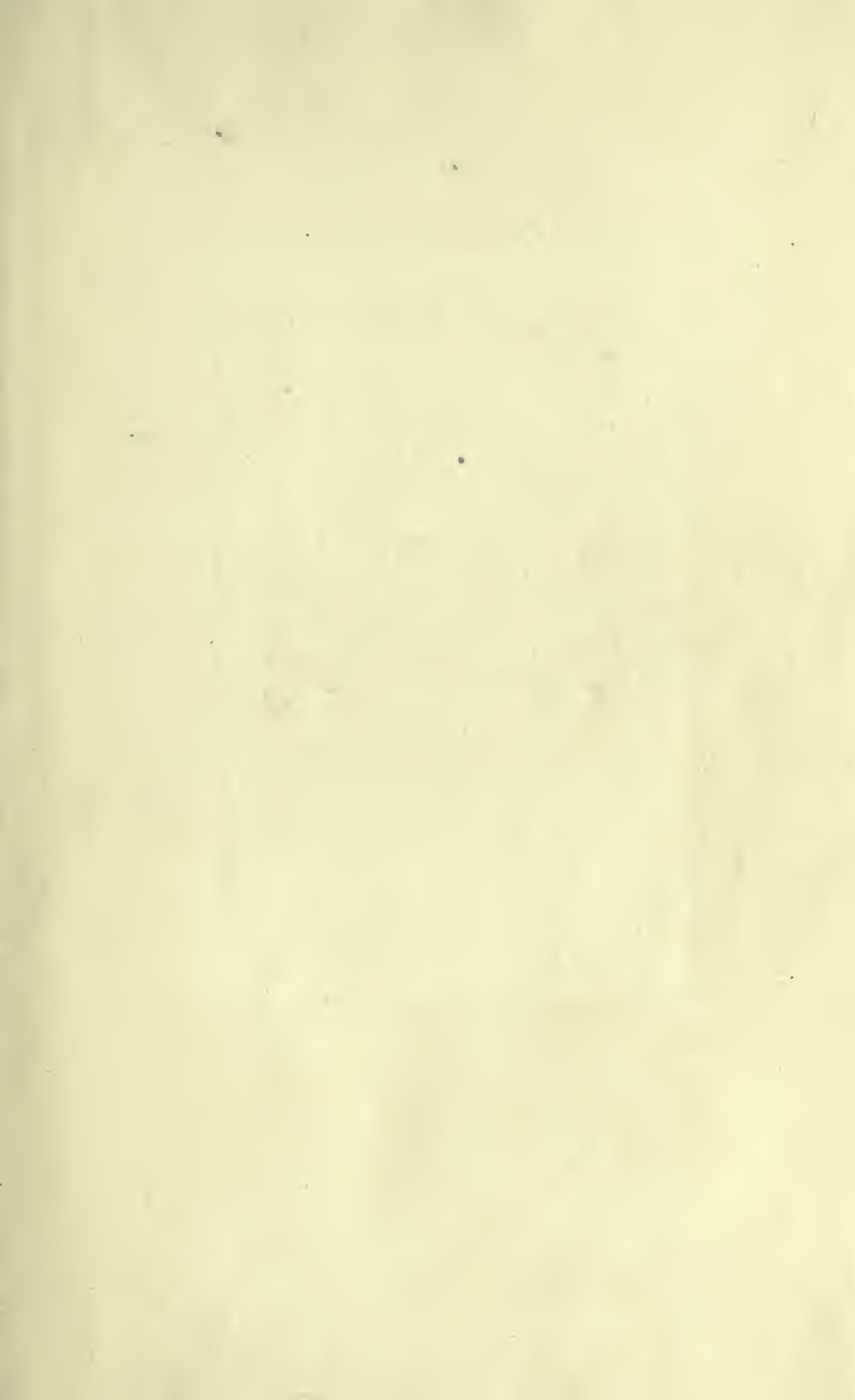


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PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR NICOLAS II
By VALENTINE SYEROV

THE RUSSIAN DIARY OF AN ENGLISHMAN

Petrograd, 1915-1917



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1919

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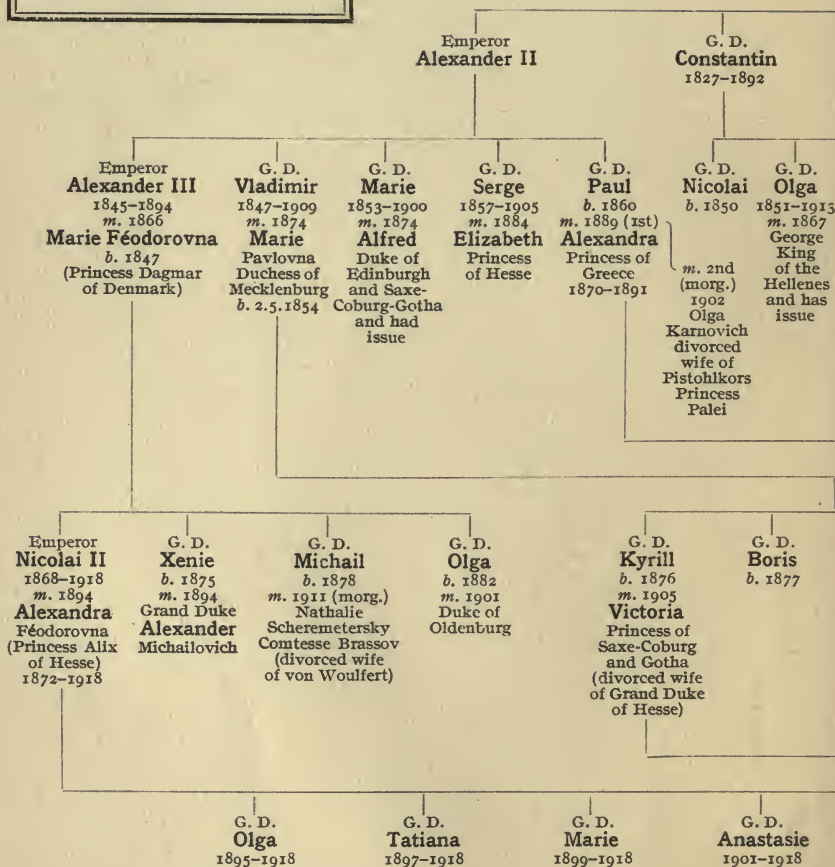
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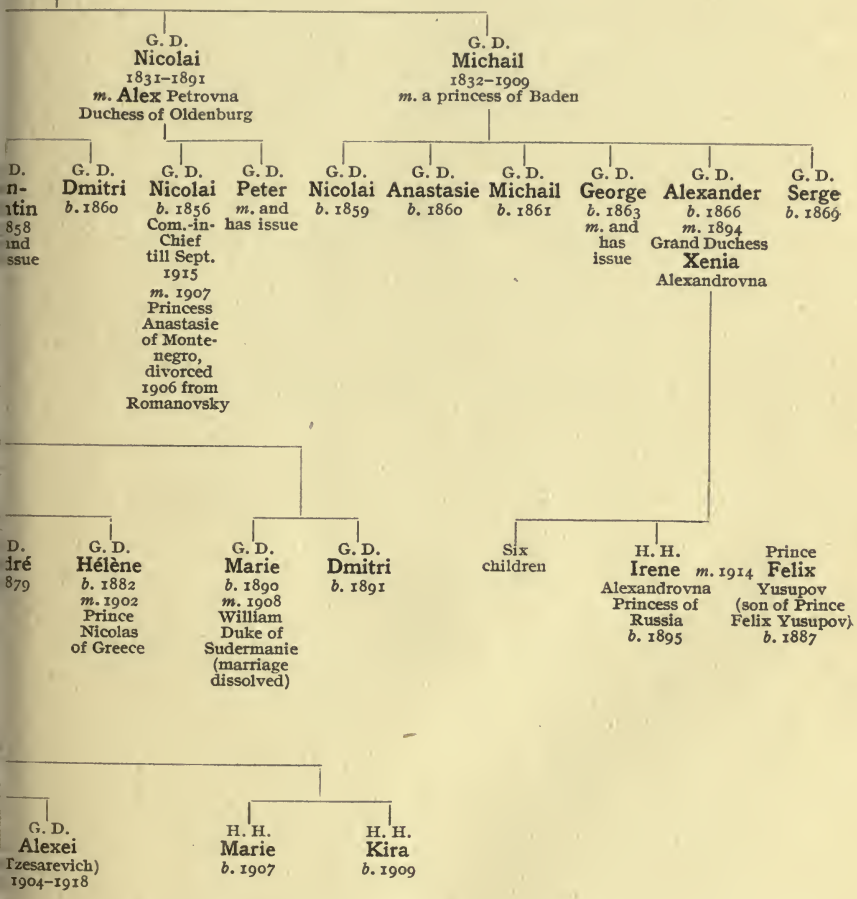
THE RUSSIAN DIARY
OF AN ENGLISHMAN

The Imperial Family of

ROMANOV



Emperor
Nicolai I
 1796-1855
 succeeded
 1825
m. Charlotte
 of Prussia



TO
THE COUNTESS BETSY SCHUVALOV
WHO ADVISED ME TO PUBLISH MY DIARY
THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

THE RUSSIAN DIARY OF AN ENGLISHMAN

INTRODUCTION

AT the date when this Diary opens the Great European War had been raging for just upon a twelvemonth. But for Russia there were perils within as well as without. Those who had eyes to see knew that the long-drawn drama of the Tsardom was swiftly approaching its climax. The Diarist's notes reflect the shifting moods of hope, of levity, of doubt, of foreboding, by which in turn the public mind was swayed, and vividly reveal the ever-downward course of events towards the destined abyss of dissolution. The situation, as he sadly says, is always "going from worse to worst"; he sees the whole social fabric already menaced with annihilation, and he quits Russia at the moment when the Bolshevik volcano is boiling up to its fiery finale.

The political system of Russia was once aptly described as Absolutism tempered by Assassination. Several of the earlier Romanovs died violent deaths; while of the three latest Emperors two have been murdered, the third escaping a like fate more often and more narrowly than the world ever knew. The

fight between Autocracy and Assassination has been long and obstinate. From the time of the fourth Romanov ruler, Peter the Great, down to the very end of the dynasty—a period of two hundred years—Prussian influence dominated the Court and Government of Petrograd, the absolutist régime in Russia borrowing its distinctive colour from that Prussian variety of which Frederick the Great and his grim father are the typical representatives. For the last century and a half every Russian Emperor, without exception, has married a German wife; in each generation the spirit of Prussianism has been reinforced by the introduction of a fresh German princess to become the spouse of one Emperor and the parent of another. German female ambition, soaring higher still, actually captured supreme power when in 1762 Paul III's widow, a princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, became Autocrat of All the Russias as the Empress Catherine II. To exhibit the bearing on recent events of that weird episode in Muscovite history as a cherished tradition and a possible exemplar is to shed light on some of the most suggestive passages in the Diary before us.

The ten years anterior to 1915 witnessed an unceasing struggle for the mastery between the old Absolutism and various movements for liberalising the form of government. In 1905 the Russian hereditary monarchy professed itself "constitutional," but the régime remained in practice largely autocratic. The Duma of August 1905 was a purely consultative body to which, however, under a new

law of October, was accorded legislative power ; an upper House being fashioned out of the old Council of the Empire. That first Duma was dissolved in 1906, its successor in 1907 ; the next lived till 1912, and the fourth proved to be the last. Throughout this whole period the Emperor's best advisers were advocating concessions in the interests alike of the people and of the Throne itself ; while the Germanophil party, in alliance with the Empress, offered uncompromising resistance to every measure for limiting autocratic power.

That the Revolution in its " Red " form was bound to arrive sooner or later is a highly probable speculation ; but the immediate cause of the revolt that overwhelmed the Monarchy was the unbounded control established by a resolute woman over a husband whose will, weak by nature, had been—it is said—further enfeebled by habits of intemperance. It was a deepening of the tragedy that the Empress, in whose hands the Emperor was as wax, should in later years have been under the spell of the monk Rasputin—an ignorant, unscrupulous bigot who, perhaps correctly, identified the temporal prosperity of the Russian Church with the maintenance of Autocracy.

The sufferings and tragic end of this poor lady may well stay the pen of hostile criticism, but the unravelling of the facts about her will do something to relieve her memory of at least a part of the obloquy cast upon it.

Whatever the nature and degree of Rasputin's

criminality, the popularly accepted legends of the crafty monk's relations with the credulous Empress have not been endorsed by the Diarist or any other competent observer. Her agonising anxiety for the health of the Tzarevich rendered her the easier prey to the impostor's pretensions as a miracle-worker. That she was a traitor to Russia is an allegation devoid of proof or probability. Her attitude was not anti-Entente but anti-Duma. The key to her whole policy was not pro-German sympathy, but a consuming determination to set her son on the throne of his father, with uncurtailed prerogatives and with herself as Regent—that is, as acting Sovereign. Her ambition was to play the rôle of Catherine II, believing that in no other way could the Throne, unshorn of its absolute power, be safeguarded for her idolised boy.

Towards the end of 1916 the course of events served to crystallise her purpose. Yielding not only to the urgent representations of the most distinguished and trustworthy of his own entourage, but to the earnest counsels of august kinsmen whose personal experience of constitutional kingship lent weight to their words, the Emperor Nicolas decided to grant his people a real Constitution of the Western type. To effect this object he commanded Prince Lvov to get together a Ministry and to formulate a scheme which should be proclaimed on the Emperor's name-day, the Feast of St. Nicolas, December 6.

The Empress, hypnotised by Rasputin, was furious, and at once worked her best and hardest to

defeat her husband's intention. She had already brought about the removal of the Grand Duke Nicolas from the supreme military command, and now—as the Diarist shows—she compassed the exile from the Court and the capital of certain members of the Imperial family whose influence was to be dreaded as opposed to her own. Her irresistible power over the Emperor induced him to withdraw his scheme of Constitutional Reform. In December Rasputin is said, while in his cups, to have revealed to the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich and Prince Felix Yusupov the Empress's fixed intention, early in January 1917, to launch a *coup d'état* to dethrone the Emperor on the plea of his weak health, and herself to assume the reins of Government in the name and on behalf of her son.

The Diarist, in the only authentic record yet made known, describes the promptitude with which Rasputin's enemies took action to save the country; the "removal" of Rasputin just before Christmas; the grief and rage of the Empress, and the arrest and exile, on her illegal personal order, of the Grand Duke and Prince—an invasion of their immemorial privilege which aroused the resentment and concern of the Imperial family. In these Notes the writer relates how the Emperor, having alienated the sympathies of his own family, fell more hopelessly than ever under his wife's control, and how the very statesmen to whom he had entrusted the framing and enactment of the new Constitutional Law became convinced at last of the necessity of demanding their Sovereign's abdica-

tion and of constituting themselves a Provisional Government.

The change of régime was carried out on March 12, the intention of Prince Lvov's Government being to accept the Grand Duke Michail Alexandrovich as Regent of the Empire. By May 5 the ruling junta had been reorganised on a republican basis, and on August 6 was displaced by a new combination under Alexander Kerenski. The intimate personal reminiscences of the Diarist, gathered during the Kerenski dictatorship, make their own appeal to readers who are fascinated by the details of its unhappy combination of pretentious incompetence and personal cowardice. After a couple of months the Kerenski Government on October 8 had to submit to a drastic "reorganisation," and for a month longer was allowed to play at wielding power. This flimsy pretence was brushed aside on November 10, when a Military Revolutionary Committee set up as the supreme authority the "All Russian Congress of the Committees of Workers, Soldiers, and Peasants."

For these developments, however, the Diarist did not wait, having left Petrograd on September 16. The Diarist's descriptions of his remarkable interview with the Emperor, reported at the time to His Majesty's royal relatives in England; of the killing of Rasputin, received by the author from the perpetrator's own lips; the text of the Petition on behalf of the Grand Duke Dmitri addressed by his near relatives to the Emperor, with His Majesty's reply; the account given to the Diarist

by the Emperor Alexander's own daughter-in-law of the circumstances of his end; and the narrative of the Author's personal experiences during the Revolution of 1917—are the outstanding features of a book whose very informality conveys a sense of freshness and truth which a more conventional work might fail to produce.

NINETEEN FIFTEEN

NINETEEN FIFTEEN

The Diary and Letters of which this book consists are given in chronological order. The letters D. and L. in margin signify Diary and Letter. The blank spaces indicate the Author's absence from Petrograd.

PETROGRAD. Arrived at 11 p.m. Drove to Hôtel de l'Europe and was given the same room, No. 157, I occupied in March 1914. 1915
Sunday,
July 18. D.

At luncheon yesterday at the Embassy met Colonel C. B. Thomson, our Military Attaché from Bucarest, whom I had not seen since the autumn of 1914 in Paris. Took him to Tsarskoe Selo; luncheon with the Grand Duchess Vladimir in a tent in her garden, where all her meals are served in the summer. She came back from a regimental ceremony at the parish church. The crowd was so great that she could not get her carriage and the Emperor sent her home. Wednesday,
July 21. D.

RAPTI. Arrived 4.30 a.m. by automobile with Polovtsov at his country house,* a large building in Louis-Quinze style, with terraces of formal gardens overlooking an immense dark lake completely encircled by woods to the water's edge. Full of beautiful things, and its hot-houses and conservatories famous. Sunday,
July 25. D.

* Destroyed in the winter of 1917-18.

1915
Monday,
July 26. *D.* PETROGRAD. Dined with Grand Duchess Vladimir at Tsarskoe. Motored back to Petrograd with the Ambassador and Lady Georgina.

Wednesday,
July 28. *D.* H.E. and Lady Georgina and Miss Meriel dined with me on the roof of my hotel. Lovely night, no wind. My friends the swifts, whistling through the air, reminded me of their relatives in Venice. A few aeroplanes.

Thursday,
July 29. *D.* Motored with Princess Orlov* and Countess Hélène Potocki† to Strelna, the Orlov house, given by the Emperor Nicolas I to the family and arranged in the pseudo-Gothic of that time. Held up at the railway crossing by a train from Vladivostok of forty wagons, laden with automobiles. Countess Hélène's two sons, whom I had known since childhood, came over from the Cadet School of Krasnoe Selo.

Wednesday,
Aug. 4. *D.* To Tsarskoe Selo to visit the Grand Duchess on her fête (July 22, O.S., S. Mary Magdalen). Brought her tuberoses and found her at tea with several ladies and Sazonov, Minister for Foreign Affairs, whom I had met at dinner at the Embassy in 1914. He questioned me at some length about England and France.

Thursday,
Aug. 5. *D.* Polovtsov motored me and Cunard of the Embassy to Peterhof just before 9 p.m., too late to visit the palace, but the fountains were playing. Overwhelmed by the transcendent beauty of the place, the fountains, and the view across the sea.

* *Née* Princess Belosselski-Belozerski, *m.* Prince Vladimir Nicolaievich Orlov.

† *Née* Princess Radziwill, *m.* Count Joseph Potocki.



PETERHOF



PETERHOF

Strolled through the alleys to "Mon Plaisir," built by Peter the Great on the edge of the sea, where the Empress Catherine II and her two little grandsons (afterwards Alexander I and Nicolas I) spent so many happy days. We sat on the terrace in front and saw the sun set—the sky a blaze of scarlet, crimson, and yellow,



like a Turner; and the Kronstadt dome silhouetted against this furious scheme of colour. The moon rose behind distant Petrograd. A night of nights!

PETERHOF. Riga evacuated—the Germans in Warsaw! Returned last night to Peterhof, and this morning was shown over the palace by the intendant. Met friends later and went over the palace a second time. In the evening visited all the fountains separately. Dined at 10.30 and motored back to Petrograd. A white and silver night.

Sunday,
Aug. 8. D.

1915
Thursday,
Aug. 12. *D.*

Arrived at Moscow. In the afternoon motored to Kamenskoe, the Tsar's falconry—delightful and original—where Peter the Great retired after the massacre of the Streltzi.* At the back of the massive building is a stone throne on a wide balcony dominating the plain and river below, where the Tsars sat to watch the falcons at work. It has not been used since the Tsars became Emperors, 1695, but is being carefully restored.

From there we went to visit Catherine II's Gothic palace, begun 1775, but never finished. Was much struck by a tall birch-tree growing out of the masonry at the top of the roofless wall. Then on to tea at Sparrow Hill, and looked down on the view of Moscow Napoleon saw in 1812. After dinner drove round the town.

Friday,
Aug. 13. *D.*

Moscow. Visited the Kremlin churches yesterday, and to-day the Treasury and Museum. In the afternoon to Archangelskoe, 25 versts from Moscow, the country house of the Yusupovs, which Felix Yusupov had shown me in 1909.† The place is all ready for them now and is beautifully kept, with some fine things, including four examples of Hubert Robert; the terraced garden full of statues and ablaze with flowers. They are building a church—the Kasan Church in small—where the eldest son (killed in a duel) is to be buried. My hosts, the Olives, were leaving for Charkov;

* Peter, recalled from England by a conspiracy of the Streltzi, caused 2000 to be tortured and slain, beheading many with his own hand.

† Prince Felix Felixovich, Count Sumarokov-Elston.

drove to the station to see them off. Am enjoying myself immensely. 1915

Moscow. I am writing to you from the Olives' house, and when I lift my eyes I look on the Kremlin from where I sit. All the bells are ringing. My friend Madame Olive was the daughter of the principal Christian sugar-refiner in Russia, who died lately. She dresses beautifully, has a wonderful taste in *objets d'art*, and is most intelligent. Her husband is A.D.C. to Prince Yusupov, Governor of Moscow, and father of Felix. Her sister is Princess Michael Gorchakov. I came with them on Wednesday night, and go back to-morrow. The house is most comfortable, and my bath is as big as the Caspian Sea. I am waited on by a Cossack, who makes me repeat my Russian words until I say them right. Saturday, Aug. 14. L.

All Moscow is making munitions. There is a large palace with a beautiful garden, built by Catherine II for Grégoire Orlov, which belongs to the Emperor and which he will come to live in if the Tsarskoe has to be abandoned. The Bond Street of Moscow was nearly burnt down at the beginning of the war. Many shops in it are still boarded up. Every German-named shop was gutted. Whilst the wine-shops were being looted the police came along and had them closed and sealed up, leaving in many cases a large number of the rioters dead drunk inside, who at the end of the war will be found like brandy-cherries!

News from Poland very bad. Returning last night from dining with the Grand Duchess Vladimir Thursday, Aug. 19. D.

1915

met Countess Betsy Schuvalov* in the train. Dined to-day at the Embassy to meet the former French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Crupi, and his wife, and General Hanbury Williams, head of the English Military Mission at G.H.Q. He is not very cheerful about the Western Front.

Friday,
Aug. 20. L.

PETROGRAD. Things at the Front are going from worse to worst. What is to keep the enemy away from here? Really the West might help us! God only knows if you will ever get this, as the Germans stop nearly every home-bound steamer.

The Embassies will go to Nijni Novgorod, not Moscow. I shall go to Moscow, as I can stay with my friends the Olives; but the danger is that the German Fleet may come here. No one has ever known why it didn't come at the beginning of the war: it was the great German mistake. How lucky for you England is an island! I don't think the English are half grateful enough for it.

Aug. 22. L.
to Lady
Sarah Wil-
son, Allied
Forces
Hospital,
Boulogne.

