in a queer little turn-out with but one horse which trotted along steadily ; our driver never uttered a word until we got to a big river, when he jumped down with " Here you get out and I water the horses." Out we got. Nikita had only leathern boots on ; his feet were so cold that he was glad to be able to stamp about a little. A hired is not like a

private carriage ; one misses the rugs and furs. In a few minutes we were once more in our places and before long had got to the post-house. It was quite dark. We knocked and knocked. No answer. Finally we discovered that the door was open. In we went ; it was warm, but dark. We stamped about. A few minutes later down came a slovenly-looking girl carrying a light ; she seemed cross with us, and declared that there were neither lamps nor horses to be had in the place, and that travellers were no longer supposed to stop at the house, to which last assertion I could not refrain from answering, " Then why do you keep your door open ? " [the post-houses and houses belong to the Government].

Our Jew refused to take us all the way, but allowed himself to be persuaded to drive us to a friend of his in the next village, five versts away ; he said that perhaps there we might get a horse, though he did not think that anyone would consent to go off the main road, and it was very dark.

I was rather against staying overnight in a strange peasant's house, especially as we were fairly well provided with money ; I determined to try and obtain a horse at the village. We got to the place and drew up at the first house ; the owner, wakened by a call from our driver, soon opened the gates and in we went. Notwithstanding the frost, the mud round the gates had not hardened ; in the dark one felt oneself sinking into it. A few moments later we found ourselves in a large, fairly clean, but badly lit room. Our host refused to go into the forest before daybreak, but invited us to spend the night in his house ; he was a very venerable-looking man. When he heard that Nikita was the late Count's grandson he threw off reserve and became quite friendly ; he not only offered us tea, but even produced some lumps of sugar ; we had not seen lump-sugar since

last July. We all drank many glasses of tea ; everyone talked, yet not a word of politics—merely prices ! Our host whispered to his wife ; she straightened out the coarse mattress on the bed, from which her husband had arisen on our arrival, and covered it with a sheet of unbleached linen ; she then produced two spotless pink pillows from the inner room. The host's little grandchild, a pretty girl of about four, awoke and came out and took tea with us. At last, about two o'clock, everyone had had enough to drink and we said good-night.

Against my will I was persuaded to take the bed ; not only was I somewhat ashamed of depriving the old man of it, but also somewhat nervous as to what rest I should find in it. Having given the big pillow and one of the small ones, together with my *shuba*, to Nikita, I lay down and covered myself with Maria Petrovna's *shuba*. The lamps were put out. Our host and the Jew lay on the stove. The Jew would talk, but, as he was deaf, our host had to answer very loudly and thereby much annoyed his wife. Soon I fell asleep. At 5 I awoke ; the lamp was lit and in my ears, blending with men's voices, was an unfamiliar sound. I turned ; our hostess and her daughter were spinning. Snow had fallen heavily, the road would be visible ; our host went out to harness, and we left at once, not even waiting for the samovar, but promising our host a good breakfast at the Manor-house.

The Jew had been very funny. He was most anxious to buy some oats, but the peasant, not wishing to sell, declared he had none. Many times the Jew renewed his request ; at last, having received the old answer, he kept silence a few minutes and then broke it with : " Some time back I was in X——, and had no flour ; everyone refused to sell, saying there was none to be had. I answered, ' The price is all the same to me ; I offer as much as anyone be pleased to ask.' I at

once got my flour." He paused, then asked, "How much may I have?" The peasant answered, "Ten, not more." "Really, not more?" "No, not more; have you got a sack?" Out went the Jew and returned with a sack as long and broad as a mattress. "I think," said he, "my sack will hold 10 lb." The sack was weighed and they sallied forth to the barn; soon they returned, both highly pleased. The Jew evidently was paying well; as he counted the money and handed it over I heard the old man say, "Enough, enough; quite enough!"

Out we went into the dark and cold. The road was made just visible by the snow; the air was raw; snow, soft and wet, was falling fast. We branched off the main road; the surface was bad, but the surrounding scenery, which one caught as so many silhouettes in the gloom, was beautiful; sometimes deep below us lay a lake, sometimes high above us towered the pines. At last we got to the two splendid sheets of water which stretch in front of the house, and, driving along the shores of the larger one, we at length drew up at the side-door. How glad we were to see a light at one of the windows! On hearing Nikita's voice the housekeeper opened to us; she was delighted to see him. Once more thanking our host, and having seen him comfortably settled, we went upstairs, and the Countess was told of our arrival. In a few minutes she came out to us. She had grown very much weaker since last I saw her. She was over-joyed at our arrival, and said that she had all but the last odds and ends packed and would be able to leave with us as soon as we wished. At first we meant to take the midnight train, but later decided to spend the night there and leave next morning. One of old Princess Golitzen's first cousins was stopping at the Manor-house; she insisted upon giving up her room to me, for she declared it to be the cosiest. I afterwards

discovered it to be the hottest ; I love the cold. The old lady was a great believer in the divine right of kings, yet even she did not uphold the late Czar ; nobody does.

Unfortunately, it rained all day and I could not see very much of the grounds ; I only drove to church with the Countess, who wished to have a last look at her husband's grave and say a last prayer before the altar. How weak and feeble she is ! she cannot walk without support. It was indeed necessary for someone to come and fetch her ! Leaning against the railing of the grave she looked very pathetic. Often during the day she questioned me about her little granddaughter [whom during the short illness which had ended by death, I had nursed] and many times thanked me for my letter. A blessing that one of my letters has given so much consolation.

E—— N—— and W—— N—— both consented to come ; the latter had a very sore arm after her operation, and was afraid of being crushed in the train. The heavy luggage was sent off in the afternoon. The Countess got her old friend [everyone here is over seventy] to show me the family portraits, which had been taken down and packed in 1915 when it was feared that the German advance would reach them.

Such a supper ! there was even wheaten, though not white, bread. We were all off to bed early. At 5 we were up, at half-past we were having breakfast. When we came down to the hall what was Nikita's and my dismay on seeing the baggage we were to have in the train with us : bags, baskets, roll-ups— in all fourteen. A boy was coming as far as the junction to help, but even so things did not promise to be easy, especially as I should be unable to carry anything whilst aiding the Countess to get in and out ; in fact, it turned out that the Countess could not walk in her heavy fur coat, so that became another bundle.

Nikita and the maid got into a small carriage drawn by a troika ; the Countess and E—— N—— got into the big landau with W—— N—— and I facing them ; the Countess had to lie down. It was very strange how little the three old ladies could discern in the gloom ; they were not able even to recognise the places they had known all their lives.

The first twelve versts were painful for the Countess, the road being in a vile condition ; we felt the bumps and jerks much more in the big landau than we should have done in a lighter carriage. [The reason for our being in the landau was that the Countess's maid declared she would get sick in a closed carriage ; therefore there would not have been sufficient room in the open carriage for the Countess and myself. I had to be with her because I was the only one who had enough strength to help her. In truly Russian fashion the mistress's welfare was not allowed to interfere with the maid's comfort.]

Once on the high-road we went along smoothly and quickly.

Arrived at the station we heard that the train would be two hours late. The small waiting-room was crowded ; the Countess declared that she could not stop there, so we had to find her a seat on a barrow. Soon the station-master came to ask her to claim her trunks ; when he saw the six of them and her weakness he kindly passed them without search, merely on her word of honour, for " We all know you do not speculate ; you are not a Jew." The soldier who accompanied the station-master was one of three Uhlans sent to keep order at the station. For a time I listened to their conversation ; they were certainly not Bolsheviks. They asked us whether there were cavalry on the Second Estate ; of the infantry they spoke with the greatest contempt. Not only were they none too well pleased with the present state of

affairs, but they did not even judge the Imperial Family harshly, judging by the way they alluded to their regiment having been forced to take the monogram of the Grand-Duchess off their shoulder-straps.

After much waiting the train steamed in. Usually now there is a frightful scramble for places—such a scramble that people get hurt. The agile crowd in through the windows ; the first-class fills up with a throng of soldiers who do not think of paying the fare. [Russian carriages are much broader and higher than ours ; all carriages are corridor ones, which, on account of the cold, have but two doors, one at either end. In no country was travelling formerly more comfortable and less expensive.]

The entrances to the first-class carriages were guarded by armed soldiers who allowed only those with tickets to enter ; the results were we got in without any difficulty, the corridor was free of either sleepers or luggage, the compartments not overcrowded. The six of us got a compartment to ourselves. Off we went ; so slowly that even the trees near the line scarcely seemed to move.

At the next big station there were many angry words between the soldier on guard and some of his " comrades " [how we got to loathe the good old word " comrade "], who, though having only third-class tickets, wished to enter. I did not hear how it ended, but soon our guard either gave in or left the train, for the place filled up with " grey destroyers," and it was only with the utmost difficulty that one could push one's way down the corridor. When it came to getting out at the junction we had a dreadful time. We had decided that the Countess should sit still whilst we got the luggage out, after which we should go back for her. We got as far as the carriage platform and there remained wedged ; backwards we could not move, it was solid with passengers.

Towards us streamed soldiers trying to force their way in ; vainly we pleaded, " Gentlemen [God pardon the lie !], let us down first ; the corridor is blocked ; even if you pass us you cannot get in ! " They listened not, and for several minutes the crush was such that one asked oneself how long human ribs could hold out against it. It was long before we were all out ; and now we had a few seconds to clamber up into the communication train [at practically all Russian stations raised platforms are lacking, the carriages are much higher than ours and one must scramble up as best one can]. We could not find seats. Nikita did wonders ; he got all the baggage up in time, besides helping the two old ladies. I succeeded in getting the Countess on to a platform, and, with the owner's consent, seated her on a bundle ; unluckily the bundle proved to contain a big bottle—a most unsteady seat, especially for a feeble old lady. Behind the Countess was a broken pane of glass through which, like some dragon's mane, streamed the red-hot sparks ; it is wonderful what sparks fly when the engine is consuming wood. The soldier-owner of the bundle kindly helped me to take the sparks off the old Countess, yet, in spite of our efforts, there was often a strong smell of burning cloth.

Another night to be spent at the junction ! Worse than our last, for this time we were at the smaller station. It was too late for hot water [which of course means tea, for Russians travel with tea-pot and kettle]. Nikita was energetic, and after a journey of discovery came back with our kettle full. We all had tea. The night seemed endless. Soldiers were lying all over the floor ; the air reeked. If one stood up for a second one's chair was seized upon. Of course one old lady would awake from a troubled doze and ask to see her portmanteau, then the next, then the next ; no sooner was one satisfied that all

fifteen of our impediment were safe, jostling each other and us for space, than the next would awake and prove to be another doubting Thomas. That a young boy like Nikita, tired as he must have been, should be so wonderfully patient and obliging was astounding. I should not like to say how many times he gave up his chair to one or other of the old ladies who forfeited hers by suddenly getting up without warning in order to rummage among our belongings.

Next day we got into our train and after a few hours were back here. Maria Petrovna was at the station. Alexei, the tallest of our Austrian prisoners, was likewise there; it was he who gave his arm to the Countess. [The Countess in youth must have been six feet or over; it had been extremely difficult to support her, not only as she was head and shoulders taller than I, but also because she had lost her sense of balance; one would be under the impression that she was about to tumble forwards and would be straining every muscle to prevent her from so doing, when suddenly she would tilt backwards, and it would require all one's strength to right her.] Maria Petrovna had work to finish at one of the hospitals near by, so that the Countess and I drove alone to the house which was being prepared for her; the other old ladies followed with Nikita. Nadia and Vada were awaiting us.

From Nadia I heard the good news that things at the Second Estate had not got worse. Thank God!

During the afternoon we heard that one of Maria Petrovna's friends lately escaped from Moscow to the Don, thanks to our uniform. An acquaintance, a British officer, had lent him one; several friends took him to the station, got him a seat in a sleeping-car, and told the conductor that he was a British officer, unable to speak Russian, whom they had been charged to see safely into the train, that his business was urgent

and would not admit of his waiting for a ticket [one often waited days], but that he would pay at once. The ruse succeeded. One officer the more on the Don.

About this time there was a very touching scene in church. After Mass there was, as is usual in Polish churches, Benediction during which a litany is chanted, each invocation being first sung by the priest, then by the congregation.

One Sunday the church was, as always, packed, so that the faithful, not all finding room, spread into the garden and the street ; they could not all see the priest, but at least they could hear him. The litany began : " O holy God, O holy strong One, O holy immortal One, have mercy on us ! " One well-known invocation after the other. But what is this ? The priest raises his voice, the words are unfamiliar ! A great silence, through which the words ring out : " That Thou wouldst grant us a speedy and happy return to our country, O Lord, we beseech Thee ! " The voice dies away in a sob. Like most of those present, the priest was himself a refugee from Warsaw. The church was filled with sobs and voices : voices which repeated the words which had proved to be so well known, for were they not all day, yea, and often all night, in the hearts of those exiled men and women ?

CHAPTER II

NOVEMBER 25, 1917—JANUARY 13, 1918

IN December General Korniloff was taken prisoner, but happily made his escape.

In the Ukraine the Rada [the Ukraine's parliament] tried to make its authority supreme. The Moscow Bolsheviks demanded that their troops should have a free passage through the Ukraine to the Don and Urals.

The Bolsheviks concluded a twenty-eight days' armistice with the Central Powers, and at Brest-Litovsk started peace negotiations, which, after having been broken off many times, were destined to produce a peace which showed to the whole world the absolute lack of patriotism of the Soviet Government. However, just at first the Bolsheviks were not powerful enough to shame the Russian people by submitting to German demands, and their Commander-in-Chief, Ensign Krilenko [Abramsohn, a German Jew], made an appeal to the Russian workmen to arm in defence of the revolution, telling them that perhaps it would be necessary to declare a Holy War against the bourgeoisie *not only* of Russia, but of Germany, France, and Great Britain.

One hears hundreds of interesting stories, and some funny ones. Here is one which amuses everyone.

An old lady entered a crowded train ; there was no seat. From a distance she hears a voice : " There's a seat here." Moving forwards, she does not notice that the speaker is offering her his knees, but an officer near by has ; rising, he offers her his seat and takes the

proffered one. Let us hope that the officer's weight was a good heavy one.

November 12/25.—Baroness back from Petrograd. The "dogs" there forced each householder to give warm clothes to their soldiers. The Baroness told us how her friend, the head of the Hermitage, went to guard it one night; he took some of the more respectable soldiers with him. All night he was there; every now and then his servant rang him up to say that parties of "comrades" were constantly coming to his flat and asking where he was. They wished to kill him; as he was not there they contented themselves with stealing his belongings. Next morning, when he got back, he could not recognise the interior of his house.

Here broken crusts of bread are being sold us, evidently leavings of the "comrades"; one can even see the marks of teeth on some pieces. Maria Petrovna took some samples to one of the hospitals; unfortunately the doctors could find nothing dangerous, and, therefore, could do naught.

All the provisions are in my room. As yet we English have a right to a small stock.

November 18/December 1.—Alexander Alexandrovitch, who left for Moscow on the 14th, came back this morning. All quiet; there seems even to be a reaction. Nadia leaves to-night; studies have started again. Whilst we were all at tea at the Countess's in came Alexander Alexandrovitch with Nicolai E——, formerly bailiff of the Second Estate; in Moscow, during the fighting, he left his Bolshevist regiment and fought on the right side; he wishes to try and get through to the Don. God bless him! There was a grand dispute about a possibly good cabinet; everyone differed; the only name upheld by all was that of Sazonoff. Some people seem to think all difficulties would vanish if one of the

Grand-Duchesses, preferably Olga, married one of our Princes; they think Russians would rally round them.

November 19/December 2.—So many dead horses about the place, vile! Hundreds of army horses have been brought here in an exhausted condition, and there is no hay or straw for them; it is frightful to see them. To-day the road is so slippery; crossing the bridge we passed many of them; most of them being unshod, or not roughed, were slipping about and falling. I hate seeing a horse fall.

November 20/December 3.—The peasants are cutting trees in the park at the First Estate. The Kosak was here and said he was afraid of losing his nerve; he is quite alone. He is being recalled to the Don, but will stop on to the last minute.

November 22/December 5.—First thing on opening the paper saw the news of the murder of General Dukonin. One would think that the sailors had sufficiently disgraced themselves without bringing this fresh crime on themselves. What a blessing Korniloff has escaped! we hope that a big army will form round him. If only Russia were less vast! M——off came here this afternoon; he has taken off his epaulettes. Anyway, he has a right to retire, having been a defender of Port Arthur. The head steward leaves for Moscow; he may bring Nadia home, for we are again expecting all trains to stop. Yesterday the old Countess read us a letter from her sister-in-law, Princess X——X——, who says that the peasants threaten to burn her place; there is an enormous amount of vodka in the distillery guarded by fifteen soldiers, who are, of course, quite untrustworthy. The old Countess wishes her sister-in-law to come here. [At the outbreak of war the sale of spirits was forbidden; the vodka of the great distilleries was bought up by Government, but could not, of course,

be immediately used ; it was, therefore, left in the charge of the former owners, so that at the beginning of the revolution great quantities of it were still stored on many estates.]

M——off says he thinks that free trade in corn would not help us very much now, as so many of the peasants refuse to sell for money ; they will only give in exchange for manufactured goods. Alexander Alexandrovitch remarked that farther north the towns were sending large supplies of hides and leather to the south in the hope of being given corn in exchange.

November 23/December 6.—Maria Petrovna went to meet a committee of peasants who mean to kill her pedigree cows [without her consent] and otherwise advise her how to rule her estate. At tea we had "light conversation." It was decided that it was not dirty for a child to put his finger into a jampot and then lick it ; for the dirt off his finger did not remain in the pot, but, being covered with a layer of jam, was withdrawn and went into its owner's mouth !

M——off told us how he won from Tolstoy the reputation for being a saint. When a boy of fifteen he found a purse in the gutter and picked it up ; but, not knowing what to do with it, stooped and deposited it on the curb. I do not see where the saintliness comes in ; it was merely evading instead of facing a difficulty.

November 24/December 7.—Last night Maria Petrovna came back very sad from the committee. Those people [one a man convicted for theft, one a known taker of bribes, one a magistrate (!) etc.] not only mean to take the land but wish to force the landowners to go on doing their former work, for "we cannot put them aside yet ; they have experience. The money, naturally, shall come to us." The cynicism of it all !

Many of them seem to have lost all notion of right and wrong. During the late fighting in Moscow, C—— heard how a soldier said : “ Oh ! I have just shot a Red Cross nurse who came to the window ; I did it so cleverly. She fell as a bird falls.” C—— knew it must be one of the W—— opposite ; he sent across to make inquiries or to let the people know in the case that the girl had been alone in the room. Nobody in the house suspected evil ; they went up, and there she was lying senseless. She was operated on ; the electricity failed at a critical moment ; she died.

After supper modern politics were avoided ; we sat together and listened whilst Maria Petrovna and M——off told anecdotes about the well-known people they have met. We had tea three times before we finally went off to bed. M——off told us some interesting facts which he had come across in various family archives ; for instance, the way in which Katherine first got to know Potemkin. The Orloffs told her they had a man who was very good at mimicry ; the Empress wished to see him. When he was brought she told him to imitate someone ; he imitated her. Count Demetry Mamonoff was once driving with the Empress Anna Johannovna, when he had a stroke ; she caused the carriage to be stopped at the village church and had a Thanksgiving Service offered for the stroke not having been hers. The same Count, after the War of Liberation, refused to disband his regiment, which, however, caused much annoyance by its pillages. Prince Golitzen, Governor of Moscow, sent one of his aides-de-camp to request him politely to disband it. The Count, knowing what was coming, sent his men to meet the young noble and flog him ; afterwards he received him most graciously, kissed him and said, “ My dear old fellow, it was Golitzen, not you, whom I ordered to be beaten ; please let him know it.”

How everyone is against the Romanoffs! The late Grand-Duke Constantine is the only one singled out as having had a fine character. Many think that Russia is too vast to go on being governed as one State; they advocate federal States. All are of the opinion that it is a sacred duty to stop on in the country and see the thing through, but say that, when some settlement has been come to, the disgust engendered by the present behaviour of their countrymen will drive them into exile.

To-day the newspaper is again full of horrors. They write that the guillotine ought to be introduced. Tatiana Nicolaevna, a Red Cross nurse, was here. Her head still shakes; it has done so ever since the firing in Moscow; besides, she is very anxious about her brother, who is still there in a Bolshevik regiment. Maria Petrovna goes to the First Estate to-morrow. M——off promises to go with her. Last night heaps of soldiers were drunk in the streets.

November 25/December 8.—M——off refuses to go to the First Estate. Alexander Alexandrovitch has persuaded his wife not to go. The newspaper says that sailors and red guards are going to Siberia to "guard" the Czar. Everyone is very much afraid, especially after yesterday's murder. If anything should happen to the Imperial Family there would probably be a counter-revolution; the peasants have not yet lost their horror of such a crime. Many people in Moscow are too frightened to vote for the Constituent Assembly, the Bolsheviks having threatened to flog the burguee. M—— told us that a man came to stay with Tolstoy; he never wore any clothes and never washed, but whilst with Tolstoy he covered himself. Maria Petrovna and a friend of hers for a long time could not discern whether his feet were bare or no; they were black, with a purple shine. He said that he lay on the

floor at night with a stone jar as pillow; his door he always left open. One of the Rzewskys declared that whenever she passed late at night he was invariably on the sofa. When he left [he was sent away] the Rzewskys, in whose house Tolstoy was staying, had to have the sofa disinfected. Another man here in our town made a vow never to wash, and for twenty-five years kept it. He was of a purple colour. He got cancer and was taken to the hospital, where he begged them not to wash him, declaring it would kill him; when the water finally penetrated down to his skin he died.

November 26/December 9.—Much talk about Brusiloff. The Baroness, who was always against him, says that he was over-rated and that the praise given to him should really have been given to others. Her nephew was on Brusiloff's staff, and had such a poor opinion of him that he was not surprised when, at the beginning of the revolution, at a review, the general, ignoring his staff and the other officers, went up and shook hands with the soldiers, gave them lights from his cigarette. Maria Petrovna declares that in Moscow twice was everything prepared for him to take the lead, but he refused. We were at Tatiana Ivanovna's; she is very much upset about the new law concerning officers. I do hope it is not true that the Polish Legion means to fight against Korniloff.

November 28/December 11.—Nadia came back alone this morning. The head steward has been back several days; he went off without letting Nadia know. Russian men are extraordinary, they will never do anything for others if it puts them out the least little bit; if the women had been men this trouble would have been stopped long ago; they have all the energy. Of course it is partly their own fault that the men are so slack; nothing is expected of little boys, everything of little girls. You never hear "Get

your brother to help you." It is always, "If it be difficult, tell your sister to do it."

Trouble is expected in Moscow to-day. An old general near Nadia's place, who used to stroll out on sunny days to warm his ancient bones, was shot at the other day by quite a young soldier; luckily the bullet missed the general, but it went into a shop, where an unfortunate shop-boy was wounded in the wrist.

Nikita to-day went into the yard next ours where the army horses are; he counted fifty-eight unburied carcasses, four or six more are in the pond. What will happen when spring comes? The unfortunate animals have nothing to eat; they have gnawed the trees, the gates, the window-sills, eaten the raspberries, and everything they could find. They have eaten great holes in the wooden fence, by which they can get out into the street; some find their way into the fields down by the river; but there is no grass there, only moss, and now all is covered with snow. Poor things! To-day is the day of the Constituent Assembly. There are so many red flags in town. The others have gone to a concert in behalf of the widows of murdered officers. I did not care to go, not even for so good an object; it seems strange to be gay in public now, although I do not approve of long faces when among friends.

The First Estate peasants have allowed the motor-car to come here, though Stephan was angry about it. They have sent away the old cheese-maker who has been there for about forty years, and they have taken his house. Yet he is a Swiss subject. At the saw-mill they have placed an inexperienced peasant as overseer. Maria Petrovna means to go there the day after to-morrow. I wish I were going with her.

November 29/December 12.—The man who went to R—ovna [Princess X—'s place] has come back.

When he arrived the peasants were drinking the vodka which was being let into the river and were extremely angry, declaring that the landowner was responsible for the order. Soldiers from the neighbouring town had to be called in. Several peasants were shot dead [some had already drunk themselves dead]. The Princess's son-in-law was shot at by the peasants. He will wait to give the estate over into their hands, and then they are all to come here.

No newspapers to-day. They came to the station, but the soldiers would not allow them to be sold; probably there is good news for us.

They say that there are already many Kosaks round here, and 8,000 at Orsza and along the line to E——ev; they have come back from the front, where there was no fodder; here they will forage for themselves and relieve the peasants of some of their stolen hay! The town Bolsheviks are indignant and terrified at the thought of having them here. We have just heard that the staff would be brought back here. To-day we were noticing the officers' uniforms. [There had been a decree forbidding epaulettes.] General A—— had his epaulettes still on, but covered with a bashlick; Michael Alexandrovitch, the head doctor, had taken his off; the head steward is in civilian clothes.

November 30/December 13.—Now it is said that there are to be 80,000 Kosaks in this district. The town Bolsheviks wish them to come unarmed! No *Ruskoe Slovo* [the newspaper]; it has been stopped. People say things have gone well in the South.

December 2/15.—The other day Maria Petrovna was persuaded not to go to the First Estate and lent the motor to someone else. Now she regrets having given in over the matter. Yesterday the First Estate was taken over by the peasants; they will not allow the piano, which is all packed and ready to be sent to us. O——rp A——vitch [the Kosak] leaves; he

is called back to his unit. Yesterday Ivan, the peasant who felled the oaks in the park and stole them, was here in our yard ; without being asked he fetched water from the river and hewed wood for us, in fact behaved as though nothing had happened and he were an old friend. The market is full of stolen wood.

December 3/16.—Mikolai Franzovitch, the Polish overseer of the saw-mill at A—— on the First Estate, came to-day. The peasants have sealed the First Estate house, sold all the horses, etc.

The Kosak has been imprisoned by them, but he means to run away.

It is said that the Czar has escaped ; all hope he will get to England. Here he is not wanted ; at least nobody admits wanting him.

December 4/17.—First thing came O——rp A——vitch, the Kosak ; the peasants had fired at him but did not succeed in stopping him. He brought the inventory of the objects in the house, hot-house, stables, smithy, etc., as drawn up by the peasants. Peter, the chauffeur, has left for the First Estate ; he is anxious about his wife and children. It is quite evident he is not an aristocrat ; they allow their wives and children to be anxious about them, but take jolly good care never to trouble themselves about anyone. Towards evening Vera Vassiliovna [the widow owner of an estate close to the First Estate] arrived ; she had been afraid to come into town before because of rumours of trouble and disorder going on here. She told us that she had passed Stephan on the road ; he was driving two of the First Estate horses, and behind him came two sledges with four other First Estate horses ; they were coming in here to get flour. Ivan, our ex-coachman, who is now in their pay, was with him. [Stephan's father had once been in Maria Petrovna's pay but was discharged for theft ; his son, the man here spoken of, was taken on but likewise

stole, and when dismissed refused to hand over valuable tools and things entrusted to him. The village had elected him as their head man. Peculiar, but nearly all the villages chose scoundrels, mostly horse-stealers. One of our acquaintances remarked that really it was clever of them to do so. Probably they foresaw a time when they would wish to lay the blame on somebody; it would be pleasanter to have a thief handy.] Alexander Alexandrovitch went off to the town commissioner about the horses; the latter have been taken away from Stephan and will be returned to us to-morrow. Probably the town will try Stephan for having overstepped his authority. Joseph Franzovitch [an overseer on the estate, a Belgian who had lived in Russia ever since he was twelve years old] was at his consulate in Moscow; he was told that the time to leave Russia would soon come, and that he would be told of it. Nadia and I had such work copying out the inventory; the names of the things in the smithy are so unfamiliar.

I had a letter from Mary O——ine [my dearest Russian friend]. All is well at their place; her brother Serge was in Moscow during the fight, and for three days was imprisoned. Her cousins all took part. Now they have gone south.

December 5/18.—This morning, at four o'clock, Stephan went with a group of peasants to the Commissariat and took the horses away. The town can do nothing. O——A——, the Kosak, went and got his papers and to-day returns to the Don; the former bailiff of the Second Estate goes with him. Colonel X—— and another officer were here; the younger one has asked the bailiff to introduce him to some of the Kosaks and try to get him through to the Don.

December 7/20.—Yesterday we were all at the Countess's. Everyone hoped that the Czar would get safely out of Russia. Although not in the news-

papers, it is reported that the Czar's safety was the first condition the Germans imposed on the Russians. Both yesterday and to-day it was said that there are many Germans in Petrograd and that the German prisoners are being armed. The bailiff of the First Estate came to say good-bye ; he goes to the Ukraine. If only all Little Russians answer the call as promptly ! Maria Petrovna had private news that many good soldiers are marching from X—— to Moscow [trains were refused them] ; she has been asked to see that they get good food here.

The peasants forbid anything to be sent from the First Estate. Those of the First Estate village are behaving very well ; all the trouble is being caused by two villages farther off. Some of the First Estate peasants were here to-day and promised to guard Maria Petrovna if she wishes to go back to her house. She has been all day long at the hospital superintending the sale of some of the stock which is no longer needed. Tatiana Nicolaevna is to be operated on for appendicitis. She is so pleased to have fallen ill ; to be alone and quiet, even though in pain, may restore her nerves.

The Baroness tries to avoid political conversation, but this break-up of Russia is dreadful for her ; she was so proud of her country. I have a feeling that we must keep strong and gay, that worse is to come [although since yesterday there is a turn for the better, one sees whence light may come], and that we shall need all our strength. Our town is not a place which can be given up without a dispute, though, thank God, the committee is dismissing the soldiers as fast as it can ; the doctors give sick leave to all, no matter how fit they may be ; thus the rabble grows numerically weaker, and down south the others are forming. Here the school-children, boys and girls, have started meetings, at which they take ether. Maria Petrovna

has gone to talk matters over with the masters and mistresses. The Bolsheviks here offered to give the officers back their epaulettes, but they said they would not receive them from such hands.

Up to now the Baroness felt safe enough in her somewhat lonely house, for a little way down the road was a military building always guarded at night by soldiers from one of the good regiments; now the sentinels are no longer there, so that it is somewhat risky to leave the Baroness alone with the three old ladies. We have sent her one of the Austrian prisoners. Our Austrians are quite reliable; they are none of them German-speaking, all are Slavonians.

In Petrograd circulars were sent round, they say by Germans, telling the people to await quietly their new rulers! What impudence! German princes or a member of the old family under Willy's protection? The Kaiser is getting his own back now; the Czarina used to be so rude to him.

December 10/23.—Maria Petrovna received a telegram from the Second Estate. It is the same there as in the First Estate: the peasants have taken the land, the live-stock, the house, etc. I received a letter from Mary O——ine. The peasants came to her father with a copy of the new decrees, which say that the land must at once be divided among them, and quite politely asked him to divide it up for them, as they knew he would do it best. He answered that they might divide it as they pleased, but that he would not have them interfere with his cows, that he would keep them or sell them when, as, and how he pleased. It is rumoured that there is once more fighting in Moscow. Many expect trouble here. An Austrian [lately married to a Russian, formerly resident in Buda-Pesth] said that the six months' martial law in Buda-Pesth was dreadful; he declares, in fact, that if three people met in the street and stopped

to talk, one was shot. Tolstoy's grandchildren, the ones I met at X——, have been living all this while on a small piece of land which they themselves tilled; they worked, in fact, just like peasants. They have been sent away from their home and on foot. Yet they say that this is not class warfare, that all true workers are welcomed! The town Bolsheviks complain of "the criminal waste of water" caused by the burguee washing so much. [The word "burguee," from the French *bourgeois*, means anyone who does not belong to the proletariat.] Considering that each householder provides himself with water as best he can [we send a horse and barrel down to the river], any limit to our supply would be rather an interference with our liberty.

December 11/24.—The Baroness read us a letter from Petrograd; it is under martial law. Maria Petrovna left for Moscow.

A friend told us about¹ the behaviour of the workmen and sailors at the first conference and of that of two officers sent by Dukonin.

December 15/28.—We were up early. Maria Petrovna returned at 4 a.m., and we all came down to hear what news there might be. They say that the Petrograd telephone is in German hands and that the girls answer in German. According to all accounts down south there is a whole "officer division." Michael Michaelovitch E—— was here, back from Petrograd. He says that there is good discipline in the Polish regiments. When taking over ammunition from a Bolshevik regiment some Polish officers [only a few of them] came fully armed; the one in command struck a Bolshevik because he slouched past without saluting; he was made to pass at the salute over and over again. His comrades looked on and dared not interfere.

December 16/29.—The Countess's house was broken

into last night and a good many things stolen ; both the Countess and the Baroness sleep on the ground-floor ; they heard nothing. The Baroness went to the militia this morning to lodge a complaint ; it was but 10 a.m., yet there had already been twenty other complaints of the same nature. They threatened to have her court-martialed because she told them a few home truths. Everyone is wondering how to get through the next few months. The banks are closed, all money is locked up, estates have been seized, etc.

December 19/January 1.—There were notices up asking citizens not to go out after 6 p.m. to-day, as there would be a " pogrom." On coming back from the Countess's at 4.30 we met several groups of armed soldiers ; machine-guns were also taken over the bridge. We think that, under cover of making sure against " pogroms," the garrison is making ready to resist the Kosaks, from whom they received an ultimatum some days ago.

December 20/January 2.—Nothing happened. We have some bread, one half rye-flour, the other half bran. It is not bad ; in fact, I prefer it to ordinary black bread. Our Austrians have been sent away from the First Estate.

December 21/January 3.—Bertha came from the First Estate. [Bertha was a servant who had been for some years in the family. Her brother was mad ; at times she was very peculiar. The peasants had allowed her to remain on in the big house ; all the upstairs rooms which contained the beautiful things were sealed or locked, but there was a long gallery by which one could get access to some of them ; the glass door leading into this gallery was sealed, but there was a pane missing.] Paula brought our Christmas decorations which she had " stolen " ; she gets in through the gallery window and takes little objects and carries

them off to Sonia in the village; when they get the chance they send them on here. [Sonia was a married peasant; having no children, she and her husband adopted a nephew and godson, hoping that he would grow into a strong, healthy boy and help them till the soil. The child developed tuberculosis and had to have his right leg encased in plaster of Paris. We are all interested in the child, and, when we lived in the First Estate, used often to go and visit him, especially if we had had any particularly nice sweet dish at dinner, for then we took him some. Once I brought him a little wicker-chair from town; he was delighted. Formerly when sitting outside he had only a covered basket, the handle of which prevented him from being comfortable.] Now it is said that there are many Germans in Moscow, that the Allies are making terms with our enemies, and that Russia is to be under European tutelage. I cannot believe it. Poor old Russia!

December 28/January 10.—The day before yesterday O——off was here; he was full of his books. He has managed to save all of them for the time being. He showed me an interesting volume printed by Longmans in 1845: *The Calendar of Anne of Brittany's Hours*. [O——off was an old gentleman. He had married somewhat late in life, and, I believe, had children; but, so far as I could make out, his real love was his library. He had many first editions and some MSS. which our greatest libraries lacked. Later he came to live in our district town; he had a very humble little place, and was often in need of food. He never attempted to sell any book or MS.]

It is said that the Bolsheviks mean to change the calendar: sensible! As someone remarked, we shall profit by the change, because, as we are to receive no sugar next month, it is to our interest that the month come sooner to the end. We are without bread and

without potatoes. In the cellar at the First Estate there is a year's supply of potatoes rotting ; they will not let us have them and they do not use them.

It is said that five truck loads of flour are on their way here ; two of them are for our town. That means ten days' food ; it is even said that the flour is wheaten ! That will be a pleasant change from the bran which we have been having of late.

The old regiments have all already run away, but for more than a week we have had a fresh one in the town, a very Bolshevist one : it is to be hoped that its members will likewise soon disperse.

CHAPTER III

JANUARY 14—FEBRUARY 15, 1918

“ But what if I fail of my purpose here ?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And, baffled, get up to begin again :
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.”

BROWNING.

AGAINST its wishes the Soviet Government was obliged to consent to the Ukraine sending delegates to the Brest-Litovsk Conference. None the less, in February Bolshevist troops took Kieff, and the Bolsheviks declared that they were not going to sign a peace with the Central Powers ; yet they were not at war with those Powers, therefore the armies, on all fronts, were to be demobilised. Thus the Soviet did away with those regiments which might have defended the Constituent Assembly. That Assembly was indeed opened, but at once dispersed by armed power.

General Kaledin renounced the leadership in favour of General Alexeieff, and the latter, with a big force, began moving on Moscow.

The Soviet Government imprisoned the Rumanian Minister and his staff in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul ; it needed the efforts of the whole Diplomatic Corps to release them.

The Bolsheviks started a campaign against the Orthodox Church, to which the overwhelming majority of the people belong.

The Ukraine signed a peace with the Central Powers which ceded vast tracts of Polish territory to the Central Powers.

January 1/14, 1 a.m.—Just been “meeting the New Year.” No one wished to, but it is an old custom, not to be given up. [Usually New Year’s Eve is spent very merrily. Immediately after supper everyone assembles, and one starts trying to find out what the future has in store. There are many ways, the most usual being to melt lead or wax in the fire and then throw it into a pail of ice; the molten mass at once hardens, the owner takes it, and, according to the shadows it casts on the walls, announces what the New Year is to bring with it. There are many other customs. Often the clocks in the house show a few minutes’ difference, so that the younger members of the family may assemble in one room, each armed with paper, pencil, and candle, and on the first stroke of midnight hurriedly write his wish for the year, scorch the paper in the candle, and eat what is left of his wish, all before the last stroke dies away (if you manage it in time, your wish is fulfilled); and yet there is time to enter the room where the priest and deacon are to start Nocte on the first stroke of the clock.] No one wished to make merry; besides the pall hanging over the land, each has his own sorrows, his own trials.

January 3/16.—About thirty officers and men received secret intelligence that they are wanted in Petrograd to drive out the Bolsheviks on the 5th; they leave to-day with false passports. Such snow and wind! Goodness knows whether they will ever get to their destination in time. This evening we again spoke about the present “Courts of Justice” (!). Here the Court consists of six soldiers and one workman; several of them have served sentences for theft. They judge in the open, hats on their heads, cigarettes between their lips; the public meanwhile makes what comments it pleases—usually comments most unfavourable to the jury; they don’t care. Lately an acquaintance of Alexander Alexandro-

vitch's gave his bank-note [as evidence]; they took it!

We had neither wood nor water in the house this morning; poor little Adaric [a small Russian horse] could not get through the snow. The house was freezing.

The banks say that something will happen before the 15th. The peasants refuse to bring wood or hay to town, or rather their village committees forbid them to do so; the town has threatened to cut off their supply of linseed cakes [for cattle]. That will bring the village committees to their senses. To-day the Constituent Assembly was dispersed by the Bolsheviks!

January 4/17.—A lb. of hazel-nuts costs 10½ roubles! This evening D—kin telephoned to us to say that the Smolnaja and banks in Petrograd have been taken by the Simionovsky, Preobragenski, and Finnish regiments on behalf of "razymnie ludei" [sensible people]; the rest he will tell us to-morrow. The Baroness is again without lamp-oil; of an evening all of them have to sit round a little "sanctuary" lamp. A blessing we have electric light! We all wonder how the trial of the Czarina will be conducted or whether it will ever take place. I cannot help thinking that it is but a pretext for bringing them back to the capital. My poor little investment in War Loan is but a piece of paper! [The Bolsheviks repudiated the War Loans.]

There have been such robberies at one of the Army Stores that a regiment was brought back from the front to guard them; the soldiers who formerly guarded it being the greatest thieves, the more they fired during the night the more, on the morrow, was found to have been stolen. Last night the Mohammeden command of the new regiment sent men to guard the place. During the night four soldiers came

up to the Tartar sentinels and asked to be allowed in, promising to share the spoils. The Tartar replied that he had a comrade with whom he must talk the matter over. Off he went and brought back his pal; between them they seized two of the would-be robbers and shot one; the fourth ran off. This morning Michael Alexandrovitch [one of the military doctors] saw the dead body; he said that the wound was not in itself mortal, or even very dangerous: the man had died of exposure to cold. Over 2,000 roubles and a golden watch and chain were found on the body. I wonder from whom he stole them.

January 5/18.—Vera Vassiliovna [our First Estate neighbour, who was a widow, and had but a small estate and a log-house, which, though not very promising from the outside, was yet one of the cosiest of homes and by its books and music showed refinement and learning] has sent her horses for Nikita and Nadia. They are to stop a day or two with her; it is a good thing, for they will receive better food there; both need it. Nikita has been growing so fast and Nadia is far from strong. Vera Vassiliovna sent some of her books and photos in with the horses. She asks us to keep them for the present; she wishes to try and save what she can. Life on her estate is becoming impossible. The peasants wish to place a "controller" in her house who will dole her out her own potatoes, sour cabbage, etc. [Yet Vera Vassiliovna's household was but a small one: herself and sometimes one, sometimes two maids. Those maids were not exclusively for the house-work; they would milk the cows, help in the kitchen-garden, work hard with the haymakers, etc. Vera Vassiliovna had but three horses, which were ploughing, or driving their mistress, as exigencies required. Many a Russian peasant has three horses, or even more.]

Sophie Vladimirovna was nearly arrested for stealing her own horses! [She considered them to be yet hers; they stood in her stables, ate her oats and hay, were fed by her man. Even if they already belonged to the community, surely she was a member of it, having lived there all her days; and why should not she have the general right and use a horse to take her to the station many miles away? The peasants surely could not expect her to go on foot; *they* never did. However, the peasants thought otherwise, and were most angry with her, and nearly arrested her; they wish to have all the rights, but they take good care to share them with none.]

Maria Petrovna got a note saying that Smolensk has been taken by the Kosaks without a shot having been fired, and that there is firing in Moscow. Is it true? [Smolensk had not been taken, though the Bolsheviks were prepared to evacuate it.]

January 6/19.—One of the students, who did such good work here in connection with the refugees, has returned from Penza for a few days. He confirms the news we heard, namely, that there they have a Republic of their own and issue their own money, which is guaranteed by private banks. But the place will soon be taken by the Kosaks. [In Penza there was a good deal of vodka; if the people had got hold of it there would have been an end to law and order. The provisional government had it all poisoned and warned the people; none the less some drank it, and died within a few hours; after a few cases of death the drinking ceased. Nothing other than death would keep the people away from vodka; the curse of future blindness, foretold by all the doctors as a result of drinking methylated spirits, never deterred them in war days.]

January 7/20.—There are still rumours about power in Petrograd changing hands. The U—ovitches

were here ; there was a heated dispute as to the merits of the Russian private. U——ovitch declared that they were only good so long as their leader's eye was on them ; that they have no initiative ; that they cannot be trusted out of sight ; that in the Turkish campaign he could never send them out as scouts without an officer ; that not even could he be always sure of the Kosaks of the Don when without their officers, although he could be quite sure of the Kuban Kosaks. [The dispute was a heated one ; those who took part had all had first experience. Everyone admitted that, as a general rule, the private was not to be depended on unless in direct touch with his officer. The dispute was as to the comparative value of the troops drawn from different parts of the Empire. We must never forget the vast numbers of nationalities which were ruled by the Czars ; even if we strike out all Asiatic and Caucasian and Tartar peoples from our list, put aside Poles, Lithuanians, Letts, Esthonians, Finns, etc., and try and restrict ourselves to " Russians " in the narrower sense of the word, we yet have huge differences. We have already been taught by the revolution that a Little Russian is not only most unlike his Great Russian cousin, but that he often hates him. Among Great Russians the peasant varies greatly according to the district and according to his religion. Those who belong to the " Old Religion," who touch neither tea nor tobacco, who will not allow one of another sect to eat or drink with them, and even dislike to have the " disbeliever " water his horses at their trough—these are quite different from the surrounding peasants : they are taller, more powerful, and mentally more developed, the one great blot on their intelligence being their bigotry, which goes so far that, if kindness gets the upper hand, and prompts them to give a glass of

cold water to a weary passer-by of other religious opinions, it makes them shatter the glass "polluted" by such lips.]

January 8/21.—Maria [a Lettish maid] came back from Moscow; there was firing there, but it did not seem to impress her. She is not quite sure who got the upper hand. Her uncle told her that in Courland there is order, and no famine. Ivan Ivanovitch [the bailiff who had gone back to Little Russia] has been wounded in a fight against the Bolsheviks. He is in hospital in Kieff: no potatoes, no meat, no bread, nothing in the house. In Sergievskoe there are potatoes, but the owner [a friend of ours] is afraid to sell them before the committee has been. [He might have been imprisoned for selling his own potatoes.] I saw a man with a small package of sugar [about a glassful]; he had paid seven roubles for it! Treacle, the black thin kind, is 1·80. A quarter of a measure of potatoes is eight roubles; a single lb. of cabbage-seed is eight roubles; a reel of sewing-cotton is 1·80; a small exercise book thirty kopeks.

A cabby told Maria Petrovna that he was so tired of the waves in the streets that he thought it quite time to have a Czar, even though the Czar were the proverbial block of wood [*dubena*]. [In Russia the roads often show a succession of snow-waves, several feet in height; in towns these were removed.] The peasants have again left off bringing wood into the town, because the soldiers seized several loads and did not pay for them.

At the Army Veterinary Corps the soldiers refuse to work; they will not even bring wood and water for their own kitchen.

January 10/23.—There is news that the soldiers have dissolved the Constituent Assembly and have appointed a convention. Nadia and Nikita returned from

Vera Vassiliovna's. In K—— the peasants wish to make the owners pay for their own wood. Each time a carriage or sledge is leaving Vera Vassiliovna's a peasant woman goes to the house to see what is being sent away ; they are so afraid of Vera Vassiliovna sending any of her furniture into town. Stephan has stolen two pairs of skis from the house at the First Estate ; he means to take a sofa, and is hunting about trying to find rifles. The peasants had appointed a day for selling the First Estate cattle, but received a telegram from this town forbidding the sale. Stephan wishes to put someone to live in the big house, but he can find no one ; everyone refuses. [For, as they say, " What if it be all a mistake ? How shall we be able to look Maria Petrovna in the face ?] In the Second Estate the peasants get worse and worse ; they will not allow any water to be brought by horses up to the house ; boys have to fetch it in pails from the lake. The housekeeper [a peasant, like themselves, even from the same village] has to bribe them to let her have a little flour out of the Countess's own granary. The oil-factory and the refinery in the Third Estate [a small but very well managed estate in a south-western government, belonging to Maria Petrovna] have been wrecked ; as yet the house has not been touched. A peasant told us that formerly officials had at least the grace to be ashamed of taking bribes, but that now everyone takes them quite openly.

Maria Petrovna wished to leave for the First Estate to-morrow, but her husband will not let her go. She has been asked to represent our government at a general meeting of the All Russia Zemstvo Societies. She wishes to close the Zemstvo eye and dentistry departments here in town ; there are no real soldiers left.

January 11/24.—The officers who left on the 3rd

and 4th have come back. The Bolsheviks knew everything about the rising, which had been planned, and the whole thing fell through. They are to be there again on the 15th. Many people here have no oil for even their "sanctuary" lamp, and have to use splinters of wood. Alexander Alexandrovitch was in a house the other day where they were using such a torch; it was smoking vilely, so they held it inside the stove. [Imagine the children trying to prepare their lessons by such a light! Those were the comparatively good old days when children still studied; now neither master nor mistress is allowed to give out lessons to be studied at home; the children automatically rise into a higher class.] Everyone is horrified at the double murder in the M— hospital. [If I remember rightly, sailors came to the hospital at night and murdered two of their officers in bed, or else they dragged them from their sick-beds and finished them off in the streets. I did not write down the details at the time, for they were so dreadful that I thought they were graven on my memory; but since I have lived through such horrors that those earlier ones have faded away and it is only my diary which recalls them.]

January 12/25.—The peasant who lives opposite the pond at the top of the hill came back from Petrograd yesterday. They say he brought much jewelry, probably stolen, with him; 200 rings, many bracelets, etc. True or no I do not know, but last night he was murdered by soldiers and sailors. On the arrival of the latter, before they broke open the door, he hid himself, but, hearing screams, he thought his wife and children were being killed and came forth; he was run through with bayonets.

A peasant came to-day to inquire about our cows and the three horses which died lately; they suspect us of having sold them; we have a vet.'s certificate.

They think everything belongs to them. [We still had some horses and cows at the town place ; they had been brought much earlier. The peasants wished to claim them, but the town did not wish to admit the claim. Owing to both parties wanting the animals and neither giving in to the other, we managed to keep them for a long time. If the town could have fed the animals it would have paid but scant attention to the peasants' demands ; but there was no hay in town.] Rumour still has it that Czernoff has been murdered. [Rumour was not true ; I saw Czernoff in Moscow during the summer of 1919 ; he was in hiding. The Bolsheviki wished to imprison him ; the upper classes detested him as one of the chief workers of mischief. To look at he is far from prepossessing.]

At the station there are wild hearsays as to the numbers of troops in Petrograd ; of course they are not true. One can earn five roubles a day by forming one of the " public " at the law court. [All interest in the meting out of " justice " in our town had disappeared unless where you or your dearest were concerned ; the biggest bribe won the day ; this lack of audience did not please the " judges " ; they accordingly hit on the above brilliant idea.] Went out ski-ing to-day ; just near the town the number of dead horses is appalling, and they die in so many different spots. In one place alone there are several hundreds of them ; they are not even skinned. Disgusting sight ! [If the horses had been skinned wolves, dogs, and birds could have got at the carcasses and the bones would have been left bare ; there would have been no great danger in the spring when the frost changed to heat. Of course the hides were needed ; there were tanneries and leather workshops in the town ; but how difficult to work honestly when you are allowed to steal !]

January 14/27.—It is said that there are two offi-

cers and one ordinary corps in the Caucasus. The G——ins [very nice people, who had an estate in our district; the household, as far as I remember, consisted of an old grandmother, her daughter-in-law, and several very young children] have committee people in their house; they are nearly starved. The committee sent their nurse away and gave them a young girl who is never there. Vera Vassiliovna and Sophie Vladimirovna sometimes go and take them food, of course secretly. Sophie Emmanuelovna [an unmarried lady of about fifty-eight who lived with her very old and blind mother. They had but a small estate, and little or no money. Sophie Emmanuelovna worked hard all day long in her house and garden and always found time to superintend the field-work. She kept no farm hands, unless perhaps one counts the yard boy as such. This truly wonderful woman yet found time to think of others, and was never slow in doing a kindness to her own friends or to the peasants] writes to say that they will have to pay the committee [the village] rent for their own house. [The house was not inherited by her, but bought by her own money. The peasants had inherited theirs, yet they did not pay rent.] The peasants grow more and more displeased with the committee; their own words are: "Everything has been taken from us, even God; only the committees are left!"

Hay is $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 roubles the pound.

In church this morning a great deal of money was collected for Poland.

January 17/30.—This morning Alexandra Pavlovna came in and asked Maria Petrovna to telephone to Michael Alexandrovitch [the head doctor of two of the hospitals for which Maria Petrovna was responsible]. Sophie Vladimirovna had been shot in the head by peasants. [Sophie Vladimirovna was the only land-owner in our district who, instead of behaving as she

always had done, never giving up her rights until they were taken from her, and even then using all legal means which still were left to try and get back her own, instead of this tried to curry favour with the peasants by giving up her rights before she had been asked to. She was very pleased with the nickname bestowed upon her: "The Peasants' Lady." Of course the peasants had no respect for her; they were astute enough to know that she was afraid of their powers.]

According to the newspapers Balovna, A. A. Wolkoff's estate, has been sacked and burnt. [Balovna was a magnificent building which had been inherited in a very neglected state by its owner, and had been greatly improved by him.]

Maria Petrovna goes to Moscow to-morrow night and takes my passport with her. On account of the new decree she will try to get the silver out of the bank and then replace it, but in my name. [All valuables were claimed by the Bolsheviks as belonging to the State; it was thought that the things would be safer in my name, I being a foreigner.]

The Baroness has at last been given back her room. [The household consisted of (1) the invalid old Countess, (2) her maid, (3) E—— N——, who was seventy-six, (4) W—— N——, who was seventy years old and unable to move her right arm, (5) the Baroness, who was not over-young, (6) a housemaid, and (7) the Baroness's old cook, who as often as not had to be nursed and waited on; her mistress was very fond of her. It must be admitted that the number of servants in the house was not excessive, the one maid being so busy with her invalid mistress that she had little time to help in the house. When cook was ill there were only the housemaid and the Baroness to sweep, dust, cook, wait, and wash up. There was an Austrian prisoner, but he was kept

busy supplying the house with water and chopping the wood. All the buying of provisions had to be done by one of the household ; everything, even milk and bread, had to be carried home. There were four small bedrooms, one living-room, one little passage-room, and a kitchen in the house. The Bolsheviks took one of the bedrooms away and gave it to a soldier, who used to either come home very late and disturb the Countess's maid or not come home at all. He never swept or dusted his room. When the Bolsheviks had taken the room, the Baroness had pointed out to them that there were but four bedrooms among seven people and that the room they were taking belonged to the housemaid and the cook—workers whom the Bolsheviks declared they were out to help. The men answered that servants were not workers ; nobody who helped the burguee had any right to such a title. It was no use the Baroness telling him that she, a woman almost past middle age, could not market and cook, and yet find time to nurse an invalid ; that one of the other inmates of the house had cancer under the arm, and that yet another was seventy-six. It was not the slightest use for cook to assure them that she was old and a martyr to rheumatism, that it was love and no meaner motive which induced the Baroness to keep her, and, when necessary, wait upon and nurse her. The men took the room. The Baroness would not take their advice and let her cook and the housemaid sleep with the Austrian in the tiniest of kitchens (!) but found a room for them in another house some way off. Of course the servants were not over-pleased to have to go out every night into the darkness and cold ; when one is tired after an honest day's work it is pleasanter to go across a warm passage and find one's bed waiting.

This room had been taken in November ; the occupant, without saying a word to anyone, had left the

town ; after some time had elapsed and he did not return the Baroness asked to have the room back. The official to whom she applied proved to be free of any wish to annoy the burguee for the fun of the thing ; he came and opened the room, had the soldier's few belongings put into a cupboard, which was then sealed, and allowed the maids to come back.]

Maria Petrovna received a letter from a gentleman in Petrograd. He writes to say that his estate has been taken, his house sacked ; all his money is in the War Loans, which are now of no value ; he has nothing to live on ; he asks pardon for reminding Maria Petrovna about the debt on her piece of land in Petrograd, but asks her to help him out by paying back part of the debt, yet only if she is not in the same position as himself.

Maria Perovna never saw the man ; he must be worth knowing.

War with Rumania ! It will be our turn next !

12 p.m.—Alexandra Pavlovna has just been ; she told us about the attempt on her and Sophie Vladimirovna's lives. The two of them had driven over to see G——ins, to whom the peasants refuse maid, cow, horse, wood, water and everything else. Whilst the two of them were in the house the peasants cut the straps which bind the shafts to the sledge. On leaving they noticed the condition of one strap, but, as the light was poor, failed to remark that it had been done wilfully ; they, therefore, satisfied themselves with binding it up and did not look at the other shaft. For some time the other shaft kept in place, but gradually the strap must have come unwound. On passing some bushes, just at a lonely spot, they were fired on. The horses galloped, the shaft came out of place ; Alexandra Pavlovna bent down and seized it and held it firmly with one hand whilst with the other she got a revolver out of her

snow-boot and fired. That saved them ; the rascals fled.

Each of the ladies had smuggled two silver candlesticks out of the house, which they were taking away to hide for G—in.

Everyone thinks that in spring the hunger will be such that village will fight village, town fight town. Seven hundred soldiers have arrived back from the front, but the doctors are giving them their leave *at the station*. [The town was so frightened of the returning soldiers that the doctors went up to the station and found a real or imaginary reason for each "warrior" to be given sick leave !] One is so anxious to get rid of them, they need not even come to the hospitals to be examined.

According to officers back from the south-west front, everyone in Bessarabia is longing for the Germans to come. A nice pass to come to, that people should sigh for the enemy to come and release them from the fear of their own. There is not a goods truck of any kind on the railway line between this and T—. No wonder we get but 3 lb. of flour, 3 lb. of bran, and 6 of linseed cakes [things that looked like dirty door-mats ; usually soaked and given to cattle] to last us fifteen days. We have tried the linseed in all ways, but it remains unfit for human consumption.

We have only one course at supper now. For a year and a half we have had only soup and one course for dinner ; we thought it unpatriotic to use sugar for a sweet dish, as in this district there has constantly been a shortage. Once more we have potatoes in the house. Maria Petrovna and I eat them instead of bread in the morning at breakfast.

Yesterday a peasant was here of whom the others told us that in church, when the priest was preaching in quite a general way about the commandments and "Thou shalt not steal!" called out, "Shut up, you

old-fashioned one! Pleading for the burguee!" The preacher stopped preaching.

January 19/February 1.—Yesterday evening Maria Petrovna left for Moscow; she wishes to try and raise some money. It is still thawing; the roads are as in March; we all have chilblains. It is the first time I have ever heard of chilblains in Russia. I suppose they are owing to the dreadful damp.

Vera Vassiliovna came yesterday; she brought a few books with her; she dares not bring anything big. The peasants grumble each time she uses her own horses! They look upon everything as theirs. "She wants us to have thin, worn-out horses"!

We were all at the Countess's for tea. We always take our own bread and sugar, that is, if we have any to take. After our meagre supper we began talking about the things we should like to have to eat: roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, roly-poly [approved of by all who knew it, because it is so stuffing], plum-pudding, goose with chestnut stuffing, etc. Pine-apple was pooh-poohed as being too light; all the most filling dishes were spoken of with enthusiasm except wedding-cake, which was voted dangerous: we should be obliged to put it on the table and look at it for a week, by way of training.

The old Countess is busy hiding her jewels in balls of wool; we are all looking round for hiding-places, for gold in any shape or form must be given up to the Bolsheviks; informers receive one-third of the value of the articles found in the possession of those they have informed against.

Our dinners grow more and more novel. To-day's consisted of fish-soup, of which there was luckily plenty, and a piece of batter, which we eat with salt. Yesterday's supper consisted of two small cabbage-balls apiece. We were all so hungry! Luckily Vera Vassiliovna arrived from her estate and brought little

odd pieces of bread, mostly crusts, which she had dried in the oven ; she gave us some ; we munched them with our evening tea. [It is the custom in Russia to have tea late in the evening.]

A new search for provisions has been started here in town. All the surrounding villages are sending men to the south for food. The Lord only knows what will happen next winter, for this year nothing will be sown ; everyone is so busy stealing that nobody wishes to work. Ivanoff, the shopkeeper, had some of the " dogs " at his place the other day ; they took away all the cups, plates, spoons, etc., which they considered superabundant. Rice is over three roubles the lb.

January 21/February 3.—Katie's brother [a soldier peasant] came from his home near the Second Estate. The peasants there nearly killed him ; he had to hide all day in the forest in order to escape them. It seems that he had tried to be of use to the bailiff. The peasants wish to seal the late Count's library, the schoolmaster wishes to keep it ; not that there are many books which he could understand, even among those written in Russian.

Vera Vassiliovna went back to her estate, the Baroness went with her. Vera Vassiliovna thinks it may be the last time she will ever see her home.

The Patriarch is a man of courage : it seems that he has anathematised the Bolsheviks ; of course, the women of the capital are on his side. Here there are, as yet, but very few Bolsheviks on the food committee ; they had to hear many home truths and much abuse yesterday, from the town women. Alexander Alexandrovitch thinks that here the Bolsheviks will not dare hunt for gold ; they are too hated. The town has decided to send for its own food, which is to be brought under an escort of townspeople, not soldiers. The Bolsheviks here had another setback yesterday.

The teachers assembled in the hall of the Boys' High School; a few of them objected to the imperial portraits on the walls. The other teachers would not listen to the objections, and wished to get to the day's work. The ringleaders marched out of the building and soon returned with a good many armed soldiers, one of whom started to read a decree. He read so badly that the assembled teachers began to laugh; he, in his confusion, read worse and worse till finally he had to give up, he could get no further. M—— M——, the Principal of the II Girls' High School, arose and told the soldiers that they had no business coming disturbing an assembly in which they could not possibly take part; she wound up with "Hats off!" and to a man they pulled off their caps. They were so hooted and derided that they fell back on the usual whine of the uneducated Russian when he knows he is in fault: "We are but ignorant [*temnie*] folk; we meant no harm. We also have superiors; we were told to come." The leader bolted. [As though a man, merely because he cannot read, were incapable of judging rightly. Surely our Crécy forefathers, who certainly could not read, were not for ever shirking their responsibilities, and by way of excuse whining about being "ignorant." Besides, a very great number of peasants, especially of men, *do* read. I have often been in a hospital ward where there was scarcely a man who did not read and write his own letters.]

Poor Maria Petrovna! she will be very much upset about her father's library. He had collected it himself. It was the first thing she had packed in 1915, ready to evacuate it in case the Germans came. If it had not been for the objection raised by the Countess it would have been here two years ago.

January 23/February 5.—Maria Petrovna returned from Moscow. Wheaten bread, of a greyish yellow

shade, costs seven roubles the lb.; buckwheat 1'95 [before the war it was five kopeks].

I went up town to D—in's house about the piano; the soldiers were there, searching; it looked just as though they were house-moving. One of the soldiers found a pistol, he took it, let it off, and wounded one of his "comrades." One of the searchers, speaking of the Bolsheviki, to whom he is supposed to belong, said, "If only they would all get shot!" Hardly anyone really sides with the Bolsheviki; people merely pretend to because they are afraid.

January 24/February 6.—D—in was arrested yesterday. We are wondering why; probably on account of his having brought things in from his estate. [If I remember rightly, he brought the piano and a pig; nothing more.] The old Countess's nephew [Princess X—— X——'s son-in-law] has been arrested on suspicion of counter-revolutionary tendencies.

The Bolsheviki have sent Elizabeth Demetrioivna [a very old and much-respected lady who for many, many years had been Principal of the I Girls' High School] a letter saying she is to let them have the big school hall, otherwise they will proceed against her.

The post-office employees here [girls] are to be turned out, as the Bolsheviki wish to provide posts for their friends. [Of course as soon as the Bolsheviki did get into the post-office they made a black-list. Some of us could never get a letter or post-card to leave the town; we used to ask friends to address them for us.]

They say that General M—— allowed the Bolsheviki to find some of his sugar so that they might not suspect that he had a mattress stuffed with it. [Horrid thing to do, to go and stock sugar. None of us had any. Since June 1917 we only got what the

town gave us.] Alexander Alexandrovitch has been collecting some of the money for the food which the town means to buy. Between this and the bridge, on our side of the road, he has collected 2,000 roubles.

The Czar was asked to be Commissioner in Tobolsk, so they say. The Grand-Duchess Olga writes to a friend saying that they are happy and are getting up theatricals. The telephone between Brest and the Smolnaja [a building in Petrograd] was mended but no news comes. Perhaps there really is trouble in Berlin.

Maria Petrovna has received orders from the Bolsheviks to give up the Zemstvo Stores [clothes, linen, crockery, etc.] to them for the unemployed. She has not even been to see them, although they order her to. [These stores belonged to the Zemstvo ; people had given money to the Zemstvo for the soldiers and refugees, not for deserters.]

January 25/February 7.—Some soldiers came this morning to inquire about the motor-car. We saw them coming into the yard and at once guessed their errand, for one looked like a mechanic. Gania, our Polish cook, on her own authority, told them that Maria Petrovna was in bed and could not see them. They went away.

It seems Smolensk is really being evacuated. Maria Petrovna, who is on the food committee, says that there is enough flour for next month. Schwarz, the brute, says there will be hunger-strikes and that preventive measures must be taken. He take preventive measures ! Probably his measures would be hiding in a store-room. [Schwarz was a man of no principle. It would be difficult to say what game he was playing ; did he really wish to stir up ill feeling between the town and the villages, or was he afraid of the peasants ? The town was often without food and wished to send an expedition to the South in order

to buy food ; some of the most energetic of the citizens undertook to go ; the villages were told that they might join in and send members ; the peasants answered that they would not send anyone to the South, but would take half of any provisions which the town brought : i.e. the town should do the work but the peasants receive more per head than the townspeople ! Yet they had their own grain, potatoes, milk, eggs, etc. !

Borisoff, senior, the owner of Sergievskoe, came to-day ; even now his fate is being decided by the peasants. [Sergievskoe was just on the outskirts of the town ; from the cows on this estate the town hospitals got their milk. Borisoff, senior, had a very good herd of cows and was intensely interested in his dairies. The peasants decided to take over the estate ; the town interfered. Finally the herd was not broken up ; everything was to remain as it was, only Borisoff's interest in it was to come to an end, a steward was appointed, the profits of the concern were to go to the "people." It would have been interesting to know just who were the "people" ; certainly it would not have been those who belonged to the working classes. However, there were no profits, and the hospitals began to complain about the quantity and quality of the milk. The "people" could not manage the estate ! Borisoff was asked to come back and manage it for them—not as owner, but as a paid steward ; such was his patriotism that he put his pride and just resentment into his pocket and went back. For the time being a valuable herd was saved for a country which sorely needed it, and the hospitals once more had their milk.]

January 26/February 8.—The soldiers came again for the motor. Maria Petrovna was under morphia [she had a slight operation last night]. Alexander Alexandrovitch went out and gave it up ; they

threatened us with a 5,000 roubles' fine if we kept them waiting.

January 28/February 10, Sunday.—On the church door is a notice asking all Polish refugees to get enrolled in the Polish army by to-night. There has been fighting; the Polish corps at D—— got the worst of it. They were far inferior in numbers, and what forces they had were very scattered. The other day there was a Requiem for K——off. Last year he left the High School here with a gold medal. He has been shot in Smolensk because he refused to go and fight against Alexeieff. To-day it is stated that Alexeieff has taken Mogiloff, and that the peasants, armed with axes and scythes, are with him.

To-day the Bishop has invited all the Orthodox to the cathedral, where there are to be prayers for Russia and resolutions against the late decrees are to be passed. At 4 p.m. all the churches will ring their bells to call the people; if the Bolsheviks try to interfere the bells will ring the tocsin as for fire. It is said that cannon and many machine-guns were moved about last night. I do not suppose it is true. It is said that peace between the Bolsheviks and Germany has been signed: six millions and sixteen governments (!); but I do not believe that either, although it is disgraceful enough to suit the Bolsheviks. Peace between the Bolsheviks and the Germans; the Bolsheviks to do the giving by way of a change!

K——ow, the owner of the wonderful library, his wife, and children have been turned out of their house; they have no money, no provisions.

8 p.m.—Two hours ago Olga [the Baroness's housemaid, sister to our Katie] came from the Countess asking for news of Nadia, and hoping she was not in the cathedral, for the Bolsheviks had surrounded the cathedral hill and there was firing. Of course I did not believe it, and laughed at the maids, who were

quite pale. We heard no firing, saw no flames, the tocsin was not ringing; none the less I told them to telephone to M—— M——, the head mistress, who lived near the cathedral. The telephone would not work. Soon I had a note from Maria Petrovna [she had likewise gone to the cathedral and taken her eight-year-old son Vada with her] asking for the sledge to be sent to M—— M——'s to bring the children back and then return for her. When she came she told us that there had been a panic. Everything went quietly in the cathedral until someone said aloud the word "towardish" [comrade]. Immediately the crowd began to howl with fear. This went on for some time until X—— began to sing "Dostojny jest" ["Dignum et justum est"]; others took up the hymn and sang it right through, though others went on howling; a second time they sang it through, and all was quiet. The Bishop, Ph——, began his speech, but again the odious word was heard and again the howling. Once more the steady ones sang; order was quite restored. In the crush and movement [Russian, and, to a great extent, Polish churches are free of such eyesores as benches or chairs; rich and poor mingle as brothers in one great swaying throng] windows were broken, also one of the doors.

The Poles are in D——. The Bolsheviks sent 500 men to bring a goods train through. Only 150 returned; the others remained with the Poles.

January 29/February 11.—The Bolsheviks are once more searching all our houses. One does not quite know what they are hunting for. I have Maria Petrovna's keys, money, paper, and jewels; the rings from her fingers she will give me at the last minute.

12 p.m.—There is a decree saying we are *not* to give in to the Bolsheviks nor allow them to search our houses or appropriate our belongings. It seems that one echelon of the local Poles have got through to

D——; the others were stopped here at the station, but they went off on foot. A local Bolshevik regiment has been sent to fight them; we do not as yet know the results.

The New Style has been introduced; so to-day is the 11th of February.

When one comes to think of it, we are wonderfully unconscious of the strangeness and precariousness of our position. If a stranger were suddenly to come amongst us, for many days he would not be able to breath freely in our atmosphere. To "things" we have become so indifferent; whether one goes in by the front or back door when visiting, whether there be bread or no, whether one goes round with other people's passports—it all seems of no importance, it is not even interesting. Yet to other things we are keenly alive; in fact, we are all nerves.

The head steward was here yesterday. I do not know whom to pity more, him or Maria Petrovna. I suppose him, for he must feel so ashamed of himself; he acts so weakly, not to say cowardly; and yet he is such a nice man. [He had known Maria Petrovna and her family for years, and had been the best of stewards. He was a fine, tall man, with a most infectious laugh. When the Bolsheviks began to make their influence more and more felt in the town Maria Petrovna and her family became more and more to be singled out for their hatred—not from personal motives, but because her position and interest seemed to them to impersonate the order they hated. The head steward became afraid of coming to the house, never answered the telephone, and later on tried not to see any of the family in the streets, for he was afraid of anyone noticing him saluting them. Yet one night—the streets were not lit—Nadia and I were walking together and happened to meet him; he seemed delighted to see Nadia, greeted us most heartily and

went some distance with us. He is dead now; he died from illness and weakness brought on by long imprisonment. *R.I.P.*]

January 30/February 12.—Vera Vassiliovna and the Baroness returned. The peasants talk of taking G— K— D—, etc. If Vera Vassiliovna absents herself for some days they, maybe, will not let her return; yet she must go to Moscow and take provisions and money to her nephew.

The Countess is very much upset about the Princess, her sister-in-law. A letter came saying she is all alone in X—, whither she returned after the arrest of her son-in-law, who was accused of having helped the Polish Legion. She had 70,000 roubles with her, money they had raised in order that all of them might live on it when they came here. The money was taken from her; now she is without a kopek. Someone must go and fetch her, but there is fighting all along the route. I offered to go, if that would do any good; but perhaps the Baroness will go.

Three days ago the court church here was robbed; chalices and other sacred vessels were taken. [The workmen from one of the factories afterwards got up a subscription and bought new chalices.]

S—off, one of the local social deputies, went to visit his own party in Moscow; there everyone is searched; as he was found to have a bomb on him, he was imprisoned. He often used bombs wherewith to threaten the railway officials when they refused to forward trucks of flour to our town. It is very unfair; the town has to buy flour at twenty-three roubles the pound, but can only get it sent by rail in the name of the district; the peasants of the district force the town to hand over three-quarters of the whole to them at the regulation price of twelve roubles the pound; all the burden of buying and sending falls on us, yet we get but a quarter of the flour. The peasants round here are

already eating the grain which they ought to keep for seed. One of the Baroness's maids has been working some days at the chemist's. The Baroness lets her do it so that she may get a little more money. Yesterday the chemist received an order from the "dógs" telling him to send the women off, and take soldiers; he is in despair, for the soldiers demand higher wages and refuse to work. Stephan now lives in the First Estate house and eats Maria Petrovna's fowl. All for the good of Russia!

January 31/February 13.—First thing this morning came a telegram saying that the Manor-house at the Third Estate has been seized and the bailiff sent away. The Countess has received a letter from the Princess, who is now in a town some distance from the estate, so perhaps it will not be necessary to send anyone to fetch her and bring her here. They say that Petrograd is quite unsafe, even by day.

The newspaper *Novoe Utro* contradicts the good news about Voronish, but none of us believe the paper. The Baroness received a letter, which has been lying here for three days; it is from Andrey, saying that Alexeieff's army has divided into three; his detachment went to Voronish and took it. He likewise says that the townsfolk and peasants came against them with scythes and axes, but, on being spoken to, quieted down. Many, in fact, joined Alexeieff's army.

To-day Maria Petrovna went to the soldeps [soldier-deputies] in order to try and get permission to draw some of her money out of the bank. Whom should she find as secretary but Sophie Andreovna, the girl who until quite lately was her typist.

Part of to-night's conversation was: To cure Russia, hang every Bolshevik, every second Mensehevik and Social Revolutionary, every seventh Pravoe [right], every second Cadet. Which would be the most artistic form of lamp-post decoration? [I do not

believe in wholesale hanging ; the conversation interested me because it showed how the Cadets stand condemned. They at last got the opportunity they had so longed for, they ousted the Czar ; but then what did they do ? Told the country to wait an indefinite time, as they had as yet got nothing ready. One might as well put a man in a vacuum and tell him to wait whilst you aired the room for him.]

Goodness, how hungry I am ! I shall go to bed ! To-morrow is to be the 14th of February ; I wonder what Sunday we shall have in church ; perhaps to-day is Ash-Wednesday and we have missed Septuagesima and the other Sundays and entered straight into Lent. I think it is Lent we ought to shorten ; we have had such a long one already—months and months.

February 2/15.—After all the calendar has not been changed ; the Bolsheviki evidently fear the church people. Sonia came back from Moscow and gave us letters from Vera Vassiliovna ; she writes that all is not well on the Don. Things in Moscow are worse than ever ; Vera Vassiliovna cannot stop there. Two carriages of Austrians were sent back to Moscow ; Sonia is unable to tell us who sent them back. [Probably some Russian town which needed the engine and could not feed the prisoners. Perhaps the Poles.]

For the nine of us in this house, and the six at the Countess's, the Bolsheviki only allow Maria Petrovna to draw 200 roubles a week ; nobody can live on less than 150 a month, even though he live in a single room and stint himself. Their allowance to us comes to less than fifty-four roubles a month. No bread is being given out. At the Countess's an attempt was made to bake bread of potato-flour and bran ; it was worse than ours of rye-bran and flour, although that of late has been sour enough. Nadia has got quite ill on it. I came back after dark from the

Countess's; the cathedral and the parish church were wonderfully beautiful. Such a blessing to go along in the dark and not see all those evil faces. Good God, when will it end? I fear Maria Petrovna will break down. Bertha came from the First Estate to-day. Poor Bertha! Living on dry potatoes, no butter, oil, bread, or anything, and having to kill and roast Maria Petrovna's fowl so that Stephan may eat them. The brute! It was he who got the town soldiers to take the motor away from us. They do not use it; it stands in their yard, they throw all the kitchen refuse on and around it. Stephan means to try and get the cows which we have here in town. The town soldiers refuse to live in the barracks and are hunting for rooms; they wished to break in the door of Vera Vassiliovna's little flat. Sonia must go there; one cannot leave it empty.

CHAPTER IV

FEBRUARY 16—MARCH 31, 1918

THE German forces crossed the Dvina, and, in spite of Lenin and Trotzky [Bronstein] declaring their willingness to sign the peace as dictated by the Central Powers, those forces continued their advance and entered Dvinsk, Lutzk, Reval, the naval base, Minsk, Pskoff, where they seized vast quantities of army stores, Kieff, and Odessa. The Germans likewise sent vessels with guns, ammunition, and reinforcements for the Finnish White Guards.

Whilst Lenin [Zederbaum] was persuading the Soviet to accept the German terms "as a respite to enable them to prepare resistance to bourgeoisie and Imperialism," others of his party were issuing manifestoes exhorting the Russian people to undertake "a struggle which admits of no retreat and no other issue but death or victory."

Although the Soviet found no force to resist the German advance, it found the means of going on with the civil war in the Don Kosaks' territory. In fact, they were astute enough to realise that, being in the minority, they could only hope to impose their will on the country if that country lay prostrate.

The Ukraine offered to supply Germany with sugar, grain, and metal. The peasants, however, resisted the export of their corn to their enemy. In spite of the peace which had only just been signed, German and Austrian troops entered the country; it was owing to the presence of these Austrian forces in her rear that our Ally, Rumania, was obliged to conclude peace with the Central Powers and give them a passage to Batum and the Persian frontier. The Finns, officered by Germans, attempted to seize the

Murman railway which we had built during the war ; in order to prevent this important line getting into German hands, the Anglo-French authorities agreed to help the local Russian Bolsheviks to protect it.

On March 4 the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was signed : Russia lost some 1,400,000 square kilometres, with a population of about 66,000,000.

The Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers of the Entente declared that " peace treaties such as these we do not and cannot acknowledge. We are fighting, and mean to continue fighting, in order to finish once and for all with this policy of plunder, and to establish in its place the peaceful reign of organised justice."

April 12 was the date assigned for the completion of the demobilisation of the Russian armies which had taken part in the war against the Central Powers, but Trotzky, as head of a new revolutionary military committee, was busy forming new armies with which to continue the war against the more civilised elements of the Russian people who objected to the internal and external policies of the Bolsheviks.

Prince Lvov, President of the Ministerial Council after the revolution, formed a government in the Far East.

February 3/16.—S—— A—— B—— came. He told us much about his travels in Siberia and North Russia. He tries to persuade the ——offs to go to Siberia ; it probably will end by their doing so ; at least Alexander Alexandrovitch is most keen ; but somehow I think it will not come to pass. Stephan has a false passport [ready to run away] ; he has already sent his wife away. There are wolves on the road to the First Estate and in the park. Poor old O——off, for some reason or other, went back to his estate ; the peasants beat him so that he cannot now be moved. S—— A—— B—— told us of a friend of his who left his estate, but on the road suddenly remembered that he had not finished sowing radishes in the hot-house ;

he returned. The peasants fell on him and beat him. Luckily a dispute arose; some wished to beat him to death, whereas others thought they would like to drive a six-inch nail through his ear. Whilst they disputed a party of soldiers came up and rescued him. Though all of us felt the horror of the thing, we could not help laughing over the radishes and the soldiers turning up as rescuers.

February 4/17.—First thing this morning came a postcard from Tony O—in. They have to leave, probably for Siberia. I have thought of nothing else all day. Got to church and discovered it to be the first Sunday in Lent. We have skipped even Ash-Wednesday, or perhaps it was last Wednesday, though it was not given out last Sunday. Bread must indeed be scarce; the priest consecrated a small host for his Communion. Again a notice on the church door: a great effort is being made to unite the Poles. God give it success!

I received a form to fill up; they wish to tax my income, which at present is 0. [There had formerly been no income-tax.]

It is all like a bad, a very bad dream. Awakening, come quickly!

Some time ago the *soldeps* offered the nuns, who had complained about their food, a Bolshevist *igumen* [Abbot]. They refused. A pity! We do not yet know what a Bolshevist Abbot would be like; something quite out of the common it must surely have proved! The Jews are blind. When the soldiers wished to value the ikons in one of the churches here, a local Jew did it for them! with his hat on! Even in the present haze one thing stands out clear: sooner or later there will be a massacre of the Jews; then how will that fool stand? Unfortunately the newspaper is right; Varonish is in their hands. A lb. of butter costs ten roubles; half a sargen of

birchwood 180 roubles—that is a great fall in the price.

February 5/18.—Sophie Vladimirovna in town. The peasants have taken everything on her farm and made an inventory of all in her house. They did it from 1 p.m. to 12 p.m. She still suffers from headache [since she was wounded in the head on January 17]. It is to be D——'s and K——'s turn to-day. Poor Vera Vassiliovna !

The peasants say that they will have an auction of everything in the house at the First Estate on the 20th. Maria Petrovna hopes to get to the town to interfere.

February 6/19.—It seems that Siberia is decided on. The Germans marched into Dvinsk with their bands playing; there was no resistance. If the peasants will allow it, Vera Vassiliovna will send her portraits here to us; but perhaps the peasants won't allow even those to leave the house. It seems that 75 per cent. of the army no longer exists; of course it is easy to understand: a doctor's certificate of ill-health gives the soldier 1½ lb. of wheaten flour monthly.

S—— A—— B—— is awaiting the day he shall be called upon by the Bolsheviki to open his safe at the bank. As his safe contains merely manuscripts of a scientific character the Bolsheviki will be very much disgusted.

February 7/20.—Minsk taken. If it were not that it would be so bad for us [the Allies], I should not mind the Germans giving the Bolsheviki a taste of real discipline. Since yesterday we are all making dolls [we made them of wire and rags, later on we sold them]. Sophie Emmanuelovna is in a dreadful state; she and her old blind mother have been turned out of their little home; she has taken a room in Kaluga. Eugenia [a young mistress of music who was lame and very delicate] and her mother are nearly starving in Moscow.

February 8/21.—Maria Petrovna could not leave for town last night; there are no trains. The Germans are in Borisoff. I have nearly 1,000 roubles in what is equivalent to our P.O. Savings; I went yesterday to get my money, everyone having advised me to do so; but we are only allowed 100 roubles a week. I wasted most of the morning in that vile, stuffy place.

February 9/22.—They say the Germans are in Mogiloff.

10 p.m.—Nikita came home at 9 p.m. and said he met a whole heap of motor-cars with rats [Bolsheviks who were running away] from S——. Shortly before he came in Nadia told us that the Borisoffs, junior, know that the Soviet received a telegram from S—— ordering them to send fifty motor-cars. There were only fifteen cars here to send. It is said that Vitebsk is taken and the former Mayor reinstalled. It seems that the Germans allowed a train to leave Orsza; the rats wished to escape, but the Germans made them get out, and passengers were invited to take seats according to their tickets. When the train left the "Russian pigs" were told they were not needed and might leave on foot for Moscow; they walked to the next station, where they commandeered cars.

Here the soldeps think to give all the power into the hands of five men, and if necessary to fight the Germans. Most probable! It will be a dreadful trap for the Russian landowners if the Germans really come along victorious and give them back the land. Superficially it will seem as though their interests are in common, whereas they all know that in reality they are enemies.

The Sergievskoe cows and horses were sold yesterday. One village forbade any of its members to buy goods or cattle stolen from landowners; when, late at night, one of their number came back from the Borisoffs [senior] estate with a horse, they told him to

go back and return it; only with great difficulty did he obtain permission to wait until dawn. He returned the horse. If there were a few more such villages! [Many realised that they were doing wrong. Time after time a village would be told by the soldeps to seize upon the goods and chattels of the nearest landowner; if they continued to ignore the order one of two things happened: either the soldiers came and did it, or another village was sent. If the soldiers came there was usually more destruction, and, what upset the more sober peasants, pedigree cows were killed; if another village were sent, it was usually a village which for many years had had some dispute with them. The temptation was too great; each village usually did the work meted out to it.]

February 10/23.—A town twelve versts from Smolensk has been taken. No trains go to Smolensk; they stop at Dorogobusz. In the South many towns have been taken. Some think to wake up to-morrow and find the Huns here, for nobody is resisting. Many people are going away. Two weeks ago we were told this would happen; but the date foretold was the 27th.

February 11/24.—Trains are again running to Smolensk and even beyond. An acquaintance arrived from Smolensk this morning. It seems that the Germans may try to cut off Petrograd; thereby they would do us a good turn; the capital is like an ulcer.

The relics from the Smolensk churches are to be taken to Wjazma this week.

The servants have already eaten their allowance of bread; another week to wait before they get more. Ours is vile—sour saw-dust. We had supper of potatoes and linseed-oil. I thought it very good; at any rate there was plenty of it.

February 12/25.—A lady came from Moscow; there people are more excited than here. Over a thousand officers have been killed in Kieff.

Soldiers came this morning and asked for Maria Petrovna. They would not believe that she was not here; they wished to know when she will come back, and what her Moscow address is. At 6.35 p.m. a whole heap of armed soldiers came into the house accompanied by peasants; they again asked for Maria Petrovna, and would not believe that she is not here. Alexander Alexandrovitch told them they might hunt the house if they did not believe. It was very evident that the peasants had suggested the whole thing; they told the soldiers that we probably had firearms. The soldiers searched Alexander Alexandrovitch's room more than an hour; later they came into the former play-room where Vada was undressing and I was making dolls. They hunted all over; even on my tray for rags and dolls. Then they lugged Paul's ammunition-box from under Katie's bed; the soldiers were evidently local ones, for they said, "Oh, those belonged to the boy who shot himself." Luckily Vada did not hear. They did not ask me to open my boxes. They left at 8.35. The whole house stank of them; we had to open the windows. The Countess's maid wishes to leave and go to her brother, who is now one of the very important *soldeps* in Petrograd. She cannot go; no tickets for Petrograd are being issued, the reason given being that the line is overcrowded. It certainly is, with soldiers running away from the Germans.

The town was without bread, and therefore we were to have gone without our ration; but to-day forty-seven trucks for Orsza were stopped here. People say they are loaded with grain; if they are not, there will certainly be riots: pamphlets are already being handed about telling the people that the *burguee*

have stores of grain in their houses and that there must be a pogrom.

February 14/27.—Maria Petrovna returns to-morrow. It was as we thought: there is an order to arrest her. The peasants accuse her and the head of our local land committee of contra-revolutionary actions: namely, Maria Petrovna got him to send a telegram forbidding (*a*) the sale of the furniture in the Manor-house, for as yet there is no decree about that belonging to the peasants; (*b*) Stephan to live in the house. The head of the land committee has no idea of letting himself be arrested, and the town deputies are somewhat annoyed with the village for acting so independently within the town boundary. However, there is the danger that the peasants may go on in spite of the town.

Luckily nobody knows that we expect her to-morrow. Alexander Alexandrovitch will go to meet her at the station, and if we get her safely to the house all may be well. Her health is so poor that she needs all the little home comforts she can get. We have a little salt, millet, dry beans and peas, etc.; they were in my room; we divided them with the Baroness, for we expect another search. Maria, our Lettish maid, leaves. We shall do everything for ourselves except the cooking. The soldiers here are running away as fast as they can; they fear the Germans. The road to the station is thronged with them. The Bolshevist papers say that Pskoff is taken; there was much ammunition there. Some say the Huns are within eighty versts of Petrograd. Don't believe it.

February 15/28.—Bertha went away this morning and left us all last night's supper and tea things to wash up. Alexander Alexandrovitch for once had breakfast in the dining-room. B—off, who was passing, saw the sledge, and was so surprised that he

came in to find out the cause of such early rising. Of course his real motive was curiosity about Maria Petrovna. Alexander Alexandrovitch, instead of waiting at the station, went off to the X—— hospital and waited there ; he of course missed Maria Petrovna, who came back alone. She knew nothing. Nadia did not wish to say anything ; but one could not let Maria Petrovna go to the telephone, so I told her. She resolved to leave at once, and was displeased that nobody had been sent to Moscow to warn her ; Nadia and I were under the impression that Alexander Alexandrovitch had done so, and it was a great surprise when late that night the sledge was ordered to be round in time to meet the Moscow train. Several times the hospitals or schools rang up asking for Maria Petrovna. Unfortunately I had to answer ; it was well nobody saw my face or they would have known that my answers were not true. However, there was no help for it ; we have been told that each time anyone is connected with us, the soldier on duty at the general telephone office has to be told and he listens to every word said.