We have been going through here exactly the same emotions as you and I went through together last year in Paris and Boulogne. I never thought such an experience could happen twice in one's life. We all expect the Germans here sooner or later. Till Riga falls no one will know whether their *objectif* is Petrograd or Moscow; if Petrograd, their Fleet could co-operate with them. The major part of the artillery and munition factories are here.

On the other hand, it is calculated that it would take them six weeks to get here, and the winter

* *Née* Princess Bariatinski, *m.* Count Paul Petrovich Schuvalov.

usually begins in about six weeks' time. The snow that made Napoleon pack up next morning fell on October 12. Pray God it may be an early winter!

If they do come here, will there be a revolution? The fear is the *people* might rise and make peace to stop the German advance, feeling that the Romanovs have had their chance and been found wanting.

The Emperor has forbidden the Hermitage pictures—which are his personal property—to be sent away, for fear it should cause a panic. They wanted to put a hospital in the Hermitage. That would have given a pretext for packing up, but it could not be arranged, as there is no water-supply. So the Emperor has given the Winter Palace instead. It can hold 1200 beds. The archives are being packed. The Crown jewels, the small *objets d'art*, and all the valuable Imperial plate from here and Warsaw have gone to Moscow to the Kremlin.

The Ambassador is adored here and most highly thought of. I don't know what would have happened if there had been a fool or malingerer in his place. He, Sazonov, and the Emperor work as one man. I see all the interesting people and constantly dine at Tsarskoe with our dear Grand Duchess: I telephone and propose myself. She spoke of you the other day most kindly and sympathetically. I told her all the news I had of you. I notice they live entirely on the small successes and repulses, and have never yet faced the greater question.

1915

There are but few people in Petrograd, and life is much the same as in London—small coteries of intimate friends.

The Grand Duke Boris has been back from the Front for a few days : his Hussar regiment is resting. He gave me heart-rending accounts of the retreat ; of the Russians burning their own villages ; of the ripe, unreaped corn ablaze ; and of the despairing sorrow of the country people—poor things ! He told me how the Russians send aeroplanes into Germany to drop incendiary bombs on the standing crops, and how the Germans harness the Russian prisoners to their ploughs and flog them whether they pull or not.

The Stieglitz Museum* is being stealthily packed up for removal. It will indeed be a tragedy if the enemy comes here, with all the factories and “powderies” and “cannonries.” At Riga there is sixty million pounds’ worth of timber, and more than double that value here.

Monday,
Aug. 23. D.

During dinner at Tsarskoe much excitement over reported fall of Dardanelles, contradicted later in the evening by telephone from the Emperor’s palace. On my arrival at Petrograd great crowd outside the *Novoe Vremya* office, waiting for verification.

Saturday,
Aug. 28. L.

From what I can gather, it is likely the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievich may be relieved of the Command-in-Chief. In that case, would the Emperor take over the Supreme Command in person ? Then Alexeiev, in whom every one has confidence, might be Chief-of-the-Staff ; Nicolai Nicolaievich

* Baron Stieglitz’s School of Design.

would perhaps take command of the Southern Army, and Russki retain the Northern. The entire Staff—it would seem—are to be either changed or hanged. Poor Emperor, all would now fall on his shoulders. If he should have no luck, God only knows what will happen.

The Council of Ministers says the Germans cannot reach Petrograd this winter, but might be able to winter at Pskov. What an admission!

Any news that comes to me from the Embassy—and they are most kind—consists only of the official Russian bulletins which appear later in the Press; so I have taken other steps to keep myself informed.

If one is more cheerful for the moment, it is not because things are better, but because human nature can only stand a certain amount, and then revolts. It's terrible, the bungling inefficiency of the Staff. The soldiers are beyond all praise.

Things are not at all quiet here. Munition-workers on strike and even some passers-by shot. My poor little cabman was shot by mistake as he was going down the street. Forty-two killed, and five minutes after everybody at work!

On Saturday I motored with Polovtsov to Gatchina to lunch with Madame Derfelden (Serge Zubov's former wife), who has an aunt living in the palace. We went to see her and found her drinking tea with raspberry jam in it. She is the Countess Heyden and a former visitor of yours at Studley. We went all over the palace and saw the Emperor Paul's rooms, which are entered by a secret staircase

Aug. 30. L.
to the
Marchioness
of Ripon.

1915

and are left exactly as when he lived there, with his boots all ready to put on. There are wonderful works of art in Gatchina.

Afterwards we motored to near Pavlovsk to see an old house. "Pol" motored Madame Derfelden back to Gatchina, and I took the train to Tsarskoe for Petrograd. Travelled up with Wolkonsky, former Secretary of Legation in London.

You positively must come in the summer to see Peterhof before you die. To me it is the most entrancing place in the world: I have never seen anything like it. It has in its way as much charm as Venice—it is fairyland with a soul—it is divine. Yet already the birch-trees have yellow leaves, though there has been no rain and the weather is heavenly.

The summer here is like a lovely woman, pale-faced, with scarlet lips and wild, appealing, black eyes. Each year she is born perfect—you feel that so divine a creature must live for ever; and then, before you can possess yourself of her—or even before you have realized her beauty, her intensesness, her vivid colouring—she is dead in your arms! It is all too quick.

Sept. 1. L. I was at the British Colony Hospital yesterday; out of the eighty-two wounded there over forty are on crutches, shot in the legs during the retreat. A Cossack was playing his guitar in the garden, and there were nine legs listening, with eighteen brains! To my favourites I take presents, and from time to time give them all cigarettes—so that there may be no jealousy—or else 20-kopek icons of St. George.

I have been much worried with my ear, which has depressed me. I decided to go to a doctor, and Karsavina* most kindly accompanied me as interpreter. We had to wait an hour, and then, while she held my hand, the doctor shoved things through my nose! However, he was most reassuring, and I already feel better. It was good of her, and I am much touched.

1915
Sept. 3. L.

Such things have happened! On Friday I was invited to be at the Vladimir Palace at six, to motor down to Tsarskoe with the Grand Duchess Vladimir.

Sunday,
Sept. 5. L.

Exactly at six I was there dressed. I found M. Fabergé, the famous Court jeweller, who had been waiting since half-past five. She—who is never unpunctual—only came in at a quarter to seven, full of apologies and looking very worried, and told me she had been sitting with the Empress-Mother. During the hour's drive she spoke not a word. We sat down to dinner thirty-five minutes late—no Romanov has ever been known to be late for dinner.

I was eating my lukewarm *potage St.-Germain*, when she said to me, "The Emperor and Empress have been to-day to the fortress to pray at his father's tomb." I had met them this afternoon in the Nevski. Then she added, "The Emperor leaves to-morrow night to take over the Supreme Command at the Front. Nicolai Nicolaievich goes to the Caucasus. Alexeiev is Chief of the Staff. Russki has the Northern Command. The Empress

* Tamara Platonovna Karsavina, *première danseuse* in the ballet.

1915

Marie is *désespérée*. It is quite disastrous." We both cried into our soup—mine, at least, was warmed up by my tears. Everybody during dinner was much depressed by this news.

When I got back I immediately sent all this information to the Ambassador, thinking he might not have heard of the change of Command, and as a matter of fact he hadn't. I think for a newly arrived foreigner I may feel proud—supplying my Embassy with such news! The Ambassador thanked me very much.

Yesterday was glorious. I went to the Admiralty and walked back by the Winter Palace. At that moment the Emperor, the Empress, and the dear little boy motored out of the palace, where there had been a Council of State, and the little boy was presented to them all *en bloc*. Neither the tram service nor other street traffic is ever stopped for the Emperor. He takes his chance like all of us!*

I was lunching on the roof of the hotel with Karsavina, when in walked the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich! Forty-eight hours' leave and found time to come and see me! We spent the whole afternoon together. First I went all over his palace. He has arranged his own rooms on the ground floor, and most originally—each room in a different wood. The dining-room is amaranth. Then we had tea; we talked about you and other friends, then we cried, then we went shopping in a 60 h.p. Renaud; then we pursued any pretty ladies driving, then in the most divine weather we tore

* This is in contrast with Kerenski's habit; see Aug. 25, 1917.

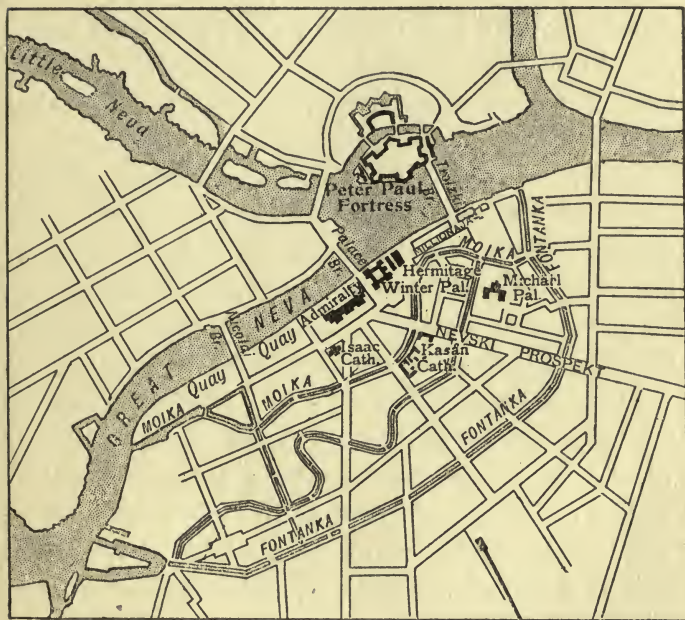
PALACE OF THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI 23

up and down the quays and over the bridges ; then he deposited me at the hotel at 6.30. This morning he fetches me at 10.30 to motor to Tsarskoe, and this evening he goes back to the Front.

1915

To Tsarskoe with Grand Duke Dmitri. Visited the Emperor's church. Back to Petrograd in

Sunday,
Sept. 5. D.



afternoon and left note at Embassy to ask Lady Georgina if he might dine there ; she telephoned later inviting him. He fetched me in his motor and drove me to the Embassy. Left at 10 for his palace, and saw him off by train at 11 p.m.

In the morning to Tsarskoe to the Grand Duchess Vladimir. At the door met Princess Orlov, who had just been received by the Grand Duchess to

Monday,
Sept. 6. D.

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tell her the startling news of the Emperor's dismissal of her husband "Vladdy"—the truest and most devoted of all the Emperor's friends. A sinister influence, long felt, now begins to show itself.

Motored with the Grand Duchess to Oranienbaum, where I visited all the palaces and the *Montagne Russe* (a snow switchback) used by the Empress Elizabeth. At 4 to tea with the Princess of Saxe-Altenburg, who showed me over the "Chinese" Palace, where she lives. Everything Chinese of that epoch—1750. To Petrograd by train.

Tuesday,
Sept. 7. D.

In afternoon with Lady Georgina to King George the Fifth Hospital, in the Nevski, where she gives to every outgoing soldier articles of clothing for himself, wife, and children. Afterwards to Embassy to pick up Ambassador, and so on to the English Colony Hospital, for the same kindly purpose.

Wednesday,
Sept. 15. D.

Luncheon at the Orlovs'; long conversation with "Vladdy," who gave me a letter for the Minister of the Marine. Afterwards to Countess Carlov, widow of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; she kindly telephoned to the Minister of War, who was at a Cabinet Council, to make an appointment for me.

Saturday,
Sept. 18. D.

Yesterday the Secretary of Minister of War telephoned me to see General Lukomski, the Minister having gone to the Front. This morning to Admiralty; then to General Lukomski at the War Office. At 6 to the Grand Duchess Vladimir and with her to Tsarskoe to dine.

Monday,
Sept. 20. D.

To Warsaw Station for the blessing, by Orthodox clergy, of the soup-kitchen for Polish refugees.

The Ambassador and Lady Georgina with several of the Embassy Staff were there. This kitchen has been opened with money collected in England, and has been entirely run by the ladies of the English Colony, who work there in relays every day. 1915

After dinner at the Embassy last night had a long talk with Sazonov,* who promised to telephone to the War Office in the morning. At noon he telephoned me that the Minister of War would see me at 2. I went to his official residence on the Moika Canal, some little distance from the War Office. His aide-de-camp talks perfect English. Met in the antechamber Stanley Washburn, the American correspondent, who entertained me while we were waiting with amusing stories from the Front. I explained my business to the Minister, who took me by the arm and walked me up and down the room while we talked for twenty-two minutes. Met Sazonov again at dinner, and was able to thank him for his great kindness. Thursday, Sept. 23. D.

Yesterday General Lukomski telephoned for me to come and see him, which I did. With Ambassador and Lady Georgina motored to dine at Tsarskoe, where I am staying. As I felt seedy last night the Grand Duchess sent me to bed. Came down for luncheon all right. At dinner we are always about twenty, with guests and her Court. Saturday, Sept. 25. D.

TSARSKOE. In morning to Feodorovski Church. Afternoon drove through Pavlovsk Park. At 5 tea with Grand Duchess. At 6.30 to the Church Sunday, Sept. 26. D.

* Serge Sazonov, Foreign Minister, b. 1881.

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for Vespers of the Exaltation of the Cross, the most impressive ceremony I have ever seen. Afterwards the Empress, the little boy, and the Grand Duchesses kissed the Cross. Few people in church—only Cossacks.

Monday,
Sept. 27. D.

TSARSKOE. Walked round the lake to see the bridge, of which there is a copy in Lord Pembroke's park at Wilton. At tea with Grand Duchess Vladimir; Countess Hélène Potocki and Princess Orlov came in. Count and Countess Paul Benckendorff dined. He is *Maréchal* of the Imperial Court and brother of the Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. At night to Petrograd by train.

Saturday,
Oct. 2. D.

At Warsaw Station joined Lady Georgina in the "bath train," which she had so cleverly managed to secure from the station-master. These trains go down to the Front for the use of the soldiers who are resting. Each train consists of a number of carriages fitted with vapour baths and drying-rooms.

I washed six refugee children yesterday—very dirty—two howled. The washing of the children is in connection with the maternity home for Polish refugees organised by the English colony, with Her Excellency as President, under whose good guidance they have risen wonderfully to the occasion.

Luncheon at the Orlovs'; dinner at the French Embassy.

Sunday,
Oct. 3. D.

To Tsarskoe and straight to Mita Benckendorff's apartments, where I found Prince Michael Putiatin. He had brought me a ticket for the Emperor's

Feodorovski Church that makes me a parishioner, and entitles me to attend services there. He also brought me a splendidly printed and illustrated book descriptive of the church, and a set of new photographs of the Imperial family. To church with him; the Emperor was there. In the middle of the service the Tzesarevich came running in. After the Emperor and Empress had kissed the Cross, the dear little boy did the same, and took up his usual place near the Emperor's chair to watch the Cossacks kiss the Cross. While they were doing so he winked at his friends among the soldiers. He was greatly surprised at my turning up in the middle of them.

After the service I left Prince Putiatin at his house, and went on to luncheon with the Grand Duchess Vladimir, and sat next Grand Duke Boris, who, as always, was charming. After luncheon danced with the little Kyrill Princesses, and at 2 with Mita to visit the Empress's Officers' Hospital.

Personally I know nothing against the Empress, but there is a lot of injurious political intrigue going on around her. In her hospital I went to see an officer of eighteen, nephew of Kokovtsov, former Minister of Finance, who, though badly wounded, is delightfully gay and full of conversation. He sketches cleverly and draws caricatures of the nurses and staff—all as birds. I advised him to draw the Empress as one of the eight-winged seraphim! His case is one of those she attends herself, and both she and the two

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elder Grand Duchesses were very busily at work while I was there.

At the hospital Colonel Schahovskoi, who had been told off to take me round, said a train of wounded had just arrived; we hurried off to the Pavilion Station—the Emperor's private station—and went all through the train, and so back to the hospital. Amongst the officers was one who had four St. George's Crosses and had been promoted from the ranks. Then to the hospital crypt church, which is arranged in the style of Byzantine churches before the sixth century.

Next we visited the Town Hospital for Soldiers, where I gave away 3000 cigarettes. At each ward Colonel Schahovskoi called out, "Your English brother brings you these!" The soldiers all shouted together, "Most humbly we thank him," at the top of their voices. To one poor man looking very ill I gave a packet. With beautiful manners he said, "Thank you," and then turned over and died!

At about 4 we motored to Princess Putiatin's Hospital for Officers, where the Empress was to give certificates to the nurses in the chapel. I went into the gallery. The Empress came with her two eldest daughters, all three in nurses' costume. She was amiable and smiling. After going over the hospital I got back to the Grand Duchess's for tea at 5 o'clock—more dead than alive! I spent an hour with her, while she read me a most interesting letter just received from the Duchess of Coburg. Took the 10 o'clock train to Petrograd and so to bed by midnight.



THE EMPRESS AND HER TWO ELDER DAUGHTERS,
OLGA AND TATIANA, AS RED CROSS NURSES

CHURCH AT TSARSKOE SELO 29

Yesterday to Warsaw Station to wash more refugee children. In the afternoon fetched caviare for Lord Kitchener and took it to the Embassy to be forwarded. After luncheon at the Embassy to-day went with H.E. and Lady Georgina to inspect Strogonov Palace, which has been suggested for the Anglo-Russian Hospital. Polovtsov took me over Smolny Institute.

1915
Thursday,
Oct. 7. D.

Again to Warsaw Station to wash children. At hotel door a child Cossack wanted to come with me, so took him. We were photographed by the English *padre*. Left for Tsarskoe, arriving in time for tea with Grand Duchess Vladimir. Grand Dukes Kyrill and Boris dined.

Saturday,
Oct. 9. D.

TSARSKOE SELO. To the Emperor's church, where he and all his family were at the service. The eldest daughter always sits next to him. The little boy was a sailor to-day; he only wears Cossack uniform when papa is at the Front. I was brought a holy loaf—like those given to them. After the service the Cossacks formed up outside the church and shouted when they left. Then to the Empress's Hospital to see my officer friend. Joseph Potocki came to tea; the Grand Dukes Kyrill and André dined.

Sunday,
Oct. 10. D.

Left Tsarskoe for Petrograd. Luncheon with General Hanbury-Williams, who dined with me at my hotel.

Monday,
Oct. 11. D.

To Tsarskoe Selo to see the wounded officers in the Empress's Hospital. Tea with Grand Duchess Vladimir just back from the Front. She told me she had received General d'Amade, who fears the

Sunday,
Oct. 17. D.

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Germans may occupy Constantinople before we can; once there, they could only be got rid of with great difficulty. She also told me she found the Emperor—who had been to see her—quite a changed man, and with quite a different face. He now, for the first time in his life, knows everything, and hears the truth direct. Nicolai Nicolaievich never wanted to know anything, and of what he did know he only told the Emperor so little that it was hardly worth his hearing. All her three sons dined. Back in Petrograd in time for ballet at 10.45.

Tuesday,
Oct. 19. *D.*

Yesterday luncheon at Sazonov's. This morning to the new Mosque; packed with soldiers for the Kourban Festival. The Mosque is opposite the Embassy—on the other side of the Neva, close to the Peter-Paul Fortress. Its blue domes are a marked feature in any view of Petrograd.

Thursday,
Oct. 21. *L*

Am seeing a great deal of Olga Orlov. Really her house is as nice as yours, and the moment I cross the threshold I feel less sad. I dine there to-night and am sure to pass a pleasant evening. We are again thrown into suspense by the tremendous attack of the Germans on the Riga Front; not that it threatens us as yet in Petrograd, but it means an appalling loss of life, and very likely our further retreat and the occupation of the Riga Bay.

Rumour says that Sazonov may leave the Foreign Office. I don't believe it and sincerely hope he will not.

The Empress goes on October 24 to fetch the

dear little boy from Stavka (G.H.Q.). God forbid she should take over command of the Army and send the Emperor home! He comes back on the 30th. The Grand Duke Paul left with him for the first time in uniform since his morganatic marriage. He has been reinstated in his former position in the Army, and hopes to stay altogether at the Front; but I hear now he may return for good with the Emperor. There is a story about one of the Alexander Michailovich boys running off to the war. I don't know if it's true.

You know the two Stolypin girls; they were nursing in a lazaret and ran away to the war to fight—wooden foot * and all—dressed as boys with their hair cut off. It took weeks to find them, but they have been brought home. A little snow yesterday.

The Grand Duchess Vladimir leaves to-night for ten days in her ambulance train for Minsk to visit her flying hospitals and food dépôts. She has ten concerns in all along the Fronts. Next Sunday I shall stay in Petrograd and go to the ballet, *Don Quichotte*. Last Sunday I returned by 10.30 from Tsarskoe, and went for the last hour to *The Sleeping Beauty*, with the "Blue Bird" dance we have so often applauded in London.

Both Empresses have received the Anglo-Russian Hospital Deputation, and yesterday they went to the inauguration of the Winter Palace Hospital. The Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich has given his

Sunday,
Oct. 24. L

* On the occasion when Stolypin, the Premier, had his house blown up, one of his daughters lost her leg.

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palace for the Anglo-Russian Hospital. It is admirably suited for the purpose, and its position in the centre of the Nevski, a corner house opposite the Empress Marie's palace, is such that the man in the street must see it and know where it is, and who gave it. It will be ready for the nurses in six weeks.

Tuesday,
Nov. 2. D.

Beautiful day on Sunday, so went to Tsarskoe and found Grand Duchess Vladimir had returned. Luncheon with her after service at the Emperor's church. Grand Duke Boris drove me to the station to-day. Back to Tsarskoe to dine with Grand Duchess, returning near midnight with Dmitri Pavlovich.

Serge Obolenski* came to see me on Sunday night. He looks well, a little older and serious. He is an officer now, and is splendid in his uniform. I told him all I knew about you and the children. The war has changed him, as it has all of us. He leaves to-night for the Front. He asked after nobody in England but you and your mother [Lady Ripon]. The Emperor came back yesterday; we are all very *intrigués* and worried to know if Sazonov is going to be sent away. I hope to God not, as it would not be good either for Russia, England, or me.

I couldn't go with the Grand Duchess Vladimir in her ambulance train to Dvinsk. She kindly asked me, but I should have had to be away five nights, and I have my affairs to look after. On her return she settles in Petrograd; so there will

* Prince Serge Alexandrovich Obolenski.

be no more Tsarskoe : I have enjoyed it so much there and I shall miss going, but it's a cold journey now. I shall run down to my church on Sunday, as the Emperor will be there, and the Cossacks yell when he comes out. I like that.

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Yesterday Lydia Kyasht came to luncheon with me at my hotel. To War Office to see General Lukomski. To-day to Tsarskoe and to church, where the Emperor was. My wounded officer friend was there. Luncheon with Grand Duchess Vladimir. Travelled back with Dmitri Pavlovich to Petrograd.

Sunday,
Nov. 7. D.

The Grand Duchess telegraphed me to meet her last Monday at the Warsaw Station on her return from Dvinsk at 8 a.m. General Hartung took me to the station, and I saw the Grand Duchess and went over all the train, saw it unpacked, and visited everything. Then she said, "If you will come back at 12 with your bag, I will take you with me to Dvinsk, but tell nobody." General Hartung motored me back to my hotel, and, having made my preparations, I returned to the station and hid myself in the train till it left. She is pestered by people wanting to go with her.

Monday,
Nov. 15. L

It was the most divine time being with her. We ate with the Sisters, the priest, and the doctor, but had tea in her compartment. We talked of everybody and everything in the world. She is a marvellous woman, and always at her best where there is much to do—sparing herself no trouble, quite thorough, a woman after my heart!