Maria Petrovna left everything and went to the Countess's. She had to go on foot down side-streets and across the river by the ice ; there are soldiers at the bridge. We had to get everything ready for her ; she will take this opportunity to go to the hospital in Moscow and be operated on. Katie washed ; I ironed, mended, packed, and answered that wretched telephone. Nadia and Nikita ran round the town on various errands. Alexander Alexandrovitch went into town and luckily met the Inspector of the A—— railway line, who promised to let Maria Petrovna travel in his carriage, which is never searched.

I had just got everything ready when Nikita arrives and asks me to pack for Vada : the Bolsheviks talk of blowing up the stores of explosives if the Germans

come ; we cannot have a child about ; it is better for him to be in Moscow.

At last just at the appointed time, 5.30, I had all ready. Was dead tired. Nadia came back ; we loaded the luggage on to a sledge and covered it with hay ; the Austrian took it to the station. Nadia and I drove to the Countess's. The Countess does not realise what is happening ; she thinks it is only a rest cure. We all said good-bye ; then, under cover of the dark, Maria Petrovna, Vada, and Alexander Alexandrovitch went to the railway lines ; the Inspector's carriage is standing some little distance away from the station ; it is to be coupled up to a goods train. It is 11.40 p.m. ; they ought to have left by now. It is to be hoped all is well and nobody guesses.

There are the wildest rumours going round ; that the Germans are in Petrograd and from there mean to take Moscow within a week. Amalia [Maria Petrovna's maid] is quite ill ; she is in bed ; it was difficult to get time to do much for her to-day. The doctor says we are to feed her up. With what ?

February 16/March 1.—We worked hard all the morning. Loads to be done. Just as we were sitting down to dinner a cabby came with a note from Maria Petrovna ; she is still at the station. All the trains going to Moscow were so overburdened that it was impossible to couple on an extra car. Alexander Alexandrovitch got some provisions together ; Nadia and I gulped down our soup and off the two of us went to the station—not by the entrance, but along the rails. After some hunting we found the carriage on a siding ; it was locked ; after a good deal of knocking the Inspector came along to see who we were ; he let us in. Maria Petrovna has a very strained look on her face. No wonder ! It was rather difficult to keep Vada from screaming with excitement and

going to the window. It ended by our covering the window with paper.

Maria Petrovna told us that forty trucks of frozen meat which were going west to the Germans have been stopped and are going to be sent to Moscow. We received 4 lb. of flour to-day that was from the flour which ought to have gone to Orsza. The Germans have seized heaps of rolling-stock; the engine-drivers and mechanics at Orsza have refused to leave; others have been sent from Y—— to bring back what engines and trucks there may be; they will probably likewise stop in Orsza and await the Germans. Our Austrians have already told us that if the Germans approach they intend to fly eastwards. Franz, in particular, is all against fighting; his only war-wish is that Trieste should belong to Servia. Countess Panin's Austrians have already run away. As the Germans approach things become cheaper; here there is already a big difference: boots can be had for 25 roubles; calico, from 2'25, has fallen to 75 kopeks. Nadia and I stopped two hours with Maria Petrovna and had tea with her, then we drove home and sent Alexander Alexandrovitch and Nikita. Tatiana Nicolaevna and M—— A—— came to see us; we gave them no news. Later we went to the Countess's; she understands nothing; poor old E—— N—— is much upset. I am going to undress, but have asked to be waked and told the news as soon as Alexander Alexandrovitch or Nikita returns. I nearly collapsed with headache to-day; the drive through the cold kept me up.

February 17/March 2.—Last night I did not get to sleep till 3 a.m. Nikita came back late. All the trains were so long that the carriage could not be added. At last the carriage was coupled on to a goods train [all the better; passenger trains are no longer allowed to enter Moscow], but there was no engine.

They were still waiting when Nikita came away. This morning Nikita went off to the station ; he came back a little after midday. The carriage is no longer there. Nobody knows when it left. Thank God it is safe ! [We knew later that it did not leave until much later ; it was at the other side of the station.] After dinner I went off to the Countess's to tell E—— N—— and the Baroness the news. I went to inquire about the possibility of giving private lessons ; I am told that as soon as the position becomes a little clearer I can get as many as I want. At present the Post Office and the Treasury are awaiting orders to evacuate the town. Just before tea Nadia and I noticed a soldier in the yard ; he had come to inquire of the maids whether Maria Petrovna were back ; we went and spoke to him. He asked whether she would be back on or before March 5 ; when we seemed to think that improbable he inquired whether March 10 would see her home. At first he would not say why he asked ; afterwards he said he wished to give her a paper ordering her to come before a tribunal on one or other of those dates. We told him she would come if she were back in time ! Their powers may be over before then, yet one cannot say "Thank God !" for it would mean the Huns. Among other news we extracted from the soldier was the statement that, if last Christmas we had not cleared a path through the snow when we did, we should all have been arrested. [There had been a severe gale ; unfortunately for us the snow was heaped against our side of the street ; it formed a huge mass which required a great effort to remove. The Austrians had worked hard and we had all helped.] The Borisoffs [junior] knew that Maria Petrovna was here ; it does not matter, they are quite "safe."

The peasants are furious ; they say they will at least arrest the head of the land committee, and, if

the town does not allow them to do that, they will kill him. Certainly Maria Petrovna cannot come back before the Germans arrive.

February 19/March 4.—We heard that Maria Petrovna is safe in Moscow. Sophie Andreovna [formerly Maria Petrovna's typist, now Secretary to the Finance Commissioner] warned the Baroness about money in the banks ; one must get it out at once.

February 20/March 5.—The Baroness gave me one of Maria Petrovna's cheque. I went to the Treasury with it, and, after much trouble, received permission to go to the bank and have it cashed. At first the Treasury refused permission because Maria Petrovna has already received 200 roubles this week ; but I said it was a debt she owed to me ; of course she owes me more. Sophie Andreovna kindly backed me, and, as the Commissioner is quite incapable of doing any work, he is absolutely under her, and did as she advised him. So we have a little money out. I was only paid in Kerensky money. We must try and change it ; the shops won't accept Kerensky.

Soldiers again came to summon Maria Petrovna to appear on March 10. Our house is being watched. The chauffeur leaves for Moscow ; the peasants have ordered him to quit. It is thawing fast.

The Colonel who lives next door called ; he is now the commander here ; he says he has done his best to keep order, which is quite true. The soldeps are leaving, but he means to stop on to the last minute ; to ensure himself in case he is caught by the Germans [who always shoot those responsible for disorders in the towns], he wishes the citizens to give him a certificate saying he has done his best to keep the garrison in order.

February 21/March 6.—The militia were here. It

seems an impostor is going round collecting the telephone money; he pretends the town has ordered him to do so. We were asked, if he comes to us, to keep him waiting and ring up the militia. They also asked whether Maria Petrovna would be back by the 10th.

There are riots in Sch——, a village in this district; the burguee are being killed. They say that twenty have been killed.

Received an English newspaper of October 5.

March 11, New Style.—Three days ago parties of soldiers, some of the old army and some of young boys, marched past us up to the exercise grounds. It was the first time since last spring. We had become quite unaccustomed to the machine-guns; formerly the practising used to go on all day long.

Yesterday a man who styled himself an Austrian officer came to the station and spoke to the Austrians, who had come in great numbers to hear him. He tried to persuade them to return to Austria and start a revolution there. Andrej and Alexej [two of our prisoners] seem to think of going home; they want to see their people. Franz still means to stop with us until the Germans come; then he will go east.

They say that Prince Lvov is in Peking awaiting the Japanese. Some time back the peasants wished to kill Bertha.

There is no oil to be had. [Oil for fasting dishes.] Soldiers are selling their black bread at 1.50 and their white at four roubles the lb. In town honey costs six roubles the lb. [it used to be twenty-five kopeks]; potatoes are twenty roubles the measure. The Baroness bought a lb. of fasting sugar; it used to be fifteen kopeks; she had to give eight roubles. A salted herring is eighty kopeks.

To-morrow we shall all stay indoors; there is to be a revolutionary feast.

I received two postcards from England ; one was dated December 16, the other December 23.

Marie A—— is very upset. [She was a school-mistress who spent most of her salary on books ; she lived very simply.] She has a good many books, but our town Bolsheviks are only going to allow us 500 volumes each : doctors, professors, priests, all come under the rule.

March 13.—Yesterday's feast passed off quietly enough. The soldiers turned all the in-coming peasants back and would allow no market ; the bread shops were shut. That was rather hard on those who take their rations in bread instead of flour, for they only receive it every other day, and yesterday was just a day on which they should have received ; now they will get none until the day after to-morrow.

Again I went to the Treasury to get out 100 roubles, it was over-flowing ; everyone was bent on the same errand as I. Coming back down the High Street, which was not in the least crowded, soldiers in a motor-car ran over a woman ; they did not even stop to see whether they had hurt her. I went up to her ; luckily she was not really injured. I could not resist reminding the others of their " magnificent " [*pre-krasnaja*] revolution. The former rich would not have behaved as those soldiers did.

In the First Estate village everyone is much upset because Stephan some weeks ago collected 54,000 roubles from the peasants and went off to buy flour ; he has not yet returned. Another peasant, a very independent man, who in no way upholds the land-owners, has been jeering at the villagers and telling them they will never see their money again. Stephan is not even trusted by his own father, who is with him and has outlawed him. The peasants of late have been holding their meetings in the Manor-

house. How beautiful the parquet floors will soon be ! Instead of finishing the new school building, the walls of which were complete last autumn, they are using the bailiff's house as school ; the post-office they have removed to the estate offices.

All private banks have been abolished by the soldeps.

March 19, St. Joseph.—Michael Michaelovitch has just come from Petrograd. What we thought an exaggeration is true : a child from the first class of the Y—— gymnasium was crucified.

Stephan has been condemned to death by the peasants, but, as his body is not in this part of Russia, it hardly affects him. The peasants have begun to bring stolen articles back to the Manor-house at the First Estate ; they had already returned foals and cows to G——.

Smolensk is to be evacuated [so they say] by Wednesday next. Wjazma by —— I forget, but according to all accounts the Germans are to be in this town by Sunday. Neither registered letters nor telegrams are accepted for transmission to the little town near Romanovna. At Sch——, near by, 500 burguee were murdered.

March 20.—Sonia came in from the country ; she confirms the news that the First Estate peasants wish the ——offs well ; it is those of the outlying villages that are doing all the harm.

I was again at the Treasury ; there was much whispering going on among the officials, who are all of the old stock. Of course, they are merely parts of a machine ; the driver, the soldier commissar, sits in a little room close by and nothing may be done without his consent ; everyone must first go to him for permission to withdraw money. Naturally nobody nowadays dreams of putting his money into anything but the earth or a wall. Flour for the half

month was given out, i.e. 2 lb. of rye-flour and 1 lb. of bran. We get less and less.

March 21.—They wish to arrest Alexander Alexandrovitch, who is luckily in Moscow. It is no use sending a double-meaning telegram; it would never reach him. We are sending Tychen to Moscow to-night with the news.

March 22.—All is well; Tychen was evidently in time, for Alexander Alexandrovitch did not come this morning. Nikita came in at 7.30 p.m. and told us he had just seen a German officer getting into a cab with a Russian; they were speaking German. Nikita caught the words, "Haben wir aber Zeit genug?" It is difficult to know what to think.

Yesterday Nastia arrived from the Second Estate. All the surrounding manor-houses, even the one which so long sheltered Pushkin, have been burnt; the peasants drew lots to decide which one to burn next. The Germans are in the neighbouring town, but not yet in the Second Estate.

Anna Andreovna has been got away to Moscow. She could not leave from our station; she would have been recognised and imprisoned; so she hired horses and drove a long distance in order to leave from a small station where she is not known.

March 24, Palm Sunday.—Whilst we were all out soldiers came hunting for quarters. I stopped in all the afternoon and evening for fear of their coming again. The soldiers, who all these days have been watching our house, have gone away.

Stephan came back with the flour; he wished to have sixteen poods [640 Russian lb.] for himself, but the peasants won't hear of it; he has resigned and has found "official" employment here in town. Bad luck for us; we shall never be left in peace. Now, it seems, that the Germans are not in Smolensk. The

Spy [an old Colonel whom we had thus nicknamed] sent a man to Minsk to try to find out what is really happening. Amalia received a letter from her people in Courland saying that the Germans hanged 120 people in Jurev. We had news from Moscow. Alexander Alexandrovitch will not return. The mounted sailors are too funny for words. [There had been no case of any attempt on any soldep, yet they never dared to go out without an escort of mounted sailors.]

March 25.—Many letters from Moscow. The Princess's nephew, who was taken prisoner, then let out [when the deputies, in fear of the Germans, ran away], afterwards reimprisoned [when the deputies came back], has again been let out and has run away, not giving them the chance to retake him. His wife is with him.

Sonia has come in from the First Estate : she tells us just what Michael Michaelovitch told us : they wished to imprison all the —offs. They declare that Maria Petrovna prevented them receiving supplies of corn and that Alexander Alexandrovitch had mortgaged the estate to the Germans at 12 per cent. What folly ! They are quieter now because their trust in the Bolsheviks received a severe blow—namely, the conditions of peace. Both Michael M—— and Sonia say it would be unwise for either Maria Petrovna or her husband to return. The militia were again here ; they demanded Ivan Ivanovitch's [the bailiff] and Maria Petrovna's address. Nadia had to give the latter. Bertha is not allowed to come into town.

March 27.—Young Postnikoff was to have left yesterday for Moscow. He thought he could get through with the permit from the local soldeps ; but no, he has to get one from the War Committee. Evidently something is wrong in Moscow ; nobody

is allowed to go there. The Bolsheviks here have ordered all the masters and mistresses to meet them ; they wish to shut the schools altogether. The highest class was closed long ago. The soldeps quite openly say that education is a snare ; it only tends to make people unequal and unruly.

To-night there are notices up all over the town calling on all soldiers to join their regiments ; the penalty for not obeying is death. The notices are guarded by armed men. Against whom the soldiers are to fight is not mentioned ; Burguee ? . . . or Germans ?

At last we have heard the end of the fight at Sch——. The soldiers got the worst of it. The soldeps had imposed enormous contributions on the workmen and engineers, who refused to pay. The soldeps threatened to blow up the schools where the factorymen's children learned ; two of them came with explosives, which they meant to put in the basement. A small boy who called out was shot, a bigger one ran off and warned the workmen. The workmen's guard ran to the school, a fight ensued, many soldeps were killed.

Maundy Thursday.—Everyone up to the age of forty-eight must enlist. Rumour has it that something is wrong in Moscow. I saw a batch of 100 or 150 soldiers with packs on their backs coming into town. I wonder whether they mean to re-enlist. If it is true that officers are coming forward voluntarily they are wonderful people. [I said wonderful, because the only reason which could make an officer of the old army come forward at this time and take his place in the army of a State controlled by Bolsheviks was a deeply patriotic one. Himself he stood to lose everything ; but, still hoping in Russia, he preferred her to be badly ruled by her own sons than forced into apparent order by a detested foreign nation whose

very principles clashed with all that was best in his own land. One thing he did not realise: the rulers of Russia were as essentially foreign as any German could be: Jews and Letts and . . . Germans.]

The soldeys refuse to allow the schools to remain open. To-day is the 28th; the schools must shut by the end of the month.

CHAPTER V

APRIL 1—AUGUST 20, 1918

TROTZKY [Bronstein] had at first wished to exclude the educated classes from the new armies and force them to do the menial work, such as camp and barrack cleaning, trench-digging, etc. Later, however, it was found necessary to have educated men as officers, and the Bolsheviki were loud in their denunciation of the unwillingness of these classes to come forward and offer themselves. The inducements offered were somewhat strange; Trotzky declared that "Every officer in command must be watched on both sides by war commissars with revolvers in their hands. . . . If he wavers he will be shot on the spot."

The Central Powers kept some forty-seven divisions in Russia, for they wished to seize the Murman Railway, the grain-growing Volga country, and the oil-fields of Baku. The Allies were obliged to send reinforcements to guard the Murman Railway.

Although the Germans landed in Poli, on the Black Sea coast and the Crimea, captured the Russian Black Sea Fleet, and fought against the Bolsheviki in Finland and near the Murman Railway, they helped the Bolsheviki round Lake Baikal against the Russians.

Russia was obliged by the Central Powers to pay large sums in gold to Germany, to enter into peace negotiations with the Ukraine, to recognise the Trans-Caucasian Government, and to enter into peace negotiations with Finland.

Count Mirbach, German Ambassador in Moscow, and Field-Marshal von Eichhorn, German Military Dictator in the Ukraine, were both murdered.

Saratoff and the Don revolted against the Soviet;

the Czecho-Slovaks throughout Russia asked to be sent to fight the Germans. In Eastern Siberia Semenoff held out against the Bolsheviks, and a counter-revolution overthrew the Soviet in Western Siberia. Tomsk was taken by the Whites and Czecho-Slovaks. General Dietrichs being in control of Vladivostok, members of the Provisional Government began to arrive there. All the Allies sent contingents to Vladivostok. The Czecho-Slovaks captured Kazan and Simbirsk, but Kazan was soon retaken by the Bolsheviks.

In Moscow and Petrograd many hundred Allies were imprisoned as hostages. The French and British Consul-Generals and their staffs were for a short time arrested. There were numerous risings of the people and railwaymen.

President Wilson, in a speech on May 18, said : " As far as I am concerned I intend to stand by Russia as well as by France. The helpless and friendless are the very ones that need friends and succour."

April 1, Easter Sunday.—Five hundred Austrians have left here for the front ; their farewell words were " Soon we shall see you again ! " Tatiana Nicolaevna came to warn us that all our telephone conversations are listened to. We already knew it to be the case.

In Moscow the price given for Russian War Loan has risen ; they are, of course, far below par, but for a long time it was impossible to sell them at all.

Easter Friday.—Michael Michaelovitch's wife has been brought into town ; there is little hope of her recovery. Her husband walked beside the sledge all the way ; considering the state of the roads, it was a wonderful thing to do. A model Russian husband ; a pity there are so few of them. The whole afternoon and evening I have been unable to settle down to anything. I seemed to be waiting for something, but nothing has happened. Nadia was in the same condition. The news from our English

front is better than it has been for some time. Here large parties of Austrians leave every day. To-night nine armed soldiers came to us ; they were looking for Maruta [a young girl who for some weeks had been a servant in our house] ; she has committed a big theft.

Low Sunday, April 7.—Our Austrians say they may leave us for home to-morrow or the day after. It would reduce our expenses enormously, it is so difficult to find food for us all. Metia [a former stable-boy] who works here at the " War Department," says that the Austrians think they are returning home but that many of them are sent Eastward to fight the Japs. I hardly believe it ; I think the *soldeps* wish to hide their treachery towards the Allies ; of course if it is true it is much better than their filling the ranks of those who are fighting against us. An officer came and asked for the room we had ; I told him it was a mistake ; that, as it was, we are overcrowded.

April 10.—The other day Alexej and another Austrian were said to have been seen at the bazaar selling things from the First Estate. Franz, when questioned, did not deny, but said that they had bought the articles and were reselling. Who knows ? I would turn them off at once. Nadia is weak in such matters, like all Russians ; they never know where pity ends and justice begins. Yesterday morning I was down at five [Nadia goes to Holy Communion this week and I have much to do] ; a man came and asked whether a young school-girl from X—— had been here on Saturday ; it must be the girl who ran away at the beginning of the war and whom Maria Petrovna helped and finally persuaded to go home again.

Yesterday one-eighth of a lb. of bread was given out, to-day the same ; then suddenly spread the good news that flour for the month was being given out.

The streets were full of people running home for their ration-cards, or the lucky people who had them running to the store.

When Franz went for the extra one-eighth, which is denied the rich, the controller, a stranger here, called out, "——off! who knows them? are they rich?" Of course everyone here knows the ——offs; the Gagarin girl answered; "They used to be, now they are as we." We got the extra one-eighth.

Sonia came back from Moscow yesterday. Maria Petrovna was to have been operated on two days ago, but at the last minute the operation was postponed to some day this week. Sonia hired a cart to drive back to D——, but at the Hill of Salutation the boy driver refused to go farther unless he were paid twenty-five roubles more than they had bargained for. Sonia got out and walked all the way back to us; she left some hours later with acquaintances. Pleasant, if one had luggage with one, to be left a mile or so from town!

The soldeps have not closed the school buildings, but threaten to blow them up if there be any attempt at group-teaching. They have made one concession: the exams. may take place. It is a concession in words, for the exams. must be next week, but none of the scholars are ready; usually the exams. are in the month of May, Old Style. [As class-teaching was forbidden, some of the teachers who were interested in their work wished to form small groups of pupils who were eager to come and learn. This was what the soldeps forbade.]

Easter Wednesday.—There are a good many soldiers in town. Soldiers again came to inquire about a room. There was trouble here yesterday in the market; it was caused by the high prices. Potatoes, on which we almost solely rely, were twenty-five roubles the measure; onions nineteen roubles the measure;

timothy-hay 100 roubles the load. Butter has gone down to ten roubles the lb.

Linseed-cakes [things that look like dirty door-mats] were given out to us. They are very heavy; we mix our one-third [bulk, not weight] with two-thirds of rye to make bread. We all went down to the kitchen and had a consultation about it. Gania, our Polish cook, wished to put in bran as well, but we thought it better not to experiment too much; anyway, as it is someone is sure to be ill. We tried little flat linseed-cakes; they were very doughy and sodden, and made us feel sick a few minutes after we had eaten them. Nadia got palpitations from eating one; strange to say, the smell was not bad, and they were not bitter, as our bread usually is. We also tried linseed and rye; that was much better, but we only tried them hot. I do not know what they would be cold. I fancy the middle would be like dough. There is no telegram from Moscow about Maria Petrovna's operation; perhaps they are waiting for Serge Michaelovitch, who leaves to-night for Moscow.

The old Countess is very funny on the subject of Tychen. She cannot realise that he is not in our pay and is doing us a favour by taking our letters; she wishes us to forbid him leaving until she has received a telegram from the Princess in Wjazma.

Yesterday Michael Michaelovitch was here; he is quite lame after his walk in beside his wife.

On Wednesday there was very nearly a riot because potatoes were twenty-five roubles the measure. The man who was asking that price had to be sent away and guarded by the militia; yet on Saturday everyone was selling at twenty-seven roubles and there was no fuss. Such is Russia! The people are led by the few; by themselves they are quite inert. Those soldeps throw whole slices of white bread into their slop-buckets, and the poor come and pick them out, whilst

the soldiers look on and laugh ; in any other country such a thing would cause trouble. They with plenty of white bread and we with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of black. Ours is not even rye bread ; it is so heavy that one-eighth means a piece not larger than the small ones of toast on an English breakfast-table ; and such bitter stuff—bitter and sour.

April 11.—The peasants are stealing things from the First Estate Manor-house. They mean to turn the house into tea-rooms and a picture palace. If only this would finish ! The weather is glorious, the river in flood, the streets likewise, and we half famished Poor Baroness ! I do not know how she gets along ; she says she feels the want of sugar dreadfully. I said I would bring her some ; I have a glassful left, left from the month's allowance. No news from Moscow. The Countess telegraphed.

April 14.—Yesterday the militia were here trying to get Nadia to pay on the machine in the saw-mill at Y—— on the First Estate. She refused, saying that, as it no longer belongs to her family, but to the committee, the latter ought to pay ; besides, she is a minor and the money is not hers but her parents. A woman from the First Estate told us that the peasants are eagerly and anxiously awaiting Maria Petrovna's return, for they say that when the Germans come she means to show them which ones to hang ; they, therefore, mean to get rid of her beforehand. I suppose Stephan put the idea into their heads.

Before entering the bank, which the soldeps have turned into their headquarters, one must receive a permit.

April 15.—We had news from Moscow. The operation went off well. I accompanied E—— N—— to X——, the opticians ; he is going to return to Warsaw in a few days. He told us about Prince and Princess M——sky, whom I knew in Petrograd ; they

are in prison. He is very ill, she was forced to work in the snow and not allowed to put on a fur coat, and, having no goloshes, she likewise fell ill.

The papers say that the Czar is to be brought from Siberia by Letts and to be judged in Moscow. That will probably bring the Germans on us. Our local soldeps say that Petrograd has been taken by the Germans. Lola Borisoff, when she heard of it, said, "Thank God!" The soldier who is guarding their house, waiting for the return of the men of her family so as to arrest them, heard her; he only laughed. What a madhouse! Saratoff has declared all women between the ages of seventeen and thirty-three state property to be disposed of among applicants! A staff of some kind is expected here.

They wish Nadia to pay on some machine in the First Estate. To-day the peasants dumped a sick man from the First Estate village down here; the servants said nothing to us, but sent him packing; he worked for the committee. [The man was from the village; formerly when they were sick they always came to Maria Petrovna, knowing that she would get them into some hospital or home; but Maria Petrovna was not in town; the man was in no way one of our dependants—was, in fact, in the pay of those who had brought us to the verge of starvation; why did they not look after him?]

April 17.—Yesterday I went in despair to the Baroness. There are three of us in this house, and, counting the Austrians, seven servants, and yet we do our rooms and much of the house-work. Something must be changed. On coming back I heard that Andrej is leaving. This morning Alexej was rude to Nadia; he must leave. Unfortunately he helped to wall up the room in the Manor-house, so that it is dangerous to fall out with him. [Many valuables, statues, pictures, books, carpets, etc., had been put in a small windowless

room which had afterwards been walled up ; for a long time it remained undiscovered.] The Baroness came ; it has been decided that she and the old ladies will come and live with us ; it is the best thing we can do, but rather hard on our nerves !

There is trouble in town. The other day some workmen were refused admittance to the soldeps ; they were told to first get a permit. Not seeing why a permit was needed to enable them to speak to their "comrades," they went off, but soon returned so strong in numbers that they were able to push their way in. Now they declare that if they do not receive 20 lb. of flour for Easter [Orthodox Easter], namely, the same as the Jews received for their feast, there will be trouble. As it is they declare that the committee must be re-elected. The commissioners went to the factory ; they were arrested, but unfortunately only for half an hour. Our local "Minister of Justice" is probably still kept under arrest by the workmen.

Last week 500 to 600 Austrians were daily sent home from here. Yesterday the peasants brought Vassili here ; he is ill. They wished to leave him with us ; the servants sent him and them packing ; he worked for the committee. [The peasants were quite like children ; they had taken everything which could bring in money to Maria Petrovna : house, lands, mill, forests ; they also wished to arrest her, and yet they could not understand that even if she would she could no longer help them.]

April 19.—There is trouble at the station ; 12,000 workmen have arrived from J—— and other places. The soldeps some days ago sent machine-guns to J—— and the other places ; the workmen seized the guns, a commissioner was killed. Thereupon the soldeps arrested six of the workmen's deputies. Now the workmen have arrived with the intention of arresting O——

and several other commissioners whom they wish to hold as hostages.

April 20.—Trouble is expected here on the 25th. Both the workmen and the soldeps are armed with machine-guns. Stephan is here as president of the land committee.

We have been working so hard to get the rooms ready for the others. There is little to eat and no bread; dinner consisted of beet-root soup, nothing else. At breakfast I drank six cups of coffee to try and feel that I had had something. [We had nothing to eat for breakfast.] Just now, 9.30 p.m., the tocsin rang from all the churches; luckily it is only a fire, but a big one. We were all on the balcony in dressing-gowns and with our hair down; the Spy passed, we wished each other good-evening. The simplicity of our present-day manners! I hope the Baroness will get the necessary permit to come and live with us; she is going to the soldeps on Monday. [If anyone went away, or if anyone had a spare room, the fact had to be declared to the soldeps, who at once sent a lodger, usually a soldier; to change houses one had to receive permission. We had not declared the absence of Maria Petrovna, Vada, or Alexander Alexandrovitch, because for many reasons it was better to treat their absence as merely temporary; but now we were going to declare that they could not come back, being detained by ill-health or work, and the same day the Baroness was to ask permission to move into our vacant rooms. Luckily for us, the soldeps wanted the Baroness's house, so the permit was given.]

Some days ago the Spy told us that the Polish refugees can get no farther on their homeward journey than Smolensk. He himself is a Pole; the other day he went to Orsza to the German Governor, who promised him a permit to return to Poland. Yesterday, turning out Alexander Alexandrovitch's cup-

board—the Baroness will probably have his room—I had a pleasant surprise! Just like him. [I had come across a revolver lying among a pile of shirts. I took it up to my room, as nobody else wished to have anything to do with it, and I still had qualms of conscience as to throwing other people's belongings into the pond. The penalty for keeping firearms was death.]

April 21.—Another fire this morning; it was done on purpose; it was in the house and outhouses used to store, not the town, but the district food supplies. When the fire brigade arrived the firemen asked for the keys, but in vain; they wished to get out the lamp-oil which they knew was stored in one of the sheds. Finally they started breaking in the doors; only then were the keys produced. There was not much flour, but heaps of biscuits, buns, sweets, and lump sugar. For whom were they kept? Neither we nor the peasants have seen such things for months. For some time past there have been daily fires.

April 24.—Trouble is promised us to-morrow. Pleasant! I shall have to be at the staff to help General — with some English in the morning, and in the afternoon I shall give a two-hours' lesson in a Jewish house! Just the best places! 500 Red Guards have arrived from Moscow to protect the Soviet [soldeps]. To-day I spoke with an officer who was in Minsk when the Germans took it; he said that there were only three hundred Germans and thousands of well-armed Russians, but that the latter did not even try to resist.

Our bread is uneatable; the flour is quite sandy. The soldiers are once more searching private houses for firearms. E—— N—— and her sister moved in to-day; we have not yet asked permission; it is too risky.

April 27.—D——in, our next-door neighbour, found

a fire put on a wooden bench which is in the road up against his wooden fence ; luckily he saw it in time. As his yard is full of flax and our palings are wooden, it would have been dreadful ! A blessing it was seen ! Last night there was a fire at the soldiers' smithy which is only a few yards beyond D—in's. We went into the street ; the fire brigade soon had the fire out and left some men on guard. The new staff came to-day. [This staff was rather a puzzle. The General, who had arrived some days previously and for whom I had done some translation, was of the old school, a monarchist, a hater of Bolshevism and disorder. Many of his officers were likewise of the old stock, but later on there were some German-speaking ones amongst them ; they may have been men from the Baltic Provinces, but their speaking German made us distrustful. However, as long as the staff remained in the town it tried to keep order, and all their own soldiers were exemplary ; of course they had no power over the rabble soldiers of the Soviet.]

Stephan has a new post ; he is the commissioner of "enlightenment" [education !] for our district. He has made a good start ! yesterday he had Elizabeth Demetrioivna arrested for an hour. [Elizabeth Demetrioivna was a very old and much respected lady, who for years had been head of the I Girls' High School. The reason given was that she made too much fuss about allowing the soldiers to use the school-building. One would think that a school was meant for scholars, and not for indecent soldiers !]

April 28.—An acquaintance who has just arrived from Vilna thinks we have nothing to complain of, for none of us have died from hunger ; in Vilna the burials never cease. The Russian Patriarch has threatened with excommunication all who take part, even as onlookers, in any festivities, processions, etc., of May 1. Quite right. Just as in our Catholic

churches we have been warned against the new civil marriages. It seems the Jews and Bolsheviks are somewhat nervous ; many of the local ones have resigned. To-day they received a telegram from Moscow cautioning them to be careful and to avoid too much show.

May 1.—The feast a great failure. There is a deputy from the Soviet at the staff ; he trembles before the officers. The Soviet feed their horses on rye ; they say it is because they cannot obtain oats ; yet we have no bread. I am so hungry I do not know what to do.

May 2.—Last night, at supper, I tried some of that oil. [Spoilt hemp-oil, meted out by the town.] I could not sleep ; I felt as though I had burnt all my inside. Goodness, I hope there will be some bread to-morrow ; if it were not the Russian Good Friday to-morrow I should go round and try to buy some sausage or something. It is said that a party of Kosaks obtained permission to enter Moscow.

May 3, Russian Good Friday.—The 2nd corps of the Red Army refused to go to the front and had a fight with the 1st. I went down to the bridge to see ; met Nikita there. We and about four others crossed the bridge and got as far as the market-place ; we could not go farther. There was nothing to see except the machine-guns and a good deal of broken glass ; they were having a parley. Evidently they did not wish us to be where we were ; they fired at us. The soldiers all ran into basements. I thought it undignified to run, so walked ; Nikita did the same. We saw the Polish doctor and another doctor go into the Soviet ; evidently there were some wounded. Coming back, near the church we met a mounted soldier ; Nikita called out, " Found them ? " He answered, " No ! " I asked, " Found what ? " Nick answered, " Twenty of his comrades, who ran away." [The 2nd corps had

refused to be sent to the front unless the 1st was likewise sent, saying that it was a ruse on the part of the 1st corps to get them out of the way and then have all the provisions for themselves. As far as I remember the matter was settled by the 2nd corps being given provisions and vodka ; after which it entrained.]

May 5, Russian Easter.—Last night I went to the Baroness to fetch our Easter Cake. [We had obtained a little flour and made a diminutive Easter Cake ; and as the oven in the Baroness's house was better than ours, it had been made there. I went after dark to fetch it ; Nadia took it to the night-service and had it blessed.] I noticed a good deal of coming and going to and from the Soviet. The soldiers arrested three of the deputies.

May 6.—Yesterday Nikita rode into town ; a friendly soldier told him to go back, otherwise the horse would be taken. [We still had a saddle-horse ; it was no use, but, as the Bolsheviki had little fodder, they allowed us to keep it and feed it all through the winter, and took it when the grass had grown. We were not to sell it.]

X— had his horse taken to-day and had to go home on foot. Martial law was proclaimed yesterday by the Soviet : everyone must be within doors by nine o'clock. The old General told me that the servants of his staff are international ; he will accept no Russian subject—probably for the sake of discipline or perhaps for greater secrecy *vis-à-vis* the soldeps. I hope Nikita will get work on the staff. Yesterday Boris Michaelovitch was here, back from the Don. He, likewise, told us about the image of St. Nicholas the Wonder-worker and the red flags. The crowd believed in a miracle ; the Bolsheviki were fools enough to fire on the crowd. Many of the best, even those who are not really orthodox, are grouping themselves round the Patriarch ; they think that Religion is the only force which can save their country.

Six soldiers [or deputies, I forget which] were shot here on Easter Sunday.

May 7.—They say that three of the generals at the staff are German ; certainly some of the officers do not speak Russian well. Rumour has it that all will be quiet here within a fortnight. To-day the Baroness was asked why she wished to move houses ; she said she was not moving, but merely meant to stay with some young relatives who were alone in town and could not return to their country home. She was told that within a week or so land would be given back to the owners. [It had been decided that the Baroness should live with us unofficially ; that her name and provision-cards would be left entered in the other part of the town, for, as we were burguee, we could not hope to obtain a permit.]

May 8.—The soldiers take the Baroness's house. The officers at the staff were not Germans, as was said yesterday, but Swedes. I thought I could trust the old General ; he hates the Germans. There is an American—he calls himself General Davis—in Moscow, who is forming troops of boy scouts [they say for use in the future, in the near future] ; the staff here wishes to get into touch with him and get him to send someone to help organise the same thing here. Nikita may be accepted as interpreter. The soldiers are again searching houses. I have that revolver in my room. Our mare has been written down on the list of horses which the soldeps soon mean to take. No more Petrograd, only Petersburg. [The Bolsheviks had ordered the old name to be used.]

This morning everything was white with snow ; it is freezing now. One of the Borisoffs came to-day ; he was at Pskoff when the Germans took it. The deputies, for three days previous to its being taken, lived in a railway carriage ; the engine, already attached, had steam up all the while.

The soldiers went to the head steward to look for firearms ; they took away a ham. The other day during the firing many rifles and eighteen machine-guns were stolen. [The soldiers had been so cowardly that for the greater part of the time the guns stood in the market-place and streets without anyone near them ; the railwaymen and some of the peasants of two outlying villages had stolen them. The soldeps certainly knew that three at least of the guns were at the station, but they did not dare interfere with the railway people ; to hide their shame they went round hunting under our tables and chairs for their machine-guns !] Thirty citizens, mostly workmen, have been shot during the last few days.

May 10.—Good news, thank God, from the Ukraine. At the staff all are delighted ; they say, “To-day their turn, to-morrow ours.” Please God the “to-morrow” may not be very distant. Mlle Larivière came to see me to-day ; she was arrested and searched last Sunday.

At 7 p.m. soldiers came here ; neither Nikita nor Nadia was at home. I asked to see their order ; they showed it ; it gave them instructions to search for firearms and arrest Alexander Alexandrovitch if they found him. Luckily they went into the Countess's room first. I had time to run into mine and put the revolver inside my dress. I invited them to visit the attic and go through the trap-door on to the roof ; they did not consent to either. All the old ladies are so sure that there are no firearms in the house. I do hope that the soldiers will not come again. I sent a note to Alexander Alexandrovitch with one of the Borisoffs, who leaves to-night, asking what he wants done with his revolver.

May 13.—Yesterday Bertha came from the First Estate ; the peasants have ordered her to quit. Tea-rooms have already been arranged in the house ;

the machine for the moving pictures has arrived here in town. The brutes! [The peasants never succeeded in getting the machine to the Manor-house; it remained in town.] The walled-up room has been opened. This morning soldiers were again here to inspect our horses.

May 15.—The English and French books from the estate have been brought here to be sold, the money obtained to be used for a "People's Library." A boy was killed here the other day by soldiers; there had been no provocation. People, mostly workmen, are shot near the station every night. The representatives of a neighbouring volost [a country district comprising several villages] were invited to see a boy of nineteen, who on Good Friday had shown a party of soldiers here how to shoot, publicly whipped in the market-place.

To-morrow Nikita goes to Moscow, about the formation of Boy Scouts. The head steward has been in hiding since Easter Monday; the Soviet wishes to arrest him.

May 16.—There will probably be no shooting at the station to-night; a committee has come from Moscow to inquire into it. Forty-two people have during the last two or three days been shot without trial of any kind; merely on the authority of O—— and Mische.

Soldiers again came here [six of them, armed] to look for rifles and revolvers. Two bottles of wine, which were to be sent to Maria Petrovna, were in the hall; I managed to hide them whilst the soldiers were talking to the Baroness. It was quite funny. Again had revolver on me.

One party of searchers took some empty shell-cases from one citizen; they put them in the centre of the floor of their place. They were terrified lest they should explode, and were afraid of walking close.

The owner came to ask for them back ; they were only too delighted to return them, and thus get rid of them.

Nikita only leaves to-morrow. When he went for the necessary permit the commissioners cringed as soon as they heard he was from the staff. They are terrified of the armoured motor-cars which the staff possesses.

May 17.—There has been trouble in Kaluga. The Whites came from Moscow, or from that direction, and cleared the town of soldeps ; the latter took revenge by blowing up the powder magazine, which luckily is out of town near the barracks which were erected during the war. Not a window-pane is left unbroken.

In Wjazma they say the station is wonderfully clean ; it was cleaned up for the passing of the German ambassador. All in honour of their new masters ! Little Joseph came yesterday from the First Estate. [Joseph was a child of fourteen, a weeny little hunchback ; Maria Petrovna during the preceding summer had taken him from the Orphanage and brought him to the Manor-house so that he might benefit by the fresh air. The little fellow was overjoyed, so much so that Maria Petrovna allowed him to remain on when we left ; Bertha took care of him. The peasants had no pity on the unfortunate little fellow, a little refugee hunchback, and turned him out. Although we did not know where to turn for money, we allowed him to remain with us in the town house, for the Orphanage was in a dreadful condition. Nadia used to bandage him ; he always had one or more open sores.] I hope I shall sleep to-night, for days and days I have only had about two or three hours' sleep at night. Yet I work like a nigger ; to-day I have been gardening since the early morning. [I was sole gardener and worker in a big garden.

Later we lived almost entirely on the produce of that garden. I was often at work by 4.30 a.m.]

May 18.—Something happened in town to-day. It has been forbidden to sell potatoes. Yesterday there was plenty of salt, butter, and lard in the shops; it was very expensive [lard ten roubles the lb.]; still, it was there. To-day there is nothing, absolutely nothing.

O—— has gone away to try and get some flour for the town, or rather for the poor, and the people in prison for crime [there are eighty of them]; if he gets no flour the latter must be let free. The soldiers are no longer selling their bread; it seems even they are running short. If they are it is very extraordinary, for there were provisions enough to last a great part of the Western Front a year and a half.

May 19, Whitsunday (New Style).—Was in church; the street near by is an unimportant one; usually there is not a sound, but from 10.20 to 12.40 motor-lorries never ceased passing to and fro. I wonder why. There is nothing to be bought at the market; Sunday is usually a big day, for the peasants come in with provisions.

A meeting is to be held at the Bishop's to-day about the separation of the Church and State and likewise about the schools.

May 20, Trinity Sunday.—During the past week many of the deputies, thinking it dangerous to live in town, have gone off to the neighbouring villages. We have had no bread for some days. Yesterday I got up early, as usual, and was at work in the garden before 4.30. I worked until 9, then came in to breakfast; there was no bread, no potatoes, nothing except coffee. Luckily there was milk, so had three cups of coffee. Went to work again; had to dig beds for my cucumbers, which needed to be planted out. Worked till one. Of course dinner happened to be

late. I was famished. Immediately after dinner I had to run off to the other end of the town to give a two-hours' lesson. To-morrow we shall each receive $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rye-flour ; by mixing it with linseed that will give us each 3 lb. of bread.

Nikita comes back from Moscow on Friday, and brings Vada with him. Vera Vassiliovna returned from Moscow to-day ; the peasants say that if she does not return to her country home they will take away her last cows and horses. [Vera Vassiliovna had never had many cows or horses ; the peasants had left her two of each ; many of them possessed more than that.] We don't know what to do. We have four cows ; they cost us a pot of money, for hay is a frightful price, in winter as much as 115 roubles a load. Two give absolutely *no* milk, one has just calved, the fourth is expected to calf soon. We may neither sell nor kill them, and must now pay a tax of fifty roubles on each cow or horse in our yard, even though, as in the case of the mare, the soldeps may requisition her to-morrow. The tax on hens is twelve roubles a head ; a piano is taxed at fifty. Soon we shall not be allowed to live. The Bolsheviki are so frightened of the Germans that of late they have had no time to come pestering us in our houses. We have not had any of our rooms taken ; but, as it is, we are overcrowded. The Borisoffs [junior] have had several of their rooms taken and have to put up with dreadfully untidy, uncleanly people—thieves into the bargain ; they cannot say anything, for it would only mean that the dirty creatures would inform against them ; another family of our acquaintance, which only had five rooms amongst eight of them, have had three of them taken.

E—— N—— and W—— N—— left for the Second Estate on Friday ; they had received letters from various people saying they would be safe. [The Germans,

although within a few miles of the place, seemed to have no intention of advancing. Life had become very hard for two old ladies in our town. There was only very coarse food, and little of that. The two old people decided to return home; it was very brave of them to do so, for we all knew how much peasant protestation and love meant; peasants were not always wicked and cruel for the love of the thing, but in the impulsive way that sometimes a child is. They really thought they loved the two little old ladies to whom they had so often gone for help when ill, and who had been of great assistance to them in other ways. Yet what happened? Soon these very peasants turned the little old ladies out of their small house and deprived them of their not over-big garden.]