The journey, 503 versts (315 miles), took thirty

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hours. We went beyond Dvinsk to the present railhead—virtually where Russia now ends! We were within three miles of the trenches and saw and heard what I had not experienced for months—cannon and shrapnel all day and night, but no Zeppelins. From the windows of the train where it was drawn up we saw silhouetted against the snow, careering down a long straight avenue, a battery of artillery galloping up to the Front—most dramatic effect!

It was a weird sight as we went out of the station with torches to meet the wounded, who were being brought in by peasants in carts; there were only a few motor-ambulances as the roads are indescribably bad: many of the men were undressed, and the carts were dripping with blood. It must have been like that in Napoleon's time—the same place and time of year. But once the poor things were in the train there was every comfort and luxury.

Some of the *sanitaires* are from the ballet. They carried the torches, so you can imagine we were well lit and led. There were many peritonitis cases from wounds—no disease. All were splendidly fit, well fed, clothed, and booted. The arrangements are wonderful—perfect organization, and the wounded were admirably transferred to the train.

Her train * is No. 1 out of 300; the next five

* The Grand Duchess Vladimir instituted her ambulance train during the war with Japan. Being the first of its kind, it stands first on the list.

belong to the Empress and her four daughters. Hers, I am told, is the best organised of any. We started off with 492 wounded, but several died on the way; twelve of them were officers, of whom three were Mohammedans. The two trains were made up of twenty-nine carriages. After every man had been put in his cot, she went and visited each one. I luckily had many cigarettes, and made a few friends whom I have since seen in hospitals.

Mlle. Olive, her maid of honour, never went to bed all night; she was with those who died, or who suffered most, or who wanted letters written.

Nearly a hundred received Communion from the train priest. Nobody murmured or complained, all most grateful. One boy who came in unconscious woke up and thought he was in Heaven! Those who died went out like watches run-down, without effort—just stopped breathing. It was intensely sad, though with so much to do I hadn't time to think until I went to bed; but one felt the very best had been done for them—each was a hero.

We were four nights away, the journey thirty hours each way: 12° Fahrenheit. The packing of the wounded into the train was done without hurry or fuss. The Russians are so kind; over all there was a feeling, from the highest to the humblest, of intense human sympathy for the suffering.

A man of 22, shot in the spine, was accompanied by his beautiful young wife, dressed as a man. Both had volunteered in the Field Telephone Service.

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She nurses him, and the Grand Duchess has arranged that she is to live in his hospital.

When we got to Petrograd they were unpacked by volunteer students, who meet every train. The Grand Duchess waited till the last one had left for his hospital—no hitch, no flurry, all done like machinery. She was dead tired (so was I), but she never left till all had gone (9 p.m.). She looks very white—too white.

The hospitals are crammed in Petrograd. The fighting near Dvinsk has been terrible, but we are holding our own all the time, and driving the enemy back everywhere. Alas, no rifles for the new troops to support these advances!

We saw enormous guns continually arriving, with a special railway to take them to the trenches. All the trains were laden with small cannon and munitions. On every box was painted "No economy"; some had "Moscow will send you all you want."

Really, all my friends have been good to me and I have seen in the war what few civilians have seen; I am very grateful. I shall always remember Colonel Asser's kindness at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The Southern Army gave the Emperor the St. George's Cross, much to the envy of the other two armies; his letter of thanks to them is beautifully worded.

The little boy, for being under fire, has got St. George's Medal, which last Sunday he was fingering all the time through Mass. He and his father got lost in a fog in the south and couldn't

find their automobile, so they ate with the soldiers, which the little boy loved. When leaving Stavka the first time, he said, "I hate going back to Tsarskoe to be the only man amongst all those women." The Emperor has carried him off again to the Front. He got into the train an hour before its time to start, for fear of being kept back at the last moment, and was found sitting in his compartment with his sailor, his *balalaika*, and his dog, who hates the firing.

I went with Prince Michael Gorchakov to a charity ballet for the Russian prisoners in Germany. Sazonov was in the next box, and during an *entr'acte* talked to me about his leaving office. He told me that he had his successor all ready to take his place, and that he wouldn't be missed. He has been in office five years without a day's rest. He wakes up at 5 every morning; so do I. I can feel for him, but I sleep before dinner: he can't. Gossip says that, when he asked permission to resign, the Emperor replied, "I would willingly let you go and rest, but England won't."

Luncheon at the Grand Duchess Vladimir's to meet all the doctors and Sisters from her ambulance train. Wednesday,
Nov. 17. D.

I went yesterday with General Knorring to see a most interesting work. It is where the disabled soldiers pass the night before leaving for their homes, receive a complete outfit, and some money from the State. A committee of ladies gives other money from a fund for special cases. It is admirably arranged—the most complete order, and Wednesday,
Nov. 17. L.

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done with the heart as all Russian kindness is, no red tape, no harsh word. There had always been this State charity existent, but, at the request of the Grand Duchess Vladimir, the Emperor allowed her to take it over and develop it on the larger scale now required ; so now she runs it with State money, her own money, and money out of her own organisation fund. Volunteer students go there each day, so there are no expenses at all, and each student has his appointed hours and work. For the Siberians there are sheepskin coats ; there are boots of every sort and size ; socks, caps, shirts, fur caps, warm coats, thinner coats, crutches, sticks. It was very touching—so many blind, lame, and a few idiots. Every day there passes through a stream of men up to the five hundred who can be accommodated. It is held in the State factory where vodka used to be made, now closed. Automobiles drive them to their different stations, or else they go in tramcars, free. One has to come to Russia to see how well things can be managed.

Wednesday,
Nov. 24. *D.*

REVAL. Luncheon with Sazonov yesterday, and in the evening came here to visit submarines in harbour. Was shown all over E.18 and had a cocktail, Landale doing the honours. After luncheon with Lawrence and other officers, went below to the ward-room. Lawrence took me after dinner to visit Girard, the British Consul, and his wife.

Wednesday,
Dec. 1. *D.*

To small dinner at the Embassy given for the Grand Duchess Vladimir. In the evening she did a jig-saw puzzle, not having played cards since the war began.

VISIT TO ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL 39

Yesterday the Grand Duchess telephoned me to come to service and luncheon, as she thought I would like to meet an archbishop. In the evening to *Le Voleur* at Théâtre Michel. To-day, on my return from Tsarskoe, where the Emperor and family were at church, but not the little boy, I went to Anglo-Russian Hospital, which the Grand Duchess Vladimir was visiting.

1915
Sunday,
Dec. 5. D.

Dined last night with Grand Duchess and Grand Duke André. Left this morning at 7.30 for England.

Sunday,
Dec. 19. D.

NINETEEN SIXTEEN

NINETEEN SIXTEEN

CHRISTIANIA. Not too bad a crossing. As we were nearing Arendal, in Norway, we nearly ran into a mine. The sudden veering of the steamer threw us all off our seats. All along the south coast of Norway, where there are many currents, loose mines are constantly being washed up.

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Monday,
Jan. 17. D.

TORNEO: the frontier town of the Russian Empire. The Customs officials were insisting on opening my luggage, when I told them that I had passed out of France into England, out of England into Norway, out of Norway into Sweden, and out of Sweden without any examination. I protested that, as I was carrying a Foreign Office bag, English and French official papers, and letters from the Russian Embassy,* I would not allow anything to be touched now that I was in Russia. The head official replied, "You are in Finland, not in Russia!" On my declaring that I would sit on my luggage until orders arrived from the Minister for Foreign Affairs in Petrograd, they climbed down.

Friday,
Jan. 21. D.

A perfect Arctic day. In front of the station, on

* This as a matter of courtesy and not in an official capacity. The English Foreign Office and War Office gladly seized any opportunity of direct communication with Russia through reputable channels.

1916

a detached birch-tree covered with hoar-frost silhouetted against the faintest blue sky, were seventeen magpies settling to roost. A symphony in black and white, until the sky became bright crimson at sundown.

Sunday,
Jan. 23. D.

PETROGRAD. Arrived midnight. In the morning to Embassy with bag and parcels and to Foreign Office with a book for Sazonov. Then to Grand Duchess Vladimir's palace to church. My unexpected appearance at Mass startled her. After luncheon sat on, giving her Paris and London news of her many friends. To ballet after dinner.

Feb. 5. L.

I found our Grand Duchess better in health than when I left, not so white or weary. She says that nobody, except you, gives her any news of *people* in their letters from France. She is always longing to know what has become of her numerous French friends, and what they are doing.

Wednesday was the birthday of the Kyrills' eldest little girl, so there was a cinema and tea and dancing at our Grand Duchess's. I led a cotillon—such a romp! I must say I thoroughly enjoyed it. I hadn't run about so much since the war began. It was great fun, and the children loved it: I was so stiff next day I couldn't move.

Yesterday at a children's party at the Kyrills' the English Ambassador's daughter danced a *pas seul* to the admiration of everybody.

The Emperor came back last Monday night. I shall go to church at Tsarskoe Selo on Sunday just to see him smile and hear the Cossacks salute him with a yell!

DINNER AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY 45

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Old Prince Gorchakov is rather shaky. He sleeps on a sofa in his drawing-room surrounded by palm-trees. The French Embassy has dinners every week and I dine there again on Wednesday—excellent food and wine, and it is always agreeable.

At the opening of the Anglo-Russian Hospital the Empress Marie, the Emperor's two daughters, and our Grand Duchess were there. It's a fine hospital—well arranged.

The days are dark—no sun—though beginning to lengthen. You don't know how I miss the sun after twenty winters in Sicily, and I envy you at Cannes waking up in the morning and looking down over the sea bathed in sunshine.

To dinner with Grand Duchess Vladimir and afterwards went with her to the Imperial Academy to a lecture—"Italian Influence on Russian Architecture"—with splendid illustrations projected on a screen. During dinner Grand Duke Boris told me he had given my Memorandum to the Emperor.

Tuesday,
Feb. 8. *D.*

To Admiralty at 10, where I was informed the official approval had already been telegraphed by the Emperor's command.

Wednesday,
Feb. 9. *D.*

Just before dinner the Embassy telephoned laconically, "The Emperor will receive you at Tsarskoe at half-past two to-morrow"—nothing else, no instructions as to clothes, etc. Dining the same evening at the French Embassy, the Grand Duke Boris said to me, "You must talk to the Emperor just as you do to me, and tell him everything you know." He had spoken to the Emperor about me, as also had Sazonov. The French

1916 Ambassador said, "Ne laissez tomber jamais la conversation."

Feb. 13. L. The favour shown me was almost unique. The Embassy cannot ask for any private person to be granted an audience. There had not been a similar case, and they did not know what clothes I ought to wear. Fortunately, having sent early in the morning to ask about this, I heard by telephone that I was to appear in dress clothes.

I left my hotel at 12.40 and took the train for Tsarskoe Selo, where a Court carriage awaited me at the station. At the palace I was shown first into a room in the suite always occupied by the Grand Duchess Serge on her visits to her sister, the Empress. Prince Dolgorukov soon came and fetched me, when, passing through the great gallery, I found, to my surprise, Mlle. Olive waiting for the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, who was at luncheon with the Emperor and Empress.

The Grand Duchess told me at dinner next day that she had not known I was to be received to-day, but that during luncheon the Emperor read out my name from the day's list of audiences.

After Prince Dolgorukov and I had sat with Mlle. Olive for a few minutes she told me not to linger, as the Emperor always escorted the Grand Duchess to her automobile, traversing the gallery, and I ought not to meet him before he had received me.

So we continued our way to the great drawing-room at the end of the gallery, where everybody had to wait before being received by the Emperor.

Three officers were already there waiting to be decorated with the St. George's Cross. They were called before me.

After a few minutes I was summoned by an attendant in the livery of an eighteenth-century courier, wearing a flat hat with a huge bunch of red-and-yellow ostrich feathers on the left side. He conducted me along a corridor to the Emperor's *cabinet de travail*. I found him standing near the door. On receiving me he said, "I am so pleased you were able to come to-day, as I leave to-night at 10 for the Front." This put me at my ease. He said, "I know your face; I think we must have met before." I replied, "I think, sir, you may have seen me at the Feodorovski Sobor [cathedral], as I have permission to attend Your Majesty's church." His simplicity wins one's heart.

He said the Empress knew my name. At luncheon—so the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna also told me later—the Emperor said to her, "Why don't you receive him after me?" She replied that she had to go to her hospital. I am glad, as it might have shortened my time with him.

We crossed the room to his writing-table: in Russia they are all enormous. The Emperor then asked me to sit down, and offered me cigarettes. As I was trying to get my match-box out, he thought I was taking out my cigarette-case, and said, "Perhaps you would rather smoke your own?"


He conversed with me for very nearly an hour, talking of the Empress Marie—whose ill-treatment by the Germans at the beginning of the war he

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declared he would never forgive—and of her unhappiness at being unable to see her sister, Queen Alexandra ; of the Heir Apparent and his health ; of his accompanying Queen Victoria to visit a near relative of my own in London. I explained the object of my visit to Russia, and then we got back to politics and the war—America, Zeppelins, Belgium, munitions, and God knows what !

We talked of Peter the Great ; of Queen Elizabeth and John the Terrible, who wanted to marry her. I recounted the Torneo incident,* and some of my own war experiences : the exodus from Paris in August 1914 ; the Battle of the Marne ; my automobile accident at the evacuation of Ostend, October 14, 1914 ; my visit to Ypres, November 8, 1914. I related how Lady Ripon, in the King George the Fifth Hospital, with her wonderful instinct for organisation, got hold of sixty-six pianos from friends and acquaintances for the wounded soldiers' entertainment at Christmas, returning them all next morning to their lenders.

The Emperor listened with deep interest while I told him about the Irish Catholic lad lying mortally wounded in the hospital of Princess Murat at Chambly in September 1914. Seeing he was sinking fast, she asked if he had messages to send home. "None," he answered. A few moments passed ; then, raising himself slowly in his bed, he said in a loud, firm voice, "I die for King George and England !" and fell back dead.

 He asked me, "Where are you staying ? I hope

* See Jan. 21, *supra*.

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FEODOROVSKI SOBOR, THE EMPEROR'S CHURCH AT
TSARSKOE SELO

you are comfortable ? ” I named my hotel, and he remarked, “ I believe there’s a newer hotel, but I can’t remember the name. ” I said the new hotel was the rendezvous of a not very attractive clientèle. He laughed—“ Perhaps you are getting old ? ” I rejoined, “ No, sir ! It’s the ladies that are old ; I still feel quite young. ”

Happening to mention that as soon as anybody arrived in Petrograd from London and Paris he was beset with friends anxious to hear of the fashions, gossip, and literature, of the last new plays at the Paris theatres, and so on, I compared it to the arrival of a traveller in the days of Catherine the Second. The Emperor rejoined, “ It reminds me of the time of Ivan the Terrible, when Russia’s only seaport was Archangel, just as it is now. ”

Alluding to the subject of reputations lost in the war, the Emperor remarked to me : “ One ought not to judge any person who may be thought to have failed in his duty or his judgment until the war is over ; for it might well happen that those who are now severely criticised will, before the end, be found to have been right after all. ”

We talked much of Lord Kitchener, and I related that it was entirely due to him and to his name with his countrymen that the colossal volunteer enlistment had been carried through in England. When I expressed a hope that Lord Kitchener’s name was known and respected in the Russian Army the Emperor instantly answered, “ I should think so indeed ! We should all feel it deeply if he were to leave the War Office. ” On the spur of

1916

the moment, and wishing to say what was pleasant, I answered, "There is no chance of that, sir." He replied with emphasis, "That's very good news." Mentioning General Callwell, who had expressed to me his great devotion to Lord Kitchener, the Emperor spoke with evident appreciation of him, telling me he was looking forward to the English General's return with lots of news "*and other things.*"

What impressed me most of all was his *cri du cœur*, "The most agreeable of all my duties is going to the Front." He is to be away at the Front for twelve days.

When the Emperor wished me good-bye he said, "If you leave without my seeing you again, please convey to the King and Queen that I am always thinking of them, and lay all my affectionate love at their feet."

On leaving I returned with Prince Dolgorukov and the officer on guard to tea in the Grand Duchess Elizabeth's apartments, leaving at 4.15 for Petrograd.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit and am quite pleased with myself.

I dined with my Grand Duchess and her youngest son next day, to tell her all about it, and when they heard I had been there three-quarters of an hour, that I had sat down all the time, and had smoked cigarettes with him, they both said, "It is unheard of! You don't know what audiences are—ten minutes at the longest, and standing up!"

SYEROV'S PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR 51

I send you a post card of Syerov's wonderful portrait of the Emperor, which has all his charm. Syerov's picture was hung in the Winter Palace.*

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To Prince Gorchakov's at tea-time, where I led a children's cotillon, and dined at the French Embassy to meet the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna. A long conversation with Sazonov, who told me he loved the Emperor.

Tuesday,
Feb. 15. D.

To the anniversary requiem for the Grand Duke Vladimir at the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. Much touched by the Grand Duchess sending her equerry to bring me on to her palace. Passed by English Embassy, where I was already engaged to luncheon, to explain that I could not come.

Thursday,
Feb. 17. D.

At the opera. All the Allies' National Anthems were sung in honour of the taking of Erzurûm.

To see Trepov, Minister of Ways and Communications, who had been commanded by the Emperor to receive me. To ballet, where Fokine's *Andalusian Jota*, danced by his wife, was given for the first time. The scenery was remarkable—the dance takes place on a plateau with nothing but the Sierra Nevada in the far distance.

Saturday,
Feb. 19. D.

After dinner with the Grand Duchess Vladimir, to a soirée at the Academy, of which she is the President. A charming evening, with Karsavina dancing. Afterwards an auction of prints and drawings on behalf of the Red Cross.

Monday,
Feb. 21. D.

Having an Embassy ticket for the opening of

Tuesday,
Feb. 22. D.

* During the Revolution of 1917 a boy was carrying it across the Winter Palace square; he was stopped by Bolsheviki, who slashed it in pieces and stamped it into pulp.

1916 the Duma, was much disappointed at their asking for it back at the last moment—too late for me to get another from my Russian friends. In the afternoon heard that the Duma had been opened by the Emperor, accompanied by the Grand Duke Michael. No one knew of this till he arrived there.

Monday,
Feb. 28. D. Luncheon at the Embassy with General Sir Arthur Paget and Lord Pembroke, who had come to deliver to the Emperor the Field-Marshal's baton sent him by King George. When the time came for making the ceremonial presentation, and the General had begun his speech, it was found that the baton had been left on the piano in another room, and had to be hastily fetched.

Saturday,
Mar. 11. L. On Sunday last, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Kchessinskaia's entrance to the ballet, she took over the house and sold all the tickets herself, and gave the money (£3200) to the Red Cross. She danced the *Talisman*—her great success. Sir Arthur Paget was in the centre Imperial box, and "God Save the King" was played, and he bowed all round. A fine house. Three Grand Dukes in their side box.

Monday,
Mar. 13. L. Yesterday went to church at Tsarskoe Selo. The Empress drove away with the second daughter, and the Emperor with the other three, and the little boy in a sledge with three horses. They all looked so happy together.

Tuesday,
Mar. 14. D. At 11.30 to the votive church for the anniversary requiem for Alexander II. Church crowded with Government officials and important members of the Imperial household.

After visits to the Grand Duchess and the Embassy, left Petrograd in the evening for Tiflis. Found Terestchenko in the train: we talked in my cabin from 4 to 5. Between Baku and Tiflis saw pelicans and storks fishing in the marshes and camels working in the fields. Arrived at Tiflis 3 p.m.

1916
Friday,
Mar. 17. D.

TIFLIS. General Callwell at luncheon at my hotel—just back from the frontier and Batum. He came to decorate the Russian General who had taken Erzurûm, but—the roads being almost impassable—the latter had to come to the frontier to receive his English order.

Wednesday,
April 5. D.

TIFLIS. Visited the old churches and Armenian bazaar. In the afternoon saw the new moon and the first swallows.

Friday,
April 7. D.

TIFLIS. I must own to you that Tiflis has been a disappointment after all I had been told about it. The hotel life here is delightful—some twenty Cossack Georgian officers, *en congé* or *en convalescence*, all live or eat in the hotel.

Sunday,
April 9. L.

Amongst them is the great Tolstoy's youngest son—great fun! They remind me of the Sicilians, and run in and out from their meals all the time. They all have improbable waists, and are hung with poignards and swords. They are trying to get up a Georgian cavalry regiment, but the question of horses and saddles is difficult. If they do, I shall join them as *invité* on June 15 and do the summer campaign with them: they say I could be of use in many ways. All Georgians are born warriors.

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I went to see Prince Napoléon Murat yesterday. He was frost-bitten in the knees in Galicia, and about a month ago he fell down just as he was getting better, and has been in bed for a month, but now he is picking up again. I told him all I could about France: the tears came to his eyes. He is adored here. He was pleased to hear that the Emperor had spoken of him.

I wish Trebizond could be taken while I am here, but the Turks are very strong there and have been reinforcing since the fall of Erzurûm. The food is excellent in the hotel—rice with nearly everything and black cherry jam; almond and pistachio tarts, also wine; so I am all right.

Tuesday,
April 11. *D.*

TIFLIS. Would have liked to motor over the Caucasian Mountains and take the train at Vladikavkas, but the road is not yet opened and no automobile has come over from there, so took seats in train for Petrograd.

Wednesday,
April 12. *D.*

TIFLIS. The hotel courier, George—whose family had been massacred by the Turks near Erzurûm—rushed in and said a motor-car had arrived from Vladikavkas and he had engaged it for me for to-morrow morning.

Thursday,
April 13. *D.*

Left hotel in automobile exactly 6.45 a.m. Reached the summit 1.20 p.m. (127 versts). Excellent road cut through deeps now on the top. Arrived at Vladikavkas at 4.

Friday,
April 14. *D.*

VLADIKAVKAS. Joined the train at 5 a.m. which had left Tiflis thirty-eight hours before. Glorious morning; saw the sun rise over the mountains.

CROSSING THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS 55

PETROGRAD. Arrived midday.

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Sunday,
April 16. *D.*
Tuesday,
April 18. *L.*
*to Marchioness of
Ripon.*

I came away from Tiflis by the military road across the Caucasus Mountains, 8000 feet high. The road was better than might have been expected, as I was in the first automobile to cross this year. One comes down on the north side through a narrow defile with a dashing torrent. The chauffeur was not very attentive to his car, and preferred looking over the precipices to looking at the turnings in front of him. I had at last to threaten him with personal violence. I had paid for the journey before leaving.

As we flew down this narrow defile there rose suddenly in the middle of it a great detached rock or small hill with a ruined castle on it. It was there that "Tham'ara" in the Russian ballet lured her victims. Furtively the chauffeur pointed at it with one hand, but did not dare to turn round to say anything, so I leant forward and said, "Schto takoi?" ("What is it?"), and he only said, "Tham'ara." I looked up quickly, and through a window could picture the voluptuous almond eyes of Karsavina as "Tham'ara" looking for another victim, and beneath the rocks the bleached bones and nose of dear Mr. Bolm.

There I was, at the foot of the very castle we had so often—sitting in your box at Covent Garden—admired the interior of, and through its window gazed on the view of the defile. I fancied I saw one of her cushions at the window as I flew down the road seeking safety for my virtue and my bones.

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I think "Tham'ara" must have lived on trout and mutton—as there is nothing else in the country—and of course on rice, like every good Georgian. After the war I shall propose to you to come out and see the castle and Mr. Bolm's skeleton.

When the Russians got to Erzrûm there was not one Christian alive save six girls in the American Consulate. The guide of the Tiflis Hotel was a Christian Turk, not Armenian, and his town was a little to the south of Erzrûm. There all the Christians were also massacred—840, including his old grandmother.

Tell his lordship I saw in the Caucasus herons, storks, pelicans, white eagles with black tips to their wings, many kestrels and buzzards, flamingos, yellow water-wagtails and dark red woodpeckers, magpies and jays, heaps of ducks, I think shel-drakes (but not near enough for me to distinguish), and one kingfisher.

All the fruit-trees were in blossom in the valleys at Tiflis—peaches, apricots, plums, and cherries.

I dined with the Grand Duchess last night. I found her well and in good spirits; we talked much about you. She declares she never hears any news when I am away! The family have been much exercised where the Emperor will be at Easter. The Emperor spends Easter at the Front.

Wednesday,
April 19. *D.*

Last night, in the street, from a friend in the Secret Service, heard of the taking of Trebizond. Immediately wrote this to the Grand Duchess, who was at dinner with her three sons; none of them knew it. Luncheon to-day with the Grand Duchess,

and afterwards saw from the palace windows the ceremony of the opening of the Neva. The Governor of the Peter-Paul Fortress stood at the river-side entrance, where he was first saluted by the State barge of the town, on which he embarked. He was then met by the barges of the Admiralty and the Preobrajenski Guards and escorted to the Winter Palace. Afterwards I went to Pavlosk to see Prince Christopher of Greece, who is staying with his mother, Queen Olga. Fine old English prints in all the corridors.

1916

Orthodox Good Friday, same day as ours this year—rare. To luncheon off caviare at Polovtsov's. He most kindly took me to the St. Alexander Nevski Lavra (monastery) to see the Good Friday Procession from one church to the other. The "Tomb"—which is a flat picture of the dead Christ—was carried by four of the clergy, the Metropolitan walking underneath the icon, bearing it on his uplifted hands. At 7 to the Grand Duchess Vladimir's church, where the three Grand Dukes carried the "tomb." Afterwards dined *maigre* with her and her children.

Good Friday, April 21. D.

This afternoon, while watching the crowd out of the window of my room, suddenly realised that the curtains were on fire. Before I could get help half the room in flames. My only consolation was to hear later that the flag was hoisted on the fire-tower at the end of my street, which dates from earliest Petrograd.

Holy Saturday, April 22. D.

At half-past eleven at night drove to St. Isaac's, where from my *izvoschik* saw the Easter procession

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passing round the cathedral. The Peter-Paul Fortress cannon were firing minute guns. Then to the Grand Duchess Vladimir's church, where the Divine Liturgy was not over till one in the morning. We sat down to supper, forty-two people at three tables. I was on the Grand Duchess's left. At a quarter to three the Grand Duke Dmitri drove Princess Susie Belosselski * and me to the Michael Gorchakovs, where we stayed till 5.

Easter
Sunday,
April 23. *D.*

At noon returned to the Vladimir palace. The Grand Duchess presented each of the entire household—over two hundred—with an Easter egg, and afterwards her eldest son, the Grand Duke Kyryll, gave everybody the Easter kiss, except the old Lutheran housekeeper. I, with those who had at different times accompanied Her Imperial Highness to the Front, was presented with a platinum badge of her initials entwined round a Red Cross.

Monday,
April 24. *D.*

In the morning to the Admiralty. In the afternoon to a children's party at the Grand Duchess Vladimir's. Great fun with the children hunting all over the house for hidden Easter eggs. Back to dinner there. Grand Duke Boris proposed my leaving with him on Wednesday for Kiev to see the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovich, head of the Air Service.

Wednesday,
April 26. *D.*

Left at 5.30 for Kiev. Dined with Grand Duke Boris in his private car, with Countess Zamoyska and Grand Duke Sergei Michailovich.

At Gomel Station met General Lukomski, who

* Princess Suzanne Belosselski, *née* Whittier, *m.* Prince Serge.

had been so kind and courteous to me at the War Office—which he left at the same time with the Minister of War, General Polivanov. He was on his way to take up a command in the South-Western Army. 1916

KIEV. Arrived here 6.15 a.m. Luncheon with a lot of officers, and to the ballet with them in the evening. Supper and bed at 5 a.m. Friday, April 28. D.

KIEV. To write my name on Grand Duke Alexander. Dined with the Ambassador, Lady Georgina and Miss Meriel, who had just arrived from a fortnight's stay in the Crimea. Saturday, April 29. D.

KIEV. To-day is the Tyszkiewicz-Branicka* marriage at Bielozervig, two hours from Kiev, to which all Poland was going. The Grand Duke Boris was sent by the Emperor to represent him. One hundred and thirty-five sat down to breakfast, served on Louis-Quinze *vermeil*. The house, where I stayed in 1909, is crammed with priceless *objets d'art*. The Grand Duke Boris sent his A.D.C. to ask me to dinner in my hotel. We were thirty-two—all wedding guests just returned from the wedding. Sunday, April 30. D.

KIEV. After luncheon with the Grand Duke Boris he drove me to the Grand Duke Alexander's, who was out. He went in and explained my mission to the A.D.C. We returned to the hotel. Later Grand Duke Alexander telephoned to me to come, and I went. He listened most attentively to what I had to say and then asked me for European news. He told me he had heard from an American in Paris, who wrote of nothing but amusements and Monday, May 1. D.

* Count Benedict Tyszkiewicz, *m.* Countess Rose Branicka.

- 1916 the weather. This selfishness and indifference horrified him.
- Friday,
May 5. L. PETROGRAD. Arrived Wednesday. Saturday* is the Empress's name-day, when the whole family has luncheon at Tsarskoe Selo. Princess Susie Belosselski's son was married last Sunday in their beautiful old house on the Christovski Island. Being a lovely day, everybody was in the garden.
- Sunday,
May 7. D. Alone to Peterhof. It's so beautiful — like Hampton Court, with the sea instead of the river, the woods carpeted with flowers, and no tourists yet; the fountains only begin next Sunday.
- Tuesday,
May 9. D. An attaché of our Embassy died quite suddenly, and we all went to the funeral yesterday; the French Ambassador walked with us to the cemetery in a blazing sun. Greenway was only twenty-three, a very nice boy.
- Thursday,
May 11. D. Snowing deliberately and the roofs quite white. Luncheon at the Grand Duchess's to-day to meet Prince Christopher of Greece, who leaves to-morrow. Afterwards accompanied her to the Academy, where there was a fine exhibition of English posters.
- Monday,
May 15. D. The Grand Duchess's birthday. Took her a pink rose-tree. Then to her church for *Te Deum*. At luncheon (sixty-two *couverts*) I was the only foreigner. Grand Duke Paul proposed her health. In the evening the two *demoiselles d'honneur* gave a musical party in their apartments, followed by a surprise supper and the Grand Duke Boris's orchestra. Supper at 1.30; daylight at 2; home at 3. All very pleasant and gay.

* April 23, O.S., St. George's Day.

Emperor's birthday, and Monday * another holiday! This month, with Sundays, there are eleven holidays in thirty-one days. This is like the kingdom of Naples before 1860.

1916
Friday,
May 19. D.

Saw the first basket of cherries and sent them to the Grand Duchess. Every one in love with Albert Thomas—the Grand Duchess says he is delightful. Back in my burnt-out room, smelling of paint, but spick and span, with new curtains.

Sunday,
May 21. D.

I have made great friends with Lady Muriel Paget, who has come out about the Anglo-Russian Hospital. I find her charming, and also efficient. The Anglo-Russian Hospital was in splendid isolation and she has already made it more human and more useful.

Wednesday,
May 24. L.

I took her to see the Grand Duchess on Sunday about the field hospital going to the Front. The Grand Duke André came in, and in a minute he had telephoned for her to see the General commanding the Guards Division, to which she had hoped to be attached; so now it's all fixed up. The Grand Duke André arranged it all and Lady Muriel is to leave directly. The Grand Duchess, who has taken immensely to her, yesterday visited the hospital and was received by the Ambassador. She spoke to all the wounded men and afterwards went with Lady Muriel to her room to talk over the field hospital.

It is a pleasure to do anything for Lady Muriel; she is so quick and grateful.

In the afternoon went to the Cour des Pages

Sunday,
May 28. D

* Feast of St. Nicolas, the Emperor's patron.

1916 for the blessing of the field hospital, and walked away with General Hanbury - Williams. The Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna assisted at the ceremony.

Monday,
May 29. D. To Liphart's studio—a great portrait painter—where the Grand Duchess was sitting for her picture, which is to hang permanently at the Academy. He told me his son was in the Russian Mission in London. It was he who was sent from London to Paris to announce the confirmation of my Admiralty order telegraphed by the Emperor's command.

Tuesday,
May 30. D. Heard under seal of secrecy that O'Beirne was coming with Lord Kitchener. From England had also heard of their intended departure, but considered myself still under the seal. To-night at dinner I met several friends of O'Beirne, who was simply worshipped by all classes of society in Russia during his nine years at the Embassy. To one of the ladies I said I would tell her fortune if she would cut the cards. Whatever she cut I intended to say that a great friend was coming to see her. She cut "*an unmarried man,*" "*a journey,*" "*an accident,*" and "*death.*" But I only said a friend was making a journey to see her; nobody guessed who it could be. There was then in Petrograd no idea of any English Mission coming.

Monday,
June 5. D. To the Embassy, to speak to His Excellency about an American loan offered to Russia by the National City Bank, which had got hung up and seemed more than likely to fall through. Without hesitation he said he would do all he could for it.

AMERICAN FINANCES IN PETROGRAD 63

The Bank representatives who had come from New York wanted him to say a word to Sazonov. The matter was in the hands of Bark, Minister of Finance.

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Returned to the hotel to tell the financiers, who asked if I thought the Ambassador would receive them before speaking to Sazonov. I immediately wrote to him and took the letter myself.

To dinner with the Grand Duchess, who broke to me that her Red Cross train was too full to take me to the Front, as promised.

Met the Ambassador on the quay. He stopped me and said he had seen the financiers and agreed with all they said, and had laid the position before Sazonov, who was going that night to Stavka. At the hotel dined on the roof with the Americans, and afterwards went to their apartments to play bridge. I was playing the hand when I was called to the telephone from the Embassy. My partner answered. When I had made "grand slam" I went to the telephone and was told the appalling news of the death of Lord Kitchener and everybody with him on board. My knees gave way beneath me: I collapsed.

Tuesday,
June 6. *D.*

Before going to the Grand Duchess, who had telephoned me to come to luncheon, looked in at the Embassy, but there was no further news. Afterwards she went to see the Empress Alexandra at Tsarskoe before leaving at night for the Front.

Wednesday,
June 7. *D.*

During the day all Petrograd passed by the Embassy for any news of O'Beirne.

Decided to spend four days on the Volga to rest.

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Great anger here at such valuable lives being risked with apparently no precautions.

Thursday,
June 8.
*L. to Sir
George
Arthur.*

Yesterday Grand Duchess Vladimir talked a great deal about Lord Kitchener and England. She charged me to tell you how deeply she felt for *you*. I fully realise the immensity of your grief and the magnitude of your loss.

It is a terrible tragedy for Russia that the great man was never to get here. He would have been invaluable to everybody, from the Emperor to the raw recruit.

The recruits of May 1 have come in and are settling down. The streets again are full of sections drilling at various stages; every drill-hall is overflowing. The men are much finer than those of last October, which is accounted for by twenty-two months of "No alcohol." I constantly pass before the barracks of the Pavlovski Guards—"snub-noses"—founded by the Emperor Paul, who had hardly any nose! Magnificent men, but the tallest are kept for the Preobrajenski Guards—first regiment in the Russian Army. They are now learning to march with their long stride, to pout out their chests, and to salute with the chin in the air. The Russian soldier is a simple, earnest creature, born to be commanded; when properly led, invincible—not only because of his great personal bravery, but because his individuality is merged in that of his commander.

Saturday,
June 10. *D.*
Sunday,
June 11. *D.*

To Nicolai station for Rebinsk.

REBINSK-ON-THE-VOLGA. At a wayside station heard the heart-rending cries of a young peasant-

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woman seeing off her soldier husband. The uncontrolled cries of the people recall animals separated from their young. Drove straight to the steamer office, got my cabin key, and went on board. Up stream to Yaroslav, which, standing on its white cliffs, with its classical church embedded in trees, commands one of the most beautiful reaches of the Volga.

NIJNI NOVGOROD. Arrived at 3 p.m. and visited the Kremlin and cathedral with its wonderful ancient icons, and left at night. From my cabin could hear the nightingales singing as we went along. Bright moonlight.

Monday,
June 12. *D.*

VOLGA. River really rough with strong headwind; some people ill. Cloudless sky. At every landing-stage children were offering armsful of lilies of the valley for almost nothing. From a big monastery on the bank large crowds of Whitsuntide pilgrims came on board. Arrived Kasan at 6 p.m. Left steamer and drove to hotel.

Tuesday,
June 13. *D.*

KASAN. In the morning visited the Kremlin, the cathedral, and the monastery from which the celebrated icon of the Virgin was taken by Peter the Great to Petersburg. In the afternoon to see the Tartar quarter and the mosques. At night drove to the steamer-pier, three miles over the plain at the foot of the town, which is covered with water when the ice melts. Left at midnight up stream. "Mother Volga" is too beautiful for words—one of the few things in my life I have really found better than I expected.

Wednesday,
June 14. *D.*

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Friday,
June 16. *D.* NIJNI NOVGOROD. A picturesque town of old wooden houses amidst gardens on the side of wooded cliffs. To reach the Moscow station one has to cross a tributary river by ferry. A sudden tempest with drenching rain prevented the ferry-boat from making the opposite pier. It was only after five "tries" that we managed to get alongside. People on the boat much alarmed, except a little nine-year-old girl with long golden hair, whom I sheltered inside my waterproof; she laughed at the panic and the storm. I carried her off the boat and she kissed me.

Station situated in the quarter where the annual fair takes place. Busy building going on for the fair. Wherever train stopped, mushrooms, lilies of the valley, and nightingales.

Sunday,
June 18. *D.* PETROGRAD. Arrived from Moscow this morning. To-night American loan signed.

Friday,
June 23. *D.* Walking down the Nevski I overtook a religious procession in the midst of the trams and traffic. Who should be out for a walk but the icon of the Kasan Virgin, who lives in the Kasan Cathedral, accompanied by her own metropolitan with his walking-stick. I followed her into her church, and saw her popped into her frame again. She has a huge emerald on her chest, and a diamond crown.

No service to-day at the Grand Duchess's church. She is the head of the Pompiers; it is their annual review, so hears Mass with them—I go to luncheon.

Tuesday,
June 27. *D.* Sazonov is settled in the big palace at Tsarskoe for the summer. Letter from Buckingham Palace

thanking me for the complete series of War Loan picture placards.

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Princess Orlov had luncheon with me at Félicien's. Afterwards in glorious weather we walked to Kristovski to see Prince Belosselski, her father, who showed me his wonderful collection of pictures, buhl, and *objets d'art*.

TSARSKOE SELO. Moved here yesterday to pass the summer with the Grand Duchess Vladimir. Sunday, July 2. D.

To the Emperor's church; the Empress and daughters were there. The dear little boy is away at Stavka with the Emperor. His Swiss tutor is with him, and he does his lessons on the veranda—sometimes! There is also a good deal of boating, rowing, and picnics—perhaps just a little too much.

TSARSKOE SELO. Motored with the Grand Duchess to Petrograd—her weekly visit to her committees. She received the American financiers, whom I took to see her. Sazonov dined. He promised to do all in his power to further a matter I was interested in. Alluding to Lord Kitchener he said, "Really England is too careless of her great men's lives." Friday, July 7. D.

TSARSKOE SELO. Drove after luncheon to Grand Duke Boris, and motored with him to Terrijoki, in Finland, to stay with General Nostitz. A lovely *dacha* (villa) in the midst of pine-trees and birches, with lawns and flowers down to the sea. Kronstadt in the distance. Down the avenue the full moon rose across the sea, whilst we were dining in the veranda. Wednesday, July 12. D.

1916
Friday,
July 14.

D. TERRIJOKI. Yesterday we all went for a picnic in boats up the Black River. A miniature Maidenhead Reach. River full of trout and salmon. Tea on the bank. To-day motored back to Tsarskoe with Grand Duke Boris. Passing Petrograd race-course, went into Imperial box for two races. On Tsarskoe road stopped for the Grand Duke to speak to Countess Brassov, wife of Grand Duke Michael.

Tuesday,
July 18.

D. TSARSKOE SELO. In the afternoon motored to Petrograd with the Grand Duchess to the Admiralty Pier. A steam-launch was waiting to take her down the river to the harbour of Vassili Ostrov, where she landed to inspect an enormous tent made by sailors for one of the thirteen organisations. On the island are two little houses of the time of Peter the Great. It was here that he had his galleys built. We visited two galleys—one built in the time of Catherine II, the other in that of Alexander I.

Friday,
July 21.

D. TSARSKOE SELO. Duc de Luynes, Marquis de Flers, on their way to Rumania, and Chambrun of the French Embassy dined. Prince Nicolas of Greece arrived at 11.

Monday,
July 24.

D. TSARSKOE SELO. We all went to the Grand Duke Paul's palace for tea in the garden. In the large drawing-room the two little girls of the Princess Palei acted a play in blank verse, written by their brother in French. The piece was delightful and beautifully acted.

Friday,
Aug. 4.

D. TSARSKOE SELO. St. Mary Magdalen. At luncheon forty *couvert*s. Left afterwards for Petrograd about passport, so missed meeting Empress and

her daughters. Returned for dinner. The Grand Duchess received me in her *cabinet de travail* to wish me *bon voyage*.

1916

PETROGRAD. Came up last night. Havery, the Embassy Messenger, fetched me 6.30 a.m. Picked up the bags at the Embassy and left for England.

Saturday,
Aug. 5. D.

TORNEO. Found my Customs friend most civil. He sent everything to the river steamer without examination. Met Bark, Minister of Finance, with General Waters, just returning from London. In Finland railway-stations, on paying for one's luncheon, one is handed knife, fork, napkin, plate, etc., and eats as much as one likes!

Sunday,
Aug. 6. D.

BERGEN. Steamer left half an hour late, because Mrs. Leverton Harris had lost her luggage. Sleeping on deck after luncheon, before leaving the fjords for the open sea, was sent for by Captain. He expected the steamer to be stopped by German submarines, and said the F.O. bags ought to be weighted. The ship's carpenter put iron into the *coulisses* of the bags and deposited them on deck handy to throw overboard. Ship stopped suddenly in the night. Rushed on deck and found only a sea-fog. Arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Thursday,
Aug. 10. D.

PETROGRAD [*on his return from England*]. Train arrived punctually.

Sunday,
Sept. 24. D.

Holy Cross Day. To Tsarskoe Selo to evening service at Feodorovski Sobor, which so impressed me last year. The Empress and four daughters were there.

Tuesday,
Sept. 26. D.

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Sunday,
Oct. 1. D.

First snow. Last night to British Colony Hospital for excellent performance given before the Ambassador by English submarine sailors from Reval; laughed immoderately.

Thursday,
Oct. 5. D.

Heard of the death of my old friend, Alexis Orlov, in Paris. To Narodnie Dom (People's Palace) to first performance of a new opera brought from Moscow. Lovely music, ballet, and *mise en scène*; Russian historic subject.

Grand Duke Boris telephoned from Tsarskoe that his automobile would fetch me to-morrow midday. I have a petition to give him for the Emperor.

Wednesday
Oct. 11. L.

First frost. 24° Fahrenheit. It is quite true about Serge Obolenski. He marries Princess Bariatinski, the youngest morganatic child of the Empress Alexander II. She is very beautiful; all the mothers of marriageable daughters are furious. The deaths of Alexis Orloff and Prince Abamelek have given us all much to talk about as they were both very rich. I used to stay with Alexis in Paris. His mad dog bit me.

Friday,
Oct. 20. D.

To the Polovtsov's house on the islands for luncheon, where I sat next to the Grand Duchess Vladimir and took leave of her before starting for Paris to-morrow. A house of the time of Alexander I—furniture and *objets d'art* of that epoch—all in the best of taste.

Saturday,
Oct. 21. D.

Havery fetched me at 6.30, and took me to the station for Paris. General Waters and Captain MacCaw in train. MacCaw was certainly the best and neatest travelling companion I have ever had

the pleasure of finding myself with. He was most entertaining, with lots of Stavka stories. 1916

TORNEO. River frozen—enough to stop navigation but not to bear sledges. No bother with Customs. Etter, brother of the Grand Duchess's equerry, and head of the committee for the reception of Russian wounded prisoners from Germany, took me and MacCaw over the huts, where the Russians pass the night before leaving for Petrograd. Splendidly organised, with chapel, baths, and dining-rooms. Then to the island in the river to the German huts. The same excellent organisation. A German prisoner, too ill to be included in the last two convoys, told me he was most comfortable and well looked after. At the top of the church tower is a small window which a king of Sweden had opened to see the Midnight Sun, being only fifteen miles from the Arctic Circle. Sunday, Oct. 22. D.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE [*on return journey to Petrograd*]. After a last fried sole, rumbled in a tumble-down vehicle down the steep and totally unlit streets, in a terrific gale, to the wharf, and got on board at 10 p.m. Sunday, Nov. 19. D.

Woke up at 6.50 a.m. and found we were still alongside the wharf. Blowing big guns. At 7.30 we started, and I dressed so as to be ready to go on deck as soon as we had got out to sea, for on the Tyne it is forbidden for passengers to go on

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deck. From windows of deck saloon saw we were following the Christiania weekly mailboat, *Bessheim*, on which I had crossed in September. The gale increased as we approached the sea. Saw the *Bessheim* in difficulties outside. She suddenly turned round and heeled over, her stern being on the rocks. Big seas broke over her. We returned up stream and moored alongside another steamer. We were not allowed on deck all day. Captain gave me no hopes of leaving before to-morrow midday at earliest. This entailed my losing my compartments reserved everywhere for the direct journey to Petrograd. At 5 o'clock a Customs tug came alongside. I asked them to telephone the authorities if I might come ashore. They returned with the permission at 7 p.m. I left immediately with them, sliding in pitch-darkness down a rope-ladder in a Russian fur coat and pot-hat into what seemed a bottomless gulf. Landed with difficulty at North Shields pier, took an electric train to Newcastle, and arrived in London next morning.

Saturday,
Nov. 25. *D.*

Re-embarked at Newcastle-on-Tyne, after dinner with my Canadian flying friend Lancelot Duke, at 10 p.m. for Bergen. Terrible crossing.

Saturday,
Dec. 2. *D.*

HAPARANDA. Met with the usual and persistent civility from the Swedish authorities, who, every time I have passed through, have always been more than courteous.

Sunday,
Dec. 3. *D.*

Arrived Petrograd.

Monday,
Dec. 4. *D.*

To call on the Ambassador and Lady Georgina then to the Grand Duchess Vladimir's palace. Knowing it was a saint's day, found her at service

where she was much surprised to see me. To luncheon afterwards. Neva not frozen.