We each received $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar for the month; it is quite damp, but it is sugar.

Corpus Christi.—Nikita came back from the Second Estate. He had quite a triumph there. The old ladies had to travel in a truck; the only passenger carriage was reserved for soldeps. The people of the Second Estate ought to be sent here for a bit, they wrote as though they were starving; they have plenty of bread, potatoes at 9 roubles the measure [here we have to pay 42], butter at 7 roubles [here 14, if there is any], eggs, etc., etc. In Orsza things are better than here. Eggs here are 7 roubles for 10, there 3 roubles; potatoes there are 6 roubles, rye-flour only 60 roubles. Here people go to the station at night to meet the train from Poland and buy rye-flour. The night before last trade was very brisk; prices varied from 80 to 130 roubles the pood. No Kerensky is accepted, only Imperial money. Rosenberg bought 4 poods of wheaten flour from a railway official; he only gave 200 roubles the pood. He gave me a piece of white bread to-day, it tasted better than cake ever did. Ages since I had had white

bread, though at Second Estate we had brown. They say that the British are in Baku [I hope it is true!] and that the Allies mean to interfere in Russian politics. [Rather late in the day!] They say there is to be a 30 roubles tax on hats; I shall go in for a kerchief.

June 3.—A friend just returned from Moscow; he says all is quiet there. No bread is being given out here; we each received 2 lb. of potatoes instead. Ridiculous, 2 lb. of potatoes a fortnight! It is cold and rainy. Goodness knows when we shall get fresh vegetables at this rate. Grusha has been refused a permit to Petrograd because she has come up from Kieff. [Grusha had belonged to the Women's Regiment; most of the others had been shot in the back by their "comrades."]

For some days past the railway employees have been threatening to stop all trains on the 6th; they are angry with the Bolsheviks, and do not wish to let troops be moved about. Sophie Vladimirovna, "the Peasants' Lady," is having a bad time of it; the peasants are in her house, and are most exacting. [This was the landowner who had weakly granted concessions to the peasants.] Maria Vladimirovna was here the other day; their house is now free of peasants. She gave us a pood of flour; a blessing! for we have no potatoes of our own, and there are none in the market. June and July will be dreadful. If only the weather would change!

Maria Petrovna went for a walk the other day; she writes that it tired her very much; the wound has not yet healed, and her heart is very weak.

June 4.—Wheaten flour was bought yesterday at 240 roubles the pood and rye at 270! Hearsay has it that the Soviet in Petrograd has received a check. At Sch—— people have lived in bliss for several weeks—no committees.

June 8.—For several days Nikita has wished to leave for Moscow, but every evening he has been advised not to, as the train would probably be stopped before it got to the capital on account of the dispute between the Bolsheviks and the railwaymen. However, to-morrow he will really leave. In order to obtain a permit he had to go through the farce of obtaining a medical certificate to the effect that he needed the advice of a Moscow specialist. He will probably be sent to Archangel to help in the debarcation of agricultural tools [?], under American auspices. The whole thing is rather strange, the more so as he got into touch with the American through the staff here, where German is now frequently spoken. Yesterday, in a village near by, a man who kept a bomb in his house showed it to a friend; it went off, wounded them, and started a fire which resulted in the destruction of twenty-six homesteads. It was then discovered that some of the peasants had ten or more sacks of grain. Three sacks were left to each; the rest confiscated. The town has been giving neither bread nor potatoes. We have no bread baked; for supper we had eggs; our hens have begun to lay. I have no shoes; I do not know what I shall do, but I do not intend to give 180 roubles for a pair. Rosenberg told me that his workmen confirm the news that thousands of poods of grain were stolen from the base-supply by the soldiers and sold to the peasants. That accounts for the peasants having ten and more sackfuls. This is not a government which can supply itself; it always imports. Now the Bolsheviks are short of provisions, they gave their employees their this month's supply, but say it will be the last; each employee received 20 lb. of good flour, and 15 lb. of rice, besides sugar, buckwheat, and lard in abundance. In no other country would people put up with such injustice. They with their

abundance and we with our 2 lb. of potatoes a fortnight.

Letters can be sent to Poland, Germany, and Switzerland, but not the Ukraine; the postage is thirty kopeks for simple and sixty for registered letters. As yet telegrams cannot be sent, but that will very shortly be altered.

In Orsza many Polish refugees, Nicolai Nicolai-vitch's mother and sisters among the number, have for many weeks been waiting to return home. They are half-starved and without money. There are two Commanders in Orsza, the Russian and the German; it was the latter who, some days ago, went to Moscow to say that carriages must be provided for refugees so that they may continue their journey.

Again there has been a murder up at the pond.

June 13.—In Kieff, wheaten flour, really white, is 2 roubles the lb., rye 1 rouble, and one is allowed to buy as much as one wishes; but manufactured goods are more expensive than here, calico being 17 to 20 roubles the ell. Here we pay 3 roubles for an ell of cotton, there 20. Nikita has just come back from a friend's; in the village there one can buy potatoes in plenty, but they are from 55 to 60 roubles the measure. I have been all the evening planting out my cabbage seedlings. Again I have lost my voice, and have the same old trouble with my throat; the doctor says it may be a form of malaria. I badly need boots; but, of course, not being a Bolshevik, cannot get a ticket. Without a ticket the lowest price is 200 roubles.

10.30 p.m.—The Baroness just came in. There is a great stir in town; people declare that Ruprecht of Bavaria is on the western front and that Smolensk has been taken. Only half an hour ago I was saying to Nikita that I wished the cannons in Wjazma [the barrels have already been taken to the station]

would be sent farther east. They were to have been sent to Samara. [Some of the biggest and newest guns on the western front were on a high piece of ground near the station. When, in 1917, the armies of "Free" Russia had refused to go on with the war and had run away from the front, only the gunners remembered their duty; they were as brave as men could be. If guns were lost it was because their brave defenders were killed, often by their Russian "comrades." These guns had been brought back to Wjazma so that they might not fall into enemy hands.]

June 17.—It seems that an order has been given to cut down all the corn between Wjazma and Smolensk because the Germans mean to advance: everyone makes fun and says it is to enable the braves to escape the faster. The mare has been taken; not even a receipt was given; they did not even look to see in what condition she was. "Oh, she belongs to the —offs? Take her!" The address book has brought them in over 26,000 roubles. [As far as I can remember we were obliged to register our address and pay for so doing.] Potatoes are sixty roubles the measure. The measure is half its former size. We received a loaf of bread as a present from Vera Vassiliovna. We have plenty of milk, and are able to sell some.

June 21.—Nikita left last night. Yesterday morning six peasants from Polevanovna had the cheek to come here with wood, stolen from Maria Petrovna's forest, and ask us to buy; they said they would let us have it cheap! The Baroness sent them off. Evidently they are afraid that things may yet change and wish to curry favour. I sold some of my cabbage seedlings to-day. In one shop there is still soap to be had even without a ticket; I bought 10 lb. and 4 lb. of powder soap [of an inferior quality]; it cost me forty-three roubles.

June 25.—Rosenberg's workpeople [peasants who come in to comb the flax] confirm the news about the order to cut the corn, but the villages refuse to obey; the peasants very wisely say that the Germans will probably take much but may leave some, whereas if they cut their corn they will starve.

A gentleman came and asked me to write to Maria Petrovna and say that he has been chosen Justice of the Peace for the First Estate; he is to have a room in her house, but, not being a hooligan, would like first to receive her permission. He was much afraid of anyone knowing he had been to the house or asked permission. Nikita did not hide properly what he ought to have hidden. Katie found it; such a nuisance, the servants knowing. [Alexander Alexandrovitch had told his son to take the revolver and hide it; now it was once more on my hands; I did not think that the maid would tell anyone in order to make trouble, but in her anxiety she might have mentioned it to one of the Lettish servants during a house search. I do not know that I really distrusted either of the girls, but the others did.] Only three days ago K——, the big merchant, had to escape from town because one was found in his house; his son had been fool enough to bring it home. They say the Grand-Duke Michael Alexandrovitch has had himself proclaimed Czar in Siberia; it is the Bolsheviks who say so.

June 30.—Nikita was here; he has been sent to Smolensk. He says that all Moscow believes the news about the Grand-Duke; here everyone disbelieves it. The Bolsheviks won't give us our monthly allowance of sugar; they say we are burguee; others got theirs. Arm-chairs are to be taxed. M—— A—— is anxious; she thinks she will be arrested.

July 1.—Some days ago the prices of milk, butter, eggs, etc., were fixed; since then there is absolutely

nothing to be bought ; not a soul in the market except the cucumber-sellers. Yesterday there was a very good concert, but it was a financial loss to the givers ; the Bolsheviks exacted 40 per cent. of the profits. X——, a member of the Duma, was here at the Borisoffs' ; he said there seemed to be a chance of the (a) English and Japs, (b) Americans, or (c) Germans. The first would be good but somewhat slow, the second means bread, the third would be best because quickest, being most brutal and remorseless ; it would, however, mean a second " Tartar Yoke." That is just what we have all been saying. It is said that there is a big army in the north-east of Russia.

July 8.—Yesterday we heard that Mirbach [the German Ambassador] was killed ; to-day they say Lenin has been murdered. Is it true ? The Moscow train came in yesterday, but no train left for Moscow.

Only $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of bread given out ; vile stuff, grey and very bitter. The Baroness says she knows what it is made of, but will not tell for fear of disgusting us. Last week we were only given little crusts, the soldiers' leavings. For over a week we have been hearing that the staff is to leave for Nizni Novgorod.

July 9.—Mirbach's body passed on its journey home. I met Mr. Harrison [an American who was working with the American Y.M.C.A.]. Factories are being evacuated from Smolensk.

July 13.—No bread given out ; rotten potatoes instead. We bought a pood of rye-flour from a First Estate peasant ; he asked 240 roubles, but as we let him put up here in the log-hut he let us have it for 200. Cola's father came from Petrograd ; the same old tale : people dying in the streets of hunger.

Some news has trickled through from Baku ; Tatiana Nicolaevna is nearly sure that her sister-in-law has been killed. The former bailiff of the Second

Estate received the following note from his people :
" Thank God, all well ; only one nephew murdered ! "

July 15.—Most of the surrounding villages are armed ; it seems they wish to fight the District Committee.

July 20.—The other day potatoes were already three roubles the lb. We sent a loaf of our bread to an old lady who is over eighty, and who only has linseed and chick-weed. Some days ago there was a rumour that the Allies mean to take Petrograd. Dreadful things are going on in the S— District. Red Guards, who came to estimate the crops, are being mutilated by the peasants. The soldeps have sent to Moscow for help. Everywhere here there are notices up forbidding the peasants to start reaping until they have permission. Fools ! Of course we shall have trouble. Maria Petrovna wrote and asked me what I thought we had better do. I sent off a long letter, but goodness only knows what will happen to-morrow ; how can one make plans for the future ? This house—the cows, the furniture, the books, and bronzes saved from the First Estate—is like a millstone round our necks and prevents movement. Everyone expects a pogrom ; feeling against the Jews is running very high. Maria Petrovna is working at the reorganisation of the Red Cross.

July 21.—The other day soldiers were again here hunting for bicycles and firearms. To-day I was sitting in the big arm-chair, Nadia was on the window-sill, and with her foot knocked a bump which she noticed in the side of the chair ; it was hard. I put my hand down and brought out a revolver and some cartridges. The cartridges are in the pond ; the revolver in my room. Now I have two. [We could not leave it where it was because (1) it might have been noticed during the search ; (2) this was the old Countess's arm-chair, and it would not have improved her nerves

to find it; (3) the Bolsheviks were requisitioning arm-chairs.]

July 25.—Mr. Harrison again here from Moscow. The Germans have sent the Bolsheviks an ultimatum. They demand (a) a guard of their own in Moscow [it is already arriving, the Bolsheviks have cleared a street for them, near the American Consulate]; (b) the hanging of twenty-five Social Revolutionists [being seen to]; (c) the Allies to be invited to send representatives to Moscow [been done, but they refuse]. Mr. Harrison's admiration for the Russian railway people is immense.

July 26.—At 5.30 a.m. the Red Guard came past with music; they have won an "honourable" victory over the peasants of the S— District. There is an order forbidding the sale of new potatoes.

July 27.—A peasant came up to the window and asked me to telephone to his daughter to come home; his son has been killed in a fight with the Red Guards. He never doubted our willingness to help him. The peasants have no salt; they are offering two measures of potatoes, or even buckwheat, for a lb. of salt. It is very difficult to get food because the peasants won't come in to town, where they are forced to sell at fixed prices. Until lately we went out to the Hill of Salutation and met them there; but the last few days Red Guards have been there, and they seize provisions from buyers and sellers alike; the sellers they try to whip into town. To-day they threaten to fire on the buyers. The fixed price for hay is to be 2'80 to three roubles the pood; of course not a blade will be seen.

The Countess's Lettish maid, who has all along been trying to get to her brother in Moscow, now declares she will leave for Riga, the Germans having announced that Letts who do not return within a month shall be considered as foreigners.

July 29.—The other day we were told to pay 600

roubles on the house. We refused; the house is not ours; the log-house is, but then the land on which it stands is not ours. Moscow is full of Germans. Stan Nikolish was here yesterday; he has had enough of his adopted country, and is leaving with the other Bulgarians.

Some soldiers were sent to the St. Serge's Monastery. One shot himself, whether accidentally or no one cannot say; another was so impressed that he went mad; the others ran away.

Yesterday there were heaps of potatoes at the station; they were being sent west to Germany. Here we have to pay 100 roubles the measure, and even at that they are difficult to obtain. [Often food went through to the Germans, though we were on the edge of starvation.] We heard some days ago how the trouble in the S—— District ended. The peasants had already lost many of their number, so they made up with the Bolsheviks, saying they were only "dark" [ignorant] people and that X——, a small landowner, had advised them to act as they did. Beforehand they had warned X—— to clear out of the place. They say [a very important Bolshevik among them] that the Czar has not been killed, but hidden.

A quarter of lb. of sugar was given us to-day, but not to the Baroness; her name is too aristocratic. Yet she is practically our cook and goes about bare-footed because she has only one pair of shoes, which she tries to make last for Sundays.

They say that a counter-revolution is being prepared and that that accounts for so many good people entering the services of the Bolsheviks; when the right moment comes the Bolsheviks will be turned out and they will carry on the work. We made another discovery in the arm-chair [more cartridges]. Michael Michaelovitch advises me to bury the revolvers. If they are found in my room I shall be shot.

I shall bury them to-morrow. It seems we must look on top of the stove in Alexander Alexandrovitch's room.

Michael Michaelovitch heard from a Bolshevik friend that all landowners are to be turned out of this district by August 15; he is not sure whether it means only the men or whether women and children are included. He thinks that if women are included, although I am no landowner, I should be sent away; I must get my travelling-bag ready, put in Maria Petrovna's papers. Often only two hours are given. A few houses off there were three cases of cholera, two deaths.

To-day I received English newspapers of February 15, March 7 and 15; yesterday of February 22. Perhaps I shall receive some letters soon.

During the last week I have not been hungry; it is such a pleasant feeling to get up from a meal not feeling ravenous, not looking round for something more to eat. Strange; not only am I satisfied but I don't eat much. Evidently the doctor was right: it all came from extenuation. About a week ago I spent my last savings on buying half a pood of honey; in the market it is from 15 to 20 roubles the lb. but through Tatiana Nicolaevna I got it for 10 roubles. We eat some every evening; it makes a big difference. For some time we have had plenty of cucumbers and beetroot from the garden. [Cucumbers in Russia are short, fat, and very sweet; Russians eat them raw as we eat apples. Poles sometimes eat them with honey.]

July 30.—I buried the revolvers. Nadia went to the soldeps and explained that the Baroness was our cook; she received permission to buy provisions for her. There were many servants there, all furious they had been discharged, and they were abusing the soldeps as the cause of their misfortune by not allowing

the burguee to keep servants, buy or sell, and hindering them in every way. Let it work; it may do good! A single reel of cotton is being given out to each purchaser. I wished to buy, but the "queue" was endless.

August 2.—Everyone thinks something will happen before the 15th. Harrison was here; he showed me the letter he had just received which recalled him to Moscow, and told him to leave no agent with much money, either here or in Smolensk or Wjazma. Evidently the Americans in Moscow feel that they are in a bag the strings of which may be drawn at any minute. The British Consul is more or less a prisoner; he has to send communications through the Americans.

Michael Michaelovitch leaves to-morrow to bring his wife and children here; they are not safe on the estate. He nearly had his work-horse taken the other day; the peasants saw and wished to take it, he just saved it; they took D——'s and R——'s [two landowners who, with a few others, had each saved a work-horse and used to do carting and earn much money, sufficient to keep themselves and their families. I have often met them in their overalls walking alongside their heavily laden carts].

August 3.—The landowners are being sent away, right out of this district; in some places the peasants are delighted. Some days ago the Commander sent for all Austrian prisoners; he said they were to leave in a few days. The Poles are leaving by the trainful. I met a funny old dame who would talk to me; she declared that great forces were at work, that the Germans and Bolsheviks are but a handful, that in Moscow there would be great bloodshed, but that the deputies would "retire." The peasants, in spite of the Bolsheviks, are selling their rye; the difficulty is, how to get it ground without having it confiscated. [There were soldiers at all the mills.]

August 5.—All the Austrians were to have left. Franz had received his wages and went to the station, but has just returned because things have been altered. The same thing happened to the refugees; they have given up their work and their lodgings, and, to the number of 557, are waiting at the barracks; now they hear that they are not to be sent yet awhile; poor things! Whatever flour they had, they baked for the journey, and it has all been eaten up whilst waiting at the barracks; where they are to get more flour from, when the time comes to leave, the Lord only knows. Luckily Nicolai Nicolaivitch did not give up his work; he goes every day.

August 8.—Rosenberg got a letter from his brother who lives near Odessa, complaining of the high price of bread; 40 kopeks for brown, 90 for black. Here it is 6·50 for black! The bread some days smelt just like vomit. We tried cutting it in slices and baking it; there was a dreadful stench in the kitchen. To-day it has an unmistakable smell of manure; I fancy I can get along without it. Bronislawa [Nicolai Nicolaivitch's wife] and her little children got ready to leave last night; we all wished them farewell. Her husband went to the station to find out whether they might wait till the morning; there was a false commander at the station who told them they were to be sent off at once. But the real one turned up a little later and said he did not know when they would leave, because Orsza is overfull and the Germans allow no fresh refugee-trains in. None the less to-day Bronislawa left and went to the barracks to wait; she and her husband are frightened lest they should miss the moment. Wonder how they will spend the night with all that crowd. Poor things! At least Nicolai Nicolaivitch can go on with his work till the last minute and Bronislawa will come here to us for milk for the children. Some of the other Poles have

been there more than a fortnight without work, and the town refused to give them food ; yesterday they went in full force and told the Soviet that they would wring their necks if food were not given them. They each at once received $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread and two lumps of sugar. [That accounts for our vile bread to-day.] To all the grumbling people whom I have met in the streets to-day I have preached resistance, telling them it is no use their grumbling to us burguee, we can do nothing ; but let them go a few hundred strong and demand supplies of the Soviet ; they will get them, for there is food in town. Only the other day the Bolsheviks ordered the churches to give up their registers [of births, marriages, and deaths] ; seventy people went and made a fuss and the Bolsheviks gave in. Joseph, the Austrian, and others came in with furniture from K——, D——, X——, M——, and other estates. Vera Vassiliovna and the others are to be turned out. Sophie Vladimirovna has been allowed to take the furniture from four rooms. Vera Vassiliovna may take of her crops as much as she can get in within twenty-four hours ; the rest is to belong to the Soviet. Vada declares that a First Estate woman said that the peasants are no longer allowed into the Manor-house, the reason given being that it belongs to the ——offs, who will be coming back. I fancy the woman must have lied to please the child ; for a long time past there have been plays in the Manor-house on Saturdays ; the plays are in the gallery ; downstairs the tea-rooms are always open.

Potatoes may not be sold before the 15th, and we have only our $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of stinking bread ! Through the Borisoffs we have become acquainted with a market gardener who has sold us three-quarters of a measure. Nadia and I went just now, after sun-down, to get it ; we had to go through holes in the fences across the cabbage-fields, so as not to cross a street and

be seen. Tatiana Nicolaevna has become acquainted with some butcher who has promised to sell her meat three times a week if she promised not to tell anyone and comes for it herself by the back entrance, through somebody else's yard, before 7 a.m. or after 8 p.m. Red Guards are to be sent round to all of us to see what we eat and whether any of us still keep servants without permission. Each servant registered as such must pay a monthly fine or tax of five roubles, and each employer one from twelve to fifty roubles. We shall have to say that the Countess's maid and cook are relations!

For months the Catholic priest has been using red wine for Mass; last winter he often consecrated a small host for his own Communion.

August 9.—I received letters from home dated March 1 and 2. Such a blessing to have even these Vera Vassiliovna is in town trying to settle about getting some of her furniture into friends' houses; but everyone is frightened to accept any; it may be confiscated at any moment. Her last horse was to have been taken for the Red Guards; but, for some reason or whim, at the last minute it was left her. The Whites sent a message to some of the proprietors that, if they let the Red Guards have their horses, they would be shot for so doing. Most simple: either refuse and be shot at once, or wait to be shot later on! I had a spoonful of jam to-day!

August 10.—All kinds of rumours in town: that the envoys sent by the Allies have been murdered in Vologda; that all French and British subjects are leaving Moscow as fast as possible; that in Moscow 5,000 officers have been arrested as hostages; that the Czecho-Slovaks have sent an ultimatum to the city; that Lenin passed through our town on his way to X—.

The Countess received a letter from the Princess,

who writes that her son-in-law has had two sisters, who were living in the country, murdered by sailors of the Black Sea Fleet who are being sent about to rid the land of the upper classes. The one sister had, only a few days previous, been stunned by a blow on the head given by a house-breaker. *R.I.P.* Moscow is preparing for a fight; some days ago we were told that the Kremlin is being put into a state of defence.

Poor Vera Vassiliovna! She was most effusively welcomed by the land committee here; they would wish to help her, for she is only a small landowner; and, besides, they need her assistance here for their concerts, but they are afraid of the peasants. They could only suggest that she should get a certificate of her "capacity for work" and of her need of the piano from the peasants. Of course Vera Vassiliovna will not move a little finger in the matter; she has too much pride to go begging those unintelligent robbers to say that she is a "worker." [Vera Vassiliovna had been turned out of her estate, but, unlike the other landowners, it seemed that she would be allowed to live in our town in order to help with some concerts. She hoped to be able to earn her living partly by the concerts, partly by teaching music; but she needed a piano, and the peasants refused to allow her to have either of her own, although they themselves could not use them.]

August 11.—The Polish refugees have left, but not for Orsza; poor things, I hope they will not go wandering round for weeks. Nobody is sure as to what is expected in Moscow; the peaceful population is leaving; from some parts of the town the flight is voluntary, from others compulsory.

There was cannonading somewhere near by last night; I suppose our good people are beginning to get excited about "saving the revolution." Such folly! The Letts tell the Russians, "It is all your

fault ; we prepared the revolution and you have spoilt it." There are the wildest rumours about Lenin.

The other day P—— was raised to the new orthodox see of Wjazma.

August 16.—The sale of all vegetables, including potatoes, is still forbidden. The Bolsheviks say that in a week they will fix the prices and allow sale. Gardeners are in despair, for they fear the prices fixed will be very low, whereas their expenses have been great. At present they get no sleep ; they must be on the watch all the time, otherwise everything would be stolen.

The Housing Commissioner was here to-day ; he ordered us to free nearly the whole of the hut and two rooms in the house. How we shall manage about the cooking, the paying for firewood and electricity, the fetching of water, etc., goodness knows. Poles have been sent off, but the Germans are sending back the Russians who were among them.

August 18.—Sunday. Went to church, but after that had to work all day to get the rooms emptied ; we have to give up Maria Petrovna's and Alexander Alexandrovitch's rooms, which are crowded with things saved from the First Estate. We have to leave furniture for the new-comers. I came across more bullets, boxes full. Part of the First Estate Manor-house is to be turned into a girls' school. Stephan has spread all the false reports about the head steward. [The head steward had been arrested because Stephan said he had embezzled money belonging to hospitals of which he was the director. The head steward was honest itself, but Stephan hated him because he had helped to show that he, Stephan, was a thief.]

Near Vitebsk there is trouble : peasants, aided by soldiers returning from the front, are fighting the Bolsheviks and accusing them of being German

spies. Lenin has sent a Dictator there to restore "order"! Here there are posters up begging the soldiers not to part with their rifles, and telling non-commissioned officers that they are needed.

August 20.—Yesterday I took down a rifle and three swords and several packages of gunpowder from the top of Alexander Alexandrovitch's stove. [I had only found them with the help of a looking-glass, the space between the top of the stove and the ceiling being small towards the outside of the room. As soon as the new-comers took possession of their rooms, they heated the stove; how pleasant for all if the gunpowder had still been on the top!] The things are in my room at present, but Michael Michaelovitch was here this morning to tell us that a decree had been received ordering fresh house-searchings for firearms; this house is one of the first on their list. I have various other things in my room. [After lunch I hid the rifle and the swords under a piece of iron which ran the length of my balcony and one end of which was loose so that I could just force the things under.]

CHAPTER VI

AUGUST 21—SEPTEMBER 26, 1918

THE Czecho-Slovaks retook Kazan; later, partly owing to lack of ammunition, they lost it, Volsk, and Simbirsk.

The Bolshevist troops attacked the British Embassy at Petrograd, killed and mutilated Captain F. Cromie, our Naval Attaché. The British force in Baku was withdrawn.

Lenin [Zederbaum] having been wounded, in many towns there was wholesale massacre of the bourgeoisie by the Bolsheviks. By the supplementary agreement to the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the Bolsheviks undertook to fight against the Entente Powers in Northern Russia. Some Lettish regiments refused to fight against the British.

The Japs seized Khabarovsk, the Bolshevist base against Vladivostok.

The U.S.A. Consul left Russia.

The Siberian Government entrusted General Guida with the task of raising a Siberian Army.

August 21.—Our new house-inmates came yesterday afternoon. We are very lucky, they are quite respectable. [Only afterwards did we find out why we, the hated ones, were not afflicted with Red Guards but with ordinary mortals. A gentleman, his wife and nephew, landowners in another district, being turned out of their own district, arrived in ours with letters of introduction to some of our chief soldeps; the gentleman likewise proclaimed his willingness to serve under them if they would find him rooms. Ours

were about the only ones vacant, so he was given them and a post on the Food Committee. It was the first case in our town of a man White at heart serving the Bolsheviks; of course now nearly everyone in Moscow is such, they are often called radishes; those who are red throughout, in appearances and tastes, are tomatoes. In spite of all our labour delegates may say, there are very, very few of the latter.]

To-day I buried the greater part of our silver, likewise all the gunpowder. To-morrow I hope to stow the rest of the silver and all jewelry which we still have left.

The Bolsheviks were most excited last night about something or other, and arranged an extra meeting, by telephone. Several times I went to the telephone, but our bell had rung merely because the whole system is out of order. I heard all their conversation. There has been a good deal of firing [practice] of late. Yesterday and to-day we constantly hear strange sounds as though someone were digging under the house. Probably it is D——in, who I suppose is, like ourselves, trying to dispose of his silver and valuables, for every day someone or other has them taken from him. Red Guards came into the yard to-day and were most rude; they said that perhaps they would take our wagon. When asked to show their papers they answered that might is right, and they would show nothing.

There is to be a 300-rouble fine if the road in front of one's house is not weeded within the next few days. So stupid! the grass was the only firm spot after rain; besides, everyone picks the stinging-nettles for soup.

August 22.—I buried the remainder of the things. Three soldiers searched the house, a fourth was on guard outside in the yard, a fifth at the front door.

I did not know about the two last until after I had gone out twice through the verandah into the garden and hidden a box containing some important papers, my silver ink-pot and tray ; the man in the yard did not see me. They came at 7.30, just as we were finishing our supper, up the back staircase and right in upon us before we suspected their presence. They left at 10.40. They read all the maid's love-letters, even though they were in Lettish, and took away a pack of cards which she cherished as a relic, for it had been given her by an old gentleman whom she had once served until his death. In spite of our pleading, they were not returned to her. In the Countess's room they only spent about a quarter of an hour examining her correspondence. I fancy they were afraid that what the Baroness said might come true. She might die any second. From Nadia they took nothing ; whilst they were in her room I sat in my tiny cell wondering where I could place a bottle of liqueur which was in my cupboard. Out on the verandah ? Dangerous ; for, if they found it, they might go on searching ; then the swords would come to light. Between the double windows ? Not good enough. Behind the door stood my high dark-blue water-jug ; into that I stowed it. I opened my diary at a clean sheet, wrote a few words, and opened a Greek Grammar as though I were studying. In came the searcher ; he looked at my diary, but wished to see my letters. There they were, English and Polish. The English ones interested him ; he looked at all the dates, then asked from whom I received them and why they were in English. He was an ignorant man, and I am sure to him the word " English " did not call up any greater power than the word " Lett " or " Esthonian." Luckily there is no electricity in the attics, so they had only the light of the candle which Nadia held ; they did not find much. They took two

gentlemen's saddles, one side-saddle, Vera Vassiliovna's camera, all the Baroness's letters and the notes she had made on the book she was studying, a box of cartridges and a cartridge-belt, much of Count X——'s correspondence, even though they knew he died long before the war, two maps, and 3 lb. of candles which we had just bought on our tickets. The electricity often fails, we have no lamps, the Countess is an invalid and often needs help at night; none the less, they took our candles. They gave us a receipt, and said they would send a man later for the saws, which they mean to take. They were not rude to us, but very nearly lost their tempers with cook. Poor things, they have two more houses to do to-night. They wished us "Restful night," and we them a restless one. The sentinel at the front door was the whole time telling them to hurry up; the one in the yard did the same at the start, but afterwards we heard no more of him until the others were leaving and could not find him. He was in the garden examining the apple-trees and the cucumbers.

August 23.—Last night the soldiers went to the monastery, where the Abbot lay ill. The monks fearing that their churches were to be robbed, rang the tocsin; the other churches at once followed suit, and people began to flock to their own parish church as had been arranged. The Red Guards fired and dispersed them; nobody was killed. When the Bolsheviks heard the tocsin they put up two red balls on the fire-tower, so that people thought they had made a mistake and that the tocsin rang for fire, and they all started going home. Afterwards the Abbot was arrested and taken to the W—— Hospital. [This hospital was used as a prison.] Nearly all burguee houses were searched; it seems we came off well; some people had drunken soldiers in their houses. The Soviet was guarded by machine-guns.

Seventy soldiers searched the convent after having broken open the gate ; they ate all the bread prepared for church use. Many motor-lorries hurried down the High Street to the Soviet ; people were not allowed to pass the convent.

Tatiana Nicolaevna had to spend the night on the other side. Many merchants were arrested.

To-day many say that the Abbot has been shot ; probably not true ; of course the W—— Hospital has a bad name ; that, in fact, may be the origin of the rumours.

Some say that all those written down in the Brotherhood [a religious society] are to be arrested. If so, the Baroness will be one of the first. I do not believe it. An awkward letter of Maria Petrovna's was taken last night ; perhaps they won't understand it. The Baroness is very much upset, though quite calm. Nadia's influenza quite passed with last night's excitement. The town is under martial law again—or rather, it was under that before, now it is what they call Siege Law. Nobody allowed out after 7 p.m. [old sun-time]. All men between 18 and 45 are being mobilised. We half expect another search to-night. Shall have my dressing-gown handy. The electric light in our half of the house is spoilt. No tickets to Moscow are being issued. Some say there is trouble there ; most probable.

People say that Michael Michaelovitch is thought to be among those arrested last night ; all along he has refused to hide.

Vera Vassiliovna came just now and told us how the inventory of her belongings was drawn up. If it were not all so sad it would be screamingly funny. One of her grand pianos was written down as a "grand," the other as a "harmonium." She is still uncertain whether she may live here ; she goes to inquire to-morrow. We hope she may. She is very

much upset about her youngest nephew ; he is already eighteen.

In town they say there was an attempted contra-revolution in Moscow.

Vera Vassiliovna told us an almost unbelievable tale ; but we are in Russia, and it may be true. The peasants hate the deputies. One village sent many versts away to a deputy, who was something like a coroner, to say that a female had committed suicide. He came ; the female turned out to be a mouse which had allowed itself to be caught in a trap.

August 24.—Vera Vassiliovna is not allowed to live here ; neither are the X—s nor the S—s. She leaves to-morrow. Nationalisation of clothes already declared ; many have had their overcoats taken. The railwaymen have sent messengers all over the town bidding the people come to them and hold a meeting. The Baroness went ; there were hundreds there, but they all remained outside the station ; only the Baroness and three others went in. It seems the railwaymen, workmen, and officials had expected to be called upon to help us the night before last ; not considering themselves townspeople, they had not wished to interfere until called upon.

House searches went on all last night and to-day. There have been many arrests. The ropes of all church bells have been cut, so that the tocsin cannot be rung. [A Russian church-bell is fixed, a rope is attached to the tongue, and it is the latter which moves and thus produces the sound.] The evening service was early, so that people might be home before 7 p.m. The atmosphere is vile ; everyone expects something disagreeable to happen ; everyone nervous. Again must go to bed with dressing-gown and shoes handy.

Two more rooms in the hut have been taken ; we were ordered to leave the furniture to the

new-comers. [A man, his wife, and several children; they had a loathsome disease. We were terrified less they should use our kitchen; we could not have resisted. Luckily they took to using the stove in one of their rooms.]

There was rather a funny scene between the Housing Commissioner and the Baroness. She pointed out that the rooms were small and would hardly lodge a family; he said they would do. She pointed out that the roof needed repair and that each time it rained water came through. It has rained almost every day. He said, "There will be no more rain." Vetia [a boy of nine or ten] looks very pale; his mother [a music mistress] tells us that last week he often cried all day from hunger. Why did she not send him to us for a meal! I have given her a letter to take to Moscow, but asked her to tear it up if they start searching; I hope it will be all right. Last night everyone in the train from Smolensk was searched; all letters read. The Abbot is alive; he was very badly treated. He could hardly walk, but was shoved along by the soldiers, who several times told him to stop because they meant to shoot him. They gave him 160 blows on his arrival at the W— Hospital.

August 25.—Bells still may not ring. A soldier came to have a look at our bottle of methylated spirits and make sure we have a Primus.

August 26.—Soldiers came to take our saws. They grumbled at their hard life and at the Bolsheviks. The Baroness went to the W— Hospital and saw both the Abbot and the head steward. The latter now looks quite an old man. The other night the soldiers behaved so vilely to the Abbot that even O—, whom all call a brute, had them beaten and does not allow any of those who were with the Abbot the first day to guard him now. I

was at the Rosenbergs'. In another flat of their house 1,000 roubles of gold were found on Friday night. Unpatriotic creature! served him right. Z—in and several others have been told to leave the town.

August 27.—This evening the bells are allowed to ring; we are back under martial law, which is more lenient than siege law. We may be out till 8 p.m. The Baroness came back from church very much upset. Two sailors half killed an old deacon. They were passing him on their bikes; he was walking along, alone and silent. Suddenly they stopped, seized him by the beard, and started to beat him. The Baroness went with the deacon's daughter and some others to the Soviet and made a fuss; the Soviet was rather upset at the "little misunderstanding," and tried to hush it up.

August 28.—The deacon's daughter again went and made a fuss; there is much indignation in the town. The Soviet has sent some of its members to Moscow to ask permission to relieve themselves of their sailor guardians. [Round their caps the sailors wore "Guardians of X——".] There is firing at intervals, I suppose practice, but it makes the whole house shake.

August 29.—I wish people would keep their nerves in order; everyone seems exasperated, shrieks and disputes. How dreadfully narrow-minded people are! I do hope I shall not give way to nerves and go about as cross as two sticks from morning to night.

No bread to-day. Again cannot sleep; throat hurts dreadfully.

9 p.m.—There are two other versions of the explosion: (a) Alongside the store of perekyseline is a magazine of some explosive that can ignite spontaneously; from fear of what may happen it is

gradually being taken away and exploded ; (b) that a company of sappers is at work. One might combine the two. The former seems to me the more probable. The explosions vary very greatly in intensity ; sometimes everything trembles for several seconds and one's ears hurt, and on two occasions the sound has come from a different quarter from the usual one.

It seems S—— sided with the sailors who beat the deacon ; the others wish to get Moscow support to oust him and them.

Rosenberg junior had his office furniture returned with apologies, because he is a Lithuanian subject ! The Polish doctor and most others living in our road between the bridge and the market are being turned out. The Soviet wishes to place soldiers and machine-guns there to guard them. We shall be in between the devil and the deep sea if there is trouble with the peasants. Although in the newspapers it was announced that Michael Michaelovitch D——kin, etc., were to leave the town, nothing has been said to them, so they stop on. There was a very funny passage in the newspapers about the " conspiracy " : it asserted that Baron X—— and Princess ——off were in hiding. There never was a Baron X—— in this town ; the Baroness is living openly with us ; Madame ——off has no title, and is living openly in Moscow.

August 31.—It is much feared that four of those arrested the other day have been shot. When the former J.P.'s wife took him his food the dishes were returned almost immediately ; he could not have had time to eat it ; she was told he is not in this town. We, being burguee, are not allowed sugar, salt, herrings, etc. ; our tickets are only available for bread. Now the town has told us we may not sell the cows ; when we reminded them that we may not sell them because they are on the First Estate inventory and

the peasants claim them, they told us to mind our own business. Logic!

Maria Petrovna has found a flat in Moscow. Life there, of course, will be dreadful, but better than this.

They say Lenin has been shot, but I suppose it is not true this time either.

September 1.—I saw M—— M——; she has been dismissed from her post. No money has been paid either her or any of the mistresses since June. Every day they come and bother her and make her go off to the other end of the town on jobs connected with the school. When she remarks, "But I have been dismissed," they threaten to punish her for going on strike. As she cannot pay the town a monthly tax of fifty roubles for keeping a servant, she has to do everything herself; her invalid sister is in the same position. Women who have worked hard all their lives dismissed, turned out of their own houses, and not even granted a pension!

B—— [one of the members of the Soviet who went to Moscow] has come back stronger than before and very displeased with S——, who has been trying to turn out the landlords; so there is some chance for Vera Vassiliovna. S—— has been ordered to go to Moscow.

September 2.—The Abbot has arrived safely in K——; there is also hope that the J.P. is with him. Lenin is recovering. Here the Soviet [of course S—— at the head!] has decided to kill 100 of us by way of making things even. Everyone in a funk. The daughter of the First Estate deacon is in town; she brought us half a pood of flour and a few potatoes. The theatre in the house on the First Estate is not as merry as at first; everyone sees or hears ghosts in the house. Long live the ghosts!

September 4.—Yesterday there was news that Lenin

was better ; everyone most disappointed, but of course it means more personal safety here. I have got past the stage of wishing for anybody's death ; it seems to me the assassination of any one man cannot bring harmony out of discord. Vera Vassiliovna came last night ; she has been turned out of her country home for good and all ; she would like to go to Moscow, but it is so difficult to get permission, and just at present the searchers at the station only allow one a few indispensable articles, and one change of linen ; everything else they confiscate. Workmen are allowed to take $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of provisions ; we are not. Even the little we may take to eat in the train is halved, only one half being left us ; life is very difficult.

The J.P.'s daughter went to K—— to find her father ; they told her he was there ; she came back without news of him, except that everyone in the train said he was shot. In town they say that he and the three others were shot a little way farther down our road, near the hazels.

September 5.—Michael M—— leaves early to-morrow morning for the country to bring his wife and children, who are to be turned out on the 7th.

It is nearly sure that the J.P. and the others were shot among the hazels and their bodies were buried in the hole near which the sentry has been standing all these past days. This evening we were speaking of the war. Michael M—— spoke of those three brothers [all in the same regiment] who were killed within six months ; he mentioned that the fourth, who was a sailor and whom the Czar sent to the Far East so that he might be spared his mother, is said to have been killed during the revolution. Michael M—— likewise told us that an officer of theirs was in a Prussian town with his regiment ; he paid forty marks for something in one shop and three roubles for

something else in another. Soon afterwards the whole corps was taken prisoner. The Germans behaved disgracefully to the Russians, but the officer noticed that his men were better treated and were allowed to sit down whilst the others were herded together like sheep. He himself was put on a cart and taken off to headquarters; there he was asked, "Did you pay three roubles in Russian money for a hen, and forty marks for something in another shop?" "Yes, but why do you ask?" "Because there was only one Russian officer who paid for what he took, and we wished to make sure that you are he." He was well treated.

To-day there was again a panic in town. One party of soldiers was to be sent to the front; they asked for vodka to be given them; the Soviet refused. The soldiers telephoned to say that they would come and sack the Council-house. The Soviet got out their machine-guns and began to fire, cleared the market-place, and stopped all traffic over our bridge.

Poor Nadia! Lola's father told her that, as she is a suspected person and being watched, she must not come any more to visit his daughters.

September 7.—The Abbot and several others have been shot in K——. Lockhart, our Consul in Moscow, has been arrested. New terms from Germany. Such impudence! We were sitting round the supper-table when at 10.40 we heard a knock at the window.

D——off had come to tell us that through Z——, who is the Soviet doctor, she has found out that Michael Michaelovitch is on the list of hostages. He left yesterday for the country; he must be warned not to enter the town. Franz, the Austrian, leaves at dawn with a letter telling him to go at once to M—— and from there take the train to his sister's place. His

aunt, Vera Vassiliovna, is very much upset. She is here with us, but has no right to be ; she leaves to-morrow for Moscow or M——. Many people are hurriedly leaving town to-night. The Soviet is still sitting and making out the list. The arrests are to be made to-morrow morning. The other evening they sat a long time discussing us. “ The ——offs have no servants. Can it be true ? ” They decided to watch us and to exact a fine of 10,000 roubles if it were found that we really have one. They are somewhat confused about all our different surnames.

September 8.—Old Borisoff has decided not to leave ; 30,000 roubles are demanded of him by way of house-tax. Sonia came back from Moscow ; Alexander Alexandrovitch gives us permission to throw his rifle into the pond. Nadia must go to Moscow ; she may be taken as hostage for her mother. The Baroness ought to leave. I am anxious about her. She is trying to get a permit to go to Petrograd. If she gets it—as for her sake I must hope she will—I shall be alone here with the old Countess and Vada. God help me !

September 11.—Nadia leaves to-morrow. We went down the garden after dark and threw the rifle into the pond ; such a pity, it is a beauty. S—— has been shot in Moscow. Doctor Z—— [the Soviet doctor’s] account of the murder of the J.P. and the others. Disgusting ! [The four prisoners had been put on a lorry and taken to the hazels ; there the soldiers were told to shoot them as they stood beside the hole already prepared to receive the bodies. The soldiers had shot, but failed to kill ; they shot again, and came forward to bury the bodies, when one of the four, not yet dead, implored them to finish him off before they buried him. The soldiers were seized with horror and started to run away, but were brought back to their criminal work by their leader threatening to

shoot them. The bodies were covered with a few inches of earth, but from underneath an agonising hand came up ; the soldiers bolted. The Soviet sent down others to finish the job, and to leave one man on guard to prevent anyone coming near. For some reason the Soviet never owned to having killed those four men. Next winter the leader was shot and buried close to the spot. Two of the soldiers were troubled with hallucinations, and sought advice of the Soviet doctor, a Pole, who at heart was a White ; it was his wife who told us.]