1916
Wednesday,
Dec. 13. *D.*

Heard on the highest authority from an Allied Embassy that Germany has made a categorical offer of peace. This was confirmed later by an equally eminent authority. The Neva frozen over.

After service at the Grand Duchess's church we were thirty-seven at luncheon. Grand Duke Boris, back from Persia, was there. Dined with the Grand Duchess, who read me a most pitiful letter just come from the Queen of Rumania, and afterwards talked most interestingly of her relations with Prussia, as a Princess of Mecklenburg. Deep snow; first sledges out this evening.

Sunday,
Dec. 17. *D.*

On foot to the Kasan church, where *Te Deum* was sung for the Emperor's name-day. All the Embassies and the official world were present. I was allowed to enter, being known by the Secret Police. Hearing of the return of the Grand Duke Dmitri from the Front, wrote my name on him. Dined at the Embassy—only English people.

Tuesday,
Dec. 19. *D.*

Went on to supper at Schubine's, where I found—amongst many friends—the Grand Duke Dmitri. I had not seen him for many months. He called me aside into another room, where he discussed with me at great length the whole internal political situation. Having had knowledge both of my loyalty and discretion, he confided to me the steps he thought must be taken to arrest the continued reactionary policy of the Empress, into which she was dragging the Emperor; and how imperative was the removal of evil counsellors.

- 1916
 Wednesday,
 Dec. 20. *D.* Luncheon with Grand Duke Dmitri to see his apartment, rearranged on the ground floor of his palace. At midnight returned to supper there.
- Friday,
 Dec. 22. *L.* Strange things are happening here : the Emperor has exiled Princess Vassiltchikov, a lady of high birth, for writing to the Empress ! Are we back in Peter the Great's reign ? Where will it all end ? I have been warned of a drama which may soon happen. But I dare not breathe a word. Even my frequent visits to Europe might count against me !
- Monday,
 Dec. 25. *D.* At luncheon at Donon's, Savinski talked till half-past three on the general unrest which prevails ; then we walked to the Foreign Office. Christmas dinner at the Embassy ; charades. I told the Ambassador of the departure of the Empress for the Front.
- Wednesday,
 Dec. 27. *D.* Moscow. Arrived at 10.20 this morning. Luncheon at Madam Olive's, with Princess Susie Belosselski and her little boy. With them to the celebrated old convent in which Peter the Great had his half-sister Sophie shut up, and where the nuns make a speciality of embroidery. To the Théâtre des Arts, *Tsar Feodor Ivanovich*—marvelously mounted and beautifully played.
- Saturday,
 Dec. 30. *D.* PETROGRAD. About 5 p.m. was asleep, when Seymour came. A friend in the police, whom he met in the street, told him Rasputin had been shot three times by Felix Yusupov. He did not know if Rasputin was dead. I telephoned to the Embassy but Lady Georgina was out. She rang me up at

5.40 to say she had just heard the report. Meanwhile I had already written to the Grand Duchess Vladimir. In the hotel the rumour was generally known by 7.15. To the French theatre, where in the Imperial box were the Grand Dukes Boris and Dmitri. A cousin of Felix Yusupov's was there, but knew nothing. Nobody knows anything definite. It looks as if the warning I received on December 19 of a tragic *dénouement* before December 31 had come true.

Glorious weather: — 2° Fahrenheit. When I kissed the Grand Duchess Vladimir's hand after Mass I said, "To-day even the sun is shining," but she replied, "We are not yet sure of the fact." We were thirty-four to luncheon; the three Grand Dukes, her sons, also. Grand Duke André has just come back from the Front after two months' absence.

Sunday,
Dec. 31.
Narrative.

Nothing definite known yet; many stories, but all ending in the same way—that Rasputin had disappeared.

I left at 1.16 p.m. on foot for the Embassy: brilliant sunshine; in which the red Embassy was glowing. I found the Ambassador, Lady Georgina, Miss Meriel, General Hanbury-Williams, and Colonel Burn, who had brought the bag. I told them all I had heard about Rasputin's disappearance. I also told the General that I had written home ten days ago that the political situation would end in a tragic *dénouement*. Whilst we were talking, there was brought in a copy of the Police Report * with

* See Appendix III.

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the different arrivals, departures, and police calls at the Yusupov Palace that night.

Every one went away and I sat with Lady Georgina in the corner drawing-room. Lady Sybil Grey called; she said that Felix Yusupov had been on Saturday afternoon to the Anglo-Russian Hospital—which occupies the first floor of the Dmitri Palace—with the Grand Duke Dmitri, to have a fish-bone taken out of his throat. This was the first definite news of Felix Yusupov since the rumours of the murder. To inquiries at the Yusupov Palace the answer all day had been that he had left for the Crimea.

From the Embassy I drove back directly to the Grand Duchess Vladimir's palace and asked to see her. I was shown in immediately. She was in the late Grand Duke Vladimir's *cabinet de travail* on the ground floor, where during the war she always dines and sits after dinner. I told her all I could remember of the Police Report, and then she told me the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich had been put under arrest—an unheard-of thing, for since the murder of the Emperor Paul (1801) no Grand Duke has ever been put under arrest on a grave charge, and on that occasion the Emperor Paul lost his life for only threatening it.

I went back to the Embassy and went straight up to Lady Georgina without being announced. She was alone, and I asked whether I might speak to the Ambassador. She took me to his room and he saw me at once. I told him of the Grand Duke Dmitri's arrest and that Felix Yusupov had tele-

phoned to the Grand Duchess from the Dmitri Palace, "*Il y a un malentendu.*"

His Excellency was much impressed by the news and began to write his dispatch. I asked him whether I might take the Police Report to the Grand Duchess. He said, "Certainly, but bring it back at once." I then drove back to the Grand Duchess's palace and went in at once to her room. She read the document out aloud: nobody was there but I.

When I again got back to the Embassy I went straight up to the Ambassador's room and handed him back the document. He left the room at the same time as I did, going downstairs with his dispatch to the Chancery. Going out I met Bruce in the hall, to whom I announced the Grand Duke's arrest. The Ambassador, before I left, asked me, if I heard any more news, to let him know. As I was dining at the Grand Duchess Vladimir's, who always retired at 10, I said I would telephone anything of importance.

Wore my *schuba* for the first time—5° Fahrenheit—and my clothes were covered with fur. Whilst I was being brushed in the antechamber the Grand Duke Boris came in, and we went together into the *cabinet de travail*, where the Grand Duchess was sitting at her writing-table. We sat down to dinner at once, as he was going to the ballet. The Grand Duchess then said, "I telephoned to Dmitri Pavlovich, and a strange voice first answered me in English; then he himself spoke to me. He swore that he knew nothing about the

1916

Rasputin affair ; that he had left the supper at 4. This was in reply to the Grand Duchess having told him that her sons were outraged at the thought of his being under arrest. He then said it was the Empress who had sent a General to put him under arrest ; that the General apologised for having to do an act which was not strictly *en règle*, but he "hoped the Grand Duke would submit." He also said that the Emperor was to arrive at Tsarskoe to-morrow, and declared that he meant to "raise hell."

During dinner we were all petrified by the Grand Duke Dmitri's denying all knowledge of the affair, and saying that, although he had been to supper there, he had left before 4.

When the Grand Duke Boris left to go to the ballet I went on foot to the Embassy. As it was early I thought I would go in person instead of telephoning. There were lights on the Embassy staircase, so I asked if I could see Lady Georgina, and was shown up to the Ambassador's bedroom ; he was just going to undress. I told him of the Grand Duke Dmitri's absolute denial of any share in the murder—which, after all, is only natural, though he swore it on his own icon. If all the conspirators acknowledged their complicity on the telephone to their friends and relations it might be disastrous to the actual perpetrator or to the whole lot.

I found the Ambassador very much perturbed and tired ; he had been confined to his bedroom for a week. He walked up and down the room ;

I sat by the fire. I wished the Ambassador "Good night" and went and sat with Lady Georgina in her sitting-room. It was then 10.30. She was called to the telephone by Mrs. Beringer, wife of the Reuter correspondent, but he spoke to her. The only news he gave was that the police of the district where Rasputin lived had seen an automobile go to his house about 4 a.m., fetch him and take him away. This is the first actual news I had heard of the arrival of Rasputin at the Yusupov Palace, or rather of his departure to arrive there.

NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

I HAVE got such awful rheumatism in both arms and both hands I can hardly hold a pen.

1917
Tuesday,
Jan. 2. L.
to the
Marchioness
of Ripon.

Rasputin was killed in the Yusupov Palace about 7 a.m. Saturday, December 31. There were present Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, Felix Yusupov, and a Conservative member of the Duma, and two lady friends of Rasputin, who left, protesting, at 4 a.m., so the man had an agony of three hours. All this is from the Police Report which I have got. I happened to be in the very storm-centre. Grand Duke Dmitri was arrested by order of the Empress—illegally, but he submitted, as it gives him a card in his hand. The Emperor arrived post-haste last night from Stavka. I have written minutely in my diary every detail.

THE TRUE AND AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE MURDER
OF GREGORY RASPUTIN, AS RECOUNTED TO
ME ON JUNE 6, 1917, AT YALTA BY THE
PERPETRATOR

PRINCE FELIX YUSUPOV made the acquaintance of the notorious Gregory Rasputin because he was convinced that the removal of this man was abso-

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lutely essential for the safety of Russia. The scene of the Rasputin tragedy was the Palace Yusupov, a long building with twenty-six windows on each floor, overlooking the Moika Canal. The apartments on the ground floor, which the Prince's parents had given to him and his wife, had been in process of redecoration since the beginning of the war. In the meantime they were using as a sitting-room the extreme corner room on the ground floor at the left end of the palace, as seen from the street; and beneath it in the basement had been arranged a dining-room, in which were placed several Italian sixteenth-century cabinets and *objets d'art* of the same period. From the sitting-room on the ground floor a narrow staircase leads to the dining-room in the basement. At the sixth step from the top of the staircase, on the left, a small door opens into the cobbled forecourt of the house adjoining. This house also belongs to the Yusupov family, and its forecourt has trees planted along a wooden palisade which borders the Moika Quay overlooking the Moika Canal.

The deed was definitely planned to take place before Friday, December 29, 1916, because Felix Yusupov was to leave next day with his two young brothers-in-law, to join his wife and spend Christmas in the Crimea with her family. On the fatal night there was no "supper-party." Felix Yusupov went himself to fetch Rasputin—who had never before set foot in the Yusupov Palace—and only with great difficulty persuaded him to come home with him and talk over the

political situation. On their arrival the motor-car drove into the forecourt of the adjoining house. They entered the palace by the small door and immediately went down to the dining-room in the basement.

The Grand Duke Dmitri and M. Purishkevich, a member of the Duma, were at that time in the sitting-room upstairs on the ground floor, and the Police Report leaves no doubt that two ladies were with them, although neither they nor their friends have ever admitted that any ladies were present in the palace that night. Neither the Grand Duke Dmitri nor M. Purishkevich saw Rasputin while he was within the palace.

Arrived in the dining-room, Felix Yusupov engaged Rasputin in a long conversation, in the course of which the latter positively asserted that the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna intended to make herself Regent on January 10 (N.S.).

Rasputin, invited to refresh himself, drank a glass of red wine in which poison had been put. Felix Yusupov himself drank no wine, being a total abstainer. The poison having been bought some three weeks before, its strength had apparently evaporated, and it failed to take immediate effect. There ensued an interminable wait, during which the *moujik*, though he grew drowsy and dazed, did not die, so Felix Yusupov determined, as the night was now far advanced, to shoot the man outright. Accordingly he went upstairs to the ground floor to borrow Purishkevich's revolver. Returning to the dining-room below with the

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weapon held behind his back, he approached Rasputin, who was leaning over the supper-table half dazed, and, touching him on the shoulder, said, "On the cabinet at the end of the room there is a wonderful crucifix." Felix Yusupov was holding the revolver in his left hand, but having Rasputin now on his right side, quickly transferred the weapon behind his back to his right hand, and then shot Rasputin at close quarters through the left side, below the ribs. The *moujik* reeled and fell heavily back on a white bearskin, and Felix Yusupov, believing he was dead, left him lying there, and went upstairs to join his friends on the ground floor.

The Police Report makes it evident that this was the moment when the ladies who had been entertained in the *salon* on the ground floor were persuaded to leave the palace.

Felix Yusupov, after a short interval, in order to make quite sure that Rasputin was dead, descended the staircase and again entered the dining-room. Bending over the body, he was horrified to find that the eyes were not only wide open, but gleaming with tiger-like fury. Suddenly the wounded man raised himself on his elbows and struggled to his feet; then, springing with amazing vitality on Felix Yusupov, seized him by the throat and tried to strangle him, pulling off his epaulettes in the *mêlée*. Finally disengaging himself, the wretched man made off by the staircase with the instinct of a wounded animal to escape out of the trap into which he had fallen.

Finding that the door through which he had entered the palace was unlocked, he passed out into the forecourt of the adjoining house, and then fell down exhausted in the snow.

Meanwhile Felix Yusupov had rushed up the staircase after him and burst into the sitting-room to call Purishkevich, who at once came out into the forecourt and fired four shots at Rasputin, the number mentioned in the Police Report. Two of these must have missed their aim, as only two bullets hit Rasputin, one on the back of the head, and the other fired point-blank at his forehead. The lifeless body was picked up and carried back into the palace to await the return of the motor-car, in which, on arrival, it was placed, driven rapidly out to Kristovski Island, and thrown into a hole in the ice of the Little Neva.

Felix Yusupov returned with the Grand Duke Dmitri to his palace in the Nevski and remained there, the answer to all subsequent inquiries at the Yusupov Palace being that he had "left for the Crimea."

At the inquest subsequently held it was authoritatively recognised that the shot fired in the dining-room must have been mortal.

The police have not the right to enter a house where any member of the Imperial family is present.

All the Imperial Family are off their heads at the Grand Duke Dmitri's arrest, for even the

1917

Emperor has not the right to arrest his family.* It has never been done since Peter the Great had his son Alexei Petrovich arrested, and it was for threatening to arrest the Tzesarevich (Alexander I) that the Emperor Paul was killed.†

Saturday,
Jan. 6. L.

Here we are all expecting anything may happen. I won't write you all the gossip, mostly founded on lies, some on antiquated truths. Dmitri Pavlovich and Felix are kept under arrest, and when the Grand Duke Paul asked on Monday last for his son to be allowed to come and stay in his palace at Tsarskoe Selo the Emperor replied, "The *Empress* cannot allow it for the present"!

The Empress-Mother is still at Kiev; she ought to be here, as her son still fears her a little (not very much). The Allied Embassies would like her back in Petrograd.

Unluckily the bag goes out this afternoon, and I shall only have all the news at dinner as it is the Russian Christmas Eve and I dine at the Grand Duchess's. To-morrow I shall go to the Emperor's church at Tsarskoe Selo to see how they are all getting on down there.

I have been to leave a Christmas present for Dmitri Pavlovich. As I arrived Boris Golitzin was leaving the house. The old butler had told him

* The only cases of the kind on record are: (1) a distant relative of the Emperor Alexander II robbed his mother of her jewels, and (2) another youthful relative ran away with a ballet-dancer and was brought back from the frontier and reduced to the ranks.

† The Emperor Paul's tomb in the Peter-Paul Fortress is always ablaze with tapers, whilst that of his son, believed by the people to be cognisant of his murder, has none.

Dmitri Pavlovich had gone out, but the house is guarded and there was a sentry inside the door. Our Ambassador is very worried. It is real winter and the thermometer varies between 20° and 35° of frost *Fahrenheit*. It's dreadful having two Christmases and two New Year's Days. My writing is unreadable because my arms are so bad, and until the cold goes I don't expect to get better.

I telegraphed to Prince Putiatin at Tsarskoe to know whether I could hear Mass at Feodorovski Sobor to-morrow, Christmas Day, as we who have the *entrée* to the church have to get special permission for the great feasts.

At 8 to dine with the Grand Duchess. We were twenty-eight at dinner. I sat on the left of the Grand Duchess Victoria, just returned from Rumania; the three Grand Dukes dined; all the family looked very disturbed. During dinner the Grand Duchess Victoria told me that Dmitri Pavlovich had left for Persia.

After dinner we all went into the ballroom, where there was a Christmas tree. The Grand Duchess Marie beckoned me to come to her, and told me the events of the day. She was very much upset. She told me that Dmitri Pavlovich had been deported at 2 a.m. that morning to Kasvin, on the confines of the Empire—the Persian border. He had only been told at 9.30 p.m., and his carriage was attached to a 2.30 a.m. train. He left under arrest. He was accompanied by General Lyman, his military tutor from childhood, and by an officer who is responsible for his safe custody. This

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officer was obliged, much against his will, to undertake the charge. His regiment suffers from the insult; the regiment of the Grand Duke wished also to take active steps, but were counselled to do nothing for the moment. The Emperor has refused to see the Grand Duke Paul, his father. His sister came from Tsarskoe to be with him. She said that he broke down for a few minutes just before leaving. Felix Yusupov was sent from the Dmitri Palace, where he had been under arrest since the murder, to a country place of his family south-east of Moscow. Neither of them can be communicated with either by letter or by telegram, nor can they communicate with any one. The Grand Duchess, with her two sons Kyrill and André, sat up until they knew he had left Petrograd.

Her counsels prevailed—that nothing should be done that night. Her other son, Boris, was at his house in Tsarskoe Selo. They did not telephone to him, fearing that in his anger he might do something rash.

I heard to-day that the “Unmentionable” was buried at Tsarskoe Selo; that the Emperor, Empress, and Heir Apparent* were at the funeral, also the Metropolitan Pitirim and Protopopov, the Minister of Home Affairs; these two were both nominees of the dead *moujik*. He is buried in the park where a church was to be erected contiguous to one of the Empress’s hospitals, and his body now lies where the altar will eventually stand.

* The Heir Apparent was not present.

INFLUENCE OF SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN 91

I went to see the Grand Duchess at 6. She told me that Mme. Derfelden, daughter of Princess Palei, had been put under arrest.* She had been to Tsarskoe Selo, to the Christmas tree at the Grand Duke Paul's. When she got back she found all her apartments had been searched and the locks burst. Although no popular revolution is expected yet, never has the situation been so bad. In Russia, after many arrests, assassination usually follows. Anything may happen.

1917
Sunday,
Jan. 7. L.

If only our Ambassador could see the Emperor, I feel sure he could place before him the real situation. The Emperor has always listened to Sir George. Russia is the one country where individuality counts more than in any other country I have lived in. There is no doubt our Ambassador has a position here which no other Ambassador has ever held, nor anybody else holds at the present moment. The meeting of the Duma on January 12 will be a crucial moment, but the danger could be averted if the Emperor would only take the necessary steps.

Had luncheon with the Grand Duchess Vladimir ; the Leon Radziwills also there, and Grand Duke Boris. I took him all the newest "ragtimes" from London for his private band. Stayed on to talk to the Grand Duchess. She said she would like to dine next Monday at the Embassy, so I went there to tell His Excellency.

Monday,
Jan. 8. D.

It seems the Grand Duchess Serge wrote to the Empress Alexandra, her sister, to ask her to come

Thursday,
Jan. 11. L.

* For forty-eight hours only.

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to her convent * in Moscow for a month or so to regain the confidence of the people and to show them she had no desire to interfere in the Government. You may imagine how this proposal was met! We are now threatened with a Regency of the Empire during the Emperor's absence at Stavka. If the worst has to come—and She is prepared to take all risks—better for the poor country it should come quickly!

As you must know, Dmitri Pavlovich and all the family are furious at their prerogatives being touched. No one has the right to enter their houses, and yet that poor boy's house was, by order of the Empress, filled with common soldiers.

I think there is no doubt the "Unmentionable" had an agony of several hours.

The meeting of the Duma is postponed to January 25. If dissolved they will all go to another town to meet. Then will come the great tug of war. It is the *États Généraux* over again. Don't be surprised at the most startling news any time. I wonder what and how much the English newspapers say.

Thursday,
Jan. 11. L.

Please forgive this awful scrawl, but rheumatism in my arms, wrist, and fingers prevent me writing properly. Last Sunday, Orthodox Christmas Day, I went to Tsarskoe, to the Emperor's church: all the family were there, a little worried-looking, after the events of the week—the Emperor very drawn and white; he was very still and looked straight

* After the assassination of the Grand Duke Serge in 1905, his widow became Abbess of the Miséricorde Convent.

before him all the time ; only once he turned and looked into the body of the church, and once, when the sun had come out, he looked up at the dome. Once both he and the Grand Duchess Olga, who always sits next to him, looked down their aisle for a minute or so. Probably the Heir Apparent was doing something to attract their attention, which happens often.

The Empress was all in white and looked *congestionnée* ; I had never seen her so flushed before. The Heir Apparent is a beautiful boy and much grown since I saw him last in the summer. He drove away with his father and mother.

Dmitri Pavlovich without his A.D.C. was deported *Narrative.* at 2 a.m. on Saturday, January 6, to the Persian frontier. News of him has been brought through by a faithful person. There was nothing to eat in the carriage, although he had been assured there would be. His destination was a secret. Even the engine-drivers, who were changed every two hundred versts, were only told the next stage they were to go to. He has arrived, we know, as far as Baku. His destination is Kasvin.

As for Felix, he was put without food or attendance in a second-class carriage attached to a goods train, and took a day and a half, instead of ten hours, to get to Moscow ; his father-in-law, Grand Duke Alexander, met him there. I feel Felix is so clever he will get all he wants, whereas the other boy is always helpless and desolate ; he had *une crise de nerfs*, and completely broke down in the train next day in his famished condition.

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Neither the two boys nor their servants were interrogated by the police or military authorities. They were simply deported.

We all know where the *moujik* was buried, and how and when. It is disgraceful. What is really feared for the Imperial family is that the Empress may make herself Regent while the Emperor is away at Stavka.

You don't know what it is to live in a country where *lettres de cachet* still exist !

Friday,
Jan. 12. D.

Went to see Guy Colebrooke, and on the staircase met the Ambassador, who had just come back from being received by the Emperor at Tsarskoe. His Excellency told me the Emperor had received him standing up in the large drawing-room, where one usually waits before being received. He was half an hour with the Emperor, and was able to tell him everything that he had hoped and intended to tell him.

Though he was looking very tired, I could see how pleased he was to have got it off his mind—like some one who had confessed and communicated. When he left, the Emperor shook him warmly by the hand and thanked him. The nomination of the new Under-Secretary for Home Affairs is as bad as it can be, and encouraged the Ambassador to speak more boldly than he had intended to.

Luncheon at Donon's, where I met Savinski, ex-Minister at Sofia. He told me that Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador in London, was dead. I at once sent a line to the Grand Duchess Vladimir, in case she had not already



THE EMPRESS ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA

heard. Engaged to dinner at the French Embassy, but later, being asked by the Grand Duchess, I had to excuse myself to the Ambassador.

During dinner, while the servants were out of the room, the Grand Duchess told me that she had had drawn up and signed by all the Imperial family now in Petrograd a petition * to the Emperor appealing to the human side of Dmitri Pavlovich's case. This was handed to the Emperor last night.

At half-past nine I left for the French Embassy. I had a long talk with *Son Excellence*, but he told me nothing that I did not already know. He had been received by the Emperor last Sunday, and found him white and drawn and altered, just as I had remarked in church the same day.