September 15.—Vera Vassiliovna, who is still with us whilst trying to get a permit to go to Moscow, received a telegram yesterday saying that the peasants who helped her have been arrested. It may end badly. Vera Vassiliovna has to leave for M——. She is not allowed to go to Moscow. Sonia stops on to try and put things right for the peasants. [Vera Vassiliovna had been given permission to take any furniture she could get out of the house before evening ; she explained to the village council that she was not allowed to live in our town, and had no permission for Moscow, so she hardly knew what to do with the furniture, unless they allowed her to leave it with friends in the village. They consented. Several peasants offered to take the few things she decided to save from her house ; a bedstead or two, washing-stands, etc. In broad daylight, under the very noses of members of the council who were in her house, she took away those things, yet no sooner was her back turned but they arrested the peasants for having “secretly abetted her in stealing” her own property !]

September 16.—The ——orins have been turned out of their two rooms ; they think it perhaps dangerous for them to stop in the town. [He was a school-master, she a music-mistress.]

Noon.—We have just been warned by a friendly deputy that all relations of Maria Petrovna are in danger. Even Vada, a child of nine, and the old Countess. Sonia has gone to the country, but expected to be back here to-morrow or the day after. Vada must leave for Moscow with her; it will be safer for him to go with a peasant than with me; besides, I could not get a permit without a fuss. The Countess must be sent to a hospital, and we shall not let anyone know to which. All landowners of this district are to be put on an estate, have jailers over them, and be forced to work. One feels as on a thin ice-crust; and two Letts in the house! God grant we get the child off safely. I fear for the Baroness; she says she is safe, as she never owned land in this government. There is no safety now.

7 p.m.—All General M——'s belongings have been seized by the Bolsheviks, clothes and all. If a burguee leaves town, even for a short time, his belongings are taken. When Vada leaves I fear all the ——offs' things will be taken. I do hope that Maria Petrovna will at last realise the situation and give us permission to sell before it is too late. Dr. Z—— [the Soviet doctor] was arrested last night. It seems the panic in Moscow is worse than here. Genia arrived from there yesterday; we gave him our news, and he returns to-morrow. To-day, the first time for a fortnight, I have been able to walk without being bandaged; but it hurts.

8.30 p.m.—B——off has been arrested; everything in his house sealed up. His wife has died of fright.

September 17.—The Baroness at last realises that she is in danger. To-day she was forced to take the papers from the financial department as being Maria Petrovna's cousin. The town taxes Maria Petrovna 20,000 roubles; the Baroness is held responsible. It

is too late to sell copper ; nobody buys. It was difficult to sell the sledges ; the cabbies are afraid to buy. The two of them, with the fur rugs, only brought us 500 roubles. With a ticket a pair of very inferior boots costs 97·50, without a ticket 250 to 300 roubles. Ordinary low goloshes are 120 roubles. Rosenberg told me that she secretly sold 4 lb. of silver for 1,400 roubles.

We wished to get the Countess into a hospital, it being less dangerous than here ; it is impossible. Genia leaves for Moscow to-night. I half thought of sending Vada with him, but it is better to wait for Sonia. Genia is of military age.

The other day, not far off, a Swiss was shot merely because, during a search, he said, " But I am not a Russian subject ! "

To-day all the shopkeepers have to make an inventory of their stock ; all shops are to be taken over by the town. I only hope I shall not lose my head with all I have to do ; when I am tired and at table look up and see Tatiana Nicolaevna, with her head shaking as it has done ever since she was in the Moscow firing, it irritates me dreadfully.

The Baroness thought it would be best to tell the Countess of the danger. Of course the latter tries to make a comedy out of it ; does not wish to undress or go to bed, etc. Such nonsense ! We must eat and sleep as much as we can, to keep up our strength. Goodness knows how we shall get out of this ; it is like being in a bag and watching the noose getting drawn. If only—— No electric light in the house for more than a fortnight, so, although it is still early, I can no longer sort or pack ; I shall go to bed and be up early to-morrow. Vada's things are not ready yet. The rest of the town has received potatoes, sugar, and salt ; we were refused—we are burguee.

September 18.—Sonia not back yet ; I hope she has not been arrested. One of the commissioners here says she ought to be shot. D——off left for Moscow yesterday. I went and asked her to take Vada, but she is taking her three children with her, and her permit is only for self and three children.

The Baroness and I went up to the station together, to get a permit to Moscow ; it was refused me. I have written to the Consulate asking them to get me one for myself and one child from Moscow ; perhaps then they will give me one at this end. The Baroness and I went to the head steward's house to find out whether the elder son were back yet ; he is not. We heard the whole story of S—— and his band ; unimaginable ! He was shot on his arrival in Moscow, likewise two others ; one had served a sentence for murder, the other for coining false money. Seven came back here, were arrested, and sent back to Moscow. [This gang, about twenty-four strong, had one day arrived in our town and said they had come to protect the revolution ; that our town was backward. Most of them wore sailor's uniform. The Soviet stood in fear of them ; finally, after their leader S—— had ill-treated the old deacon, who was much loved in the town, the Soviet complained to Moscow. Moscow sent down two deputies to inquire into the real state of affairs ; they were taken to a hospital which had been the scene of several outrages, and where they saw a nurse who was suffering from paralysis brought on by a fright she had received. Late one evening the hospital telephone had rung and the one in charge was begged to send a nurse at once to a certain address. This nurse had been sent ; when she arrived she discovered that the man, one of the sailor "guardians" of the town, did not require her as a nurse. Whilst the Moscow deputies were in the hospital S—— himself *rode* in, quite drunk, using his whip. This was too

much for Moscow, and we were relieved of our "guardians," who were enticed to Moscow and not allowed to return.]

I do hope we shall get the child off safely. Six of the citizens who were arrested the other day have died of starvation.

September 19.—The head steward's son returned this morning; their house has been nationalised. Nikita has been arrested in Moscow. Even the Bolsheviks have to admit that the news from our front is good, that the Germans are asking for peace.

At last I have received leave to sell whatever I can. I met S—in in town; he promised to come and give me an idea as to what I should ask for the furniture. [We had no leave from the Bolsheviks to sell, and might find ourselves in prison for so doing, but I meant to take the risk, and if they found out I should say that I sold because Maria Petrovna owed me money and I needed it to buy food.] Thank goodness, Sonia has come back and will take Vada away to-night. The peasants who helped Vera Vassiliovna have been released. At 6 p.m. Vada was lying down to rest before the journey when news came that searches were being made throughout the town, and that one party of searchers was in our road; I made him get up, put on his oldest clothes, and sent him with the Baroness's old cook to walk in the street away from the bridge. I carried his luggage out and put it on the cart and covered it with hay; Franz started harnessing at once and I sent a message to Sonia begging her to come immediately. They are off, thank goodness. We have told Sonia to spare no bribes, but to get the child through. I am very much afraid for the Countess; she is very nervous and in great pain. I must try to be with her more to-morrow, but I have so much to do. I must pack some warm

clothes and try to get them through to Moscow, for there will be little firewood in winter and we shall probably be only too glad to sit in furs if we have them. The Baroness ought to go to Petrograd to settle her own business there; but she cannot get a permit; she is sending her old cook.

I must be off to bed and try to sleep; I hope the search won't reach us to-night.

To-day a man came to mend the electricity; he told me I was a fool to stop on, I should be arrested. In the morning, when passing the cobbler's down the road, the man pointed to myself and Vada and said, "Those are they, we must arrest them." We are fools to stop on; but what can we do with the Countess?

September 21.—On the 19th, or rather in the early hours of the 20th, Franz returned from the station. All well. Misha recognised the child, but said nothing. [Misha was a kind of "Minister of the Interior," as far as our town was concerned. He was quite young, a Lett. He had a dear old father, one of the most venerable men I have ever set eyes upon; his mother was a sweet old lady. He lived with them, they loved him, but were deeply ashamed of his way of thinking. Before our house had been nationalised we had asked a hospital nurse, Tatiana Nicolaevna, to take a room. She had done so. Misha held her in great esteem; he had been in her ward at the hospital. It was probably because he knew of her interest in us that he let the child pass.]

We have started selling; the Baroness is helping me, so is Tatiana Nicolaevna. It is vile selling other people's belongings. M—— V—— is here; she wants to go to Moscow and ask her husband whether she ought to remain on or not. She does not belong to this district, so she may stop if she wishes. I went with her to the place where she had left her horses; part

of the harness had already been stolen. She was coming back with me to have supper with us, when we met Lola, who told us that the station was to be surrounded to-night [a hunt for burguee, a favourite pastime !] She left me at once to go and see whether it were true ; quite true ! Sailors are there examining everyone's papers ; no landowner of this district is allowed to pass.

Again we have been told to declare all copper articles in our possession. All Imperial money is being taken away and we are only allowed a 1,000 Kerensky. They are searching ten houses a day on our road.

I had not a second to-day. I sold much. After dark I threw into the pond four big copper samovars, one small silver samovar, four big candlesticks, three candlesticks of the old Russian pattern, the Count's candlestick, the big brass ewer, the big brass pot. Buried two boxfuls of coins belonging to either Nikita's or his father's collection.

I went to the wife of the Soviet doctor ; she promised to take Maria Petrovna's favourite settee and the little inlaid work-table, likewise the statue of Niobe—but said that her house is being watched, though the sentinel is seldom there. I shall get Franz to take the things at 6 a.m. I found more gunpowder ; threw it into the pond.

General M——'s wife is a duffer ! It was she who got the Soviet doctor into trouble. The General was ill, and heard he was to be arrested ; he left for Moscow, but told everyone he was leaving for Wjazma. His wife was out of town ; he left a letter for her with the Soviet doctor, and left her a note to that effect. Instead of calling at once for the letter, she waited several days ; in the meantime the Soviet doctor's house was searched, the letter found and read. The General in the letter told his wife where he had hidden

all the valuables. Of course the Bolsheviks at once went and took the things, and the Soviet doctor was arrested; they have let him out now. He said that he had attended the General in a medical capacity, and, having advised him a change of air, could not refuse to transmit a letter to the wife. The Bolsheviks need Z——, for he is their doctor.

A new hole has been dug by the old one at the hazels. Is it for new arrivals?

Maria Nicolaevna came back a short time; she was quite pale. She had been sent by two unknown girls, who work for the Bolsheviks, to tell us that it has been decided to arrest the Baroness. The Baroness and I are sitting together; she is making up accounts [she had taken the money obtained by the sale of furniture, for I was trying to pack] and handing everything over to me. The Countess has been very ill the last two days; her maid is again trying to get a permit to go to Petrograd; if she gets it she leaves at once. We really ought to get a nurse for the Countess, but we cannot.

I am dead tired, but probably shall not sleep. I am afraid for the Baroness; she is afraid for me. She begs me to leave [I could have gone to some other station and got away], but that is out of the question. What would happen if she is taken? I must remain to look after the Countess; that will indeed be a trial. She grows more and more unreasonable. Cook has not yet obtained a pass to Petrograd. I returned home from a suspected house after dark to-night; it was not over-pleasant crossing the bridge; I was dressed in white, foolishly enough.

September 23.—Yesterday and to-day worked as I never worked before. We have sold much. Two of my boxes are packed, partly with Maria Petrovna's furs; I have put them in the hut, for the hut is seldom searched. I threw more copper into the pond. At

twilight Lola came to see us. She came in through the yard, at the front entrance; looking in through the window into the hall, where I had been packing, were two sailors; she heard them say: "We shall come at four o'clock." Soon an acquaintance turned up to tell us that she had heard that the sailors were to come to us to-night. The Baroness thought it might be better to wait up. I shall undress and go on working. I begged her to go to bed. It would only look suspicious if at 4 a.m. the sailors found us up.

Later.—I have packed all the books together tidily in the attic, and have tried to make the clothes look tidy. [We had sold several wardrobes and chests-of-drawers.] The house looks more or less tidy, but not my room! I shall explain that I am packing. Everything that could be done has been done. Last night the sailors were at the W— Hospital and took the rings off the nurses' fingers. [This was a newly arrived gang, which was terrorising the town.] I am very anxious about the Baroness. From all accounts, the sailors do not like us. I must get into bed. I am dead tired. Have just been throwing more things into the pond. I hope the swords won't be found. May we have a better night than we expect!

About half an hour later.—I have screwed a broken electric bulb into the lamp on the stairs. Perhaps the things on top of the wardrobe won't be noticed.

September 24.—The sailors did not come; probably they were hunting at the station. [I was right; there had been a great round-up of burguee at the station which had kept them busy.] This morning men from the Soviet arrived and made an inventory of all our furniture; we are strictly forbidden to sell. [When they first came they had no order with them; we very politely begged them to return for it, as we wished

to be quite sure of their being authorised to inspect the house. Whilst they were gone I sold a big mirror.] The head steward's son came ; I asked him whether he knew the exact whereabouts of the jewels in the cellar, he did not ; Nadia did not either, all she could tell me was that they were half-way between a corner and a sand-heap ; there are four corners and two sand-heaps.

CHAPTER VII

SEPTEMBER 27—NOVEMBER 2, 1918

THE Bolsheviks having undertaken to fight against the Allies in North Russia, German troops were withdrawn from Finland.

At Ufa an attempt was made by several members of the Constituent Assembly and by members of all parties to form an All-Russian Government which should annul the treaty of Brest-Litovsk and restore Russian independence and unity. The life of this Government was of short duration, because a strong army was a necessity, but Chernoff [Feldmann] and some of his friends prevented its formation.

September 27, in Moscow.—[I had received a paper from the Consulate which gave me the right to enter Moscow; with that I had gone to the station at our town and received a permit to leave. I was leaving in order to take the luggage to Moscow. I had sent off some fifteen or sixteen poods by goods-train, but that was no longer possible, so I decided to take the things myself; besides, I wished to remind Maria Petrovna of the danger of leaving the old Countess in Y——, and beg her to try to get leave from the Moscow Soviet to take her away from there. We had often written about the matter; but, though many acquaintances had returned from Moscow, we received no answer.]

Tatiana Nicolaevna went with me to the station in the morning. I pretended not to speak Russian well, and she asked X—— [a little evil Jew, who, however,

was very grateful to Tatiana Nicolaevna for having nursed him back to life and restored the use of his arm by massage] to give me a permit to take luggage to Moscow. When he heard my address he was suspicious, but, on my promising not to take gold, gave me a permit for three trunks, which must not be over five poods in weight. I, therefore, could not try to find the jewels and take them, as I had intended. My luggage was not even examined in the evening when I went to the station; X——, the Jew, was there and passed them for me at once. [In Moscow I had less luck. At the barrier I nearly got into trouble over my travelling-bag; one of the searchers saw the various bottles and asked to see my nurse's certificate. When I said I was not a nurse he asked why I had so much medicine. Foolishly I lost my temper, and, pulling out one of the bottles, showed him my tooth-brushes. Luckily he was not the head-searcher; the other searchers were amused. Then I went for the luggage, which had been in the van; our former chauffeur was with me. Everything, no matter how small, was unfolded and looked at. I had a silver inkpot, a tray with a silver border, two little silver pots the size of salt-cellars, and several trinkets. One searcher told me I had too much silver and ought to be arrested; however, the other seemed to think I was all right and gave me permission to lock two of the trunks whilst he went on to the third. I had had no notion that the search would be so thorough. In the third trunk was a big silver medal given to Alexander Alexandrovitch for his efforts to improve the breed of horses in Russia, and a civilian cross of St. Anne. These were, of course, found, and I was asked to come before an extraordinary committee to answer for their being found in my possession. I was told that probably all my luggage would be re-examined and much confiscated; but the trunks had already

been signed with chalk. In passing, I hurriedly handed my keys to the chauffeur and begged him to get the trunks out of the place at once. I slowly followed across the station and up some stairs into a room where sat a clever-looking Jew and a sheepish-looking Russian. The searcher stated the case and produced the cross and the medal. I was asked to whom they belonged.

" I do not know."

" Then how did they come into your box ? "

" Oh, I did not steal them ; they belong to friends. I am going to restore them."

" But you say you do not know to whom they belong."

" Neither do I." Quite true ; I was not then sure whether the cross and medal were Alexander Alexandrovitch's. I knew he had no Military Cross, and they in their ignorance were calling the St. Anne a Military St. Anne. I could not see it, otherwise I should have recognised the medal.

" Then how did you come by them ? "

" Quite simply. I was living in a town house ; most of the other occupants found it safer to go away. Then, this autumn, all their friends have been turned out of their country houses and many brought me little things and asked me to keep them. Now the house has been nationalised, I think I shall have to leave. I thought it best to bring the things with me ; their owners can always come and claim them."

During this time I had been looking at three portraits : Marx, Lenin, and Trotzky. The Jew asked me how I liked them. I said the outer faces seemed somewhat foreign, so I could not judge. The centre (Marx) was very interesting ; was he one of their leaders ? Of course Marx was long dead. This amused him very much, and evidently convinced him that I was a fool ; so when he stopped laughing

he told his secretary to write a protocol to the effect that the things had been found in my trunk, but that I did not know whose they were ; that I had not had time to read the papers, and, therefore, was ignorant of the decree which ordered all crosses and decorations to be given up. He wrote, then read out aloud ; the Jew asked me what I thought of it. I said that I could not sign my name and put my address to it, for, according to the secretary, I had stolen the things. He had to rewrite it twice after that, before he got it right. I did not put my address, for I knew the house to which I was going by sight, but did not know the number. The Jew advised me not to make any application for the things, as that would probably get me into trouble.]

In Y—— before I left there was a general decree forbidding anyone to sell anything whatsoever, especially furniture. Two millions were being levied from householders and merchants. Lola came up by the same train as myself to ask advice of her father.

In Moscow news is bad. Nikita is still under arrest, and for some days past has not given a receipt for the food brought him. That looks bad. Half Moscow is under arrest, everyone frightened of speaking any foreign language in the streets, more especially English. The D——ins [my dearest friends] have had to leave their country house. The government town said that they and the peasants lived too harmoniously, that it was a bad example. So they were turned out. The peasants armed six of their number and sent them along as a guard to make quite sure that their old " Patriarch " and his wife and children passed the government town in safety and that their luggage was not seized. One of their cousins [L——], the handsome one, has been shot.

September 28.—This morning I stood for over an hour waiting to buy some horse-flesh ; the best cuts

are six roubles. I could not get one; had to take at five. Then I walked about two miles to buy a bottle of milk; there was no milk.

I was to have taken Nikita his food to-day, but at the last minute we were afraid, because he is kept in prison for having worked with foreigners.

Vera Vassiliovna came at 7.30 p.m. and asked to see me. She had just been brought a letter from the Baroness saying that the Countess died on the 26th, that she was buried to-day, and that someone must come back to wind up everything. Can I? That there is much trouble in Y——, and everyone is frightened. I told Nadia and Vada. Maria Petrovna came back a short time afterwards and announced that she hoped to get her mother into the T—— S——, Lavra, and would go there to-morrow to see about it. Nadia said nothing, so I had to tell the news. If I can obtain a pass I shall leave to-morrow. Now that her mother is dead Maria Petrovna thinks of leaving Russia.

Friday, October 18.—I left for Y—— on the evening of Sept. 30, having obtained an authorisation from the Swedish Consulate which got me the necessary pass. At the Consulate there was a crowd of happy English making their last arrangements before leaving for home. I had some difficulty at the Moscow station on account of my empty trunks. Luckily the Swedish paper said, "Leave to return to Y—— to get her belongings before finally taking up her residence in Moscow." During the journey, for no reason whatsoever, I was frightfully nervous; it was the first time I ever felt so, yet I had all my papers in order and nothing suspicious in my belongings. Searchers came in several times. They took away some underlinen from one man, some food from a woman who was just preparing to make her supper off it.

I got to the house at 3.30 a.m. There had been no carriages, and I had walked all the way. It was about

three miles. Part of the way I went with acquaintances. The Baroness gave me supper, and we had a long talk; the Countess had to be buried so soon because some of the Soviet wished to make a fuss about it. So the Baroness had sent a stranger for the permit at once, before anyone knew she had breathed her last; they did not realise for whom the permit was.

On the 2nd I went to some acquaintances and asked them to take the old Count's portrait; as he was in civilian clothes they consented. I sold clothes, of which there were very, very many, all day. On the 3rd I again went to friends with portraits and then on to one of the hospitals to ask the head doctor whether she could hide the trousseau linen for me; she told me to ask the head nurse; the latter promised to do it if I packed the linen in small trunks. Had to repack everything.

On the 4th Joseph Franzovitch came and offered to help me. Two Red Guards were shot on account of their infamous behaviour towards the peasants; thirty merchants were arrested for not having paid the exorbitant taxes. As old Borisoff was not there, his daughters were taken instead. All the provisions in the market-place were requisitioned by the Bolsheviks.

On the 5th Joseph Franzovitch brought a soldier who has a pass for luggage to Moscow; he said he would take some trunks for me. Joseph Franzovitch allowed me to send him two trunks full of linen to hide, likewise several carpets. I gave him 3,000 roubles to take to Moscow, as I am afraid of being found with too much money on me.

On the 6th, very early in the morning, I sent off more carpets and trunks; all day the house was full of buyers. Thank goodness I have got rid of all the accounts relating to the estates, likewise the plans. They will be quite safe.

On the 7th sent more things to the hospital. Joseph Franzovitch consented to take what remains of the old Count's correspondence.

On the 8th cook came back from Petrograd. I packed all Maria Petrovna's and Vera Vassiliovna's books into two huge metal chests. Packed the china and put the cases in the hut. Soldiers came from the Housing Committee and Furniture Committee ; from yet another committee men came to weigh our samovars and forbid us to sell them. There are only two left, and they are not copper, so that was all right.

On the 11th I got the bronze out of the garage and took it upstairs, ready to hide on the morrow. Franz, the Austrian, had gone to shoe the pony, and therefore could not help me. The heaviest pieces I put into the bath, which is in one of the rooms which no longer belongs to us. The people seemed trustworthy. Among Alexander Alexandrovitch's papers which I had been told to destroy I came across some which had reference to a public fund and money beholding to it. I went down first one and then another list of signatures at the bottom of the sheets, and nearly despaired of getting a name that would help me ; all the people I knew or knew of, but some of them had fled to town, some were imprisoned, some had been shot ; it was only towards the very end I came across the name of a priest still in town. The Baroness very kindly offered to take the papers and money to him. He was too frightened to accept them ; luckily the churchwarden took them into his custody and sent a receipt, which I gave to Alexander Alexandrovitch as soon as I got here.

In the morning Franz had taken the pony to the remount ; they were again requisitioning horses. [Of course nothing was paid the owners.] The pony is very small, but, as he belonged to the —offs, they

wished to take him. However, measure as they would, they could not get him to come up to the required standard. One of them proposed that he should be measured with the yoke ; that would do it. However, this was too much for the public, which began to shriek with laughter. So Franz was allowed to bring the pony back. However, three days later soldiers came and took him.

On the 12th I got up at 5.30 and with Franz's help hid all the bronze except for the three pieces in the bath. At 8 I was just cleaning up the mess when Jacov, the Commissioner, and three of his helpers appeared ; luckily I did not start. Jacov accused me of having sold furniture ; he held the inventory in his hand. I proposed that I should finish sweeping the room and that then we should go round the house and check the furniture by his list. We did so ; he had to own that he was in the wrong, but excused himself by saying that in town everyone said we were selling ; of course we had been—but not furniture—at least, not since the inventory had been made. Jacov and the others went off, saying they would be back in a quarter of an hour. The lodgers, nearly in hysterics, begged me to remove the bronze from the bath. Very foolish of them, for their rooms and Tatiana Nicolaevna's room have not once been searched ; it is only we who are in ill favour. However, I begged the Baroness to call Franz. I took the things upstairs, he got on top of the cupboard, and I was suddenly endowed with strength enough to raise the heavy things above my head to him. The weight nearly made the top of the cupboard give way. With great difficulty the three of them were forced through the trap-door, down came Franz, and all was safe. The yard was full of carts. Suddenly the house filled with men, and Jacov started giving his orders. First they took the sideboard and placed it on a cart, then followed tables, chairs, etc. We did not

know where to put the things ; finally most of them were heaped on the Baroness's bed. In lifting a pile of things which had been taken out of the late Countess's room something with a metallic ring fell to the ground. I knew what it was ; wherever I had turned the last few days I had come across bullets ; Alexander Alexandrovitch even had two little bombs in the attic. I thought I was done for, Jacov was just behind me. Luckily, two clumsy fellows were trying to remove the grandfather clock ; Jacov thought the clock pendulum or weights had been responsible for the noise, and he angrily told them to be careful. I bent and picked up a little bag which had fallen ; it was heavy. Going into the next room where only Franz, quite aghast, was staring his eyes out, I examined my find—bullets. I handed them to Franz with—" Into the pond at once." Off he went. I returned. The carts were laden and began to rumble out of the yard. Jacov remained. He asked us for our silver ; we said he should have asked first, before getting things into such a state ; now we did not know where anything was. He answered that we should soon be quite clear on that score, for he was going to take everything out of the house. He would leave us each one bed, one table, and one chair. The same table would have to do as wash-stand, dressing-table, and writing-table. He would not allow us a dining-table ; and, although my bedroom was upstairs, he would not allow me a chair downstairs ; he considered it would not hurt me to bring my chair downstairs for each meal. At this minute his eye caught some silver on the floor ; he was disappointed to find it was only plated ; he asked where the other was. I allowed the Baroness to answer, for she could truthfully say she did not know. He counted the silver and asked if that were all ; the Baroness said she did not know how much of it there was. He said that if there was

more we were to give it to him. I was much amused ; all unwittingly the Baroness was sitting on six table-spoons, six dessert forks, and six silver knives ! Jacov kindly gave us a knife, a fork, a spoon, and a teaspoon apiece ; the rest he kept. Cook came up and asked whether we would not have some breakfast ; it was all ready. Jacov said we might go. He went into the hall. I took the silver on which the Baroness had been sitting and ran off with it. Then we had breakfast in the kitchen ; a dreadfully hysterical woman came to see the Baroness and got such a fright when she heard Jacov was in the house, because for two days she had been in hiding, as there was an order for her arrest. She wished to leave ; it was too late. Jacov came and stood on guard over us in the scullery. She sat in the corner ; he could not see her face. He must at least have seen that our food was of the worst. The carts came back, and they worked all day.

Jacov went up to the garret and made me open the trunk into which I had put all the photos and some postcards. He took one photo of each person, and all the postcards. He believed my word implicitly ; if I told him any given photo was of a foreigner who had never been in Russia, or of a man already dead, he left it. When the house was once more quiet, Sonia came. In case anything happened to me, I showed her where I had buried various things, and, as she was leaving for Moscow, gave her a letter for Maria Petrovna. A man sent by Joseph Franzovitch came after dark and took some things for me. The Baroness packed all night so as to have her trunks ready to send to the station early in the morning, for, if Jacov found them, he would take everything. Cook tried to get a permit to go to Petrograd. At 3 a.m. the Baroness woke me. I went down to the cellar, covered all the air-holes, then lit a candle and started digging ; but, although I worked until 5 a.m.,

I could not come on the glass jar—I only used a trowel. I was afraid to use a spade, firstly, because I was surrounded with shelves and posts and could not have helped banging it against them and making a noise. Overhead slept our lodger's nephew, who only the night before had screamed because he heard a noise on the verandah. Secondly, because that day Jacov had been in the cellars ; in the other one his curiosity had been aroused by the varying consistency of the earth. It was no use our explaining that formerly potatoes had been kept there, and of course been covered with earth to preserve them from the frost ; he called for a crowbar, then for a bayonet, and kept himself busy quite a long time. It was rather amusing for us ; it was the most innocent spot in the house. If I made a big hole there was no guarantee that Jacov would not notice it on the morrow ; if I had already found I should be accused of a great crime against the State, and if *I* had not found *he* might.

On the 13th, before dawn, Franz took my trunks [which had been lying in the outer hall all unnoticed by Jacov, who had come up the back stairs] to the hospital near the station. The Baroness's trunks went to the station. Jacov had said he would be back early, so, although it was Sunday, I stopped in, for neither Franz nor cook was in the house, and I did not wish to leave the Baroness alone. The hooligans arrived, but they only had their own horse, for the peasants have still some idea that robbery and the Sabbath do not go well together. They took nearly all the remainder of the furniture and informed us that, as our beds were good ones, they might be obliged to take them. They promised to come on the morrow with many carts and finish the job. They left about 4 p.m., so I had time to run up to the station and get a pass to leave on the morrow. Then I went to the little Jew Commissioner; again received a permit for luggage.

I did not show the paper from the Swedish Embassy, for I should have been asked whose luggage I had taken last time. Coming back, I met Tatiana Nicolaevna hurrying off to Mische to find out whether it was true that the Baroness was to be arrested next day; for, during my absence, Jacov had brought back some photos which he naively declared I had ordered him to restore, and very broadly hinted that among the postcards he had come across a clue which would help him shortly to land the Baroness in prison. I was very much upset. I had destroyed everything except a few postcards addressed to the children and a few letters which the Baroness had declared to be of great historical interest and not in the least dangerous.

Luckily, the lodgers had had their supper out, and their maid went off to the hut, so I could lock the kitchen door, and went and called Franz, whom I had told to be ready for me. He came; I had a spade ready. I think he fancied I wished to bury something, and was a little surprised when I told him to dig until he struck glass. He worked fairly quietly, but, as the people were still in their inner room talking and making a noise, it did not so much matter. Franz worked hard, the sweat streamed down his face; but not until he had made a huge and deep hole did he at last find the bottle—a big one, some fifteen inches high and six or seven in diameter. He said he would not go out to the hut, for he had told the others he meant to sleep in the kitchen. I went upstairs just as Tatiana Nicolaevna came back with news that Mische had not yet given an order for the Baroness's arrest, though perhaps it might have been done without his consent; that, as she was so prominent a person, he could not, without the consent of his colleagues, give her a permit to leave the town, but that, on the morrow at eleven o'clock, he would telephone to them and ask; that perhaps if *he* asked nobody would pay

attention to the name, and that he would then at once write her out a pass. Much relieved, I went up to my room and opened the jar. The stench was awful; water had in some way got in, or perhaps some vile gas had helped. I undid all the little silk bags, some of which were so rotten that they fell to pieces; then I started sewing. Row after row of pearls went round the bottom of a long pair of stays, quite at the bottom went two or three rows of golden chains. All the top was filled with brooches and parts of the dismounted diadems, and carefully covered with cotton-wool so that they would not stick into me and hurt. Then four boot-polishers were produced; on to two of these jewel after jewel was sewn, then came a layer of marl and cotton-wool, then the other two were sewn down over them. From time to time the Baroness came up to see how I was getting on; at 3 a.m. I told her I had nearly finished, she need not come up again, but would she wake me at 6 a.m. She promised to do so and wished me good-night. At 3.30 I had finished; at least I thought I had; but as I rose to my feet a ring fell to the ground and rolled some distance, then lay like a drop of blood. I bent and picked it up, there was no place left for it. Since the day of my arrival I had been wearing two of the late Countess's rings on a ribbon round my waist; it was put with them. I went to bed. At 6 a.m. the Baroness woke me and took away the pail full of that dreadful black, stinking water and all the little pieces of silk and had them done away with. They had spent the night on the verandah. Dressing was a tedious job; everything had to be sewn to everything else with stout twine. I would be on my feet all day and perhaps all night too; there must be no accident. At 9 a.m. I was just pulling on my high boots when the carts rumbled into the yard. Jacob said he would bring many carts, but there were only two; the peasants had refused to come, for it was a

great feast, a Feast of Our Lady. They only came later. We had new visitors: the Commissioner of Public Instruction, the head of the Children's Club, the Director of the People's Theatre. Each took what he thought fit. They started with the books; I stood by because I wished to save a certain book for Vera Vassiliovna. First they threw all the books on the ground near the door; then they tried to take the great metal chest out on to the carts, but the door would not open because of the books; they kicked the books away and forced the door open. Then five of them got hold of the chest, staggered up on to and over the mound of books, and out they went breaking the front door for the second time. Then they examined the books. Such works as Russian translations of Dante or Milton were sent to be burnt as being of no use towards the enlightenment of the race; a magnificent work on Siberia was likewise declared useless. Many books had their covers torn off, as Jacov said he needed portfolios for his department and the covers of the bigger books would come in very handy. At 11.30 Tatiana Nicolaevna came with a permit for the Baroness to go either to a certain monastery in the government of Kaluga or to Petrograd. Cook had left for Petrograd in the morning, and taken the Baroness's luggage. At last they left. We got ourselves some supper. I had great difficulty in persuading the Baroness to leave; she said that she would wait until the next day, but my permit expired on the morrow; besides, I could not go another day so weighed down, yet I could not leave her, for we had often been told that whichever of us remained last would be held as hostage for the —offs. The Baroness had no permit for luggage, and did not know what to do with her sables, the only thing left her which she could sell. Jacov had not taken them because they were in her portmanteau [the only one

that cook could not take], and it had evidently given him more pleasure to leave the portmanteau untouched and tell her it would be taken from her at the station. Luckily Joseph Franzovitch had sent a peasant to try and help us ; the man had seen the soldeps' horses and had been afraid to come, but now that it was dark he turned up. I gave him my fur coat on condition he took the two cases of china and porcelain from the hut and the Baroness's furs. He promised to keep them safely until we sent someone for them. [Later cook came back from Petrograd and got the furs.] At last everything was done and the Baroness and I left the house. Franz had already gone to the hospital to fetch my luggage, which had been sent there some days before. The Baroness and I walked as far as the market-place, then we both took a cab ; I was afraid of walking farther. We got to the hospital and the head doctor said the Baroness might stop there until her train left ; it might be dangerous for her to be seen at the station. I had very much Imperial money on me ; not wishing to run unnecessary risks, I changed some of it for Kerensky. I went to the station. I was too late for the 11.40 train and had to wait for the 2 a.m. The little Jew was not at the station. My luggage was examined. The train was full. I decided to go first-class. Got into a carriage, the only first-class one, but had to remain in the corridor, even though I had a first-class ticket and the compartments were by no means full ; but the occupants were soldeps from a government town ; most of them were Jews. Evidently there are no matches to be had in that government town, for even those soldeps had none ; they in vain begged a light of the aggrieved men who were keeping me company in the corridor.

Our baggage was examined by three men at Y——. I was not the least nervous, even though one man said he had heard the ring of metal and told the other to

look carefully ; I knew he had heard the medical syringes which I was taking to Maria Petrovna. Although the carriages were locked from Y—— to Moscow, our baggage was again examined in Moscow. I got through all right. I did not go to claim my trunks ; I thought I might be recognised there. Calling a cab, I went to Vera Vassiliovna's and asked her for Maria Petrovna's new address and then went straight on. I got to the house about two or three o'clock, took off all the jewels, including that blood-red ring which had been hurting me dreadfully, bundled them under my pillow, and went fast to sleep. I got up later on. Nikita is still in prison. Prince Golitzen and Prince Troubetzkoe have been arrested. In the evening we made the jewels up into as small a parcel as possible and next morning they were taken out of the house. As soon as Maria Petrovna saw the blood-red ring she exclaimed, "Oh my unlucky ring!" Each time she had worn it something disagreeable had happened.

On the 17th I went to Viscountess l'Estrange, who is returning to France, and begged her to write a postcard to my parents. My parents never received a card. The Baroness wrote a card to say she is safe. We got away just in time ; no more tickets are being issued there, and from here one is not allowed to go there.

The Golitzens, in spite of all their protective papers, have been told to leave their house within ten days.

To-day, the 18th, I stood from 9 a.m. to 11.30 in a "queue" in order to buy for the seven of us 1½ lb. of inferior sweets.

October 21.—Yesterday Elizabeth Nicolaevna O——ine came to see me. To-day her daughter Mary was here and told me all about their leaving their country house ; the peasants were so sorry to lose them. Yesterday three of the peasants came all the way, 200 versts, in their carts ; they wished to see the family

and brought them meat, flour, grain, butter, etc., for none of which would they accept a kopek.

The other day an old French lady had many things stolen from her. The maid, disobeying orders, opened the door at once instead of leaving the chain up and only peeping through to see who had rung; four soldiers and a sailor entered. First they told the lady to call her husband; they made them sit down on a sofa and placed one of their number on guard whilst the others searched the house for its other inmates; when they had got every one they locked them up in the bathroom, after which they stole everything in the house which was worth having. At first they had pretended that they were sent to search, but when they had all the inmates safely in the bathroom they admitted that they had come to steal.

Just received news from Sophie Emmanuelovna. All her library has been destroyed. Such a shame!

October 23.—I got my Russian passport renewed; it was seven months overdue. The fine might have been a very high one, but I got off with twenty-five roubles. I fancy I was once more taken for a simpleton. [When sent for by the head of the department I told him that I had been living in the provinces, and had been refused a permit to the government town, where alone I could have renewed my pass. When he told me I should have sent it by post I was really astonished, and evidently my face betrayed the fact. It had never entered my head to trust anything whatsoever to the Bolshevik post, even though it were registered; I either sent my letters with friends or did not write at all.]

October 25.—It is said that the Allied Fleet has entered the Black Sea. A gentleman who arrived from Odessa says that he had to obtain a British permit to leave. Prince Golitzen came in just now to tell

us that his old father has been set at liberty, but his brother and brother-in-law are still in prison.

The English and French have been liberated. To-day I was refused a bread-card because my passport was a new one.

October 26.—I received a note from Nikita ; he managed to smuggle it through. Poor old boy ! I do hope he will soon be out. Maria Petrovna went to Lenin's wife to try to get her to use her influence to liberate him.

Alexander Alexandrovitch came in and said he had seen two dreadful scenes. One, a man run over and killed by a tram ; the other, far worse. In one of the big squares a woman of the better class, shabbily clad, her feet in snow-boots the soles of which were quite worn away, bare-headed, was hunting round the square like a dog, when she came on the head or tail or a bit of dried skin of a herring ; she pounced on it and crammed it into her mouth.

October 27.—I went to the French Church. It is under Danish protection. There were few people there. It is said that the Emperor and his family are in Denmark.

Maria Petrovna and Nadia went to the prison, they had a permit to see Nikita. They only saw him behind the bars ; so many people were there that it was difficult to hear even though the others screamed. He is well.

October 28.—It is said that the value of the rouble has gone up. The Ukraine is for the Allies. There is some disturbance in Petrograd. Nadia heard that there has been some agitation at the First Estate ; she went to the head of the Department to Protect Works of Art, Antiquities, etc., to find out. It seems nothing definite is known, but someone on the First Estate sent telegrams to Madame Trotzky and others asking for instant protection, as the place is in danger. I wish it

would end as with the X——'s ; they have been given back their estate in order that they may protect it, it being of historic interest. Maria Petrovna was quite ill yesterday, but somewhat better this morning ; she managed to go to Madame Lenin about Nikita ; the former was quite simple and sympathetic, but it seems she is not very influential. [The family lives of the prominent Bolsheviki are far from being exemplary ; they seemed to have played " General Post " as far as wives go.] Maria Petrovna will be given a letter of introduction to Kameneff, who now has much influence in such matters. Nikita asked for his fur coat, so I took it up to the Danish Red Cross, which will send it to him ; I also went to the Embassy to write my name down.

October 29.—Everyone tells Maria Petrovna to lay stress on the fact that even under Imperial rule a boy of fifteen could not legally be kept in prison. Sonia's office received the following telegram : " Things in ——off's house, in the town of Y——, in danger, send instructions, signed Igor." Igor had something to do with the First Estate, but it is the town house which is mentioned. But what things ? There is nothing except the bronze. Could they have found that ? The office can do little ; in the provinces nobody obeys them. Only the other day a gentleman left for the provinces with papers from the Government here, but in the provincial town a young office girl sneered at him and his papers, telling him they were of no use, and he might as well put them in the waste-paper basket.

October 30.—I went again about the fur. [Like most Russians, Maria Petrovna had placed her valuable sables in storage during the summer months. She had chosen Michaeloff, a well-known fur-dealer. Unfortunately the Bolsheviki now refused Michaeloff permission to return those furs in his possession to

their owners. The Soviet undertook to return those furs which they considered necessary to their owners. When making an application one had to bring (*a*) certificate from one's House Committee saying one had no other fur, (*b*) a certificate from one's place of work, (*c*) one's passport.] The place was shut and the gates closed; there was a notice up to come on Friday with all one's papers, and then one will be told what to do next.

Maria Petrovna is dreadfully disappointed; she received a note from Nikita, which was written last Monday. He had been waked at night by his companions and had heard how he and two others had been asked for; he thought it was an inquiry previous to the order for releasing them. That was Monday; to-day is Wednesday.

Maria Petrovna went to inquire at the Red Cross [Swedish] and Nadia and I again went to that gentleman to find out whether he had news. He had been to the prison; there had been no order to release Nikita.

All Hallows.—Went to church. Had breakfast [our breakfast now consists of two cups of thin meat-extract soup and three small potatoes cooked on the previous day], then went out to try and get the fur from Michaeloff. The big gates were shut, and there was a very discontented crowd outside. After some time a man came out of the wicket-gate and told us to go away, it being of no use to wait, for the shop had been sealed and the Bolsheviks had taken all receipts and books to examine them. No one could say when the place would be reopened and which furs would be given back to their owners. From there I went on to the Swedes to get a "Letter of Protection" for my room. I came back late for lunch, and had hardly finished when a lady came from the X—— to say that Kameneff had promised that Nikita would be free

in a day or two. I went to the Red Cross to tell Maria Petrovna. She left early; when I got back she was here; she does not dare believe the good news.

The Golitzens have had all their historical paintings taken. The old cheese-maker from the First Estate was here yesterday; things there are just the same. The Bolsheviki promised an amnesty for their anniversary; now they say there will be none. I bought a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bottle of imitation olive-oil; it cost twenty-five roubles; lard is forty roubles; butter, if you can find it, is fifty. Eggs are three roubles apiece.

CHAPTER VIII

NOVEMBER 3—DECEMBER 4, 1918

CHERNOFF [Feldmann] and others making it impossible to form a disciplined army, the Council of Ministers decided on the abdication of the Directorate of five in which they had vested the supreme power, and appointed Admiral Koltchak head of their forces. The Bolsheviki were very active on the western front and were much helped by the Germans withdrawing their forces from Esthonia.

Bolshevist propaganda went on vigorously, especially in Berlin and Stockholm. The German Soldier Councils, seeing the dangers of Bolshevism, wished to fight it. The British Labour Party demanded that the Allies should cease fighting it.

November 3.—On the way to church I saw all the saplings in the Grand Theatre Place swathed in lint. Such a waste! Soldiers are dying by the hundreds because there are no bandages for their wounds, and here, to celebrate a hated anniversary, thousands of yards are being wasted. The hoardings in the Twerskaja are decorated with the "History of the Revolutionary Motor-car." Such a daub! The Russian and English forces have joined in the North.

This evening, at eight o'clock, when we were all home, we noticed a very short, then a very long ring at the front door. We all thought it might be Nikita; it was really he! At last we have the dear old boy back. He has grown broader since last I saw him; he is very pale and weak, but his face is swollen just like

those of all the others who come out of prison. We gave him all the food we were going to send to him and his friend to-morrow, then he had a bath, then another meal. We sat till one o'clock talking. He has had a hard time of it, poor boy. Some of the English and Scotch have also gone through an unpleasant time. It seems Nikita had only just received my letter, sent through Nadia, when he was arrested. The Bolsheviks had it translated. My statement that boys of his class were not safe in Russia, that it was foolish to throw one's life away if it did no good, better to leave the country for a time, work with his party and come back at the right minute—this statement caused them to decide on my arrest. Luckily, there was no address on my letter, and I was not registered in Moscow; it would have been rather dreadful if I had been arrested on my second arrival here.

Nikita tells me that the eldest von der Launitz is in the Butierky [he was afterwards shot], likewise his eldest sister, who has, in prison, become engaged to a Colonel Lermontoff, who has children almost as old as herself.

A gentleman has received a letter from one of the Russians in Berlin saying that the feeling there is against them, that their position is most awkward, and they are not allowed to speak in public. One of the Bolsheviks here thinks that their time has run, for the game (!) is going against them and that the only thing left them to do is to retire with dignity!

I bought some dried vegetables, 6.20 the lb. The butter, bread, and other eatables which are to be given us for the feast (?) are to be received through the House Committee. That is a blessing, otherwise we should be waiting in "queues" all day long.

It seems that the people who came and took the G——'s paintings were not in any way authorised to do so; they were thieves—the vulgar variety, or, I

should rather say; the old-fashioned variety. After all, they are the aristocrats of the profession : Bolsheviks are but parvenus.

Nikita told us a queer story which happened in the Butierky. Twenty-five French prisoners had arrived from Petrograd. By some mishap the prison authorities were told that there were twenty-six. As soon as they were in their cell the jailer counted them; but, no matter how he did it, he could not change the twenty-five into twenty-six. It was no use the Frenchmen telling him that all along there had been only twenty-five of them. He went and got another man to come and count; but, of course, the twenty-five remained twenty-five. The jailers left; in a few minutes a man, dressed as for walking, was shoved into the room. He seemed very much at a loss to understand what had happened to him; as answer to the questions asked by the French, he could only say that he had been walking past the prison on his way home from work, when he had been seized and brought up here. Some time later an order came for the release of the twenty-five Frenchmen; they were accordingly released, the twenty-five of them. As the twenty-sixth was not mentioned, he remained where he was.

November 5.—We should have received a two-days' allowance of bread to-day, but have received nothing. In some quarters of the town the extra feast bread and the promised $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter have been received; we are being left so long without our ordinary allowance that when we get the feast bread it will be only our usual allowance.

Princess Helen has been rearrested here in Moscow.

November 6.—During lunch Madame X—— [mother of the boy who was in prison with Nikita] came and said that her boy and two others have been told that they must clear out of Russia, otherwise they will be

rearrested. She was in despair; of course, if it be true Nikita must likewise leave. Maria Petrovna has gone off to try and find out more about the matter. The mothers naturally fear to let them go away without guarantees, otherwise they might be arrested at the next station, none of us would know anything about it, and they would just starve to death in prison.

8 p.m.—The order was dated October 25; that was before Nikita and the others were let out of prison, and it really concerns the couriers on the Czecho-Slovak front, so perhaps Nikita is safe. Anyway, for the present he has left town and will not return until we find out for certain. We all went to the Red Cross for potatoes, which Maria Petrovna bought from a peasant who came there; yesterday I carried 20 lb., to-day far more. There have been heaps of arrests; the "Extraordinary" is overflowing. A new proverb: "The Czar was a fool, but a loaf was a penny."

November 7.—I accompanied Nadia to the Kazan Station; we walked down the boulevards and I returned by the Sadovaja. I saw a great many decorations (?), decked-out motor-cars, clowns, etc. Yesterday we were given our $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter [it cost only eight roubles] and our ten sweets each, but no bread; perhaps we shall get the bread when we have finished the butter.

We have been talking to a lady who has just arrived from Samara. So long as the Czecho-Slovaks were there, there was order and plenty; as soon as the Bolsheviks appeared there were want, high prices, terror. The lady says that among the Bolsheviks who entered Samara were many German and Austrian officers; she even named some who were well known during the first years of the war. What will they do now? An extraordinary muddle! It seems strange, a year ago I felt angry, indignant at the thought of

what was happening; now I never feel angry with anybody, never hate anyone, never wish any of those evildoers harm. I only feel extremely sorry for the blind ones, a kind of pity for the others. As for those of our class who have shown a lack of courage, I do not know that I even despise them; I merely do not reckon with them, they are as if they did not exist. Yesterday all the German buildings in town were already flying the Swedish flag.

November 8.—I came back from the market with 26 lb.; my arms were rather tired. There was an amnesty of sorts: 1,500 prisoners released, but so many more have been imprisoned that the prisons remain as full as ever. All Germans have been interned. The Bolsheviks thought their representatives had recrossed the frontier, but they were mistaken; the Germans interned them at Minsk.

I went to Gaustler [a Swede] this evening to ask about Nikita and the others; it is all right, they may go on living here. Nadia and I went to Monsieur Tisserand to see about Nikita being accepted at that school; his name had been given in to the Pedagogic Council; if the latter agrees to accept him his papers will go up to the Commissioner, who, of course, has the last word.

Not only have we not received our feast bread, but our ordinary supply for to-day and to-morrow has not been given out, so that we are more hungry than usual.

November 9.—The people who requisitioned four of Princess X——'s rooms upstairs have come. They put up their card on our half of the door, so that it was our bell which got rung all the morning. Now they have gone off and locked the hall-door and taken the key with them; as to-morrow will be Sunday, and they use the rooms for office work only, it means that not until the day after to-morrow can we have the

use of our own front-door. On week-days they say that the front door must be left open. Our inner door is only a glass one. We have covered it with paper and stuck on it all the protective papers we possess, so that they may not be too tempted to take any of our rooms. I went this morning to Madame X—to tell her about her son being allowed to live in Russia; I should have gone last night, but it was so very late. Afterwards I went down to the embankment; the colouring was glorious, and the Kremlin looked like some wonderful dream-form.

No tickets are being given to Petrograd; those who have come from there speak of great agitation and of part of the city being occupied. God grant the Bolsheviks may soon be turned out from the high places which they have so dishonoured.

The other day, four, not two, regiments refused to go to the front; they were disbanded! A man from Berlin says that there all is quiet, but that there is a revolution in Austria. The Germans are moving around Pskoff and Orsza. The Germans here are again allowed to go out into the streets.

For the festival (!) one of the pedestals from which some statue had been taken down was swathed in white to resemble a huge block, a great red wedge was depicted sticking into it. The Bolsheviks meant it to show how their wedge is breaking through the Whites; however, there was another way of looking at it. An acquaintance saw a peasant stop to stare at it; his comment was: "Well, well, they have driven into it, and now they can't get out of it." [The pedestal was one near the Grand Theatre Place.]

November 10.—A friend came to tell us that she heard there is a revolution in Berlin and that Joffe, the Bolshevik deputy, has gone back there.

10 p.m.—Alexander Alexandrovitch has just come in and says it is not true, but that a lady who has just

arrived from Riazan says that fighting is going on there betwixt the Bolsheviks and the peasants. The former wished to enrol the latter, but they asked against whom they were to fight ; on receiving no definite answer they went home, armed themselves, and started to fight the Bolsheviks, saying when they had finished them there they would come on here to Moscow. A director of the post and telegraph confirmed the statement, and said that they were receiving telegram after telegram begging for help ; two regiments had orders to go to the relief of the Bolsheviks, but they refused.

People say that Peters creates a dreadful impression ; when he enters a room, even those who have their backs turned seem to feel his loathsome presence, and a general silence falls on the assembly. He himself says that he does what he does because he is obliged to ; if he were more lenient he would be torn to bits by the lower (?) sort of Bolsheviks. [Peters belongs to the All Russia Extraordinary Committee.] Lenin long ago declared it time to stop the terror, but he evidently cannot. Trotzky is terrified of the mob.

November 11.—I again went about the fur. No use ; nothing is being given out. About 200 of us were waiting, but only the first twenty had their receipts and other papers accepted and were given a coupon in exchange ; the rest of us must return next week, when again only the first twenty will receive coupons.

Again no bread !

In the district of Kashira, government of Kaluga, there is fighting between the peasants and the Bolsheviks. The cheese-maker from the First Estate came ; he brought us two rounds of cheese, a ham, and two loaves of bread as a present.

It seems the disorderly element in the First Estate got a great fright when they received the telegram

from the department whose duty it is to guard historical and ancient places, pictures, etc. It was, as usual, signed by Madame Trotzky, and told them that they would be held responsible for any damage done. They ordered stolen articles to be brought back; thinking that Trotzky himself was to arrive, they even started polishing the floors.

November 12.—Thank God! even the Bolsheviks have to acknowledge that the Allies are the victors and that peace is assured.

The Swedes and the Norwegians are leaving; perhaps there will be no representative from any civilised country left here.

Joffe is still in Minsk.

The peasants in the district of Kashira are getting the better of the Bolsheviks.

At last we have received bread, the feast bread; we have been left a week without any.

Sunday, November 17.—The news is better and better. There are many soldiers about, but we know from what classes they are drawn. The horses being brought in for the army are poor, miserable beasts. A sign of the times: tea and oil have been given out to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd categories in equal portions. I saw the funeral of a Red Army officer to-day. It made me feel sad, the whole thing was so piteous.

Some days ago we heard of the death of Andrey Ivanovitch Rapp; he died in prison of typhus.
R.I.P.

10 p.m.—Sandra just went across to General M—— to telephone to Nikita and remind him that he must be back here to-morrow morning. Maria Alexandrovna [the lady with whom he is staying] answered the telephone and stated that Nikita had left by train on Friday morning with the intention of going to the next station and visiting a famous estate; he said he would be back with the

evening train at 7 p.m., but he has not yet returned. Goodness knows why she did not tell us before; it is too late to go anywhere to-night.

November 18.—This morning, as Nikita did not turn up, Maria Petrovna went into the country to Maria Alexandrovna's. At 1.30 p.m. she rang us up to know whether he had come home; as he had not, she went on to the estate he had gone to visit on Friday; there she was told he had been arrested as a spy and taken to Moscow. She returned to Maria Alexandrovna's, where she heard the good news Nadia had just telephoned, namely, that he was safe. Nikita was brought here about two o'clock p.m., and his guards were kind enough to allow him to enter Sonia's office. Sonia and her chief went straight to the head of the department, who was a brick. It was the first she heard of the affair, but, understanding that Nikita was only fifteen and had but just got out of the Butierky, she at once wrote a paper to the "Extraordinary" saying he was one of her agents whom she had sent to look over the estate in question, and at the same time had a "mandate" to that effect typewritten and signed. With this mandate and the letter Nikita proceeded to the "Extraordinary," where he was of course nearly immediately declared free. Maria Petrovna got back here shortly after midnight. The man who arrested Nikita thought he had done quite the correct thing. "What! see a stranger walking about the public garden, looking around him, and not arrest him?" [The grounds of the estate had been turned into a public garden, the house into a museum.] Poor Nikita! he had nothing to eat Saturday and Sunday, and was in a wretched little hole of a room.

The peasants in the Kashira district are sawing off the Bolsheviks' heads!

November 20.—One of the Bolsheviks who was in

Berlin with Joffe says everything there is going on as usual ; in the army there is still order ; there are still privates and officers in the old sense of the words. There are dreadful things happening in the government of Smolensk, the peasants have risen ; in fact, it is now difficult to go for any long train journey ; in all directions the lines have been damaged by the peasants.

Last night we heard of three big burglaries which had taken place the previous night. In two cases a haul of 500,000 roubles was made, in the third 1,500,000. The last was in the big house of Prince Scherbatoff, on the boulevard, which is being used by the Bolsheviks as one of their centres. The Red Guard consisted of over thirty soldiers ; the robbers numbered fifteen. They said to the Red Guard : " We need the money so as to get all of you hanged later on ! "

November 23.—Four days ago Sonia returned from the country, but we only saw her to-day. She says that six volosts [in country districts several villages form a volost] came against the town. Of course the Commissioners fled ; but unfortunately the machine-guns got the better of the peasants.

Five Lettish regiments have left Moscow for their own country. Thank God !

An acquaintance came to say that Miss French has been brought from Simbirsk and has already been a month in the Butierky. Alexander Alexandrovitch will let the Red Cross know to-morrow and see what can be done ; as she is British, they can at least send her food.

It seems Peters says he will stay at his post until the last, no matter what happens. Lenin and Trotzky say the same.

November 25.—The other day we read that Prince Simon Sviatopolk Mirsky and his wife had been shot.

I wonder where his brother is. To-day we hear that nine men of the Sheremetieff family, brothers, brothers-in-law, etc. [in fact, all the men except the old Count, who is dying], have been arrested. The Sheremetieff silver and jewels were taken. The silver of the S——'s and X——'s and several other families has been taken. The S——'s had bricked theirs up in the wall. Only an ancient butler and a maid who had spent their whole lives in the family knew; one of them must have informed.

CHAPTER IX

DECEMBER 5—DECEMBER 31, 1918

IN order to weaken the Allies the German Imperial Government had helped Bolshevism to seize on Russia as a vampire on its prey. Germany failed to realise that it itself might one day arouse the greed of that same vampire. It is impossible to let Bolshevism loose in so vast an area as Russia and think to keep it from spreading. Joffe boasted of having spent in Berlin many hundreds of marks in the aid of Bolshevism ; when Joffe was expelled his place was taken by fresh arrivals from Russia—Eichorn, Radek, and countless others : each week showed more and more clearly that the Bolsheviks of the two countries were working in unison for a world-revolution and that they had unlimited money supplies at their disposal. The ten and a half million roubles standing to Russian credit at the Mendelsohn Bank in Berlin was used by Joffe's agents as party funds, although it was supposed to be for the support of Russian civilian prisoners in Germany. In Hungary the Bolsheviks were equally busy : when, in February 1919, several of the Communist leaders were arrested, they admitted that they had been supplied with Russian gold and had spent £17,000 monthly. The sums spent by Russian Bolsheviks on propaganda in Poland were even much greater.

December 5.—On November 28 I went to the Professional Alliance, of which Maria Petrovna is a member, to ask them to give her a permit to bring a pood and a half of provisions into Moscow, as last autumn she was unable, through illness, to make use

of the general permission. I was refused. None the less, that night I left for Y——, where the cheese-maker had already left provisions with friends. Nikita came to the station to help me; we got to the station at 7.30 p.m.; the train left at 9. I got a fairly good place in the "queue" waiting on the platform; but it was no use, for although Nikita ran at once to take his place in the "queue" at the booking-office, the latter shut before his turn came and did not reopen until tickets were given out for the slow train which left at about 2 a.m. I sent Nikita home, as I knew the others would be anxious if he did not return. I waited until one o'clock before getting a ticket; tickets were not being issued for Y——, so I took one for L——, which is just beyond. As soon as I had my ticket I ran on the platform and was in time to get into a truck which had a stove; as yet, however, the stove had not been heated, but the next person to arrive and clamber up was a Russian prisoner who was returning home. He had been obliged at first to go to Moscow; it being his twenty-fifth day in a truck he felt quite at home in ours. After having a look at the stove he went and got some wood; he did not allow any man to clamber up unless he first went and got at least two logs. In this truck there were four long, broad bunks. I lay down on one of the upper ones; there were seven other people there—peasant speculators. The man next to me lay on his back and smoked mahorka [vile stuff!]. For the first hour the stove smoked so that my eyes smarted, and each time I tried to open them the lids seemed stuck together. Finally we began to move. I was rather comfortable; there were only bare boards, but I had brought my pillow and a rug; so I slept, only waking at the stations, when happily a gust of fresh air came in through the opened doors.

The truck was not very crowded, at least at our end

it was not, for a small group preferred sitting round the stove, frying fish, to lying down.

At one small station, before getting to M——, a man bought some bread for two roubles the lb. ; I could hardly believe it. Those who often travelled along the line warned the others to buy food before getting to Y——, otherwise to wait till the government town, for in Y—— there is little to be had, and that is very expensive.

It was after midday when we got to Y——. I first went to the Rosenbergs, then to the Soviet doctor, and from there to our former house, where Tatiana Nicolaevna [the nurse] is still living. After the departure of the Baroness and myself Stephan took the big room and behaved as was to be expected of him ; everyone was very suspicious, and told me all kinds of tales about Franz and Joseph Franzovitch.

I then went to the Borisoffs, with whom the cheesemaker had left the provisions which he had brought into town for us. There had just been a search, and our bread had been written down, so that Lola could not give it to me ; she asked me to wait until Sunday : if by that the soldeps had not come and claimed it she would give it to me ; if they came after that she would say they had eaten it, for it was going mouldy. There was nothing to be done. I had to wait. All the shops in Y—— have been closed ; there is not a single shop open except the chemist's, which now belongs to the town ; all the streets have been renamed. X—— X—— has been sent away from her flat in the high school and has been refused permission to live in her own house with her sister ; now they wish to arrest her, so she goes from village to village. She can find no work.

Father Ivan [a great, tall handsome man, very learned, very broad-minded, in fact, quite different to what one is apt to believe Russian priests to be]

has had all his rooms seized; he and his wife are allowed to live in their kitchen.

On Sunday there was trouble at the Public Dining-rooms; the members had already been told that if they dined there they must give up their bread and ration-cards; when they had very reasonably pointed out that they would then be unable to buy bread, tea, or other supplies for their breakfast and that it was impossible to go to work without having had anything to eat, the dining-room authorities could suggest nothing. On Sunday the people were told they must either give up their tickets or go without dinner; they chose the latter course, but were naturally very angry.

Many people in Y——, those who are called bur-guee, have had their passports taken away from them so as to prevent their escaping to other towns and thus get away from the huge taxes laid upon them.

Horse-flesh until Friday [the day of my arrival] had been sold openly, but then the soldeps forbade free sale and took the matter into their own hands; none the less, through acquaintances I obtained 16 lb. on Sunday. In Moscow it is fourteen roubles the lb., and there it was only three. I bought it because I did not know if I should get the bread to take back; it was impossible to buy flour. I went everywhere for milk, but in vain; I found a man who had ten eggs, but, as he wanted seventeen roubles for them, I did not buy.

Lola was as good as her word; she gave me the provisions on Sunday evening, and I left with the mail train, which was of course late and consisted of trucks so full of prisoners that one could find no place; in fact, even where there was room the prisoners would not let us in, and behaved in a disgusting fashion. I got on to the outside platform where the guard's brake was. The guard told me to come down, that I should be frozen to death; I said I would come down if

he found a place. He tried to ; the prisoners were as disgusting as ever ; I could only turn my back and walk away. Even the guard saw it was out of the question to ask a woman to travel with such creatures, and I got back on to the brake platform. The train left somewhat after midnight, and until 7.30 I remained on the platform ; luckily, I had snow-boots and a rug. Finally the guard got me a place in the last truck, where some Jew deputies occupied the upper bunk and patronisingly looked down on the rest of us mere mortals. There were a few prisoners round the fire. The train, instead of getting in about 10 a.m., did not arrive until after 3 p.m. Except for the prisoners and the deputies, everyone was coming in with provisions ; many got out at the last station before town and walked into Moscow ; many threw their sacks out to people waiting on the lines. During the latter part of the journey I listened to the prisoners' talk ; those who had worked for landowners, or, better still, peasants, spoke quite well of Germany ; prices there are certainly much lower than here. Yet many of the returning Russians are quite worn out. On Wednesday in Y—— thirty-two corpses were taken out of a prisoner-train ; the head doctor of one of the hospitals told me that on Thursday a telegram had been received saying that there were sixty corpses on the incoming train ; when it arrived there were many more. The authorities had telegraphed to Moscow to ask permission to bury the unfortunate men without coffins and in a general grave. One day I was in Y—— I heard that a train had arrived with many dead on it ; the others were given a hot meal, immediately after which forty-five fell dead. They travel for days and days, and all of them say that at first the trucks are not even heated. Passing through a land of misery and hunger, they get but little to eat.

In the truck with me there was one poor fellow who

looked so pale. I did not wish to call out to him, and it was quite impossible to get to him, for we were such a tight fit ; but in the end I managed to give him a chunk of bread, on seeing which someone else gave him some tea, yet another a cigarette, and one of the deputies passed him down some ham, addressing him as " Comrade prisoner " (?). I had over 90 lb. to carry ; it would have been easy enough on my back, but I had it in two packets which I had to carry in my hands ; the train was so long that our truck, one of the last, was far out past the signal-box. I staggered along as best I could, but rather slowly. My slowness, however, had a good side : when I got up to the barrier the searchers had already gone and I passed unmolested, my precious provisions safe. How relieved I was ! I felt far more anxious than when I travelled with the jewels. In fact, then I did not feel in the least nervous ; I was only possessed with a dull kind of determination not to fall asleep, and an equally dull kind of curiosity as to whether I should manage to keep awake.

Here I heard that over 300 English prisoners of war are in town : they are being treated as ordinary prisoners. The Lockhart case is over. [Mr. Lockhart was British Consul in Moscow ; he had been arrested on the discovery of a plot to bribe the Lettish guards.]

Maria Petrovna was offered a lb. of cocoa ; but, as the price was 145 roubles, she could not buy it.

December 10.—On the 6th [Friday] I was alone in the house when Vera Vassiliovna arrived and told me that early that morning, at 4 a.m., soldiers had been at their house asking for Maria Petrovna, whom they had an order to arrest and take before the " Extraordinary." Vera Vassiliovna had said she was not there and that she did not know her present address ; her nephew [who is head of the House Committee] had had to produce the house register. [Maria

Petrovna, both before and after her operation in the spring, had stopped with Vera Vassiliovna.] Vera Vassiliovna and I went to Maria Petrovna at her office and told her. It was decided that Maria Petrovna had better not come back here to the house; after office-hours she went to her friends the S——'s and stopped with them. Next morning I saw her off at the station; she went to the same friends with whom Nikita had stopped some time ago. Alexander Alexandrovitch went to X——, of the Russian Red Cross, and explained that some people of Y—— who had a spite against his wife, were now trying to get her arrested on a charge of having embezzled money belonging to the Red Cross. X——, knowing quite well that Maria Petrovna had the reputation of being the most economical and methodical of all the Directors, at once wrote and signed a paper saying that he, as an official of the Red Cross, had looked into the matter, that, as the council here had nothing against her, Y—— was to stop all efforts to arrest her. Maria Petrovna came back on Monday morning, but has not been here to the house; this evening she went to L——burg [a very influential man] and told him the whole story; he says that as X—— is now out of town it is better for her not to come back to her own house. X—— is to return from Orsza to-morrow, so probably the day after to-morrow things will be settled.

Some days ago Fisher [the head of a very well-known Girls' Institution in Moscow] died; a collection had to be made to get together the 3,000 roubles needed for the funeral. There were no choir-fees, for the old girls sang. [Coffins at this time were mostly hired. A coffin would thus do duty for hundreds of corpses, and was a dreadful means of bringing contagious illnesses into a house.]

On Sunday morning I saw a horrid sight. Going

to early Mass through the streets, which, in spite of the newly-fallen snow, were half dark, just at the corner of a street lay a horse which had died during the night. Two dogs were at it, and would not allow a third to come near; already there was no sign of the horse's head or neck, no bone even. I wonder whether some famished wretch had taken it. Very probably! [One sometimes saw people cut slices off a dead horse.]

Alexander Alexandrovitch got some butter through the Red Cross. It is quite good. The 50 lb. of potatoes which we got from the same source, and which we must make last to the end of February, are all quite frozen; they are not only sweet, but many of them are black. Twice I have nearly poisoned myself by eating them; so now I no longer eat the cold ones in the morning. I try to make my wretched little piece of bread do me for breakfast and tea. We never eat bread at lunch or dinner. Cocoa-nut oil is forty-five to fifty roubles the lb. People eat it; so do Nikita and I.

December 14.—The day before yesterday they came to arrest Maria Petrovna, and, as she was not in the house, they wished to start a house-search; it was only thanks to X——'s paper that they desisted.

To-day Maria Petrovna went to three Jews, brothers, who, in return for a good big sum, undertake to see people safely across the frontier; they promised her they could get her, her daughter, Vada, myself, and even Nikita, across. I hardly know what to hope; there are difficulties both ways; but perhaps it would be better to leave.

Last night 400 were let free from the Butierky; 100 were shot. They are "clearing them out" on account of the epidemic.

Madame X—— told us about her mother's interview with Kameneff; it must have been very funny. One

of the Sheremetieffs has been freed [on bail]; the others were allowed to go home for an hour to say good-bye to the old Count, who is dying.

December 15.—I went to the country to see the O——ins. Nikita came with me; they all liked him. We had such a pleasant day; so peaceful. Some peasants from the O——in's estate were there; they came on ahead to announce that six sledge-loads of provisions were on the road. [Again the peasants came 200 versts by road to bring their landowner food; every house sent something, and nobody would take a kopek. When I say "their" landowner I mean the descendant of the man to whom their parents and grandparents were serfs. No peasant had a landowner in our sense of the word, for every peasant had his own land, which he could not sell even if he wanted to.]

The O——ins tell me that Madame Izmaeloff, her daughter and son-in-law Konratienkoff, and her eldest grandson, Prince Simon Sviatopolk Mirsky, have all been shot. What can have become of the unfortunate children? [A boy of eleven and two girls aged about twelve and nine.]

December 16.—I met the old Countess ——; she is delightful. She has the most candid, innocent blue eyes I ever looked into.

Everyone says the Allies are much nearer than we think. Kameneff, in a speech to-day, said the "danger" was very great, and he accused his colleagues of suppressing all news and keeping the people in the dark.

December 22.—Nadia, Nikita, and I went to the country to visit the O——ins. [Part of the way we went by train, in an unheated truck. Nikita stamped up and down all the time, trying in vain to warm himself.] We had several versts to walk; there was such a gale that it was very difficult; the snow was

blinding. During the day the wind rose still higher, so we were obliged to stop the night there and came back the next day. The snow stopped all trams here to Moscow. From the hospitals here the dead are taken by the sledge-load to the grave-yard ; there they are taken out of the coffins and thrown into a pit, sledges and coffins go back again for a fresh load, and so it goes on all day.

Christmas Eve, New Style.—It is very windy. There are great banks of snow, much higher than I, on either side of the street. There will be midnight Mass. I shall go to the Polish church. I shall go straight from the Smolensk Avenue, where I give a lesson at 8 p.m. ; it is such a long way to the church, and the trams do not run so late. I have left a little piece of bread as a feast when I get back ; I fear I shall go hungry to bed. However, that does not much matter ; there are so many things of which I feel deprived now when feasts come round. I hope my letter will get home in time ; then at least they will not be anxious about me. [I had sent a letter through the Red Cross ; it never arrived.]

December 26.—Christmas Day has come and gone ; the strangest Christmas Day. Going to church it was very windy and cold, besides being so slippery that I had to walk in the road. Nocte began at 11 p.m., and was immediately followed by High Mass, which did not finish till after 1 a.m. The church was crowded, yet wretchedly cold ; we nearly froze. Everything was beautiful and devotional except the singing of the choir, which reminded me of dance music. [The people in a Polish church sing magnificently, but the choir music is often atrocious.] I came back after 2 a.m. I had my piece of bread and a wee bit of sausage which Maria Petrovna had put on my table—sausage we would not have formerly given a dog, and now we are grateful for just a mouthful ! In the morning

first thing I heard that Maria X——'s [we had half her flat] old butler had died during the night ; her old maid, who had died a day or two before, is to be buried to-day. I went to High Mass at the French church ; the singing was very good ; their organ is a fine one. Later I went to see Vera Vassiliovna ; she wished to treat me, but there was absolutely nothing in the house to eat ; there was only tea, so I had two cups of that. All her rooms were icy, so we sat in the kitchen.

Maria Petrovna bought a pood of rye-flour ; she gave 450 roubles for it. Everyone says that soon we shall have nothing to eat at all.

Yesterday one of the trains came in with two truck-loads of people who had been frozen during a stop caused by the gale. [I was then horrified at this news ; later it became so usual that I never wrote it down.]

I again went to Michaeloff about the fur ; it is the eighth or ninth time. I am tired of it ; wasting all one's time waiting about.

December 28.—Again there has been a heavy fall of snow. In the morning I went to the Director of the Ka—— School ; he told me I had been chosen teacher of English. This afternoon I went to the school ; I only stopped half an hour, but the trams were so slow that it took me four and a half hours. Each teacher has received a pood of rye, at the ridiculously low price of 30 roubles ; in the market it costs 445 roubles. [This was the only time we ever received a present, other than our $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread, to which was sometimes, but not often, added a piece of sugar, two sweets, or something of that sort.] I carried my pood back ; most of the way I went in the tram, but the tram broke down in the Smolensk Market-place, so I had to come up the boulevard on foot.

Sunday, December 29.—The ——ins are in town ; after

lunch I went with them to the Picture Gallery in the Arbat. [A magnificent collection of portraits and other pictures painted by great foreign and Russian artists, all stolen from private houses ; likewise some very fine ikons stolen from churches in the Kremlin.]

Sixteen truck-loads of frozen people are at the Sorting Station, awaiting burial.

Lydia Alexandrovna's brothers have asked permission to *buy* [with money] five poods of our potatoes in return for bringing us the other thirty-five from the Consulate.

To-day Nikita went to Michaeloff ; his number was called out, and he got the fur. [There had been a sitting at which the principal Commissioners and their wives had chosen the best furs for themselves. This one probably escaped because it was not made up in a fashionable manner ; it was in the form of a cape down to the ground.]

CHAPTER X

JANUARY 1—FEBRUARY 17, 1919

A BRITISH force landed in Riga and helped to stop the mutiny of some regiments which had been influenced by Bolshevism. Owing to the danger of Bolshevism, the Allies asked the Germans to delay the departure of their troops from Mitau. As the Germans withdrew from the western front the Bolsheviks advanced. There were anti-Bolshevist riots and strikes in Russia, but they were put down with great severity. Many people were shot in revenge for the murdering of Rosa Luxemburg and Liebknecht.

The Peace Conference approved Wilson's proposal that the various organised groups in Russia should send delegates to Prince's Island. The proposal led to naught.

Some threats of the world-wide Bolshevik propaganda were picked up : Chinese, trying to enter China in disguise with 6,500,000 roubles, were stopped. The activities of Litvinoff and Vorovski in Sweden were such that the Swedish Government ordered them to leave the country. Five hundred million roubles were sent to Sinn Feiners in Ireland.

January 1, 1919, New Style.—Last night we waited up for the New Year. Only Nadia went off to bed ; she disapproves of the New Style. We saw 1918 out without regret, but drank to 1919 rather dispiritedly, for many weeks must pass before things can straighten out. Alexander Alexandrovitch had a bottle of wine from the Consulate. Last night an unfortunate woman threw herself from a seventh story window of

the house opposite on to the pavement ; yesterday she had tried to cut her throat, but was prevented. The number of funerals increases. There are cases of small-pox ; typhus goes on.

January 4.—Again yesterday was nearly poisoned by eating frozen potatoes.

January 8.—The Russian Christmas passed quite pleasantly ; Alexander Alexandrovitch got some sugar from the Consulate for each of us ; Maria Petrovna gave us each a little present.

As the people upstairs did not use their office for two or three days, the hall-door was not open all day, and the house was tolerably warm. On the Russian Christmas I went to the Church of our Saviour. Everything was beautiful ; the only discordant note was the sight of a dead horse and the dogs at it ; there were no motor-cars or vile motor-cycles with carriers. [My dislike was shared by all Muscovites. Motors were used only by the Jewish rulers, and they sped along regardless of other folk. At night, if they showed a light at all, it was only a single one ; the result was one saw the light but had no notion on which side of it the car was. The roads were narrow on account of the banks of snow, the pavements so slippery that it was folly to try to walk on them. The motor-cycles were worse ; they had no horn ; during the day the rider occasionally carried a whistle in his mouth, which he might or might not take the trouble to blow ; at night such an exerting performance was thought unnecessary, so they sped along in the dark without light or whistle.]

Maria Petrovna received a letter from the Baroness [who was living in Petrograd]. Prices are higher there than here : a pail of sour-cabbage 260 roubles, a measure of potatoes 450, etc. But butter is cheaper ; there it is 90 roubles the lb., here it is 120. By way of a Christmas feast, we each had two little meat-balls

yesterday ; we had bought 5 lb. of beef at 100 roubles the lb. We were wonderfully lucky getting it so cheap. On the 5th we were sent word by the House Committee that Nadia and I were to clean snow from the street on the 6th and 7th from 1 to 3 p.m. Nadia sent word to say that on the 6th I should not be at home from 1 to 4, and that the 7th was her Christmas Day. They came to tell us that there had been a mistake ; we were to work on the 5th and 6th. I said I would not work on Sunday, that it was against my religious convictions ; I was told that religious convictions were trifles. However, I did not go either on the 5th or the 6th. Besides, all the men and soldiers from the other flats were asked only to clean the snow from the yard, and we two women were given the street to clean, which is ever so much more difficult.

I went to the Consulate ; there was a meeting of all Britishers [that was my reason for not cleaning snow on the 6th]. We elected a committee of five, who are to look after our interests if all the representatives of neutral countries leave.

The old Prince G——, who has just been let out of prison, is very weak. Two months ago he was imprisoned in Bogorodisha. Kameneff sent word to free him, and he was freed, but they had already sent a letter informing Moscow of the Prince's arrest ; this letter only reached Moscow a short time ago and was answered by an order to send the Prince here. So they rearrested him and sent him.

More and more people are dying from heart failure caused by attenuation ; whole families disappear. The other day, when the old maid was buried, there were five other bodies in the church [the butler was not among them], all from our yard.

January 9.—I was at the Countess X——'s. I had tea there and saw their Christmas-tree [a little

thing about 2½ feet high]. Helen, who was just back from the hospital after her operation, was looking very weak.

January 11.—The news about Reval was good yesterday. I do hope the Allies mean soon to put a stop to this. What makes life more difficult is that everyone has turned pessimist. People have taken to buying salted tripe [of horses]; it is still comparatively cheap, for few people as yet know of it; in a week's time it will probably be impossible to obtain.

January 12.—There are several announcements on the French church "formally advising" all French to leave Russia. The French Government undertakes to supply the needy with money for the journey home, to give them a refuge and work on their arrival, and to treat them just as those from the invaded districts were treated. Everyone is asked to think very carefully about their decision; those that stop cannot be promised protection or aid in either money or food. They stop at their own risk. [I went to the door of the Anglican church on my way home, but there was no such announcement up. Afterwards I heard that the British authorities had made a similar announcement; although several people whom I met daily must have known of it, they never told me.]

For a moment it rather troubled me; I am so afraid of wild articles being written to the papers and my parents being dreadfully anxious and upset. On the 8th, at the Consulate, I found a man who was leaving for England on the 14th. I asked him to write a postcard to them. [He never did.]

We are going to buy reels of cotton and send them to Woronish with a friend who will bring us back food in exchange.

January 13.—Yesterday evening we were all so

delighted to hear that "free" trade was to be allowed in all foodstuffs except flour, bread, oil, and sugar; but now it seems there are many more exceptions: grain, salt, etc.

I stood a long time in a queue to buy a reel of cotton, but did not get it.

January 14.—Last night we again waited up for the New Year, the Russian one. To-day the maid goes to Y—— for food; as we do not trust her, we have arranged that she shall go with Sonia.

January 16.—Yesterday Maria Petrovna went to the station to try to buy food of the incoming peasants; she only brought back a lb. of bacon, for which she had paid seventy roubles.

Lenin and Trotzky are disagreeing about something. Kam——ski [I have forgotten the middle of his name, but he is an important Bolshevik] says it is a shame not to let the people know what has been taken.

Nearly everyone is without firewood, and people are living and sleeping in their kitchens.

At Christmas the S——s cut down a tree in their garden to use as firewood; to-day they were burning a door. An acquaintance is lucky enough to have the packing-cases in which she brought her furniture from the country; she is using those.

Maria Petrovna and a friend of hers were agreeing between themselves, some days ago, that if the friend got typhus Maria Petrovna should call in the doctor and a nurse but would keep the illness a secret from the authorities, for in the hospitals there are two in one bed and many on the floor. Luckily now we need not be nervous about being sent to a hospital; nobody is received; there is no more room even on the floor. [Infectious cases were not sorted and isolated. A patient with typhus lay shoulder to shoulder with one who had scarlet fever, or small-pox, or inflammation of the lungs, or any other illness.]

January 23.—Heaps of people are dying. The typhus goes on ; whole families get it. All nurses and medical students must register themselves ; they will be obliged to work in one of the new hospitals. I have several times met sledge-loads of coffins going to the grave-yards ; they are emptied and are sent back to be refilled. Even when dead one does not escape " numbers and queues " ; one is numbered, and then has to wait one's turn for burial.

Of late I have been so frightfully hungry ; it sounds very lowering to one's dignity, but all day long I think of food and long for something to eat. At night I lie awake and see all the things I should like to eat ; simple things : meat, butter, milk—simple, yet unobtainable. To-day I have twice been on foot to the G.P.O. and each time by a long road, for I had lessons to give and other things to see about ; so to-night I am so hungry I do not know what to do.

My pupil R——, a student, went to see the Ukraine peace-delegates, but did not get the post he applied for ; they only accept men who are Little Russians by birth and speech. It is again said that a telegram has been received announcing the surrender of Petrograd to the Allies. If only it were true ; yet, however it be, we shall still have a long time to wait.

Monday, January 27.—On Saturday we heard that the Countess S—— had been arrested on the previous Wednesday ; her servants had only just let her friends know about it. Happily she is already free.

On Thursday I had to walk very far, and, being more hungry than ever, got a violent headache ; by Saturday both hunger and headache had increased. So hungry were Nikita and I that when, at five o'clock, we sat down to tea made of dry strawberries, without

anything to eat, we did not know how we should last till dinner. Five minutes after dinner we were again so painfully hungry that we set to work grinding some rye in the coffee-mill, and, lighting the small stove, made some buns; they somewhat satisfied me for the moment, so that I managed to sleep for some hours, but soon I woke up from hunger. This morning I had a wee piece of sour, stale bread for breakfast, and then went out and remained out for hours. Luckily we received bread to-day; but it was hot when given out, so that when it cooled it was much less than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each. [It had to last two days.]

I bought 4 lb. of carrots [twenty roubles] to-day, so that if there were no bread we might eat them raw for tea. Saturday I had a hot bath [a great luxury]; it seemed to affect my heart, and the next day I could hardly walk.

The man in Y—— who ordered the shooting of our acquaintance and the others has himself been shot in the same spot by order of the new Commissioner.

Tuesday, January 28.—Quite a feast to-day: Sophie Demetrovna gave me a cup of tea with sugar and two small pieces of dry bread, and this evening, when I got to the L——'s, I found them all sitting in their furs drinking tea and trying to get warm in an icy house. I had three cups of real tea and a slice of raw bacon. Excellent; I feel quite a different person.

January 29.—Yesterday I was at the X——'s; three of them had just been liberated from the Butierky, three are still in prison. [They did not all bear the name, but they were all related to the old X—— and lived together.] To-day everyone is hugely amused at Lenin having been waylaid and fleeced of a fur coat and motor-car and having been sent off on foot.

Last night men were stopped in the streets and their papers looked at to make sure they were not deserters from the front. The peasants on whom the "Red" soldiers are quartered ask them whether they have been forced in or whether they are volunteers; if they belong to the latter category they can obtain nothing—there is no cow, therefore no milk, there are no hens or eggs; if they belong to the former, everything is obtainable.

To-day one of my pupils has promised to get me milk at ten roubles the bottle. I am delighted; we shall have it.

An acquaintance has returned from Petrograd; there everyone is trying to leave for Sweden. Perhaps that acquaintance, the S—, and we may all club together and go first to Petrograd [get transferred officially], and then quietly on board a boat belonging to acquaintances. In spring the famine will be awful.

Miss — spent the evening with us.

February 3.—Yesterday Nadia and I went off to the country to see the O—ins; it was such a joy to be once more in a healthy moral atmosphere. Michael Michaelovitch O—in, like all thoughtful Russians, is very grieved at the Allies having stooped to parley with the Bolsheviks; he thinks they would have shown greater nobility of mind by persevering in their former attitude. The O—ins received three sledge-loads of food from the peasants; the youngest son came with the peasants; they took three days. On Saturday I gave a lesson for over two hours where the thermometer registered -2° R. I was chilled through and through; many houses are much colder; in one I know of, the thermometer registers -5° R. [I had only a woollen jersey and a rain-coat bought at Harrod's; no warm blouse, no warm stockings or underwear.]

Everyone speaks of the horrors which go on in the hospitals. The overalls worn by visitors to small-pox patients are taken off them and handed to the next comers, who perhaps are going to visit someone with typhus !

The former bailiff of the Third Estate came here on Friday ; he is well again. He was knocked off a tram and had a rib broken ; carried into a hospital, he lay there four days before a doctor examined him. He nearly died of fever.

CHAPTER XI

FEBRUARY 18—JUNE 4, 1919

WITH the coming of spring there was fierce fighting on all the fronts ; in most cases the Bolsheviki were defeated. Owing to the steady advance of the Esthonians and Russians, the Bolsheviki began to evacuate Petrograd ; but the Esthonians were hampered by the attacks of Baltic Germans in their rear.

Koltchak had liberated great tracts of land and had reached the Volga. The Siberian seat of government was, therefore, transferred to Ekaterinburg in the Urals. Unfortunately, in the South the Don Kosaks under Denikin had fallen back, owing to the discouragement caused by the absence of the support they had expected from the Allies. The Allies abandoned Odessa. [The British decided to withdraw their forces from the North of Russia.]

The Bolsheviki having attacked the Finns, the latter declared war. The Third International was founded in Moscow.

Zinovieff [Apfelbaum] declared that the Red Army was destined to fight the bourgeoisie in the streets of Paris and London. These were not mere words ; every effort was made to undermine the strength and solidarity of the British Empire. Instigated by Bolshevist aims, and aided by Soviet money, serious strikes broke out in Canada, Queensland, and South Africa. The Hungarian Soviet offered the Moscow Soviet a military alliance "to attack the Entente, and especially Poland and Rumania," and trouble was stirred up in Afghanistan.

Delegates of the Norwegian Socialist Party de-

clared that the workmen could not be worse off than they were in Russia.

February 18.—For many days a foolish rumour has been going round the town. People declare that hundreds are taken ill with glanders, and that the Bolsheviks shoot them. [The rumours went on for many weeks. I often met people who declared that friends of theirs had been shot ; but, as I never heard of the shooting, for that cause, of any of my own acquaintances, I still went on hoping that it was merely a rumour fostered by the dreadful atmosphere in which we lived. Of course, glanders were very prevalent among horses, and there is no doubt that the flesh of such horses was eaten by the populace, and that for the ones who prepared such infected meat there was a certain risk if their hands were in any way cut.] On Saturday, the 15th, I left by the workmen's train for Y——, for the cheese-maker had sent us word that he had left provisions in the town of Y—— for us. The train left at 2.35. I was standing waiting for a ticket at 10.30, but there were so many who had been there since the early morning that there seemed but little chance of my turn coming before the train left. In the end I found a boy among those closest to the booking-office who was likewise going to Y—— ; he consented to buy two tickets and give me one. Then the waiting on the platform began ; the " queue " was so disorderly that the militia threatened to use their guns. There were only two heated trucks. I got into an unheated one in which there were no planks or benches, so that we all sat on the floor. All, except myself, were peasants ; many had come to town to buy goloshes, a yard or two of calico, or maybe a strip of lace ; all had been disappointed. There is no buying anything in Moscow. How they abused the Bolsheviks !