On New Year's Eve at supper at Prince Michail Gorchakov's I was told that the answer to the Imperial family's petition on behalf of Dmitri Pavlovich had come couched in the hardest terms.*

Saturday,
Jan. 13. D.

St. Sauveur assured me the Grand Dukes had decided not to go to Tsarskoe Selo to-morrow, New Year's Day, to wish the Emperor a happy New Year. I doubted his news but, not being absolutely sure, did not contradict him.

At the Grand Duchess's after church we were twenty-eight at luncheon; none of her sons were there. The Grand Duchess told me they had gone to Tsarskoe—each in his official capacity—to attend the Emperor's New Year reception. She also told me that the Grand Duke Nicolai Michailovich had come to see her the night before to say good-bye,

Sunday,
Jan. 14. D.

* See Appendix I.

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having been commanded by the Emperor to retire to his estate in the South of Russia.

Thursday,
Jan. 18. *D.*

Dined with the Grand Duchess. She was most interesting, telling me about her early married life at Court, and about the Emperor Alexander II, who was devoted to her. He was kindness itself, although a martinet. She described the Sunday of his assassination—how they were seated at luncheon in her palace when the wife of the concierge of the Millionaia entrance flung open the dining-room door, crying “He’s dead! He’s dead!” Nothing further could be extracted from her. Presently a man-servant ran in and said, “The Emperor has just been driven by—dead in his brougham.” The Grand Duke Vladimir immediately left for the Winter Palace in his carriage, which was always in readiness for him. The Grand Duchess started off as soon as her horses could be put to, and on arriving at the palace followed the blood-stains to the room where the Emperor had been taken. She found him lying on a bed—still conscious, for he recognised her. To her horror she saw that the right foot was hanging by one long sinew.

His kindness of heart cost him his life. When the first bomb had killed a Cossack of his escort and damaged the back of his carriage, the Emperor at once alighted, the coachman, entreating him to get in again, said he could drive him to the palace. The Emperor approached the Nihilist and asked, “What can I do for you? Why do you want to take my life?” The man only hurled another bomb, which exploded between the Emperor’s feet.

SAZONOV AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND 97

On Friday, January 19, Russian Epiphany, I went to the Emperor's church at Tsarskoe Selo. Since I was there last, on their Christmas Day, the whole place is overrun with secret police, which is something quite new.

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Thursday,
Jan. 25. L.

There are all sorts of forecasts of the outcome of the Rasputin tragedy. Though it has been discussed fully and publicly and even in the Press, perhaps after all nothing serious will happen. There are rumours of discontent in the Guards Regiments, especially the Preobrajenski.

When Pokrovski * went to Tsarskoe about the vacant London Embassy the Emperor said, "You have brought a list?" Pokrovski answered, "I have brought only one name, sire." The Emperor said, "I also have only one—Sazonov." Pokrovski said, "That was mine too!"

I went to the Catholic chapel of the Cour des Pages to the Requiem for Count Benckendorff. Our Ambassador, Sazonov, Pokrovski, the family, and many friends were there.

Sazonov leaves in three weeks for London. Kyrill Vladimirovich has been sent on a naval mission to the Far North. André Vladimirovich goes for his health to the Caucasus; so all the Grand Dukes are being gradually dispersed, in order to weaken their opposition. Nicolai Michailovich on his way to his fate passed by Kiev to see the Empress Marie, who adores him, but there is no news of her return.

There is a big dinner at Grand Duchess Vladimir's

* Minister for Foreign Affairs.

1917 on Friday for the Crown Prince of Rumania, to which she has just asked me : as there are to be only young people, I am much touched. To-day I took Colonel Thomson to luncheon there. He is our Military Attaché in Jassy, a great friend of mine. The Crown Prince of Rumania and General Hanbury-Williams were also at luncheon.

Monday,
Jan. 29. *L.* The British Mission arrived this morning. I saw Guy Colebrooke downstairs and asked him to luncheon. He came with Thomson, also Princess Susie Belosselski and Princess Dolly Radziwill, in a private room at Donon's. Dined at General Nostitz's to meet the Grand Duke Boris. At 9.30 I left for the Embassy, where the British Mission were dining to meet the Ministers. I was the only guest invited after dinner ; no ladies were asked. Sazonov introduced me to Bark, Minister of Finance, who said he knew all about me. I talked to Grand Duke Sergei Michailovich.

I shall wait till I come to England to bring my private papers on the murder. They are all in the Chancery for safety ; also a copy of the Grand Duchess's appeal to the Emperor with his answer,* and my diary. One is never sure what the police will do !

All the English newspaper telegrams about Rasputin's murder are incorrect.

Tuesday,
Jan. 30. *L.* The English Mission has been to see the Emperor—who was in tearing spirits—and walked in after the reception and insisted on being photographed with them all. The Ambassador told me this.

* See Appendix I.

They are all to dine there again on Saturday, which was not expected. To-morrow, dinner at the English Embassy.

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Duncannon came up to my room for a chat. Sir Henry Wilson is much liked by every one who meets him here.

I hear the Riga push cost us 95,000 men; no artillery to support them, or Red Cross to bring away the wounded; they were all frozen as they lay.

As I was leaving the hotel at midnight to go to supper at Princess Dolly Radziwill's,* I met most of the Mission coming back from dinner with the Emperor at Tsarskoe. Every one delighted with their evening.

Saturday,
Feb. 3. *D.*

The Mission was at the ballet. All the National Anthems were played. I talked for some time to Sazonov in his box. He told me he had been received by the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor had given him his signed photograph framed, with the dates of his Ministry inscribed.

Sunday,
Feb. 4. *D.*

Luncheon at the Grand Duchess's, with Boris Vladimirovich, Sir Henry Wilson, Lords Brooke and Duncannon, and Captain Valentine, R.F.C. Sir Henry Wilson left at midnight for the Front for ten days.

Wednesday,
Feb. 7. *D.*

A telephone message from the Grand Duchess asking me to go at 11.30 with her to meet the exchanged prisoners from Germany. Drove in her motor to the Viborg station. The train came in a few minutes after—it was all most impressive.

Saturday,
Feb. 10. *D.*

* Princess Dolores, *m.* Prince Stanislas.

1917 When the Imperial Hymn was sung after the *Te Deum* many of the soldiers broke down. They then had a large meal, at tables laid in the sheds built to receive the repatriated prisoners.

Monday,
Feb. 12. *D.* Met the Ambassador, who was going to see Lord Milner just back from Moscow. Walking in the Millionaia, saw a motor-car surrounded by mounted police with drawn swords—evidently a prisoner of some importance being conveyed to the Peter-Paul Fortress.

Tuesday,
Feb. 13. *D.* Luncheon at the Grand Duchess's. Guy Colebrooke and I got there just before the Ambassador, who sat opposite to her. Lords Milner and Revelstoke, George Clarke, Sir Berkeley Sheffield; also Princess Susie Belosselski and Knorring (diplomat). A charming luncheon; the Grand Duchess was at her best.

Wednesday,
Feb. 21. *L.* The Mission is leaving, and now we await calmly —*mais avec de grandes inquiétudes*—the 28th of February, the opening of the Duma. The trains to Moscow are stopped for the revictualling of Petrograd. The little boy at Tsarskoe Selo has been ill with a chill on the kidneys, but is now out of all danger. Petrograd has been quite gay for the Mission. The Grand Duchess Vladimir was the only member of the Imperial family who entertained them except the Emperor. On separate occasions she received at luncheon the civil and the military members of the English Mission, and the French Mission on another day. She most kindly asked me to all. I had a most interesting conversation with General Castelnau after luncheon. Lord Milner

made a good impression, and Sir Henry Wilson cheered us all up. 1917

At 7 I took the train to Tsarskoe Selo to dine with the Grand Duke Boris. We were seventeen at dinner. He had expected the Englishmen, but the Mission had left. *D.*

Drove with Sazonov from our hotel to luncheon at the Grand Duchess's. She gave him her photograph, signed and framed, to take with him to London, saying, "I hope, as soon as the war is over to see it myself on your table at the Embassy." Saturday, Mar. 3. *D.*

At 9.10 p.m. drove to the Nicolaiski Station to see the Grand Duchess off; she was leaving for Kislovodsk in the Caucasus. Kyrill Vladimirovich was there and many of her friends. Sunday, Mar. 4. *D.*

Had luncheon alone at Donon's. Terestchenko, on his way out, sat down at my table. Had not seen him for nearly a year. Dined at the French Embassy; heard there had been disturbances in the streets to-day and some tram-car windows smashed. Wednesday, Mar. 7. *D.*

Drove to the French Hospital. Just after crossing the Nicolai Bridge I met a demonstration singing the "Marseillaise." They were prevented from crossing the bridge, so turned back and went up the 8th Linea Street. I got out of my sledge, and telling the man to wait I joined them and went with them as far as the Bolschoie Prospekt. They were accompanied by Cossacks. They were not harassed at all, and the Cossacks chaffed them and talked to the children: all were on the best of terms. I wanted to see how they behaved and how Friday, Mar. 9. *D.*

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they were treated. *Tout était à l'amiable.* When I left them I walked back to my sledge and went on to the hospital.

Saturday,
Mar. 10.
Narrative.

At 1.45 I heard a great noise outside the hotel and saw the Cossacks ride down the Michail Street and clear the people away, but as soon as the Cossacks had left the people came back, and a man addressed a crowd just in front of the hotel. Shortly afterwards I heard a crash, the breaking of the windows at Pekar's—the café at the corner of the Nevski Prospekt under my hotel. The Cossacks then rode back down the street and the people ran away before them. I leaned out of my window and could see into the Nevski.

I then dressed and went to luncheon at Donon's. Returning along the Nevski towards my hotel I talked for a moment to Savinski. The street was full of the usual people one sees of a Saturday afternoon on the Nevski. The Cossacks, unmounted, were posted by the Moika Canal outside the Strogonov Palace; where the Morskaia crosses the Nevski the patrol was going down to the end of the Prospekt. Returning up the Nevski I went on foot to my hotel. It was a beautiful day. The streets were quite normal and very full. As I turned down the Michail Street I saw, higher up the Nevski, a crowd collected at the Sadovia crossing—whether troops or people I could not make out. Motor-cars and sledges were driving about; there were no people off the sidewalk in the street itself. I went up to my room and added a postscript to a letter I had written to the Grand

Duchess Vladimir in the Caucasus describing the situation ; took the letter down to the porter to be sent by hand to her palace, went upstairs and immediately began to change my clothes, as I was going to a concert of the Boris Vladimirovich Orchestra in a hall in the Mochovaia. I had put on my boots and my trousers when I heard a sound which I knew, but couldn't recall. I opened my window wide and realised it was the chatter of a machine-gun ; then I saw an indescribable sight—all the well-dressed Nevski crowd running for their lives down the Michail Street, and a stampede of motor-cars and sledges—to escape from the machine-guns which never stopped firing. I saw a well-dressed lady run over by an automobile, a sledge turn over and the driver thrown into the air and killed. The poorer-looking people crouched against the walls ; many others, principally men, lay flat in the snow. Lots of children were trampled on, and people knocked down by the sledges or by the rush of the crowd.

It all seemed so unjust. I saw red. I put on a jacket without tie or collar or greatcoat, rushed to my third-floor lift, where I was kept waiting some time. I thought, if I could rally the people, we could capture the guns. When I got downstairs I found the hall and doorway crammed. Only with difficulty could I get out. By now those who had crouched near the wall had got up and were running away. The guns had stopped firing. The street was almost empty ; there was nothing for me to do, so I returned to the hotel, finished

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dressing, and walked to the concert at the Mochovaia. All the sledges had gone home. There were only a dozen people there, who immediately left when I told them what I had seen. The authorities had warned the Grand Duke Boris not to go out.

I don't know what provoked the gun-firing, for the Nevski was quite normal when I went into the hotel. Whether a demonstration had come down from the Sadovaia or not I don't know, but the crowd who rushed down the Michail Street were mostly well dressed.

There were three machine-guns between the Trinity Chapel and the Gastinny Dvor, which could rake Michail Street ; they were placed two in front and one behind. They were surrounded by soldiers, so one could not see them from the street. I saw them from an upper hotel window.

When I got back to the hotel at 6.50 the manager told me that, after I had gone out, the guns had been firing to clear the street, and that four people had been killed at the corner of the Nevski. Alma, the housemaid who looks after me so well, came to my room and said she had been all the time at a window that overlooked the Nevski, and when the machine-guns had fired a second time she had seen a woman and three men shot.

A crowd had come down from the Sadovaia ; when they arrived outside the Municipal Duma opposite my hotel, a man made a speech saying the people wanted the Emperor to know how much they were suffering. The police, not the soldiers,

fired, killing three men: the woman was shot at the corner of the street. The bodies were taken away either by the police or the soldiers; one body was put in a sledge and driven quickly away down the Nevski. Alma saw all this.

I walked to Donon's to dine with Albert Radziwill and Frasso, who had come from Italy on a cinematograph propaganda mission. Afterwards we went on foot to see the Joseph Potockis, and sat there with them, discussing what I had seen in the afternoon.

All the morning I was writing about the events of yesterday. At 2 I went on foot down the Nevski to Donon's. At the corner of Michail Street and Nevski I crossed over to see where the bullets of the police had hit the wall of the Municipal Duma and the shops alongside of it. The police had come up the Nevski from the Kasan Church, and had drawn themselves up under the windows of the "Europe," which give on to the Nevski. The people were unarmed and peaceable citizens.

Sunday,
Mar. 11.
Narrative.

Going to luncheon I noticed there were no trams running, but in the Nevski there were a few sledges. The streets were full, and crowds of Sunday people walking down the middle of the street. There were patrols of Cossacks everywhere. The Cossacks after patrolling would stop at the corners of the streets, get off their horses and talk to the people. I witnessed no unpleasantness at all.

Donon's very full. The usual Sunday band not playing. Talked to Princess Dolly Radziwill, Countess Kreutz, Prince Kudachev, and Prince

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Boris Golitzin, who had been having luncheon together. Countess Kreutz asked me to come to the ballet that evening. On my way to the Hôtel de l'Ours in Big Stable Street found a patrol of cavalry Cossacks drawn across the thoroughfare, and people being refused permission to pass. I hugged the wall at the corner and managed to reach the hotel. On coming out with Madame Derfelden, *née* Scheremetev, I saw the Nevski had been emptied of people. We heard that the police had been shooting the people near the Nicolai station. I proposed to go up the Nevski, but she hesitated. When she did consent to come, a single patrol asked us in dialect, not in Russian, to turn back. He was probably a Mohammedan; Mohammedan troops have been brought expressly to Petrograd.

So we went back down the Big Stable Street, across the Imperial Stable Place, and on to the English Embassy. There were many people about; patrols of cavalry everywhere; no sledges. At the Embassy I went in, Madame Derfelden proceeding alone to the French Quay, where she lives. I found the Ambassador, his wife and daughter—also Guy Colebrooke—just arrived from Finland, where they had been for ten days' rest. As it turned out, their train was the last on the Finland line which was allowed by the police or the people to come into Petrograd.

On the way back to my hotel I had to pass in front of the barracks of the Pavlovski Guards Regiment. There was much ferment amongst the

soldiers at the gates, and a great deal of very animated conversation. The men who had been out on leave during the day were now coming back for the night. Some of their officers were urging them to go quietly into their barracks. Later the police came to the Colonel, and asked to be allowed to wear uniforms of his regiment. The soldiers, hearing he had consented, killed him. This was the first Guards Regiment in Petrográd that mutinied. The different Guards Regiments in Petrograd were composed mostly of reservists—married men of between thirty and forty, and a few boys.

Guy Colebrooke told me he was going to the ballet, so we arranged to dine at the "Ours." As there were no sledges we walked to the Marienski Theatre; the house quite deserted. From there Countess Kreutz drove us in her automobile to the Léon Radziwills' dance. The Grand Duke Boris was there.

I had words with Boris Golitzin about the police shooting the people who, quite quietly, were asking for bread. He sneered, "You were very much upset yesterday at seeing a few people killed in the street. To-morrow you will see thousands!" I replied, "It's damned hard lines asking for bread and only getting a bullet!"

Léon Radziwill* very kindly sent me home in his automobile at 4 a.m. The Nevski, as well as the other streets that radiate from the Admiralty, was being swept by searchlights from the Admiralty

* Prince Léon, fourth son of Prince George.

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Tower ; occasional bullets whistled up and down the Nevski.

Monday,
Mar. 12.
Narrative.

Fine weather. No street traffic or trams running. As I walked from the hotel to have luncheon at Madame Derfelden's, I passed in front of the Engineer Palace, in which the Emperor Paul was assassinated in 1801, crossed the Fontanka Canal, and went down to the French Quay, where she lives. During luncheon we heard incessant firing all round the house. On leaving I walked as far as the Liteiny Prospekt, which is always the storm-centre of every agitation in Petrograd. There was a good deal of desultory firing. I returned along the quay to the English Embassy, catching up Tereschenko.

At the Embassy I heard that the Olives—who live opposite the Tauride Garden, where the Palace of the Duma is situated—expecting friends for luncheon, had telephoned to say they were quite cut off, and hoped nobody would risk the journey. That immediately excited me to go, so I started off along the French Quay. I had just got to the Liteiny, and was in the act of crossing the street, when machine-guns began to fire, so I lay down in the snow, and a fat woman of the people lay across my legs till the machine-guns had finished firing. With difficulty was I able to extract myself from the snow and the old lady. Plato defined bravery as the knowledge of what one ought—and ought not—to fear. I then bolted across the street and continued my way to the Olives'. Along the Schpalernaia Street the first troops were coming

back from having sworn allegiance to the Provisional Government.

I wanted to get news of the British Red Cross Dépôt, over which the Ambadress presides, and found it had not been looted—shutters up and everything in order. After that I made my way up the quays because the crowd was threatening; and, having seen a boy officer killed because he would not surrender his sword, I avoided the broad streets that run towards the Duma, as they were continuously being swept by machine-gun fire. Walking along the edge of the river I witnessed a fierce battle going on across the Neva on the opposite quay.

In my faltering Russian I asked a non-commissioned officer who was walking in the deep snow whether I was to go straight on or turn to the right for the Potemkinskaia. He replied in Russian, "Straight on." A few minutes after, to my utter astonishment, he said in purest English, "This is the hell of a mess!" He then told me that his mother was English, and we continued walking together until he left me at the Olives' house. On our way we looked in at the Duma to see the troops "swearing allegiance" before they marched off to patrol the streets against the police, though by this time there were no police in the streets—they had either been killed or taken prisoners, or were in hiding. All day there was unceasing firing of rifles and machine-guns.

[*Part of narrative of this day lost.*]

1917
Tuesday,
Mar. 13. D.

Glorious weather. On foot to the Embassy, and along the quay to see if anything had happened to the Vladimir Palace. Found everything all right. On to the Hôtel Astoria, which had been completely gutted.

This morning between 9 and 10, as an orderly demonstration was passing by the Hôtel Astoria, a shot was fired from one of the upper windows of the hotel. The crowd immediately opened fire on the hotel, stormed the entrance, and swarmed all over the building on every floor. None of the women were molested, but several officers were killed and the whole of the ground floor was completely wrecked. Several of my acquaintances who were stopping there were given shelter at the Italian Embassy on the opposite side of Isaac's Place. From there I went on to Potsdam Street to see General Fredericksz's house, looted and set on fire by the mob this morning. It was completely burnt out, only the outside walls remaining. Even their collie dog was bayoneted in the hind quarters. Countess Fredericksz only got away just in time. Returned to Embassy. Great excitement—fighting in all the streets. Everywhere rifle and machine-gun firing, especially on the other side of the Neva.

Left the Embassy later with Locker-Lampson in one of his cars. He dropped me at the Fontanka. On leaving me the car was shot through.

Walked back to the hotel, keeping close to the houses for fear of being shot. So to bed and had just gone to sleep when the new military police came and made me get out of bed while they

searched my rooms for hidden firearms. Interludes of rifle and machine-gun firing all night. 1917

Zero Fahrenheit—snowed all day. I heard no firing before 8.50. Streets quiet, but many soldiers walking about. When I went out at 10.50, Edelson, of the Anglo-Russian Bank, overtook me and told me he had been distributing bread to the people and that the Emperor had arrived at Tsarskoe Selo. I walked with him as far as his bank. A Siberian regiment was marching up the Nevski; they had been met at the station by the Petrograd troops and were on their way to the Duma—now the seat of the Provisional Government. I looked in at the Votive Church for the Emperor Alexander II's requiem. Only I and a few *moujiks* were present; last year all the Court was there.

Wednesday,
Mar. 14.
Narrative.

At the Hôtel de l'Ours I heard that the Emperor in his train had been stopped at Bologoe, which is six hours by fast train from Petrograd; also that he had been to Moscow from Moghilev; but this I doubt. Most likely, instead of taking the direct route from Moghilev to Petrograd, the train went across country and joined the Moscow line at Bologoe.

From the Ours I walked down the street on to the quays and so to the Embassy. From Lady Georgina's boudoir on the *entresol* we saw quantities of troops crossing the Troitza Bridge, who turned along the quay in front of the Embassy on their way to the Duma to support the Government. In the night all the Krasnoe Selo troops, and all the Tsarskoe Selo troops, had marched or come in

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trains to Petrograd ; also many of the Kronstadt sailors. There were batches of sailors marching about, mostly orderly.

At 1 I went upstairs to luncheon ; there was nothing to eat in my hotel. On the staircase met the Ambassador and Locker-Lampson. I told His Excellency all I had seen and heard. He was inclined to believe it true that the Emperor had been detained at Bologoe. After luncheon the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent came to the Ambassador with the news that a delegation was leaving for Bologoe to inform the Emperor that his brother had been appointed Regent until the end of the war. He told us that new Ministers had already been chosen, with Prince Lvov as President of the Council ; that the food-supply would now be all right, as the town had been organised into districts ; that 500 officers, including many Generals, had been to swear allegiance ; that in the Duma Protopopov had been received with laughter and supreme contempt, and sent to the Peter-Paul Fortress.

I left the Embassy intending to go to the Fontanka to see the Michael Gorchakovs, but in front of the Summer Garden Chapel I met Vesey, who told me there had just been a battle in the Liteiny Prospekt, the police still firing machine-guns. I returned at once to the Embassy to tell General Knox, who was going that way to the Duma. Outside the Embassy a man was saying that machine-guns had again been firing in the Nevski and down Michail Street. Knox had told me at

luncheon that Protopopov had had machine-guns put on all the corner houses of Petrograd, and that the troops had taken forty-four machine-guns off the roofs yesterday; but evidently there are still some left, for I had heard one firing close to the Ours at midday.

I left the Embassy to walk back to the hotel, and in the Millionaia heard a General had just been killed, and later that when some soldiers forced their way into General Stackelberg's house, he had shot at them with his revolver and then ran out of the house to the Palace Quay, jumping over the parapet on to the frozen Neva, where he was shot.

When I got back to the hotel I found our street quite empty and nobody except residents allowed to enter the hotel. All passports had to be shown. This I had implored Berg, the manager, to order two days ago, as every Germanophil or suspected person naturally flies to an hotel to hide himself. I was passed in and found the Commandant in the hall giving orders. I asked Berg to translate for me, and I requested the Commandant to put a guard on the roof so that there could be no mistake about machine-guns being there. A police machine-gun had been firing down our street and the Nevski fifteen minutes before, but could not be located. I went upstairs to see Sazonov, and sat with him twenty minutes. He had seen an old lady shot in the street by the police machine-gun. *Il était outragé.* I went out again to the Ours by Little Stable Street, where there had been large patches of blood in the snow when I passed in the morning.