Sitting on the floor is certainly less draughty than sitting on benches. As we drew near M—— the truck became less crowded, for our train goes no farther than Y——. We got to Y—— at 3 a.m. Even before our arrival the station building [the waiting-rooms, the booking-office, the luggage office, etc.] was so full that militia guarded the doors and would allow nobody in. So we had to stop on the platform; it was cold. After a time I got past the Militia, into the waiting-room; there was nothing to eat, not even any tea to be had; the air was suffocating. I forced my way out and squatted on my roll-up; being warmly dressed [I had been lent a fur coat and snow-boots for the journey] I was comfortable enough, and could have fallen fast asleep but that the passers-by—or rather pacers up and down—thought I was freezing, and, with the best intentions, shook me and told me not to go to sleep for that would be the worse for me. How pleased I was when dawn came! About nine o'clock I set out to the Rosenbergs. They were as pleased to see me as I was to see them. Unfortunately they were not looking very well. They more or less live in one small room; the others are so cold. I had some tea and bread and went off to Helena —— about the provisions the cheese-maker had sent; they had thought I was not coming, and had started eating the bread. There were two loaves and two cheeses left. I inquired of everyone where I could buy lard, bacon, sour-cream, etc.; but was laughed at and told that nobody saw such luxuries even in their dreams. Even in the villages round about sour-cream is unobtainable; sucking pig is 35 roubles the lb., lard 70. The town has not given out bread for over a fortnight; at the station bread is secretly being sold for 10 roubles the lb. A herring is 20 roubles; soft sugar is 45 to 60.

The old cheese-maker is in Moscow; he has sold

everything here, and leaves for Switzerland on Friday. His relations cannot leave yet because their farm has not yet been taken over ; they are obliged to go on working. The Bolsheviks take away their butter and only give them 15 roubles the lb. [in the local town, butter is between 60 and 80 roubles] ; for the cheese they give them only 10 roubles. [Cheese is unobtainable in the local town.]

I left by a train that is formed in Y—— ; getting to the station after the third bell, I found the ticket-office shut, so I had to get into the train without a ticket. I clambered up into a perfectly dark and unheated truck. There were but two men in it ; one spoke to me, the other's presence I discovered by falling over him in the dark. I got on to the upper bunk. At the first stop the truck was already full. I meant to get a ticket at X——, but the truck was so crowded that one could move neither hand nor foot. How pleased I was that I had copiously sprinkled myself with clove-oil ! No wonder there is typhoid everywhere. A great, big peasant was leaning so heavily against my knees [I was squatting on the bunk] that every few minutes I got the cramp all down my left side. It was dreadful—one would wish to say unbearable, but I had to bear it hour after hour. The Militia came to hunt for eatables, but the truck was so crowded they could not force their way in ! In fact, the door could only be slid open a few inches, otherwise many people would have fallen out.

At about 10 a.m. we got to Moscow, but it took nearly two hours to pass the ticket-collector ; at the end of that time I got a militia-man to take 10 roubles [ticket costs 7·70] and let me through. The others wished to make me wait, which would have been most unprofitable, for the mail train was already in and the passengers were streaming towards us ;

not only should I have had long to wait, but the ticket-collector might have thought I had come on the mail train, which might have started from a very distant town, and, besides having to pay much more, I should have undoubtedly had my luggage examined; as it was, I got through with my bread and cheese.

To-day I again went to the Bransk station to try to get some sugar, but had no luck. I so long for a spoonful of sugar; we have less than a teaspoonful a fortnight. There was only one man there with sugar, he had a pound and a half, and was asking 90 roubles. Bacon was 80, caramels from 1 to 2 roubles each. There was no bread. [On this day, February 18, I received the following note from one of my pupils, the son of one of the great old Russian families: "Dear Miss —, I am terribly hungry. My mother lets us go to the Stolowaja [the public dining-room] because there was verre littel to iat at home."]

March 9.—Things get worse and worse. [It was already impossible to return to England; a train did leave before Easter, but I had not my papers ready—luckily for me, for the train never got farther than Petrograd.]

When I go to the school I often meet loads of twenty and more coffins going to the grave-yard. [As often as not they were roped down on a lorry, a soldier sitting on the top, smoking.]

The other day I heard the "authorities" were in a fix; they do not know whom to put in command at Bieloji Ostroff; a man ignorant of languages is unable to do the work, but an officer knowing languages is a gentleman, and at heart against them, and would escape in a few days, as his five or six predecessors have done.

A gentleman sent his wife and children abroad,

but found that he had brought the suspicion of the Bolsheviks on himself; he promptly got a Bolshevik divorce from his absent wife and married another *à la* Bolshevik; within a week of his wedding he escaped.

March 14.—Last night there was trouble [of the right sort] in Moscow. In Bransk things have gone badly for the Bolsheviks. Perhaps it is the beginning of spring for us.

March 18.—It was a Bolshevik feast to-day. There was no work. Sverdloff was buried; they say he did not die of inflammation of the lungs, but was beaten to death, or shot, by the railwaymen. He was to have left for the front at seven o'clock, and was dead at eight. Trouble was expected to-day at two o'clock, but there was none. [The newspapers called him the President of Russia. It was the first we ever heard of such a President; it was quite a surprise. The President's brother was head of the Russian Red Cross.]

March 19.—The news is better and better; on all sides the opposition grows; there is good news from Smolensk and Orel. The Jews in some places are getting it hot. On Monday there were 1,200 prisoners in the Butierky; yesterday there were already 1,650!

We have been receiving little or no bread lately.

March 23.—My birthday was the day before yesterday, but I feasted it to-day, Sunday. I had a dinner of the simplest of food [except woodcock, which I got cheaper than I could have bought horse-flesh; the employees at the Blenbiede got so many given them that they were selling them cheap], but there was enough to feel satisfied; there were six of us. It cost over 300 roubles. There was no bread. I could not afford that. Rye-flour is now considered cheap at 1,000 roubles the pood.

The other day I saw some honey in a shop and went in to inquire the price: 100 the lb. [There had been *no* shops, absolutely none, but towards the end of Lent some milk-shops, run by private enterprise, were opened; gradually they started selling cheese, eggs, honey, spices, and pastry; they must certainly have belonged to prominent Bolsheviks, or paid huge bribes, for the selling of flour was strictly forbidden, yet at a time when all railway passengers' luggage was searched for flour and the peasants always took slices out of their loaves before daring to bring them in to town, here were these small shops exhibiting buns and cakes made with wheaten flour and flavoured with sugar—another forbidden article.]

It seems Sverdloff got a blow on the head with a billet of wood. He had been ill before, but was already convalescent. A landowner in the government of Orel has been beaten by the peasants because he farmed his lands for the Bolsheviks. [That means he did the work and allowed the Bolsheviks to receive the profits, himself only receiving a salary from them.]

Easter Monday, April 21.—All last month prices rose higher and higher, till at last we gave 40 roubles a lb. for black bread and acquaintances gave as much as 43 and 45. I heard of people giving 50 and more. Just about Palm Sunday there was a sudden drop in prices; at some of the stations one was able to buy bread at thirteen roubles. The Bolsheviks take the credit to themselves; they say it is because they have been allowing the peasants to bring in bread; but they were obliged to, because they need all their soldiers, and can no longer keep so many of them at the stations. [One would think this would have convinced them that their would-be monopoly of bread was bad for the nation; or it might be truer to remark that they did not bother about the nation starving so long as they could seize sufficient for themselves and their

Red Army—or, at least, the more important regiments of the latter; the others were often in a woeful condition.] Milk has become much dearer; a week ago it was already fourteen and fifteen roubles the bottle. [The peasants were using it for the Easter soft cheeses.]

There have been many arrests lately; Lydia Alexandrovna's brother-in-law was among the number.

Late on Holy Saturday Samarin was freed, but he would not leave the prison at once; he had organised a night service, and he only went away after it was over. Maria X—— and several others of his relations saw him first in church; they knew nothing of the order for his release. They are all so happy.

Poor Countess X——! I wish her husband could be released.

Nadia and Nikita have gone to the Church of our Saviour; there are to be public prayers for the fall of the Bolsheviks; such a thing would have been impossible a month ago.

The doctor who touched the relics has died. He died within three days; even many of the Bolsheviks are impressed. Much the same thing happened in Kaluga last year; the man who took the cross down from the cathedral and replaced it by a red flag on the following day had his arm dry up and within three days was dead. [The Bolsheviks had taken to opening all the saints' graves so that if the bodies were not found intact they might have the cheap glory of scoring over a certain section of the orthodox public, which believes that *every* saint's body remains intact.]

Easter Thursday.—Georgie O——in had to go to the staff to get some information; the officer to whom he addressed himself looked up very crossly and said, "What do you want? Come to make inquiries?"

Want to know when you will sing ' God save the Czar ' ? Soon, very soon ! " A Commissioner sitting near by said nothing. During the last few days Lenin has not been living in the Kremlin. The Kremlin, or rather a small portion of it, has been open to the public during the last three days, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. To-day was the last day ; I went with Vada. [It looked like a deserted place ; grass everywhere ; the only cathedral open was the one I had not been inside on my former visit to the Kremlin in May 1914. It had then been a scene of great activity. Preparations were being made to receive the Czar, who was to be present at the canonisation of two saints, or at a service held in honour of the newly canonised ones, I forget which.]

April 30.—Four days ago a soldier who was trying to requisition eatables at the Sukierovka [the great market] was torn to pieces. A dog was shot, and the mob laid them out one alongside the other.

We have been given no bread. Trouble is expected to-morrow. I do not believe that there will be any uprising.

There are plenty of apples ; twenty-five roubles each. [During the winter there were *no* shops ; apples could not be sold in the open because they would have frozen.]

The evening before last a soldier came around to register me as a Britisher ; they are registering all Britishers.

May 5.—Many thought there would be riots on the 1st, but everything went off quietly. Of course I did not go to see the procession ; yet I saw most of it, for I was giving a lesson at the S——'s and it passed down the road. It was rather a woe-begone mass ; they had set out early and dressed warmly, but the day had turned out very hot. Yesterday afternoon I went with Elizabeth Nicolaevna to her home in the country ;

she was too weak to go alone. They had just heard that the eldest son's future father-in-law, C——, is a prisoner in the Butierky; he was arrested on his way from Odessa to Rumania; as he was formerly Governor here in Moscow his position is a very dangerous one.

I came back this morning with Count and Countess K——; in the truck with us were many women and boys who were bringing sacks of hay into town; they sell at anything between 150 and 230 roubles the pood. Prices are once more going up, and will probably rise rapidly, for the trains are again going to stop.

The O——ins are very anxious about Georgie. He left for his old home under the impression that he might go quite openly. The next day came a peasant who said that the Kaluga Bolsheviks are on the look out for him and that they mean to arrest him. He ought to be back by now, but there is no sign of him.

May 13.—Many things happen, and one hears all kinds of news, but they seem not to interest one; it is so difficult to believe anything now; probably it is as difficult for us to believe good news as for Trotzky to understand the cheers with which he was greeted the other day. I wonder whether it be true that the Czar was in Livadia, and only left on the approach of the Bolsheviks.

Someone will be sent to the First Estate to bring the pictures to Moscow; they will be put into a museum here.

To-day I waited nearly all day in a queue to receive from the Schools Organisation 2 lb. of ham, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of lard, and 6 eggs, for which some months ago I paid 200 roubles; perhaps later on we may receive gruel, potatoes, and dried fruit.

To-morrow I must go to the Minister of Foreign

Affairs to try to get out my boxes which are in the bank ; they are in danger.

Saturday, May 18.—On Thursday the Czar's snuff-boxes, cigarette-cases, candlesticks, etc., arrived from Tobolsk ; they are at the Historical Museum. C—— P—— S—— showed Maria Petrovna those that were already unpacked. It is dreadful to have no news except Bolshevik news which one cannot believe. I do so want to know what is happening in England, Ireland, and the Colonies. Pious Russians are apt to think it a good sign that the Pope spoke of their Church as "Orthodox." If only now that our enemies are so powerful we could stand shoulder to shoulder, there is so much we hold in common, we ought surely to prevent others from depriving our children of it. [The Bolsheviks published a letter from the Pope, in which he begged them to desist from their attacks on the Orthodox Church. The Bolsheviks said that their answer was, "Since when is she the Orthodox Church to you ? She used to be the Schismatical Greek Church." If this was true, then it is the only time I have known the Bolsheviks to be humorous.]

I am in the I Category. I suppose it is a mistake, but I shall not lodge a complaint !

May 19.—Two acquaintances just back from Petrograd say that the firing of the Whites and Finns can be heard in town ; one of them means to go back and await delivery. It might be best for me to do the same. [I did not go because I had not money enough.]

May 20.—I had meant to go to the Consulate and get my name written down for the next train [leaving with Britishers returning home], but I could not fight my way into a tram, so I went to the school instead and got a paper from the secretary, which I shall need.

May 24.—Everyone expects Petrograd to be taken. The other day an acquaintance got the following telegram from Petrograd: "Peter very ill, temperature 40° R.; no hope" [of course Peter meant Petrograd; 40° is very high fever]. Many think that the fall of Petrograd would force the Bolsheviks to disappear from Moscow.

On Thursday I went a second time to the Consulate to find out what I must do in order to be ready to leave for home in case an opportunity presents itself. And—— told me that Martiny was expected back that very day, but he was not sure whether there would be time to settle about his leaving with the British Mission. He looked very worried. However, contrary to expectations, the British Mission has not left yet.

An acquaintance, not being able to pay her maid, lets her go and work at the Prison Hospital. The girl is a nervous wreck. She nursed an unfortunate dumb man back to life; when he was strong enough she had to dress him that they might take him out to be shot.

On Thursday night two of Nadia's colleagues were here; conversation was about the difficulties of burying one's dead and the decree forbidding private graves. Tykin G—— told us that an acquaintance died sitting in his chair; his son could not get him buried, so left him sitting there, and, until friends came and got the man buried, when he came home from the office would sit down opposite and read. Elena —— had something much worse to recount: a mother and two children died; there was nobody to bury them, and in the end dogs got their bodies. For many weeks coffins have been hired out.

Twice this week I have been to the Sukierovka to sell clothes; it is an extraordinary scene, essentially Eastern—Asiatic.

The effect of this moral chaos, in which we live, is shocking.

Eugeni ——'s ideas as to the right or wrong in taking things which do not belong to him are appalling. [Of course, as the Bolshevik "government" was essentially one of robbery, it was not perhaps unnatural that those who had been fleeced tried, whenever possible, to get some of their own back. What had shocked my sense of honesty was that Eugeni declared he saw no harm in stealing one or several of the pairs of military boots which he was placed to guard. I did not see his point then. I do now.]

Young C——X——, with some of his friends of military age, left for a town in the South on Thursday; they are going to work in a sugar refinery, so as to escape serving in the Red Army. Though what Gregorevitch says seems to have a flavour of truth in it, "Not those who enter the Red Army, but those who shirk it, are the deserters," one hears of whole regiments going over to the Whites.

May 30.—There were days when we hoped that something might soon happen; but again there is a pause.

The British Mission has been let pass. Razkolnik is expected here to-day or to-morrow. It seems one can be an Admiral of the Fleet as well here as elsewhere! Martiny was fooled about Miss Blumenthal; such a mean Bolshevik trick! None of us foreigners are to be allowed to leave, even the harmless Swiss Government cannot induce the ogres to part with its subjects. I am tired to death of it all, and for two or three weeks past have been feeling ill and out of sorts, head, throat, legs, and right knee one big ache. If only I could get home by father's birthday [July]; there is no chance of being there by mother's [June], and it is only because I am such an incurable optimist that

I fancy there is a shade of a ghost of a chance of the former. How sick I am of it all! My soul loathes the various Bolshevist sights of Moscow. I want to hear only English, see pleasant faces, and leave all this miles behind me. Even Jack had not to climb his beanstalk for ever and ever.

CHAPTER XII

JUNE 5—SEPTEMBER 1, 1919

THE Allies practically recognised Koltchak's government, without being asked to; Denikin, although his forces were progressing victoriously, whilst the Admiral's had started to retreat, placed himself under the latter.

There was some talk of the Bolsheviks evacuating Kronstadt; they even destroyed part of the ammunition stored there. Denikin, during a six weeks' offensive, liberated 90,000 square miles and took 32,000 prisoners.

In July Kameneff, as a reward for his advice to concentrate forces against Koltchak's right wing, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet Armies.

People in Soviet Russia were suffering cruelly from lack of food. The Bolshevik People's Commissioner of Agriculture admitted that the crop-yielding area in twenty-eight districts had decreased by about 13,000,000 acres. Bolshevik newspapers state that "our position is such, that, along with the fall in production, the fundamental productive force of labour itself is being destroyed." Many factories had been closed down, others were working at a huge loss. Bolshevik newspapers admit that a certain Petrograd factory produced articles to the value of 143,000,000 roubles, but that during that period the workmen's wages alone had been 1,348,000,000 roubles. Owing to the failure of the Don Kosaks, the Bolsheviks had in May seized the coal-fields of the Donetz basin. The monthly output was then

125,000,000 poods ; when they left in December it had fallen to 24,000,000 poods.

The strike in Winnipeg, which had been continuing, was brought to an end owing to energetic measures being adopted. The trial of eight strike leaders began, and such statements as the following were brought to light :

“ The only way we shall ever get anything is by the use of force. The time is coming when there will be riots and petty revolutions all over the country.”

“ We gave the Bolsheviks the finest boost that has ever been accomplished for some time. The Western Conference came up for discussion, and we carried that against the wishes of the machine. They did all possible to show that it was a great mistake, and that we were doing the worst thing in the interests of organised labour.”

Organised labour received a severe blow in Soviet Russia. Trade union authority was put on one side, and all questions of hours of labour, wages, etc., were settled in each factory by a single man appointed by the Soviet Government.

June 5.—Last night Madame S—— came and told us that And—— and all those at the Danish Red Cross had been arrested, Alexander Alexandrovitch among the number. [Alexander Alexandrovitch often came back late, so until we heard of his arrest nobody had been anxious.] This morning I went to the bank with Maria Petrovna. She got out her mirror ; I carried it for her to the X—— Museum. [Any one single object, valued at less than 300 roubles when given in to the bank, was, under certain conditions, restored to its owner. Of course, each person had the right to only one object.] My former pupil R—— came to see me to-day ; he had been arrested with the others yesterday, but has been let free. And—— and Alexander Alexandrovitch are in the Butierky,

or are to be taken there to-morrow. They say all foreigners must be registered. Some say that the hostages from Riga are here.

June 6.—I met the old Princess Gagarin; she told me that her English acquaintances say they have been registered, and that there is a crowd at the place, but she could not tell me where. I suppose I must go and find out to-morrow; such a nuisance, it is my busiest day. I wonder whether the Bolsheviki mean to take many of us as hostages. I hope it will end by their sending us out of the country.

Yesterday we were told that three days ago a German mission had come to the Kremlin.

June 7.—Maria Petrovna and Nadia went to the prison with provisions for Alexander Alexandrovitch. He is in the Butierky. I went all round the place to try to find out where to get registered, but without success. Only this evening one of my pupils told me I must go to the Kommissariate at X—, and that to-morrow will be the last day; but, as to-morrow will be Whit-Sunday, I suppose the place will be shut. I still think as I did yesterday and the day before: it will end by nearly all, or even all of us, being taken as hostages, and then, if at home people are only energetic enough, we shall be sent out of the country. If I were not so dead tired I should pack the things I need most, so as to take them with me in case of necessity. To-day many foreigners were arrested. If only I had a little more time to go to the market and sell my odds and ends; it seems to me it is now or never.

June 8.—It seems that the other day the Russian Red Cross received a wireless stating that Denmark is the gathering-place of all those who are volunteering to fight Bolshevism; that was the cause of the arrests. Numbers of Poles have been arrested. It is stated

that all the prisoners from the "Extraordinary" in Petrograd have been brought here, likewise all the hostages.

June 9.—I went to be registered, and took a paper from the House Committee saying I had been out of town for some days. [Of course it was not true, but I had no wish to make the acquaintance of the inside of the prison, and have my unfortunate housemates wearing themselves out bringing me food. The Bolsheviks announced their order about registration in the very smallest print in Friday's evening paper, which I never read, again in Saturday morning's paper. I never had time to glance at a paper before evening. Sunday was the last day; of course this would be no excuse in their eyes.] The room was full; most of those present were Chinese. The first to be questioned was a Belgian; they were very severe with him, and told him to go and get a number of different papers. Then came two French ladies. Suddenly in comes a man in a perfect fury and tells the girl to stop registering us; that we were late and must all be sent to the Butierky. Luckily the girl who was registering us had already received permission to do so from some higher authority, who had used the words, "even though they are late." The fury started to abuse and cross-question the two French ladies. As they did not speak Russian, I answered for them and mentioned that few people read the evening paper and that the first morning paper to announce the decree was the Saturday one. He turned on me and asked why I was late; I told him I did not know in time. He said the Consulate should have let us know; I answered there was none. Then, to soothe him, I produced my paper from the House Committee. In the afternoon I went to the "Criminal Militia" to get a paper

from them stating that they had nothing against me and that, as far as they were concerned, I might leave Russia. I must go there again on Thursday. I have already been to the Tax Commissioner and got a paper from him.

Since the 5th trains have stopped; bread is once more forty-two roubles the pound.

June 14.—Helena — spent a night here lately; she was afraid of sleeping at home. Last night there were many house-searches; the Bolsheviks are hunting for deserters and those of military age who have failed to register. I hope we shall not have any attention paid us. I had quite enough of that at Y—. Alexander Alexandrovitch may be let out of prison to-day; at least Krasikoff says so.

Corpus Christi, June 19.—Hearsays are so various. The head of the Red Army said they could hold out for a month, at most; then we heard the British were to help the Finns to take Petrograd, and the French move up from the south. To-day I met General —, who has just come from Samara; he says that Koltchak is at the end of his tether.

Here a very painful impression was made by the condition in which the Petrograd and Riga hostages arrived; also the sixteen Riga widows who came with literally nothing but what they stood up in; the soldiers had obliged them to throw away their bundles and had told them they did not need them, for they would be shot on their arrival. Countess Levin arrived with her bare feet thrust into goloshes.

June 21.—Sonia's office has received instructions to send no more "colleagues" to the South; if any work has to be done there it must be done by a despatch-bearer from the Foreign Office, who will leave

for the Ukraine twice a week. A woman delegate from Germany has arrived here under the pretext of learning from the Bolshevik "Office for the Preservation of Antiquities and Historical Places and Objects" [I have not got the title quite right, it ought to be much longer] how to manage things in Germany.

June 25.—Yesterday I went out of town to give a lesson to Demetry in Kraskova. It is a delightful place. Mother and son are both so nice. For a short hour or so I forgot everything. [During the remainder of the summer I went once a week to Kraskova, where I gave several lessons.]

Yesterday was Maria Petrovna's silver wedding. In spite of Bolshevik promises, her husband is still in prison.

There is trouble at the Russian Red Cross; some intrigue against Sverdloff [brother of the man who had been killed]. Many of those fairly highly placed have been arrested on a charge of having been in communication with the Danish Red Cross.

Yesterday Deema ——— was sent to the front in the same train as Trotzky. The latter seems to have suspected an attempt to wreck the train; so he had it crowded with officers.

It seems Europe is settling down. I do so hope there will be no unrest in England.

The Kosaks are in Kharkoff. I wish they were here! Young X—— returned from the South to-day.

Wednesday, July 2.—On Friday I had a tiring day. I got up early and went with Maria Petrovna to the market. We bought rye-flour at 45 roubles the lb., millet at 60, black bread at 40; the last was a bit of good luck, all the other sellers were asking 45. At 10 a.m. I was already at the Poluektovckie giving a

lesson, at 11.30 back here giving a lesson in the yard, and after a hasty lunch again I scrambled into a tram and went to the market, where I sold some odds and ends, and bought 3 lb. of dried peas at 50 roubles the lb., 2 lb. of millet, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ of bread. Then I walked to the red gate and managed to hang on to a tram and off to my school, where I found that there were, as usual, no pupils. I rested somewhat, took my ration [a very much better one than usual—two biscuits and five chestnuts], and came back here, where I found something very pleasant awaiting me: a return ticket to N—— and a note from my acquaintance N—— N—— asking me to come and stop some days with him on his former estate. [The idea of the return ticket issued at the village station was that the return enabled me to get to the village without buying a ticket in Moscow, where one had sometimes to wait not hours, but days, in a queue. To go right away from Moscow one had to receive several permits. Even for people travelling for Government departments these were difficult to obtain; for me it would have been impossible. But there were so-called "Villa" trains which ran to places within a radius of about 100 versts from Moscow; by these one was allowed to travel without a permit.]

Next day I left with the 12.45 train and got to my destination about an hour later. The walk to the house would have been delightful if the air had been less sultry and my travelling-bag less heavy. The house is very beautiful, and stands surrounded by fine trees and bushes on the top of a gentle slope. My host took me down the park and out beyond into a wood so that I might get some idea of the grounds; then we returned and had tea on one of the terraces. Afterwards we went down to the lake. My host left me, thinking I might wish to rest; but, after some minutes, the beauty of the place made me long to see

more, so I went right round the lake. From the far side of the park trees form a magnificent line of green. We had dinner out of doors just near some great big pink-and-white peonies. Then we went mushrooming and came back late, so that, after a glass of milk and a short stroll, it was time to go to bed. I slept in a very quaintly shaped room in the western wing. It rained all night and most of the following day. In the morning I sketched a corner of the house, then my host thought of showing me the house; but before we had got far we thought it a pity to see it by such inferior light, so it ended by our getting interested in the library. There are many old books. I came across several dating from the first quarter of the sixteenth century. After dinner we went mushrooming and found some *borowieks*. Next morning we went round the lake in the opposite direction to that which I had taken; then, the light being good, we went over the house. There is a fine collection of paintings, most of them sacred. Among the smaller objects is a metal plaque about 10 by 5 inches; it represents the Crucifixion. The cross rests on the back of a she-wolf, who is giving suck to two boys. The wolf must be Rome, but the workmanship is Byzantine. [My host, to whom the estate belonged, was there merely as caretaker of the museum, for that was what his house had been turned into.] In the evening we went down to the river, where we met some peasants, women and children for the greater part. I entered into conversation with them. They begin to realise that they ought to cultivate the ground they already possess, and have all along possessed, instead of trying to grab more and more. In a water-meadow which has always been theirs, they have this year planted cabbages, which are thriving; even the young children were there helping to water them. The only drawback is that they are so afraid of each other, especially

of those who have been too lazy to cultivate their plots: "They will also wish to have cabbages, so they will come and take ours"; or, as one woman said to us, "You see mine are not so healthy as my neighbours'. I have many children; I shall take from the others!"—and a nice-looking woman, who seemed just as good, if not better, than her neighbours. There was a green army quite close; the day before my arrival shooting could be heard. [All during the summer months there were dozens of these green armies, mostly composed of deserters, desperadoes, but in some few cases led by officers.]

We returned and sat for a long time in the colonnade awaiting the answer from the Bolshevist caretaker of the horses; should I have a horse next morning? The answer was satisfactory.

Next morning I was up at 6.20 [by the sun 2.50]. As I drove along the sun had risen, but there was a mist over the land. One big birch-tree stood out to the left of the road, the upper half so thickly veiled that it was scarcely visible, and a little to the right the sun had already tinted a circle of sky above the cloud which yet held it prisoner.

At the station I discovered that the railway had changed its time back half an hour, so I and the army of milk-girls had a longish wait. Arrived in town, I went straight to Demetry's town house, where I found two tickets for Kraskova; they had asked me to bring Vada; at a quarter to two Vada and I were on the platform, but the 2.10 train was already overflowing, people on the roofs, on the connecting bridges, on the steps. We got into another train which we were told was to leave at 3.40; the 2.10 steamed out and another train took its place. We were told that that other train was the 3.40, and we were in the

4.30 ; everyone rushed across and fought for seats. Ten minutes later there was a rush back to the train we had just left, for it had already an engine attached and ours had not, but as neither engine-driver nor guard could say which was the 3.40 and which the 4.30 we remained on the alert for another half-hour or so. It was so pleasant in Kraskova, but, as there are fewer trains than formerly, we got back to town too late for the trams [the trams stopped at 8 p.m.], and we had a very long walk ; the air was sultry and I was tired indeed. Poor Sophie —— ! she is going through the agony of fear and doubt and renewed hopes that so many of us have had to pass through. She looks dreadful. [Her husband, many months before, had left for the South and never been heard of again. In March 1920 she still had no news, and thought he must have fallen ill of typhus and died in the train, or else have been shot ; he never got to his destination.]

Those two or three days passed in the country brought back old days. It was like returning to some other world getting here.

July 9.—No bread is being given out now ; during the last five weeks we received bread only four or five times, and now only children and workmen are to receive it. As yet they have only been given it once about four days ago, and what they then got was stuff made of buckwheat.

Yesterday on account of the “ no bread,” there were demonstrations in Sokolnik [a Moscow suburb] and in the Mesnitzky Street ; in the former place these demonstrators were mostly workmen from Provodnik, in the latter children of the labouring classes who marched with white banners on which was written “ Bread ! down with the war ! ”

There was a search the night before last at the P——’s. It is stated that in Petrograd 2,000 people

have been put in prison and 118 shot. Life is very difficult.

July 10.—Again “ Bread demonstrations.” Nikita and Genia are in the Red Army. Nikita went in as a volunteer ; he means to escape to the Whites. [He escaped shortly after having been sent to the front. He has several times been severely wounded, but is still fighting against the Bolsheviki.] The Baroness has been arrested in Petrograd and is in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. [She was arrested after a house-search during which old letters from her first cousin, a former minister, were found. The house-search was caused by the head of the House Committee informing against her. He was a thief, and in her usual frank manner the Baroness had shown him up at the committee-meeting.]

July 11.—One hears so many accounts of Trotzky's health, but the “ nervous breakdown ” is most probable. The account of the meeting of the railway employees in Kieff is probably correct. [That they refused Trotzky what he wanted, and that someone called out his Jewish name, “ Bronstein.”] The Patriarch has been wounded by a fanatical woman.

July 12.—I went to St. Andrew's for my dinner ; the others think I have supper there, but I don't—it is too far to walk ; I am always tired. The dinner was all right.

Two days ago bread was promised to the 1st and 2nd Categories ; in some districts it was given out yesterday ; we have not had ours yet. Nikita showed me his Red-Army bread ; it is made of canary-seed, husks and all.

July 19.—Alexander Alexandrovitch has been let out of prison. The other day thirty to forty men paraded the streets in nature's garb and a vine-leaf ; they held white flags with the words “ Give us bread and clothes.” People only laughed.

The Bolsheviks are taking the whole of the ground-floor of St. Andrew's. [A house built by a Scotch lady for Britishers. It was so overcrowded that Britishers could not obtain a room, but none the less the Bolsheviks seized on the whole ground-floor.]

July 23. — Yesterday I had a delightful day in Kraskova ; it was the more delightful as I had heard from rather a good source that the Bolsheviks think of getting rid of us by sending us all home. On coming back I learned that we must re-register and answer even more questions than before ; quite a catechism, in fact, and find someone to guarantee our " loyalty " to the Bolshevik Government. I got one of my pupils to stand as my guarantee. [Afterwards I had to get four other names.] To-day at dinner I sat next to an Englishwoman who has just been let out of the Butierky ; she was brought as prisoner from Petrograd. I cannot get my paper from the Duma [to enable me to leave Russia if a chance presented itself] ; to-day was the eighth time I had been there, and again I was sent back, this time to get a paper from the House Committee stating to whom this flat belonged on August 1, 1918, and for how much it was rated on January 1, 1917 and 1918. On none of these three dates was I in Moscow, so I do not quite see how it can be my business. How sick I am of it all ! But I am looking well ; I do not stint myself as regards food. I earn the money, and now that I have the hope of not being obliged to remain next winter, I mean to spend everything on food and come home strong.

July 26.—On Thursday we heard that the Baroness has left Petrograd and has been sent here as prisoner ; but as yet she has not arrived. On the 24th went to be registered ; I was sent back for four more guarantees of my loyalty. Went again yesterday. [Here

are some of the questions on the form we each had to fill in. Names? Father's name? Occupation in native country? Place of birth? Place of Father's birth? Of what country a subject? Native language? Why you came to Russia? When? Route chosen? Occupation? Religion? What foreigners you know? With which foreigners you are in correspondence? What family, if any? give all names and dates and places of birth. To what party did you belong in your native land? To what party do you belong in Russia? I filled in the paper for myself and several strangers who were unable to write Russian. Of course we were all nonentities; we had no party politics in any land, no acquaintances, no correspondents. Some were asked whether they frequented a certain café, but I believe everyone knew we must answer "No," otherwise he would not go home.]

Some days ago I received my paper from the Duma saying I am free of all taxes. I was told I must pay several thousands, but quietly answered, "But I can't." I looked down at my boots, which were all split; the man did the same, and said he would go and see the head; he shortly returned and gave me my paper. Everyone says the Germans have declared war on the Bolsheviks. Last evening, as I was in the market-place buying, the soldiers were firing in order to make us disperse more quickly.

August 1.—This book has spent the last two nights out of doors. On Wednesday I was in several houses which had been searched; the Bolsheviks are doing it by streets; our electric light has just been restored, so that it seemed probable that our turn would come soon. It came last night. Somewhat before 2 a.m. Alexander Alexandrovitch woke Nadia and myself and told us that they were in the house; they went

to all the other flats, but for some reason or other excepted ours. They seemed really to be hunting for gold and jewels, not for guns. They took half of X—— X——'s linen. They left at about 6 a.m. Whilst they were upstairs they made so much noise with their heavy boots that I could not go to sleep. I am dead tired.

August 9, Saturday.—Tuesday night we again had a search; a first party came at 1 a.m. to hunt in Maria X——'s rooms [that was the flat we were in]; by way of recreation they glanced in at us; hardly had they done when a second party came to see Sophie ——'s room [also in our flat]. News is very varied. Some say air-planes fly over Petrograd, and tell the people to get a supply of food in, as for some days they will be unable to go out of doors.

Yesterday I went with some acquaintances to the Petrovski Razumovski Park. I took Vada. It was very pleasant; so quiet.

August 14.—Hearsays become wilder and wilder. A week ago I was told a Jew had come from Paris to receive money here. On my remarking that he was a strange individual to venture to come here now, I was told that he was sure of being able to return; wherefrom I concluded he was rich enough to give a very big bribe. Two days ago I was told that again there is a German mission here to say that either the Bolsheviki must resign between the 15th and 20th of this month, otherwise they, the Germans, must fight them; likewise a Jew came with them to obtain money for Russians in France. To-day they say that Tchicherin is in Smolensk and has agreed to at least the first article of a treaty. Yesterday an acquaintance was at the G.P.O. and heard the official tell a Russian that just at present he cannot send anything to Switzerland, but that in a week's time it may be

possible. Ten days ago Litvinoff told Mr. North that we English must wait, but that we would get home about December. Butter to-day is 320 roubles the pound in the market. I got a pound of butter and 20 eggs on an invalid's card; it is the first time I have used an invalid's card. I have likewise received an invalid's card for boots from a doctor. I must get up one morning very, very early and stand in a queue so as to get an "order" to buy a pair. The Baroness is in prison here. I want to see her, but the others think that a foreigner going to see her might be prejudicial, so I can only show my sympathy by sending food.

August 16.—The clock has again been moved back, so now we are only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours wrong with the sun. If I can I mean to move into St. Andrew's, although Miss —— thinks the inmates may be taken as hostages.

They say there was a council last night in the Kremlin, that the Germans were present, that one-third of the Bolsheviks voted for giving in, the other two-thirds for holding on.

August 22.—Yesterday I had such a walk! In the morning I went on foot to the Kazan Station¹ [it was a holiday, and the trams did not run early]. Arrived there, I heard there would be no train as there had been an accident last night between Sokolnik and the sorting-station. I went on foot to the sorting-station and from there got a train. All day in Kraskova I was on foot, and in the evening walked back to the house from the sorting-station. Coming back, I was standing on the steps of the carriage with two small boys, who, like myself, had been unable to squeeze into the carriage. One little fellow was holding on and putting one foot out; we passed some kind of iron post, he got a dreadful blow on

¹ One of the principal Moscow stations is called the Kazan Station.

the foot, and the pain made him let go. I seized him only just in time.

Lydia — tells me that Bobruisk, Tamboff, and about fifteen other places are taken. Her brother-in-law cannot get a ticket even for Jeletz. The Allied fleet is said to be near Kronstadt. I only hope it is true. The Moscow Bolsheviks are preparing to go to Ufa. [Several departments were evacuated: the Bolsheviks realised their own weakness; it was the Allies who failed to see it.]

CHAPTER XIII

SEPTEMBER 2—NOVEMBER 6, 1919

It seemed as though Petrograd must fall, and steps were taken by the Allies for supplying food to the starving people of the capital when it should have been delivered.

Mamontoff, who in August broke through the Bolshevik lines, took Tamboff, Kosloff, Jeletz, and many other places; hopes were high in Moscow. General Denikin's advance continued; he took Kieff. Koltchak was hampered by some of the Allies. He refused to evacuate Vladivostok, which, until some treaty has been signed by Russia, must be regarded as belonging to the Russian Empire.

Trotsky, seeing the great danger, went to Petrograd and helped to organise its defences: he sought to abolish Soldier Councils and to recall communist commissioners from the front and thus restore the authority of the officers. These measures soon produced their effect; the soldiers of the Red Armies found themselves under severer discipline than had been known in Imperial Russia. Trotsky likewise bought an estate in Finland to which to retire in case of necessity. He spent two million marks to purchase it.

The position of the Bolsheviks was at this minute so desperate that many of their leaders thought of capitulating, and preparations were made for the evacuation of Moscow Government offices to Ufa.

The Bolshevik newspaper *Izvestia* gave accounts of the attempt of the Bolsheviks to nationalise children and bring them up to hate the bourgeoisie and Imperialism. In Tula 7,000 children from three to ten

years of age were thus taken away from their mothers and placed in colonies. Many died.

An Afghan mission arrived in Moscow and a discussion took place as to the best means of destroying British rule in India. Long before this the Bolsheviki had announced that all the propaganda was already printed, likewise the propaganda which would be needed in England.

September 2.—Prices have been steadily rising; black bread the other day went up to ninety roubles; of course it is owing to the advance of our friends. There are all kinds of rumours. People speak of twenty tanks being landed in Reval, of the Allies having allowed Denikin to September 1 to try to get to Moscow, but having said that after that they will do the job themselves. The air is full of hearsays, and everyone is hopeful. The Bolsheviki have evidently got a fright, for on Friday night they arrested many people: aristocrats, authors, artists, merchants, etc.; my acquaintance J—— M—— was arrested at his office on Saturday. Samarin was out of town, but when he heard that they had been to his house to arrest him he went and gave himself up.

Sunday, September 7.—On Friday night soldiers went to St. Andrew's at 10 p.m. and left at 3 a.m., after having taken all the English, except some of the very old ladies, prisoners. Miss Martensen, the matron, was much surprised to see Miss X—— and myself turn up for dinner yesterday; she thought we had likewise been arrested. I went straight back after dinner, washed some clothes, and packed a few things I should need in prison. Mr. North went to the Foreign Office yesterday morning and hopes that the women will be let out to-morrow or the next day. [They were not let out until January 3, 1920.] The arrest is probably a good sign; it must mean that England is doing something that Bolsheviki don't care for.

September 11.—The day before yesterday I was in Kraskova ; it was lovely, I forgot all my big and small worries. Before dinner I went with Lily — to a great clearing some versts off her villa. The day before I had bought myself a pair of canvas shoes with string soles ; being afraid of spoiling them, I went bare-footed ; such a pleasure to touch mother-earth and be able to notice the alternate patches of cold and warm earth and then to feel the water oozing between one's toes as one walks through the bog. [I had tried to obtain an order for shoes the day after the raid on St. Andrew's. I got up at 4 a.m. and was one of the first to present my doctor's certificate ; the man looked at it, then very hard at my passport [I suppose he was surprised at my being at liberty], then at my shoes ; he seemed quite upset at the sight of them, and said he would willingly give me an order, but it would be no use, for there were no shoes to be had ; he told me to come again in the late autumn, and, if there were shoes to be had, he would give me an order.] I went, but in vain.¹ The canvas shoes I bought at a speculative price. Leathern ones I could not afford.] X— has received news that her son has escaped ; he is with the Whites.

Since last night we must all get home by 11 p.m. Moscow is under martial law. I may move into St. Andrew's next week ; that is, I shall if it is not seized by the Bolsheviks ; I shall share a room with a very nice lady near whom I have occasionally sat during dinner, but whose name I do not know. Of course it is risky, even though I work in a school ; I must go to the director and get him to write me out a certificate stating that I am a teacher there. Though, of course, before things come to a close

¹ Yet Jewish acquaintances of mine obtained shoes, and excellent ones.

they are sure to arrest us all, our value as hostages is too great to allow of our being ignored.

J—— M—— was freed yesterday; the whole of his colony spoke for him.

Yesterday I was much disappointed. We heard that the Baroness would be allowed out of prison for an hour or two, and would be at Vera Vassiliovna's. I forewent all my afternoon lessons and went off there with butter, honey, and eggs [by way of a names-day present]. The Baroness never came. This evening I came back from my lessons and found this note on my table: "Very sorry not to have found you at home; came for a moment before going 'home.' Many, etc."

The Baroness had been both at Vera Vassiliovna's and here. I am so grieved not to have seen her. I had left the butter and honey out in case she came, but quite forget the eggs. I must send them on Sunday. The butter and eggs I got on my invalid card.

September 13.—To-day I went to the P——'s to give my lesson and found a soldier in the house. During the night the Extraordinary had sent to arrest the father, but, finding him unable to walk, left one of their number on guard and went back to ask for further orders. As I left, a soldier came up to the house; later in the day I heard that, for the present, P—— is to be under house arrest, and as soon as he gets better he is to be taken to prison. Doctor ——berg's man came from Tamboff yesterday; he leaves to-morrow in spite of the Whites being there. He took some letters from some of my acquaintances to their parents. My new pupil must be a very important Social Revolutionist. [She had been their secretary.] Thirty doctors and thirty barristers were arrested on Thursday. There is no fire-wood at the University Hospital, so they cannot operate; there is no means

of sterilising. Doctor —berg [a Jew] tells me that in several cases friendless people in prison have been shot instead of well-known speculators who had been condemned but were able to bribe. To-day I asked the price of some fine big apples: seventy roubles apiece! Note: September 20; now they are 100.

September 23.—On Monday I went to the school. Everything in a dreadful condition; the colony does not return before the beginning of next month. [School-children, with their teachers, were allowed during the summer to appropriate private country houses and live there at the Government's expense. Sometimes they worked well; sometimes badly.] I saw Elizabeth —, one of the mistresses; she was in the Butierky for twelve days. She was arrested the evening I went to see her. When I left she went on to acquaintances, and was surprised to see a man open the door. Thinking him to be a lodger, she went in; another man told her to pass along; then she knew she was in an ambushade; many others were caught, for it was the Professor's namesday; when they had all assembled they were marched off to the Extraordinary, then on to the Butierky.

Yesterday I was for the last time in Kraskova, and I went to the lake at Malakovka. It was such a warm, balmy day, more like July or August than September. In the morning I met such a queer Jewess who had come to exchange clothes for food; she could not get the peasants to show her the way to the village. On the way back the train, of course, broke down and had to be patched up; luckily it was nothing worse; there had again been an accident the day before; each Tuesday I have seen the traces of some wreck.

News from the fronts is good, but here in town things get worse. The other day many, very many, were shot; among others, one of three old ladies,

harmless sisters who lived together. The two missed the third, and did not know where she was; after two days they read she had been shot. With the Baroness there is a young girl from Petrograd; she had had typhus, and had been in a hospital in the capital. The day she was let out [still very weak, but her bed was needed] she went to her office to receive her salary, intending to go from there to the station, for her parents lived somewhat out of town. On leaving the office she was arrested and taken to prison because her brother, who was in the Red Army, was suspected of having deserted. Her money was taken from her, and she was shortly sent here, where she has no friends. After typhus she is hungry; but she gets little or nothing to eat. Nadia is trying to get people to send her a little food.

Sunday, September 28.—Yesterday was the Russian 14th, the first anniversary of the old Countess's death. In the morning I went to see one of the teachers in our school; she was very much upset about the recent murder of the Alfioroffs and others of her friends. [The Alfioroffs had one of the best-known schools in Moscow. They were arrested and shot; afterwards the Bolsheviki declared it was all a mistake! That is a little trick of theirs; I have known them to tell the mother of a murdered boy that it was really all right; there had been a mistake!]

This morning I was at the Nuncio's Mass [Baron Ropp, after three months' imprisonment, had been sent away from Petrograd to Moscow, and was not allowed to preach]. That altar [in the Church of the Immaculate Conception] which gave me quite a shock the first day I saw it, grows on me more and more. Each time I see it I like it better; this morning when the sun fell on it, it was wondrously beautiful.

After dinner I went to the Nieskutchnie Sad and stopped there till after sundown; it is a spot of great

beauty, and the colouring is bewildering in its glory and variety. How is it that sometimes one feels absent friends so close, much closer than when they are present, for they seem to be listening to one's thoughts, not words?

Nadia has been to see the Baroness in her new prison, and says she is better off there.

On Friday Count G—— and S—— and the others were sent to the government of Penza.

October 3.—Last week I was told by X—— that her father and the others had been sent to Penza; it seems now that they were sent back to the Extraordinary, and that when food was brought them it was given back untouched, and the bringers were told that the prisoners were no longer there. One fears they may have been shot. Poor mothers and wives!—and the children too. It is dreadful, and daily becomes worse. Everyone expects a fresh Terror; people are very much upset about the decree ordering former landowners to register.¹ If only the Whites and the Allies would move faster; to us here it seems as though they were dallying, prolonging our agony. But I suppose they have difficulties of which we do not know.

October 7.—On Sunday the trams did not run, so, Nadia being ill and Maria Petrovna unable to walk so far, I took the provision to the Baroness; Vada went with me. I was so pleased to see her again. Unfortunately she does not look well; it is not that she is thinner, but there is an unhealthy look about her face. Her complexion is very dark and her eyes seem to behold something we do not see. I fear she often conjures up Death—no wonder! The danger is great for all, but especially for those who are more

[¹ Trotzky had openly proclaimed that one must kill *all* who by birth or education were above the very lowest; naturally former landowners had no wish to register. Many of them, whilst it was still possible, "lost" their old passports which showed to what class they belonged and lived on the pass granted them by their place of work.]

closely in the Bolsheviks' clutches. The evening I spent with Miss W——; she seems to feel very lonely.

Yesterday I gave a letter to a German, who is going home, to post; to-morrow I shall give one to a Swiss. [Neither arrived.] Yesterday there was an explosion shortly before 11; it was in a benzine store. Since the late attempt [in the Leontevskie] many buildings in town are guarded, and in order that the sentinels may command a larger area the pavement is debarred us and we have to walk in the road. To-day between the Nikita Gates and the G.P.O. I saw five horses fall; they are weak, and have not enough strength for the hills leading up to the Mesnitzkaja.

Count X—— has heard for certain that his two brothers-in-law, Count —— and S——, have been shot; the widows cannot believe it, and have Masses of Petition instead of Requiems said. I saw Andrew —— to-day playing in the yard; he certainly cannot believe his father is dead.

October 10.—K——sky tells me that her cousin, uncle, and aunt, all British subjects, have been arrested. I fancy the end must be near, but just on that account the danger becomes greater. The Bolsheviks, out of fear and hatred, may do many another dreadful deed. If they fly, what will they do with all their hostages? Take them along? Shoot them? It is hardly to be expected of such creatures that they should leave them or free them.

It is certain that Count —— and S—— have been shot; Count X—— was told officially. Their wives do not believe it. I saw Countess S—— this morning; she looked very worried; there was a strained look about her, but not the look of certainty of loss. Andrew was quite his merry self; X—— looked less depressed than on Monday; the poor old Countess has changed very much. Yet none of them make the dreadful impression on me that Sophie Demetrieveva

does each time I see her—that haunted look in the eyes ; poor soul!—the same waiting for what will never come that so many have gone through ; although maybe he will return, in this present upset one may lose a loved one for a year.

October 13.—They say that Orel is burning, that Furstenberg has fled to Turkestan, that Petrograd is nearer salvation than we are. To-morrow air-planes are expected to fly over the city and drop proclamations ; I wish I could see and read one. Many people swear to having read proclamations last Tuesday in the Kudrensky and other places. Yesterday, at the Sukierovka, the Red soldiers took everything from everybody, and ate all the hot gruel and food that was being sold.

October 14.—Mr. North came back from Petrograd yesterday ; he telegraphed to England. To-day's news is good for us.

October 16.—For a wonder I have a few spare minutes. Usually I run from lesson to lesson from early morning until 9.30 or 10.30, then I go and get the pot which contains my supper from the O——'s stove, have supper, get my next day's supper ready, and then go to bed ; so it goes on from day to day and week to week. If it were not for Sundays and the walks from lesson to lesson, when—not allowing myself to think of Bolsheviki, or money, or food—I hurry down the by-streets and admire first one quaint corner and then another, or pass that magnificent Church of our Saviour, which seems more splendid, more great each time one looks at it, or get a glimpse of the Kremlin, which carries one back to the Middle Ages,—if it were not for such moments I think I should go mad, or worse—sink into a state of heavy indifference to everybody and everything. How beautiful Moscow is ! Walking along at sunset, the air seems to tremble with light and colour ; quaint

spots become more quaint and in the gathering dusk the great, grand churches seem to loom out of the distance like giants. Everywhere trees stretch their great, gaily raimented boughs across the road and fling them up into the air and screen the bases of the belfries which seem to rise fairy-like from out golden and rosy clouds.

October 20. — Heaps of *Rostas* up to-day. [A Bolshevist newspaper, daily stuck on all the walls.] "In spite of the howling of the Imperialist jackals, Petrograd holds out! We shall not surrender Petrograd!"

Kal—— came back from Petrograd on Friday. She says that Gatshina was taken the Wednesday before last, and that last Thursday Czarskoe Selo was burning. She is of the opinion that to-day or to-morrow things there will be decided. Elena —— has received her parcel from Petrograd; it was to be a sign of the end. They say Tula is burning.

October 25.—The other day Miss ——'s acquaintances were wondering what she ought to do if there were a search, for she is not written down. Someone said: "What about grandmother's passport?" [The old lady had died, but her death had not been registered, so that her ration-cards might still be used.] Another, for fun, ran and got a shawl and a bonnet and put them on Miss —— to see how she looked. At that very minute soldiers arrived and demanded the passports of all those in the house; they were hunting for deserters. The passports, including the old lady's, were brought; the soldiers looked at each passport and had its owner pointed out to them. Everything was satisfactory; they went away.

The other night at the Little Theatre, just as the lights went out before the raising of the curtain, White Proclamations were thrown from the upper circle all over the theatre.

The other day I went to X——. Miss W—— came in a few moments later. On her way up, at the open door of a lower flat, stood a man in plain clothes, giving orders to some men within. Then followed the most dreadful screams, as though a man were being murdered. Upstairs in the kitchen the women heard it; we others did not, probably on account of the singing which was going on.

Things must be at a turning-point, for winter will soon be here. Goodness! surely we are not doomed to another winter of misery. The English do not seem to have much strength.

October 26, Sunday.—After 10 o'clock Mass I went to the Smolensk market. For one thing, I wanted to buy something for the Baroness, and, for another, being very hungry, I half thought of buying some bread. There was no grain of any kind to be had, and very little bread, and what there was cost 95 roubles; whilst I was considering whether I could afford to give so much, I saw someone nudge her companion and say, "Let's go, they are coming!" Of course it meant a raid. I went as fast as I could to the nearest side-street, but soldiers were already there. On I went to the head of the boulevard, but there was no chance of getting through at that minute, so I went a little way back and waited. A body of soldiers moved into the market-place to arrest those who had bought or sold provisions other than vegetables, and to ask the others to show their documents.

My passport was being renewed, and I had not the receipt with me. I had a paper from the school; however, it was somewhat old, September 15; it should have been not earlier than September 22. After a few minutes I again approached the encircling ring, said I had bought nothing, that I could produce my documents, and wished to be let through; at

the same minute some soldiers were begging the same favour of the last man of the ring, the one up against the house. He turned to speak to them, so I slid behind him and into a side-street. That was 11.30 ; at 2 p.m. our Tartar yard-man went towards the market ; it was still encircled ; papers were still being examined. I am glad I am not still there.

At St. Andrew's I heard that eight more Englishmen have been arrested ; one at St. Andrew's where there was a search, some in the Parsonage, some in their own homes. Mrs. Nicolls thinks that it perhaps means that the women are to be let out and the men have been taken instead. True to English tradition, as soon as the women were taken the men offered themselves in exchange.

The news from the front is contradictory ; one can make nothing of it. I suppose England is doing her best, but here it does not look like it.

After dinner I went to Countess L——'s. I asked her about her brother-in-law and heard the same from her as from others. Their deaths have been officially announced, and everything seems to point that way ; but the wives do not believe. Countess X—— does not believe, because two years ago she had a dream in which she foresaw the revolution, the imprisonment of her relatives, the news of their death—but likewise their return. So she tells her children not to believe that their father has been shot, but to go on being merry and gay. When Madame S—— got the news she fell into a kind of trance ; she knew nothing of what was going on in the room, but heard distant voices, which, however, kept interrupting each other, so that she could not catch what they were saying ; at last she heard, very loudly and very distinctly, the word " Alive." Those who were present say that she sat huddled in her chair as though looking at something, until, all of a sudden, she called

out, " Why do you interfere and tell me lies ; they are alive ! " [Much later we heard that an acquaintance of an acquaintance had seen the Count in —, working at unloading the barges.]

On Tuesday I must get a new certificate from the school. I wish to have it before going to reclaim my passport ; one always feels nervous about coming within arm's reach of those people.

Miss F—— hopes to get a room for me ; a room that will be heated ! Then I may lead a more normal life, and suffer less from rheumatism.

CHAPTER XIV

NOVEMBER 7—DECEMBER 31, 1919

THE Esthonians, who were very close to Petrograd, were more and more hampered by attacks at all points by the Germans. Trotzky (Bronstein) ordered all Red Army men who failed to attack to be shot. If any man was known to have deserted from the Red Army, his parents and brothers and sisters were arrested and shot ; long lists of those thus shot were published in the Bolshevist newspapers. More hostages were taken in Petrograd, but the newspapers announced that the names would no longer be published. Zinovieff (Apfelbaum), Larin, and Krassin decided that, if Moscow fell, they would transfer the Communist Centre partly to Scandinavia, partly to the East. The Extraordinary Committee decided that, if Moscow were evacuated, the principal hostages were to be shot.

Denikin arrested the chiefs of the Danish Red Cross Mission in Kieff ; they were Austro-German Soviet agents, and were in close touch with the Moscow Soviet.

Petlura, knowing that Russian officers were all in favour of Denikin, decided to have German officers only.

In Petrograd the Chinese executioners sold human flesh.

Although, towards the New Year, thanks to German efforts, the Allies' waverings, Trotzky's discipline, the outlook was brighter for the Bolsheviks, the Commissars did not wish to be paid in Bolshevist money.

In Bransk the workmen had refused to work for

the Red Army, and the Chief-of-the-Staff of the Red Army quartered there, Sapoghnikoff, went over to them solid ; the other officers disappeared.

In a speech made to Moslem Communists Lenin said : " We Russians will strengthen the English, French, and German proletariats, but we see that they will not conquer without the aid of the toiling masses, and particularly the peoples of the East. We must realise that the advance guard alone cannot realise the transition to Communism. We must arouse the revolutionary activity of the toiling masses, no matter on what level they stand, and must translate the true Communist teaching into the language of every people."

November 7.—We have once more got round to the Bolshevik holiday ; they are still here, and we are still here. One did not think it possible last year. If, twelve months ago, things seemed difficult, what word would describe our present state ? Unheated houses, no prospect of obtaining fuel, bread seldom given out, and then in such small quantities ; bought elsewhere it costs 130 roubles, and the price rises every day. Grain 130 to 150 roubles, butter 900, milk 80 ; but those latter are articles I seldom inquire the price of, I know I cannot afford them. To-day, from a house where I was giving a lesson, I saw part of the procession ; no enthusiasm, no go about it ; it was very evidently a hungry band marching in hopes of receiving a free dinner. Goodness ! is this to last much longer ? Our room is so cold that when I eat my cold gruel my teeth ache. Undressing is even worse than dressing. I get back from my last lesson about 9.30, go across, get my supper, and, without taking so much as my cap off, eat it, wash my gruel for next day, and then, without even waiting for the samovar [the others drank tea, but very late], hurry to bed in the hope of getting undressed

before I lose the glow left by my brisk walk from my last lesson.

In the evening it is so cold that I never have the courage to sit down to darn or mend. At present I am writing, because, being a Bolshevik feast, I have not got to go to school, and I am still warm from my walk and my dinner. Probably soon I shall be so cold that I shall be obliged to go for a walk, though my poor legs are always tired, and I am terrified of my goloshes wearing out. [I bought them with a card.] Strange to say, I am not unhappy; I only feel as though I were carried off my feet, and cannot pause to do the many things that ought to be done. Yet how I long to be at home, to see the others again!

November 18.—I am sitting at St. Andrew's waiting for dinner, and have brought this here so as to be able to write; it is warm here, warm enough to hold a pencil.

On Sunday Maria Petrovna and the others left and went to rooms in another house.

On Saturday I was at the P——offs; the second son, the one of sixteen, had been arrested during the night. From there I went to the K——skies. Miss B——, Mrs. K——sky's sister, is in the new Dutch Red Cross. They are registering the Persians and Armenians before sending them home; then, if possible, they will do the same for the Swiss, then for the French, and finally for us.

Sunday was a dreadfully cold day; our room was freezing. I had nothing to eat, otherwise I should have eaten it. I went to the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Of course it is unheated; my breath, frozen on my cape, did not thaw; my feet were nearly frozen; I have no warm goloshes, no snow-shoes. I had just finished dinner at St. Andrew's and was thinking of leaving and going a

third time to try my luck and see if I could get a room in X——'s house, when Miss F—— came in. She had come out in the cold merely to meet me and tell me of a new lesson she had found for me, and that she hoped to get a warm room for me. [But she needs one for herself!] We spent the afternoon and evening together, and then went on to my new pupil and had a cup of tea with him; if he gets wood he will give me a room. He had been a little afraid of having anyone English, as he fancied we were all very prim and proper. However, I suppose when he saw me he changed his mind, for I was nearly laughing as I entered. The staircase was quite dark, but Miss F—— and I had counted the doors and decided that his flat must be on the second landing. The door was ajar and everything dark; we went in; we called out: no answer. Thinking the door on the other side of the landing might be the one we wanted, we crossed over to it, to find another open door and darkness. We went to the next landing—no luck. We finished up by climbing to the top of that high house, and there was the number we wanted at the very top; all the downstairs belonged to a hospital and went under the one number.

I got back to the house expecting to have to sleep in that frozen room, but Maria ——, who has been kindness itself, offered me her cousin's room; for the first time for many days I was in a fairly warm room, I suppose it was about 6° R.; of course, formerly, we should have thought that very, very cold, but now we judge otherwise.

Next day, yesterday, was bitterly cold; there was such a gale and such snow! I only got back at 10.30 p.m., and again slept in S——'s room.

This morning I was at Countess L——'s; she told me that her cousin, Princess Volkonsky, has come

over from England. She stopped for some time in Helsingfors, hoping to be able to get to Petrograd, but, that being impossible, went to Reval and entered Gatshina with the Whites; when they retired she stayed on and then came here. She returned because she heard her husband is in prison, and she wishes to get him out, or at least take him food. [He was shortly afterwards set free.] From what the Princess has written, it seems the English are not over-interested in this world-drama, and our workmen do not wish to move!

Countess L—— gave me a cabbage; quite a little fortune! At present I am in the school. What a farce! It seems so dishonest. [I went regularly, but for months had not given a lesson because there were no scholars]; yet I dare not give it up; it is a safeguard. The noise is something awful. The school is unheated. The only room that has a Dutch stove is the Masters' one, so that many children—or rather big boys and girls—have come in and are breaking up quite good tables and benches in order to have something wherewith to heat the stove. Everyone is yelling. This will go on until the bread has been given out, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. for pupils, and a $\frac{1}{8}$ lb. for teachers, then everyone will go home. Nobody thinks of study.

The drawing-master has just come in and declares that, next time he finds them burning school property, he will give their names into the Educational Centre with a request that their parents may be fined.

November 22.—Again a dreadful snowstorm. It had been settled that I was to have a place in the Dutch Red Cross. I could have already been there, but I put off going until next week, wishing to be sure of their giving dinner as they promised to. To-day I am told they have all been arrested. I

must find out : to-day I have not time, and to-morrow Miss F—— and I decided to keep our namesdays ; to talk by telephone is rather awkward. I am still in S——'s room ; I am most grateful to Maria —— . It is tropical here in comparison with the room where I was before, yet goodness knows it is cold enough. [At the Red Cross they had all been arrested, but were soon set free. I am yet uncertain what happened, but it seems the whole thing was a fraud ; the Armenians who had handed over their valuables to the Chief of the Red Cross, never got them back ; various other valuables in their keeping were allowed to get into the hands of the Bolsheviks ; the employees were never paid.]

November 28.—The other day, when I was at the school, the director, who has not been to schools yet on account of having had typhus, rang up one of the masters and asked him to inquire of the pupils as to the whereabouts of wooden houses ; he would get an order for one and the school could go and break it up and bring it to heat the building with. As yet the building is unheated. Of late the school has had dinner at the Public Dining Room No — . I went there for the first time yesterday. The place was clean, and each pupil got a big bowlful of soup ; it was not bad. Then they went to the school ; the bread was divided, after which nearly all went home. Over in that part of the town one sometimes sees a horrid sight which reminds one of what we saw last winter, and what is in store for us this winter : a motor-lorry full of coffins, many of them double ones, going off to the grave-yard, and a man balancing himself on the top of them. No more ceremony than if they were fish-barrels. Several times of late I have met a man, or a woman, pulling his dead along the pavement on a toboggan. Poor things !

Countess X—— this morning asked me about

rooms and a companion for a very old aunt of hers who has lately had a stroke and is blind. She was living in the government of Riazan with two or three other old, feeble persons, but they were turned out of their house. Then they went to a convent; but now the nuns and their guests are to be turned out; the old lady, who is unable to stand alone, will be forced to go farther afield. The Countess hopes to receive permission to bring her here; but how? Her companion, who, in comparison with her, was youngish, has been taken from her and forced to dig trenches. It is so difficult to travel now; even Jews, with a commission from their office, spend days in obtaining all the necessary papers and permits.

There are so many open spaces now; most of the fences have gone, and wherever one passes there are log-houses being broken up.

Miss W—— is looking better now. One of her pupils allows her to come and sleep in her room. The other day she was looking as though she were going to be very ill; her room was some degrees below zero, and she had caught a severe chill. She is reserved enough, but even she could not hold out; she got into bed and gave her lessons, even to men pupils, in bed. The only sensible thing to be done. We have all lost our prejudices; when we come face to face with nature in her cruel moods, we must just fight her as best we can; there can be no handicaps.

We all have hopes of going home soon.

I am so grateful to Maria —— for letting me have this room, but really it is very cold. I took courage and wrote this, but am now half-frozen and must go and walk to get warm. I can always see my breath in the room, and food, even bread, left for a few hours becomes so cold that it pains one. The uppers of my boots have parted company from the soles, so I have tied them together with boot-laces; of

course I cannot take off my goloshes. Yesterday my new pupil had to speak to a visitor for some twenty minutes; whilst he was in the adjoining room I dried my boots at his small stove [he made it himself], and the inside of my goloshes I got warm if not dry. Not surprising that I have a sore throat! but, thank God, I look well. I eat every rouble I make, and everything I can exchange for food I part with. At least, please God, I shall come home well and able to work.

Immaculate Conception.—Have lost my voice; I was quite ill—toothache, earache, eyeache, and every other ache; now I am all right except for a bad cough and an absence of voice; or, rather, my voice comes and goes by fits and starts. Yesterday I went to see Mr. North. Our names have been telegraphed home; I suppose we shall soon be given a train; but Christmas must be spent here first.

To-day some of the others were saying that they had lost enormously, not only physically, but morally; that six months of good food, baths, clean linen, etc., would do wonders physically, but they did not know what could lift them morally to their former heights; that they had sunk morally, they had given way to such hatred as they did not formerly think possible; they hoped that being with those who have lived bravely during the last years would help them to their former self-respect, etc. As regards the physical side of the question, I entirely agree with them; I yearn for an orderly house, a supply of fresh linen, a possibility of mending things out of repair, and of replacing those that are worn out, a daily bath, etc.; but, as to the rest of it, I do not feel with them; on the contrary, the last dreadful two years left me braver and stronger than before; better able and more willing to understand others; and, as for hatred!—every day convinces me more

and more, however much we may hate lack of truth and beauty and energy in others, it is foolish to hate them. As to having lost confidence in and respect for my fellow beings, as the others say they have, I was never further from such a misfortune. I could easily name a dozen people who have been kind to me without my having in the least expected understanding or help of them. And how many brave women I have met during the last two years!

December 14.—On the 4th Madame P——'s son [the sixteen-year-old one] was shot. A Russian priest who was present at the shooting says that 150 girls and boys were sent into eternity that night; they all belonged to the tennis-club at the Devetchaja Pola. Poor Madame P——! And the same day her eldest son was arrested. Last week we thought our personal troubles would soon be over; how happy I was all this week at the thought that at any rate Candlemas would find me home; but the thought that England, our great England, whom we hope and trust stands for honour and truth, was condescending to meet the Bolsheviks as equals [so the Bolsheviks boasted] and make terms with them was very galling. Now it seems she realises what Bolshevism is, and will not be hoodwinked by them.

Now that, in our little way, we have to suffer so much from cold and privation, I begin to realise what magnificent men Scott, Oates, and those others were. One's powers of endurance certainly strengthen; August, September, and October I seldom even drank anything in the morning, but went from house to house giving lessons, and only broke my fast at my one o'clock dinner. Now I usually drink a cup of hot water with a little vanilla saccharine in it, but I do not eat before one. I can manage all right; only

to-day it nearly did for me. I came home last night with cold, wet feet, and, although I wrapped them up in my jersey, I shivered until early morning. I got up at a quarter to eight, having been told that Mass in the French Church was to be at 10.30, and I wished to be there early; it did not start until 11. Then I met a friend, and, instead of running along as usual, walked and nearly froze. I still have a pain all round my head from the cold.

The Bolsheviks have asked for a list of Britishers who have not yet been in prison. Perhaps they mean to let the others out and put us in. It would be much fairer to the others, but I hope we shall have a few more days' freedom until I can get a room and move into it and get a few things together; for three weeks I have had everything packed, and it is far too cold to go to my trunks and get anything, however sorely I may need it. The other day, by good luck, my room was tolerably warm; I came back from a long walk in a glow and with dry feet; for the first time since summer undressing was nearly a pleasure—at any rate not a torture.

On Friday Nadia and I met at the station and went together to the country to see the O—ins. It was so pleasant to see all those dear faces again and hear nice, quiet, gentle voices.

The Commissioner of — offers Miss — or myself three rooms in his house in —, the monthly use of his private carriage on the railway to Moscow, his own table, or our own menu and a certain 15,000 a month in return for teaching him English and doing occasional translations for him. He wishes to learn English in order to try to get into Canada or India, and there agitate against us. So neither of us can accept. [If it had been merely to teach English, and no talk of translations, it might have been different; for it seems that the one who accepted

was to have been asked to go abroad with him. If no promises were required there would have been nothing disloyal in that, for, once across the frontier, one could have proved one's loyalty in a very practical way, but—would one ever have crossed the frontier? Bolsheviks have a very quick way of getting rid of those whom they consider unnecessary. However, I think I should have taken the risk. It was the translations which were the rub. I had, on several occasions, been offered them, but it was impossible to put one's hand to such work.]

[**December 15.**—On this day I received a note from a famous Moscow school saying that I had been chosen teacher of English. The whole thing turned out such a shining example of the duties and opportunities of a teacher in Bolshevik Russia that it may be well to give an account of it. I presented myself and asked when my lectures were to start. As I expected, I was told that they would not start just yet, but that I must get a programme of studies ready for the authorities. "How much time is devoted to English?" "In future there will be two weekly lectures of two hours each; up to now there were three." "Then I suppose the scholars already have a good grounding?" "No, they had only had three lectures since the beginning of the school year in September, when the master was put in prison." "What book is used in the school?" The answer was the one I had foreseen; none of the scholars had books, and I knew from the experience of my private pupils that it was impossible to obtain them. It is possible to teach three or four people a language even without a book, but how about thirty or forty? None the less, the programme for a two years' course of studies must be drawn up. The school was unheated, so it was impossible to hold a pen there. I went back to my own cold room, got some paper

and a pencil, tucked myself up as warmly as I could in bed, and started to make the programme. It was given to the director next day, and evidently raised a load from his mind. I was highly gratified and amused, shortly after my return to England, to hear that our labour delegates warmly approved of the school programmes, for I feel sure that mine, being written in English, was one of the few, or may be the only one, which they were able to judge of! I take this opportunity of thanking them! As to carrying the programme into effect, I can only say I did not have a fair chance. Each week I was told that regular lessons were soon to start, but I left in March, and they had not yet started. One of the minor troubles of the school authorities was in saving their scholars from the Red Army. Sometimes there would be a few boys who wished to have a lesson. I would first have to inquire whether they knew the Latin alphabet; as often as not they were ignorant of it; then the lecture would be devoted to that. Perhaps the next time there would be two or three scholars who already had vague ideas about the verbs "to have," and "to be"; but usually there were no scholars. In attending a School Council I discovered that my fate was the fate of all the other teachers; they usually had no scholars. If there were scholars one had first to find out what they knew and give an impromptu lecture suited to the capacities of the majority. One might give many names to the above "system," but it is not "education" or "study."]

December 26.—Last Sunday it was so cold in church; outside there were 25° R. of frost, inside it felt still colder. In a few moments my feet were numb, so I could not stop for Mass. Even at the French Church all the men keep on their hats nowadays. We had dinner at St. Andrew's on Christmas

Day ; it was quite gay. We all stopped on after dinner, and at 4 we had coffee and cake.

The people who live near the tram-lines leading to the Electrical Station were on Christmas night routed out of their beds and made to clear the snow from the lines, as fuel had to be brought, otherwise Moscow would have been in darkness yesterday. Nobody protested ! Poor Miss M—— was routed out at 2 a.m.

CHAPTER XV

JANUARY I—MARCH 1920

IN February the Esthonians, unable to prolong the unequal warfare against Bolshevism and Germany, had to make peace with the former.

Koltchak, one of the greatest patriots of any age or any race, was foully betrayed into the hands of the Bolsheviks. He was murdered on February 7.

Lenin and Trotzky started a fresh campaign against workmen and peasants. According to the former, "the evolution of associated power has brought us to autocracy." This autocracy proved less favourable to the masses than the former Imperial autocracy, for Trotzky waged war on "free labour, which can only exist in a bourgeoisie State," and upheld Lenin's plan "of sending the people into our labour armies," when they are often obliged to work for twelve hours a day, the Sundays not always excepted, and may be moved from place to place at the will of their masters.

Numbers of people starved to death or died of cold during the winter; whilst the Kremlin, inhabited by the Bolsheviks, was well heated, many hospitals remained without fuel, and in the maternity hospitals babies were frozen to death whilst being born.

In spite of threats, peasants refused to sell their grain at the prices established by the Soviet; in many cases they refused to sell at any price, knowing that the money offered was but dirty paper. All loudly declared that they would sow only sufficient for themselves, money being no use to them, as they were unable to buy goods with it, there being no goods to buy.

Radek, the infamous Communist, who stole a gold watch from one of his colleagues and was expelled from the Polish and Lithuanian Social Democratic Parties for embezzlement of party funds, was exchanged for the Catholic Archbishop of Vilna, Baron Ropp, who was held by the Bolsheviki in Moscow. Radek (Sobelsohn) at once became Lenin's favourite.

There being some 239 milliards of paper money in circulation, it no longer had any value, and the Soviet tried to start a system of paying with tickets which would give the owner the right to free dinners.

The Communists of Moscow realised the wickedness of their own agents or officials. Nogin, formerly President of the Moscow Soviet, spoke of the "immorality, robberies, and other crimes so terrible as to be scarcely believable." Zinovieff admitted that, though the bourgeoisie had been driven out of their homes, the working masses had gained naught thereby, for it was the "Soviet bureaucrats" and their relations who had seized on the houses thus vacated. Another Communist commissary stated that: "Some of the local authorities give themselves over to abominations. The word 'Communist' rouses deep hatred among the poorer and middle classes which we are ruining."

At a well-attended meeting held by the workmen of the Putiloff works, Petrograd, the following resolution was passed: "We, the workmen of the Putiloff works, proclaim to the workmen of Russia and the whole world, that the Soviet Government has deceived the Russian proletariat, has deprived it even of that political liberty which it enjoyed under the Czarist Government, and has established an unheard-of terror, the very thought of which freezes the blood in our veins. Having ruined our industry, the Bolsheviki have deprived the workers of all possibility of earning their bread; instead of bread, the starving population is treated to the lash. Declining to acknowledge the Bolsheviki as the Government of Russia, we, the workmen of the

Pootiloff works, have resolved to declare among ourselves a general mobilisation in support of General Yudenitch's troops which are now marching to rescue us from Bolshevist slavery." Owing to the Allies' faint-heartedness, these unfortunate workmen were not rescued; the Jewish rulers in Moscow sent Peters down to Petrograd; with the help of his Chinese and Lettish minions, he killed 189 of the workmen.

New Year, 1920.—The lines I chose for the year were from a poem by the Grand Duke Constantine.

Here is an imperfect but fairly close translation of them :

Believe, my friend, there is no dread in death ;
 Not if 'midst griefs and heavy sufferings,
 'Midst trials and temptations sore,
 Not even once a sinful mouth
 Ere breathèd forth a murmuring word ;
 Not if, with tender heart, we well have learnt
 To share the stranger's brimming cup of pain ;
 Not if, though sad ourselves, with sympathy
 We still rejoiced at thought of stranger's joy ;
 Not if in all true honesty we wept
 At thought of all the bitter lot of man ;
 And with indifference have ever viewed
 The sorrows which were ours alone.]

May this New Year bring us more happiness and peace than the last ! If only we could all get back to those we love, and leave our friends here with the feeling that we left them in a land which knew justice ! The days pass, and we seem no nearer to the goal of our desires.

Three days ago we heard that the Englishwomen in the Butierky were to be freed, but they are not yet out. There were many arrests lately, but mostly among the Social Revolutionaries. Soldiers went to arrest Chernoff [the man who did so much harm as Minister for Agriculture], but he escaped through the

windows ; it is only of late that the Bolsheviki discovered his whereabouts.

Last Sunday my shoes, which fit inside my goloshes [I had only low goloshes], finally came to pieces ; dozens of times I have sewn the uppers to the soles, but now, I am afraid, it is hopeless. Going to church, my left foot, especially the heel, hurt very much. Coming back it was senseless ; no wonder ! The uppers had again come away from the soles and split all down the back, so that my heel was quite bare and rested on the golosh, which was full of snow and ice. It took me a long time to warm up. Since that Sunday I have had to wear the boots Anna — gave me, but they have very high Louis XV heels ; it is as though I were on stilts ; on ice they are bad, in loose snow worse. Since Tuesday my feet ache, and the bone all down the front of my legs feels hot and weak, as though it were going to bend or break. However, just when things become unbearable something turns up ; dear old Madame Tch—— has given me one of the pairs of felt boots I cut out for her, so now I have only to make them. We again have electricity, so I shall be able to work. [The “ authorities ” were constantly depriving one or other quarter of the town of electric light.]

Last night I went round to Miss ——, but she was not at home ; whilst I was out this morning she was here and left me a note with good wishes and an excellent present, sugar and a bun made of white flour. I saw her this afternoon.

On my way to dinner I called at the ——ffs. Maria Petrovna looks dreadful ; she sorely needs a mental rest ; no mere bodily one would help.

Mr. Nicolls was arrested last night.

Sunday, January 4. — The Englishwomen who were in prison were let out last night ; all except Miss McCarthy, who is in the prison hospital, and another

whom they say died of typhus. Mr. North still thinks we are leaving. I am resolved to walk out of Russia as soon as the roads are passable in spring; that is, if we have not been let go before then. [Through friends I could probably have obtained a false pass enabling me to travel by train to some place such as Orsza; from there it would have been but to the nearest Polish town.]

I am very hungry again. Now that the others are out of prison, until more pots and saucepans are bought we "outsiders" are only allowed one serve. It is, of course, very unfair, for, though we pay, it is cheaper there than elsewhere, because our Government helps, therefore we have much more right to it than many of the inmates of St. Andrew's, who are Russian or *German* by birth or by law. The same might be said about the refusal to allow Miss —— and others to partake of the Christmas dinner; especially unfair is it towards Miss ——, for she has probably paid more taxes to our Government than any of us ever have.

[On excellent authority I some days later learnt that on this day an expedition left Moscow for Turkestan, with orders to get through into Afghanistan and India, and there go in for propaganda against us. The members of the expedition were provided with jewels robbed from the safes in the banks. The expedition was said to be "scientific," and a few scientists accompanied it.]

Thursday, January 8.—On Monday I received three letters, one written by my brother last May, and two from my aunt, one dated April, the other May. How I wish I were at home! They say we may leave soon, but we have heard that so often before. Things are very difficult here. I have not had any lessons this afternoon; since four I have been in my room, which is very cold; I have been sleeping. A pupil

should have come at 7, so I got up ; but she has not come, so I shall go right to bed. My supper is a spoonful of cold gruel. I have, as usual, nothing for breakfast to-morrow ; I hope it will not be very cold.

Mr. North is going to inquire about the meals at St. Andrew's. I hope he will do so soon, for these tiny serves are mere starvation ; I don't know about the others, but I have not enough money to buy bread. At present I have 60 roubles ; a pound of carrots costs 30 ; I should go and buy some, but the shops are shut ; besides, I have not energy enough to move. I could sleep all day. Yesterday evening I was at M——'s and had a good supper.

People like to lump all Jews together, but I saw what the X——'s had prepared for their Christmas dinner ; there was nothing particularly good—no wheaten flour had been used.

January 20.—My feet are so sore I can scarcely move. To-morrow, between my lessons, I must try to go to the district doctor and get a certificate as to the condition of my feet ; otherwise, I shall be sent to clear snow from the railway lines.

Last week there was again a search upstairs in Princess X——'s flat ; 2,000 roubles in " Freedom Loan " were confiscated ; a brooch, a clock, and several other small objects were purloined.

Vera Vassiliovna only just escaped being turned out of her house. [People were turned out of log-houses at twenty-four hours' notice. The houses were broken up for fire-wood. I knew an old lady who was given a week's notice ; she got such a shock at having to turn out of the house where her whole life had been spent, turned out in winter without any chance of obtaining a warm room, that she fell ill and died on the third day ; that was just before Christmas.] Is

the blockade really to be raised? There has been no blockade in the Kremlin!

February 1.—Last week Maria —— told me that her cousin might need the room, so I came across to the X——'s on Wednesday night. It is frightfully cold in my room; two outside walls and one along the unheated part of the house. There is hoar-frost on the walls and ice on the floor; heavy curtains hang at the windows, and are never pulled back, so that the wind may not come in. The whole of last week we had great cold and a very high wind; it has been torture. The Saturday before last I had hardly got out of the house when my nose froze.

To-day there is official news that all Britishers, military and civilian, are to be let out of the prisons and the camps [they were not let out, at least not all and not at once]. The date of our departure is not yet decided; unofficially it is announced that there are to be two trains in March. It is very difficult sometimes to keep oneself up to the mark; it would be so easy to become low-spirited.

February 6, Friday.—On Tuesday afternoon there was a sudden change in the wind; by 4.30 p.m. the thermometer only registered 8° R. of frost, and one could already smell the thaw. When I got back to my room I took half a pail of snow off my window-pane, but did not dare take more for fear of breaking the glass. During the night the thaw came; I woke up to find my window transparent, and a river from one end of the room to the other. What a relief it was! God only knows how many of us got through that dreadful cold spell! I felt so small, all shrivelled up; my hands and feet ached, but they did not seem to belong to me, they felt so far off. From cold street into cold room, into frozen bed! What torture! Yesterday was the first morning that I woke up and

found my sheet dry ; all those days it clung wet and cold to my face, for my breath, in touching it, had turned into moisture and made it not damp, but wet. [If I turned during the night the far side was frozen.]

One day I was foolish enough to look at the thermometer in the bath-room where I wash—7° R. (7° of frost). Well that I had already washed ! To know what the thermometer registered seemed to make me colder than ever.

Yesterday was the second day of the thaw ; the hoar-frost on my walls disappeared. To-day it is freezing but slightly—6° R. I am sitting in my room ; there is probably one degree of warmth.

On that first day of thaw the town was a wonderful sight. All the houses had been white ; but that morning they were all dripping, dripping and recovering their true colours, brown, red, pink, blue, green, etc.; bright tiles were once more flaunting their gay colours, frescoes on church walls were once more revealing themselves. It was well to be alive.

Ash Wednesday, February 18.—The Saturday before last we each received a parcel of warm clothes from England. I was most grateful for mine. As yet I am the only one to wear her coat ; the others are all keeping theirs for spring, and go on wearing their warmer ones. But I have no warmer one ; mine is much warmer than the one which I have been wearing up to now.

About a week ago a German aviator was here ; he brought newspapers. I have been and still am busy translating, with X——, the " Building Supplement " of the *Times*, January 9.

Great searches are being made in all the cafés for sellers of cocaine, a large amount of which is being sold. [The Bolsheviks objected to the practice because it affected the recruiting.]

March 12.—Some days ago I went to the station for my eight hours' work. I got to the Commissariat's at 8.30, left at 9.25, arrived at the — station at 10.30. We were at once given spades and sent a good long way down the lines. There was little or no snow to clear off the lines, so we could not even warm up by working hard. It was torture. There were 18 degrees of frost and a strong wind. At one the overseer went to have his dinner; a few minutes later we had finished the work assigned us, and had nothing to do but stamp up and down and await our overseer. When he came back he did not know what to do with us; he sent a subordinate back to know whether we might not be given pickaxes. "No!" After 4.30 we were found a little work, but being so cold we soon finished it. A man was again sent back to inquire whether we might go home. "Do not dare let them go home before the eight hours are up!" So we stood in the shelter of a shed and tried not to freeze. At 6.30 we returned our spades and went for our pay. I was twenty-sixth of our party of sixty-one. I got my bread and 58 roubles (a pound of potatoes costs from 95 to 100) at 7.10, and, walking fast, got back towards 7.45. My snow-boots had worn through, and I was walking on ice. My feet, the soles, were all blistered. Twice I received permission to warm up in the guard's sentinel-box for a few minutes. The second time I stumbled in nearly without feeling in my legs or hands; the others who had crowded into the tiny space, seeing in what a condition I was, made room for me. My glasses being covered with ice I could not see; on being pushed closer to the stove I promptly sat down on it. Only owing to the speed with which the others pushed me off did I escape being burnt. I scorched my coat. So that is an eight-hours' day! In the cold and wind of a

Russian February from 8.30 to 7.45, without any food, without a hot drink, without work to warm one!

On Thursday March 4, when I returned in the evening, I was told that Nadia had been to inquire whether I were leaving Russia, because an English friend of hers was. On the 5th I went to the Parsonage and met Miss — just coming out. It was true we were to leave. I had two very busy days. On Sunday I sent my trunk to St. Andrew's. Monday, at 9.30, I left the house; the Tartar yard-man helped me to pull my hand-luggage on to a toboggan to the station. As we had been told we might have only two pounds in the van, everything heavy was in my hand-luggage.] It was a long way off; the roads already in a spring condition. My shoulder did ache! I got to the station at ten minutes to twelve. A great bustle, but very orderly. At first the carriages were quite cold. We had the hospital train, No. 26; many, many coaches, including three for the Extraordinary, one for the kitchen, etc. At 2 p.m. visitors were sent away, passports were checked, etc.; at 9.25 p.m. we started, our soldiers cheering. We went very slowly. [The officers should have been there, but, as usual, the Bolsheviks broke their contract, and, instead of sending them with the first party, kept them until the last.] At 10 next morning we were only at Tver. The sunrise was lovely. On the 10th I went along the train to see my acquaintances. Towards 11 p.m. we crossed the Neva, then we pottered about all night, and only next day at 11 a.m. did we get into the Finnish Station, Petrograd. Hand-luggage was searched in the train; we were searched, but fairly superficially. Whilst the hand-luggage was being searched—mine was done first—I managed to get this diary from up my back and two books from my stockings; I threw them among my

already searched belongings, so that when the girls passed their hands down over me there was nothing to detect. [Luckily, the diary was wrapped up in white linen.] The train was all the time guarded. Then we went to have our trunks searched. [There was a train opposite, three trucks of which were ajar; from floor to roof those three trucks were packed with coffins, full; when empty they are stacked differently.]

We left the Finnish Station towards 2 p.m., and soon came to a stop. We all got out, passports were returned, there were sledges for the invalids and the luggage, the rest of us walked to the wire entanglement. There we stopped until the whole party came up, then on to the boundary river; our things were dumped on the ice, we were handed identity cards, we crossed and were met by British and Finns. What a feeling of relief to know we at last were out of the Bolsheviks' clutches.

A short run in the train to a Finnish station, where we had a light meal, then by train to Terijoki. Miss —— and I arrived by the first train, but had forty minutes at the station before the sledges returned for the baggage. We went to a villa, where our temperature was taken, and fresh identity cards given us. Then Miss F—— and I were put into a sledge and driven to a very nice villa. Here we are to stay in quarantine.

There are many drawbacks, but there is a magnificent view of the frozen sea.

[Lady Marling, who had worked hard to get us out, was at the head of our Red Cross in Terijoki; she did her best to make us all comfortable, and we are all very grateful to her.]

On the 24th we again went up to have our temperature taken, and were declared out of quarantine. That evening we left for Hango, but broke our

journey at Helsingfors, as Lord and Lady Acton had prepared a reception for us.

On the evening of the 25th we embarked on board H.M.T. *Tagus*, and sailed on the 26th, going all day through ice ; next afternoon we got into open water. At Copenhagen we coaled. We got into Southampton on Holy Saturday, April 3.

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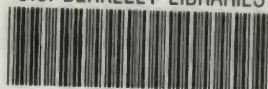
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