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The falling snow had now covered them : it had been snowing since 12.

At the Ours I only heard lies, and from there I went to call on the Polovtsovs. They had gone to the Foreign Office, so I went on there to see Madame Tatistchev,* and found Madame Polovtsov and several friends. In a few minutes Peter Polovtsov and Madame Ignatiev, whom I had just met in the street, came in. They were saying that Madame Virbova had died of measles, that the Empress had complained there were no troops in Tsarskoe Selo, that she asked for some one responsible to be sent there, that Rodzianko had himself left for Tsarskoe with two Members of the Duma.

The French Ambassador called, and after staying twenty minutes took me in his automobile as far as the English Embassy—my first drive since Friday. He told me Bark and his official staff of the Ministry of Finance had been arrested. In the hotel I was told 3000 people had been shot in all. One wonders how many more the police would have killed unless the troops had joined the people ! The news is that Stürmer died in the night ! Countess Fredericksz, who is very ill, was taken out of her house just before it was set on fire, and passed the night on a stretcher in the Guards' Hospital. Her daughter appealed to the Ambassador for her to be taken in at any English institution, so it was arranged by the English Chaplain, who at luncheon to-day at

* Wife of the Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs—formerly of the Russian Embassy in Paris.

the Embassy told the Ambassador she had been removed in a sledge and stowed away at the top of the English Nursing Home.

2° Fahrenheit. Lovely morning, very cold wind. Snow being cleared away. Usual people in the streets. I washed my windows, which were very dirty. No bread!

Seymour came to see me and told me the situation was getting serious—not in the streets, which were quieting down—but amongst the Social Democrats, who were throwing printed inflammatory manifestos out of automobiles. We discussed, and he agreed to, a proposal I made to acquaint the Social Democrats of the Allied nations with the gravity of the position here, and ask them to telegraph to their Russian comrades. We went out together down the Nevski, which seemed quite normal; people walking, but no traffic. The dead horse was still at the corner of the Little Stable Street.

Seymour left me at the Ours, where I saw Frasso. He had been at the Duma yesterday and had seen the Grand Duke Kyrill march in at the head of the representatives of the Navy to support the new Government. He had also heard that Rodzianko had not gone to Tsarskoe Selo to see the Empress.

Thursday,
Mar. 15. D.

I went on to the Polovtsov's and found four Foreign Office men who had had luncheon there. From that moment I began to realise how serious the situation was getting. They told me the Emperor had left Bologoe in his train and had been heard of at or near Pskov. Madame Polovtsov was very anxious and worried. I went to the Embassy.

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The streets very full—still quiet, but groups of people everywhere. The Ambassador came downstairs. As I helped him on with his coat I told him of the project Seymour had been to see me about. He said he had received a letter on the same subject and had already telegraphed. Just then he was called to the telephone, and when he came out said the Emperor had abdicated—the Heir Apparent was to reign under the Regency of Michail Alexandrovich. As he went out, Wilton * came in with no news.

Lady Georgina came down and I helped her arrange rooms for Raikes, King's Messenger, and eight officers who were expected from Romanov. Somerset, a King's Messenger, was also moving into the Embassy. He had been staying at the Astoria and saw the red flag hoisted on the Winter Palace. Presently Raikes arrived with the officers and the bags and a lot of our submarine sailors. The sea journey had been good all the way, and after the North Cape as smooth as glass ; but the railway journey had been terrible. No accommodation in the train and eight nights without changing their clothes ! As they were leaving their port a ship caught fire, illuminating the whole country and making a weird effect on the snow. General Poole came in from the Duma and told the Ambassador the situation was very grave. I helped to carry the bags up.

On my way to the Foreign Office I met a hearse with an oak coffin coming from the Millionaia—

* The *Times* Correspondent.

the first funeral I have seen since the beginning of the *Evoution* ; the *Revolution* began to-day !

1917

At the Foreign Office I found, besides Princess Michail Gorchakov and Countess Alexander Schuvalov, a number of men. Amongst them was Etter, the Russian Minister to Persia, whom I had not seen since his return to Petrograd. He told me that there was no confirmation of the Emperor's abdication—that the Foreign Office had also been telephoned to for information—that the actual Government could not get in touch with him. Etter had had luncheon on Monday with Boris Vladimirovich, who was leaving at 3 for Tsarskoe Selo, so as to see the Emperor the moment he arrived. Savinski described his morning at the Astoria—his room riddled with bullets, and how he went to the Italian Embassy, where the Ambassador most kindly received him.

Just before I left the Foreign Office, Tatistchev came into the drawing-room. He had been at the Duma since 10 in the morning. He said there was no news of the Emperor—that the situation was most precarious and “hung on a hair.” All the Foreign Office men had identification papers given them as a precaution.

When I got back to the Europe I found the guard had been doubled and Meserve, the American banker, told me that guards had been put at all the banks. In the hall I met General Poole, who asked if I had any news. I repeated what I had heard at the Foreign Office, that the situation was most critical. He said, “That is just what I told

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the Ambassador." I dined with the Meserves and played bridge afterwards. Charlier, of the Belgian Consulate, came in at 9.45 and said he had taken the Belgian Minister to the English Embassy for a conference with the English and French Ambassadors, and at 10 he had to go and fetch him. He returned at 10.45 and said the situation was slightly better than earlier in the evening, and they hoped the crisis might be weathered, but it was still acute.

I heard from the National City Bank clerks that Stackelberg did run away from his house, but was shot crouching behind a lamp-post on the Palace Quay; that after the soldiers shot him they stripped him naked and left him in the middle of the road. The patrols rode over his body as it lay there two hours. I had passed along the quay at midday, and as the snow on the Neva had not been trampled, I think this must be true.

I also heard there that the Empress had been placed under guard by a friendly officer, who thus prevented any question of soldiers or people molesting her. The soldiers of Tsarskoe Selo looted all the wine-shops, but next morning asked their officers to take them to Petrograd. The trains did not go yesterday to Tsarskoe Selo for the first time. Countess Kleinmichel had managed to escape yesterday before they went to arrest her in her house. The soldiers drank all her wine, and she was arrested this afternoon at the Chinese Legation. Also heard that General Knorring,*

* It was his cousin.

my friend the Grand Duchess Vladimir's equerry, had offended a soldier at the club and been shot on the staircase ; that General Schebeko was asked to give up his sword and 1000 roubles to those who wished to arrest him, which he did ; that General Nostitz was arrested, taken to the Duma, and released.

Madame Voyeikov came to the Embassy while I was there, about her mother, Countess Fredericksz, who is staying in the English Nursing Home. The troops had visited the home. After leaving the Foreign Office I went to the Ours, but Frasso had not come back from the Duma. He is *Deputato Italiano*, and they let him assist at the *séances*.

1° Fahrenheit. Sunny morning. The streets being swept and the snow carried away on the usual horse drays.

Friday,
Mar. 16. D.

10 a.m. The old man who keeps a music shop opposite has reopened it after six days. Wood is being brought on horse sledges to the house opposite. Bennett brought me writing-paper and told me there were many groups of people everywhere and much revolutionary conversation and talk about arresting those who don't agree with the speakers.

At 11.15 on going downstairs found Skirmunt (Conseiller de l'Empire) in the hall. He said the new Government was composed of the most intelligent men in Russia. On my way to the Embassy, near the Votive Church, met Bunting, Permanent Secretary to Ways and Communications. He told me the nomination of Prince Lvov as

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President of the Council and Minister of the Interior was excellent—that he was a man who was listened to and respected by all classes.

At the Embassy I found Lady Georgina; the Ambassador had gone to the Foreign Office. Whilst we were talking, Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, came in. He thought the situation clearer, but by no means settled. He said the Minister of Justice, Kerenski, was a good appointment—that he was the cleverest lawyer in Russia—that in the Duma last night about 8 p.m., whilst the Extreme Left were shouting for a Republic, Kerenski came in and said, “Comrades, I am Minister of Justice.” They roared out, “In what Government?” He said, “The Emperor has abdicated and Michail Alexandrovich is to be Regent!” More shouts for a Republic. He answered, “I was born a Republican and I shall die a Republican; but Russia is not ready yet for that form of Government, and when the war is over—which we all intend to win—then the will of the country will be followed.”

After leaving the Embassy I went to the Ours and had luncheon with Frasso, who had been at the Duma till 5 yesterday. He had nothing new to tell. In the afternoon found Madame Polovtsov just going out, so we went together down the Morskaia—Jewish students were pulling down the eagles over the shops and over the Yacht Club. We went and saw Mary Hartmann, wife of the Colonel of the Horse Guards. There were many young officers of the Horse Guards,

Madame Tatistchev and Princess Gorchakov came in.

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We heard the Emperor had abdicated for himself and his son (which is not legal), and that Michail Alexandrovich had refused the Regency. We went back by Count Fredericksz's house, which is completely gutted, along the Potsdam Street to Isaac Square, and down the Morskaia across the Nevski to the Winter Palace, where the Red Flag is flying and the eagles on the big gates are covered with red cloth. The big coat of arms is still on the large entrance gate. We then went on by the Millionaia to the Palace Quay. The flag of the Imperial Navy is now flying on the Peter-Paul Fortress in place of the Emperor's flag. From the Palace Quay we heard volleys being fired across the river. I afterwards understood it was the police being shot against a wall.

I never saw Petrograd look more beautiful—brilliant sunshine, cloudless sky, and yesterday's snow not swept away. At the Embassy I found Lady Georgina very busy, as a guard of thirty-six young men of the Corps des Pages had been appointed to guard the Embassy. I went and helped her to arrange the two rooms given to them. They were all sons of well-known families and mostly quite young. The Ambassador was receiving them. Knox came back from the Duma and said Michail Alexandrovich had refused the Regency, so they were in a great fix as to who was to be head of the Empire until the end of the war. The Ambassador in reply to my inquiries said that things were going

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from worse to worst. During dinner at Prince Constantine Radziwill's, an officer of the *État-Major* came in with a typed copy of the Emperor's abdication, which Skirmunt translated into French. I found it a little difficult to grasp, but it seemed to me that while the first part referring to the war was very fine, the part about handing over the power to his brother was illogical. Can one hand over something which has already been taken away ?

The *État-Major* officer said he was at the Duma when the Countess Kleinmichel was taken there. She was brought in between two enormous sailors. When they arrested her at the Chinese Embassy she offered the soldiers cigarettes, but they said they didn't want any nonsense like that—they wanted *her* ! She was taken from the Chinese Embassy on a horse dray to the Duma. On Wednesday evening the Chinese Legation had telephoned to the English Embassy that the troops were battering at their doors. What ought they to do ? Having owned that Countess Kleinmichel was there, they were advised to open them immediately. She has since been released from the Duma.

I heard that Empress Marie has left Kiev in an automobile ; that a guard has been placed on Michail Alexandrovich's apartment ; that the abdication of the Emperor was countersigned by Count Fredericksz ; that the Empress was in bed, suffering from violent hysteria.

The Ambassador went on Thursday to see the

Grand Duchess Xenia in her palace. She was in a great state of mind. Nicolai Michailovich—who had been banished to his country estate in January—was already back in Petrograd Thursday night.

The streets everywhere crammed with orderly crowds. The wood-drays and a few sledges in the streets—some shops open.

6° Fahrenheit. Deep snow fell in the night; still snowing hard, with high wind. I found a sledge at the door and drove to the Embassy. Flurries of snow—almost impossible to see. Lady Georgina gave me some sardines and jam, there being nothing to eat in the hotel.

Saturday,
Mar. 17. D.

I went 11.50 to the Embassy before luncheon in a sledge, and brought back Head (secretary) with me to the Europe. I had seen Skirmunt (Conseiller de l'Empire) on my way out, who said the new Ministry was safely established; that they were sitting at that moment; that the position had been very difficult the night before, as Milyukov and Guchkov had wished to resign—in fact, had resigned for several hours.

After luncheon at the Europe I went in a sledge to see Princess Dolly Radziwill. Whilst I was there they telephoned to say that Schubine had been arrested.

At 8 I went on foot to dine with the Polovtsovs. Bunting dined; his brother, a general, had been killed at Tver, of which he was Governor, for refusing to give up his sword to the soldiers.

Polovtsov told me that Milyukov had made a very good impression at the Foreign Office; that

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Pokrovski was still living there, as he could find no apartment to go to.

When Guchkov and Schulgine arrived at Pskov to ask the Emperor to abdicate, he received them at once and brought out of a drawer from his writing-table three sheets of writing-paper, with the substance of his abdication already type-written. He said his decision to abdicate had been definitely taken the day before, and he had drawn up certain leading points. For two whole hours the envoys worked together at the Act of Abdication, and two copies of it were signed by the Emperor and countersigned by General Freedericksz. The envoys then left in the special train that had been given to them at the Warsaw station in Petrograd on no authority but their own word. On their return to Petrograd the soldiers tried to take away Guchkov's copy of the Abdication Act, which they all wanted to see and read—new-born Liberty! The other copy is in the hands of General Russki. The document Guchkov brought back is to be handed over solemnly to-morrow, Sunday morning, to the archives of the Foreign Office.

There has been no official announcement as yet as to whether the names of the Emperor and the Imperial Family are to be omitted from the Divine Liturgy—each priest is to follow his own judgment to-morrow.

Goremykine, the former Premier, is very ill and has asked for a priest. The medicines and remedies which had been sent from his house to the Peter-Paul Fortress never reached him.

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The Reds demand the heads of Protopopov and General Beliaev for handing over machine-guns to the police. Pitirim, the Metropolitan, who was arrested, has since been released. Kokovtsov, former Minister of Finance, whom I knew at Salsomaggiore in 1913, was arrested in the hall of the Hôtel de l'Europe, but immediately released with apologies.

There have been no arrests maintained of those who were not directly responsible for reactionary politics. In Moscow they say only two people were killed. To inquiries at the Danish Legation about the Empress Marie Feodorovna it is replied, "She is well and at Kiev."

I walked home at midnight up the Nevski—everything quite peaceful. On the windows of the newspaper office was posted up in large letters, "Nicolai Alexandrovich Romanov [*sic*] has left for Livadia." How are the mighty fallen!

8° Fahrenheit. After luncheon, alone at the hotel, I decided to go to Tsarskoe Selo and drove to the station. The train was very full. When I arrived I took a sledge and drove along the long avenue and crossed the Petrograd *chaussée* by the old fountain and went through the Convoy Cossacks' quarters to the Feodorovski Sobor, where I have so often been to service with the Emperor and his family. I heard there had been much fighting here, but all was quite quiet now—like any other Sunday. The streets everywhere were full of soldiers and the public. Before the church I stopped and got out. A child on skis was playing in the snow; the trees sparkling in the brilliant

Sunday,
Mar. 18. D.

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sunshine. I then continued by the road along which the Emperor comes from the palace to the church. The roadway, cleared of snow, was as well kept as before. My old friend who sweeps the leaves was not at his corner, but the mounted Cossacks were in their places, and the usual policeman at the park gate—which is rarely or never used—and at the palace gate three policemen in their grey uniform; each of them had a white armband.

I drove on to the old palace and then along the park to Prince Putiatin's house, where, having no cards, I wrote a word for him. I saw his servant was much upset. He explained to me the Prince had gone away, but I did not realise he had been arrested until the Grand Duke Paul told me. Prince Putiatin had been to see the authorities; in his absence General Ivanov had arrived and, using the Prince's typewriting machine, had written a manifesto saying he had been sent from the Front by the Emperor to take the lead against the insurgents. The soldiers coming in and finding what had been written without the Prince's knowledge, waited till he came in, and arrested him. He is now lodged at the Riding School next to the Municipal Duma (Town Hall).

From there I drove round the Grand Duchess Vladimir's palace and gardens, where I had spent so many happy days, and found everything in order, with sentries at the gates and the front door, as before.

I wrote my name on the Grand Duke Paul and sent in my card to Princess Palei to know if she

would like to see me. Her son came out, said they were at tea, and asked me in. I found the Grand Duke *énervé mais pas abattu*, and Princess Palei unhappy. I told him all I had seen and heard in Petrograd and the state of the town to-day. He told me that it was he who had announced to the Empress that the Emperor had abdicated—that she had known nothing whatever—that she was completely broken down, but dressed and walking about—that the little boy and the two younger daughters had quite got over their measles—that the Grand Duchess Olga had bronchitis as well as the measles, and Grand Duchess Tatiana was also very ill.

Princess Palei told me that at the Mass at the old parish church—where the Empress Elizabeth had a fit (1760) and was too heavy to be carried away—all the names of the Imperial family had been left out, and that the priest cried when he gave her the *pain bénit*.

The Grand Duke asked for news of Boris Vladimirovich or Kyrill Vladimirovich. On my way to the station I drove to Boris Vladimirovich's house, rang the bell, and asked to see Bennett, his English servant; but he took so long to come that I wrote my name with the date, and left. There was a good deal of firing last night at 10.

They began to clean the tramway lines at 9 a.m., but owing to Saturday's heavy fall of snow, and snow all to-day, there was much to do. In St. Isaac's Place, soldiers were also clearing away the snow. Bought half a pound of butter for 90 kopeks

Monday,
Mar. 19. D.

1917 instead of 1 rouble 75 kopeks—the price before the Revolution. At 2 to the Polovtsovs and found his brother Peter had been appointed Secretary to Guchkov, the Minister of War. At 4.30 to the Embassy. Lady Georgina had been in the morning to see Grand Duchess Victoria, who was down-hearted and cross.

Tuesday,
Mar. 20. *D.*

2° Fahrenheit. Woke up at 9 after twelve and a half hours' sleep. To see Lady Sybil Grey, who is leaving to-morrow with Somerset for England via Bergen. She was out. Went on to the Embassy to leave my letters for the bag. Heard excellent French and English war news there. At 11.25 the first tram went by.

Monday and
Tuesday,
Mar. 19–20
*L. to Sir
George
Arthur*

Oh! Archie, we *have* had a week! As you may imagine, I have been in the streets all through the revolution—constantly on my stomach in the snow with the police machine-guns firing over me. You would have laughed to see me lying in the snow in the middle of a street with a fat woman across my body and the machine-guns raking the street. I am very, very tired. I saw a great deal and also heard a great deal of first-hand news, all of which I have written down from hour to hour.

I just stepped down to Tsarskoe Selo yesterday after luncheon to see what was going on. There had been much fighting there, but all was quite quiet now, as on any other Sunday.

I then went on to see Paul, the Grand Duke; he had seen the Empress in the morning. She was calm, she realises their position, and—what is more—her own want of judgment.

The first firing by the police was in our street at 5.15 p.m. on Saturday, March 10.—Until Wednesday the 14th, a complete upheaval. By Thursday the police had been beaten and the Emperor had abdicated. The new Executive Government only wanted a Constitutional régime, but things have gone so far it will probably have to be a Republic ; still, Russia is a box of surprises.

We have been passing through hell and I don't suppose we are out of it yet. If the workmen keep the soldiers on their side, order will not be re-established, there being no police to protect the peaceable citizen. Yesterday two priests were mauled—a thing which had not happened before.

The first tram for ten days has just gone by. The post began again this morning.

The fear is that the present Liberal-Radical Government may become Radical-Red. Michail Alexandrovich upset everything by not accepting the Regency which was offered him. His wife was away at Gatchina, or probably it would have been otherwise.

I was at the Duma when the first three regiments "came over." I never once saw a drunken soldier. Tuesday, March 13, was the worst day. The people had seized guns from the arsenal and were firing at anything and anybody. In the Nevski there is hardly a broken window except from bullets, and no shops looted. Rumour has it that "Alexandra Feodorovna Romanova" says : "If only the Duma had been prorogued a week earlier, all this would never have happened !"

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It is too soon to judge of details, but all agree it will be impossible for the Emperor and his family to stay in Russia. Do you think we shall see them at Cannes as we did the Caserta ? * The Executive Government regret that matters have gone so far. All they wanted was a Constitutional Empire.

To think of the magnificent patrimony God gave the Emperor and how it has been frittered away ! He never changed a muscle of his face while the Abdication Manifesto was being drawn up in his train.

Thank God ! my Grand Duchess had left a fortnight before for the Caucasus. I was to have left last night with her son Boris to join her. God only knows how she will get back, poor soul ! We have no war news except that Bapaume is taken, which is cheering. I am very active but horribly tired and feel very, very old—much older than at the Battle of the Marne, September '14.

(Later.) I have just heard the Emperor is on his way back to Tsarskoe Selo ; the idea is to send them to England, the home of liberty and of all refugees. He asked to be allowed to go to Norway.

(Later.) No fresh news. The trams running, some restaurants open, but of course no police ; I shall stay on. I have been very active the last two days, and am already friends with the new Minister of War's private secretary, so perhaps I shall get my work through. The general impression of the new Minister of Foreign Affairs is

* Count Caserta, of Naples, heir to the last King of the Two Sicilies.

“intelligent, but not strong.” Luncheon to-day at the Embassy, now becomes normal. Cold and sunny. Our good war news cheers one up. If only Lord Kitchener were alive to know it!

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Letter from Tsarskoe from Grand Duke Boris's English servant saying that he had a trustworthy messenger who could take anything I wished to send to the Grand Duke at the place where he then was.

Wednesday,
Mar. 21. D.

I heard at the Foreign Office that the Empress Marie had telegraphed there in English on March 12: “Where is my eldest son?”—that the Princess Nicolas of Greece telegraphed there to-day for news of her mother, Grand Duchess Vladimir; that the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich had been telegraphed to by the Executive Government that he could return to Russia whenever he chose and go wherever he liked; that last night large fires had been lit at the foot of the column in the Winter Palace square to melt the snow and earth and enable a pit to be dug for the burial of the victims of the Revolution. At midnight this was stopped by order. The Workmen's and Soldiers' Committee then asked if they could be buried in the Summer Garden; no answer was given. Every serious question is postponed as much and as long as possible. In the meantime, with the severe frost, there is no danger from the unburied dead bodies.

The large coat of arms over the main entrance to the Winter Palace is still uncovered, but the big crown on the top of the palace is covered with red.

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Thursday,
Mar. 22. D.

Zero Fahrenheit. Took a sledge at the hotel. The driver, in a rude and insolent tone of voice, demanded five roubles for what before would have cost me 1 rouble, and a Russian 60 kopeks. I repeated in amazement, "Five roubles!" and got into the sledge. Infuriated, he scowled fiercely at me, and refused to start for several minutes. All the way he kept on repeating, "Five roubles," mimicking my accent. On arrival at the Ours, I just gave him 70 kopeks. He stood aghast, but took it like a lamb.

Luncheon with Constantine Radziwill to meet his cousin Princess Dorothy, who had arrived from Paris the night before, after six days at sea, from Hull by Lerwick to Bergen.

Friday,
Mar. 23. D.

Passing across the Foreign Office square, found the Imperial coat of arms and the two eagles from the smaller gates, and the great crown on the roof of the Winter Palace had been removed since last night, when I passed at 6.15. Along the Morskaia a regiment marched with its band playing the "Marseillaise" over and over again. The news from the Russian trenches is bad—utter ruin of all discipline and the wholesale deposition of officers, if not worse! This is from the Dvinsk region.

Saturday,
Mar. 24.
Narrative.

To-day the Allies recognised the Provisional Government, to whom, through the abdication of the Emperor, their Embassies have become automatically accredited. At our Embassy I saw the Ambassador, who had been ill in bed for three days, preparing to go to the Council of State to announce

England's recognition. I heard later that his speech was very severe, but much to the point.

General Kornilov, who is responsible for the safety of the Emperor and Empress, and who put the Empress under arrest for sending a telegram in cipher to the Emperor—before there had been no question of their arrest—asked the Minister of War to send an officer competent to fulfil the duties required of one in constant contact with the Imperial family. The officer sent has been working at the *État-Major* in Petrograd since the beginning of the war. He is to live at Tsarskoe Selo, opposite the church of the Old Palace, on the ground floor of Count Benckendorff's house, having other officers with him. He has been instructed to call the Emperor "Majesty," not "Imperial Majesty."

Some three hours after the Emperor's arrival at Tsarskoe Selo a crowd of workpeople, with several machine-guns, arrived at the palace to find out whether the Emperor had really returned, and asked him to show himself. It was arranged with Count Benckendorff that a deputation of them should come into the big hall, and that the Emperor should walk across it from one room to another. As soon as they had come in, the Emperor, accompanied by Count Benckendorff, walked from one room to the other across the end of the long gallery. He never turned his head. The deputation involuntarily uncovered. The crowd then left.

The Grand Duke Alexei has quite recovered. His sailor is always with him. Count Benckendorff is under arrest, but is allowed, with his wife, to live

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in the palace, and is in attendance on the Emperor. Only *le personnel douteux* has been sent away; most of the servants are still there. The Emperor is allowed to walk in the park, but always accompanied by an officer. He sweeps the snow off the paths to occupy himself. He has the face of a dead man, though his fine eyes still gleam; he shows no emotion at all—he has never shown emotion even during the most trying situations of his life. I grieve to have to write it of so good a man, but as Emperor, through all this terrible time, he has not made *un seul beau geste*. The Empress is quite calm. They are not separated, as the newspapers say. Her evil genius, Madame Virbova, is ill with measles in the palace. She will be taken away under arrest as soon as she recovers.

Dining at the French Embassy I heard that the Minister of Justice—Kerenski—is the only member of the new Government who makes any impression of having real force of character. The position is in some ways less strained, but every day the Reds become more exorbitant in their demands—they want the Emperor and Empress to be brought to trial, and not allowed to leave the country. Anyhow, it would take at least a fortnight before anything could be arranged for their departure and much may happen in that time.

The telephone direct to the Executive Government which the Duma had given Her has been taken away. As long as they remain here there is bound to be distrust and unrest. I suggested Balmoral to the Ambassador—which, after all, is

not England, but Scotland. A moment might come when their presence in England might hurt the Entente. The children are still ill—though better—which complicates matters.

The Kyrills are behaving tactlessly; he is attacked by all parties for his attempts to curry favour with the powers that be, at the expense of his family. Kyrill *Égalité*! A Radical newspaper said, "Only rats leave a sinking ship!"

Our old friend Mita, calm, and covered with red bows! The streets are normal and the victims to be buried by their relations, not by the Government.

The Workmen's and Soldiers' Committee is impossible; but every day will strengthen the hands of the Provisional Government, if only the army remains on the side of order. Whole regiments are leaving the Front and walking off to their homes.

One dines in morning clothes—*en citoyen*. The food question is still acute and there is only soldiers' black bread. The post comes fitfully, no newspapers have been delivered yet. Over a million letters were destroyed at the General Post Office.

The cold always continues, and snow most days.—4° Fahrenheit. The longest winter since 1808. I wish the spring could begin.

When shall I ever see you again? Many things may yet happen here worse than what we have already gone through.

At 12.30 Valentine, of the English Royal Flying Corps, with his Cossack orderly, arrived from Sunday, Mar. 25. D.

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Moscow to ask for instructions from the Minister of War, whether his job at the Moscow aerodrome is to continue under the new Government. The hotel was crammed, so he dressed and had luncheon in my apartment, where I found him busy eating on my return. He told me that at Moscow he had helped to defend his friends against the soldiers who, intoxicated by the notorious First Order, were assassinating their officers.

The officer in attendance on the Emperor told me His Majesty had asked permission to telegraph to Hanbury-Williams, and a telegram had been sent telling the General how the children were. The Emperor said he must learn to play "Patience"; before, he never had any leisure, now he has too much. Madame Narischkine, Grande Maîtresse de la Cour, is living in the palace, having voluntarily placed herself under arrest, in order to be near the Emperor and Empress.

Rasputin's body was dug up at Tsarskoe Selo on the night of March 22-23. It had been embalmed and looked as if still alive. It was stripped and insulted by the soldiers, afterwards put on a motor-trolley and brought to the Imperial stables in Petrograd and burnt at Udilni, fifteen miles north of Petrograd, between 3 and 7 yesterday morning. When pulled out of the Little Neva the body was found, on official examination, to have three shot wounds—one in the side, which was mortal; one in the back; and one on the forehead, which was discoloured by the powder. There was no dagger wound. The medal found on it at Tsarskoe Selo

has been lost. It was taken off by the soldiers. The disfigurement of the face was caused by grapnels used in dragging the corpse out of the water.

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Our Ambassador, looking better, was more pleased with the situation. He had good news of the Dvinsk-Riga front and of the *moral* of the troops there.

Wednesday
Mar. 28. D

Crossing the Champs de Mars, watched the soldiers digging the graves for the victims.

In the afternoon had another row with an *izvoschik*, who was on the hotel rank and refused to take me. There was a great crowd. I said in French to a lady who was there that I had lived twenty years in Republican France, and that there cab-drivers were the servants of the public. She translated this to the crowd, and the man was sent off the rank.

As I happened to be at the last representation of the Imperial ballet, I went this evening to the first representation of the ballet under the new order. I was there before the curtain went up, at 7, an hour earlier than formerly. In the ground floor Imperial stage box on the left, where the Grand Dukes always sat, were several lady dancers and one man. Over their head, in the first box, where the children of the Grand Dukes used to go, were a Jew and a Jewess. The opposite ground-floor stage box was empty. The box over that—formerly reserved for members of the Imperial household—was occupied by eleven people and a child all strangers to each other! The great

1917

Imperial box in the centre of the grand tier was unoccupied until the second *entr'acte*, when a man and woman of the people came and sat in it. It disgusted me. The "Marseillaise" was played at the beginning of the second act and encored. At the third act the turning down of the lights before the conductor took his place obviated another repetition of the "Marseillaise." In the ballet of the "Sleeping Beauty," a King and Queen and a Princess—danced by Smirnova—all wore crowns! I left at 9.15 before it was over, and easily found an *izvoschik*; there are plenty now on the streets.

I was told that at the end a man with long hair and a red tie and a soldier harangued the house from the Imperial stage box on the first floor. Many people went on to the stage and mixed with the dancers and sang the "Marseillaise."

Thursday,
Mar. 29. D.

Saw a regiment marching to the Winter Palace square to see General Kornilov, the Military Governor of Petrograd. I heard that Guchkov has left for Stavka to settle the trouble about the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievich, who refuses to leave, insisting that he is just as much a general as the others, and that although his command has been taken away, he is none the less a general—that the Empress exclaimed, "How can I believe what they say about Voyeikov, when all they say about me is false?"—that she suffers much from oppression on the chest and has constantly to sit down while talking—that the Grand Duke Alexei runs about everywhere, and had a

French lesson this afternoon with his tutor. I have direct news from the palace.

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The newspapers this morning announce the sequestration of the apanages and lands belonging to the Imperial family, and—what is still worse—the arrest of the Grand Duchess in her villa at Kislovodsk in the Caucasus. Their story is that she had given a letter for her son Boris to a general who was going to Stavka; that she had written to say the only hope for Russia was in Nicolai Nicolaievich. The general was arrested en route, and the letter was found.

Friday,
Mar. 30. *L.*
to an inti-
mate friend
of Grand
Duchess
Vladimir.

I am terribly upset, but trying not to worry about it, because there have been many temporary arrests, and after an explanation the persons arrested have been set free. I feel quite sure that she has done nothing for which she can be attacked.

(Later.) No further news of the Grand Duchess. As long as she is under arrest no one can see her, otherwise I would have gone to the Caucasus, but if she is let out I shall go at once. Nothing in the newspapers about Boris's arrest last night. I seem to have been the only person who knew, as it was a lady friend of his who telephoned me. Nicolai Nicolaievich, with Vladdy and Nicky Orlov in his train, has left Stavka for the Crimea. He is not even allowed to fight. Olga Orlov came on in another train with Grand Duchess Nicolai and her two nieces to Kiev, where they went to a convent, but there is no news yet whether they have joined the others in the Crimea.

All the news from the Russian Front is better,

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and the Army seems gradually coming round to order, and I think will sooner or later work entirely with the Provisional Government against the ultra-Reds. What is most needed is a head—it don't matter who!

The cruellest thing the Emperor did to his country was to abdicate for the Grand Duke Alexei. He had no right to do it, and if it had not been done everything would have gone much more easily and smoothly for Russia. I think the day is not far off when the Army and the people, excited by German influence, will come to loggerheads; then there will be a bloody carnage. I shall not go out those days.

Dorothy Radziwill came back full of *potins*, how the French hated the English, etc. If she don't take care she will get deported, as this Government is most anti-German and will stand no nonsense.

I know the officer in charge at Tsarskoe Selo and so I hear what is going on. The Emperor always thought they would be allowed to stay in Livadia or leave the country. God only knows what will become of them. The Kyrills are in a great state. Poor things! Their English nurse has typhoid fever, and no one to take her place. Their front door is still barricaded and has a red flag. Two regiments with bands playing the "Marseillaise," one marching up the Nevski and the other in the opposite direction, have just passed, all in perfect order—a comfort to see after the absence of order of ten days. The burial of the

victims may cause disturbances and we are advised to stay in that day, but I shall just go and have a look.

Good-bye, dear, I have written instructions, if anything happens to me here, that all my papers are to be sent to you.

Felix Yusupov has just been to see me ; he says the Emperor and family ought to be sent away for the safety of Russia, and should be kept under surveillance till the end of the war ; otherwise, he said, there would always be the fear of Her corresponding with Germany.

Saturday,
Mar. 31. L.

Felix is working with the Army here to promote order and discipline. Things seem to be going better, and there is hope that the Army, once returned to order, will keep in with the Government, and have no truck with the workmen—which is all one can ask.

There is a question of the “ Boatmen’s Volga Song ” being made the National Anthem. The red flags get fewer each day ; to me they are most irritating—surely the Russian tricolour is quite good enough.

Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievich went in his train from Tiflis to Stavka. The Government comes back to-night. If they can only keep in ! I think they will now.

I have so much to write about but I can’t keep my thoughts together. Felix’s visit has switched me off. I must go to the Embassy now. I write down everything I hear, and—once it’s written—am like a hen with her egg ; I forget all about it.

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I believe no letter can be forwarded either to or from the Imperial family. They still pray for Empress Marie in the Kiev churches.

The regiments march about the town with bands playing the "Marseillaise" and red banners with "War to a Victorious Finish." The authorities are being very clever about the burial of the victims. While the dead civilians are being buried quickly and quietly, the dead police are left. There can be no public funeral for the police, the men who were the cause of everything.

Sunday,
April 1.

D.

I met to-day Prince Belosselski-Belozerski, father of Princess Olga Orlov. He told me that the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievich, accompanied by Prince Vladimir Orlov and his son Nikky, had come in his train from Tiflis to Stavka, and that the Grand Duchess Anastasie Michailovna, accompanied by her two nieces (the youngest fiancée to Nikky Orlov) and Princess Olga Orlov, had gone to a convent.

The Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievich had left Stavka for the Crimea. There was no news of the ladies.

The Ministers, with the exception of Prince Lvov, went on Friday to Stavka and return to Petrograd to-morrow, Monday night, April 2.

I had often wondered how such an excellent Government had been called together when the Duma was in a state of absolute chaos and everybody *surexcité*. Prince Belosselski-Belozerski told me the facts which he had from an unimpeachable source :

Rodzianko in the month of December had arranged with the Emperor that a Constitution should be given to Russia. A list of Ministers was drawn up, and an order was given at the Winter Palace to prepare the State rooms for the occasion of the announcement and the reception of the Duma on Tuesday, December 19—December 6 (O.S.)—St. Nicolas, the Emperor's name-day. When the Empress was told what he intended to do she sent him off to the Front. He left on Sunday, December 17. The list of Ministers who were to have been the first under the New Constitution is that of the Provisional Government of to-day.

Bennett, who has been stud-groom thirty-seven years in the service of the Empress Marie, and who lives in the Anitchkov Palace, received an order from the members of the Duma to be prepared to leave the palace on April 14. The next day he was told he could stay on and that his wages would continue to be paid to him.* There are two Italians and one Frenchman also under the same conditions.

I dined at Tsarskoe Selo last night, on the ground floor of the Lycet, with the officer who is responsible for the safety of their Majesties. Our dinner, which was the same as that served to the Emperor and the suite, was brought from the palace, a couple of hundred yards away, and warmed up here. *Narrative*

* On his leaving Russia (November 9, 1917) the Government paid him, in lieu of notice, the sum agreed upon in the original contract with the Empress-Mother.

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The officers in attendance are allowed a bottle of wine a day, and Count Benckendorff gives the order for brandy. We had Hennessey brandy bottled 1909. All the wine in the Imperial cellars is bottled in Russia; the bottles have the Imperial arms in the glass.

The Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana came downstairs yesterday for the first time, and went to vespers in the palace chapel; their father gave an arm to each. The Grand Duchess Marie is dangerously ill with pneumonia on the top of measles. The Emperor and Empress have been all day with her. She could only breathe with oxygen-bags. Professor Federov came from Petrograd to see her. The two doctors of the palace and the Swiss tutor invited the professor and the officer accompanying him to lunch in their rooms, which they did. This is against the rules.

The Grand Duke Alexei is quite well and has his French lessons. Mr. Gibbs, the English tutor, who was away when the family was arrested, had asked permission to go into the palace; this had been refused. The Emperor and Empress dine in the big playroom of the Grand Duke Alexei on the first floor. The dinner-tables are taken in there all ready laid. The Empress hardly eats anything, only chicken. There is only one dinner cooked for everybody in the palace. The suite, which consists of Madame Narischkine, Count and Countess Benckendorff, and her son Prince Dolgorukov and the two *demoiselles d'honneur*, dine and live on the first floor of the right

wing, over the apartments of the Grand Duchess Sergei.

The servants, who number 163, sent a deputation to the officer in charge to know whether they are to be kept as prisoners all the time the Emperor is there. A suggestion has been sent to the Minister of War that the servants from the other palaces should take their places at the end of a month, and then every month they should be changed. Many of these servants are married and have their families living out of the palace. The actual body-servants of the family were not included in the deputation.

The Emperor asked to be allowed to see Prince Victor Kotchubey, the head of the Apanages, in order to put the financial question on some sort of basis. There is no money at all in the palace. In course of conversation Count Benckendorff said the Emperor had no money abroad, and that the private fortune, including that of the children, amounted to very little.

The Tsarskoe Selo municipal authorities are as ultra-Red as Versailles in 1789. They had planned and had begun to dig a grave in the large square before the Old Palace, but a telephone message to the War Office brought a general by the next train from Petrograd who forbade it. The Empress was grateful that this had been done.

The Emperor is a fatalist. He is so pleased to be with his children, and to have the heavy burden of responsibility he had inherited from his father lifted from his shoulders, that he does not realise the great danger both he and the Empress will run

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when the State trials of the former Ministers begin. The uneducated masses will never be able to distinguish between the treasonable designs of the Ministers and the Emperor's unconscious acquiescence, or realise his great love of Russia. He still thinks he will be allowed to leave as soon as the daughters have recovered. He would like to go to Norway.

Every three days the regiment which guards them is changed for another Tsarskoe Selo regiment, and the officer who came to-day asked that he should be allowed to see those guards, as he is responsible for their safety and must know who is in the palace. It is now arranged that on changing guard the officer will be presented to the Emperor—this has become a rule.

Each time the guard is changed there is a regular scrimmage amongst the soldiers as to who should be on guard in the palace and who should be outside in the park. Every one desires to be near the Emperor, such is the love of the Russian for his Little Father.

Thursday,
April 5.
Narrative.

The burial procession of the victims of the Revolution in the Champ de Mars began to pass the end of Michail Street along the Nevski at 8.40. During the next three hours I saw only four coffins go by, and there were in all only twelve coffins in that procession which passed up the Nevski. An automobile with four people in it was in the procession; it contained the Grandmother of the Revolution. Opposite the Municipal Duma three stripling Militia youths rushed up to it and stopped it. An

officer who was at the head of the next company quickly walked up to them, very red in the face, stamped his foot, and ordered them off.

The procession was organised extraordinarily well in companies, and to regulate the distances between them there were men or women carrying small white flags on poles who signalled down the line for advancing or halting. At times the procession would be on only one side of the Nevski, but generally there were distinct companies on either side who halted or advanced simultaneously. At the end of the Michail Street seven or eight onlookers linked together and joined in behind the different companies. This I afterwards learnt had been allowed, and was announced in the newspapers. I regret not knowing it, as I would have joined them.

There were many bands ; I only heard played the "Marseillaise" and Chopin's "Funeral March." The people constantly sang a song with a simple, harmonious tune but sad, and from time to time the Prayers for the Dead were chanted. When the captains of the different companies gave the order all heads were uncovered. Some one in the procession called out to a man in the crowd near me to uncover.

The Peter-Paul Fortress cannon were fired for each coffin placed in the grave. I believe many of them were empty, the relatives and friends having already buried their own dead. Sometimes a simple plank of wood was carried alongside of the coffins to represent another victim who had already been

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buried. The dead were not all carried together, but in different parts of the procession as they happened to come from the different quarters of the town.

Never have I seen such perfect order, nor a procession or demonstration of people better organised. The proceedings from beginning to end bear striking witness to the self-control of the Petrograd populace. No trams, carriages, or sledges were allowed all day. The procession went on until 5 in the evening. It snowed fitfully in the morning, and afterwards the thermometer marked 48° Fahrenheit—without sunshine. The streets in a terrible state from the thaw.

Friday,
April 6. *D.*

I went this morning to visit the common grave on the Champs de Mars, which is quite close to the Embassy. The coffins were still uncovered. I counted over 150. I believe there were in all 168—anyhow, there were not 200. Cement was all ready to be put over them, and soldiers were placing planks along, across the coffins. A woman kneeling by a coffin, which she frequently kissed, was saying her prayers and crossing herself. I was surprised at no part being taken by the clergy on the route, but heard afterwards that they had not been invited to attend, as they had allowed machine-guns to be placed by the police on several churches.

To the Embassy, to know at what time the deputation of Cossacks was coming. At noon, as they had not come, the Ambassador went to the Foreign Office to see Miliukov, and was back in half an hour. He had seen the Cossacks in the Winter Palace square. Presently from the Em-

bassy windows we saw them coming down the Millionaia on their way to the grave. On reaching it they wheeled round, advanced towards the Embassy, and halting at the Suvarov Monument before the side windows hung a wreath on the neck of the statue. Proceeding to the Neva front, they first defiled before, and then drew up facing, the Ambassador, who, with the Embassy Staff, was on the balcony. A deputation then came up.

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Guy Colebrooke told me he had heard that, when I set fire to my room on Easter Eve a year ago, I had been burning political papers. *Doux pays!* How the Germanophils hate me!

Sunday,
April 8. D.

About noon walked down the Nevski to see the Esthonian demonstration of 75,000 people with their national flag—blue, black, and white. Heard that the food question was getting very acute, chiefly because of the arrival of so many people out of work in Petrograd, and of all the Belgian glass-workers from the Donetz.

The Government, excellent though it is, is not strong enough for the situation. God only knows how things will turn out.

Monday,
April 9. L.

We hear the suite of the Emperor has been moved from his palace to the Old Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, and some people jump to the conclusion that the family have been taken away, but I doubt it—where to? The newspapers all publish what they like.

I am leaving on Wednesday, April 11, for Kislovodsk in the Caucasus, in hopes of seeing the Grand Duchess. Even if I don't see her, she will

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know that I have made the effort. It's a long journey—three nights in the train; and I fear there is complete anarchy on the railways, the soldiers insisting on going first class without paying. But I feel, after all her kindness to me, it is the least I can do. I shall come back directly. Nobody but Knorring* knows I am going; I shall not tell any one, not even the Ambassador. I fear I might do her harm; but I have heard she feels deserted, and also that she has had a bad heart attack.

We think that she is no longer under arrest, as Etter has telegraphed to his sister-in-law, "*Beau temps: nous nous promenons,*" which makes us think *qu'elle est relâchée*.

Her automobiles have not been taken, but it is very difficult to keep them from the Revolutionaries. To-day I heard that Kerenski, the Minister of Justice, was trying to get an automobile for himself—commandeering, not stealing—so I have let Knorring know. By supplying his want it might save her other motor-cars from being stolen, and might also help her later on. Everybody's automobiles were taken at the beginning of the Revolution, and not one has been returned.

I hear that all the palaces which were inherited by the Imperial family have been made national property—like the Winter Palace, the Tsarskoe Selo palaces, Peterhof and Oranienbaum; but palaces built or bought by the Imperial family will continue to belong to them. The Apanages are sequestrated for agrarian purposes, and a civil

* Equerry to the Grand Duchess Vladimir.

list is to be made. The proposed amount for Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses is to be Rs.30,000 per year, and for the Princes, Rs.15,000 per year. Princes are the third generation from the Emperor.

The people will not work—sometimes I think a few months under the Prussian “iron heel” would do them good; the soldiers’ attitude is improving slightly. The working classes are in a state of absolute anarchy. I do not know what will happen if the power goes to the Soviets. The work-people express violent hatred of the English.

It is all very perplexing, very sad, and extremely worrying. One is anxious without knowing why. The English newspapers about the Revolution have not arrived; it will be interesting to read them. A month ago to-day was the bad day. What a day! When shall I ever leave this country or see you or Paris again!

Sergei Obolenski came to see me and yesterday I had luncheon with them. He is and looks ill; but he has passed the medical examination and is now waiting for an order to go to the Crimea. He is as charming as ever.

Tuesday
April 10.

Things go on vaguely, but as long as this Government keeps in it is all we ask. I fear Milyukov will leave—better perhaps for those that remain, though it is always a bother to have to throw some one overboard.

Neither the Emperor nor his family now have a penny; all their money is stopped. There’s not a 5-rouble note in the palace of Tsarskoe Selo, so

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that they are all completely in the hands of the Government.

The Council of Workmen and Soldiers consists of people with false Russian names, and is full of German agents. Altogether things are not very bright.

April 20. L.

I have been away mysteriously. Without telling anybody I rushed off to Kislovodsk in the Caucasus to see my Grand Duchess. As you know, she has always been more than kind to me, and I wanted to show her that my devotion could be practical. Nobody from Petrograd had been to see her, and she was much touched.

When I walked into her villa she was at luncheon. She was so pleased to see me that all the bothers of my journey were forgotten. The soldiers and officers who guard her are well-mannered, but three weeks before I got there the "Red" Town Committee—which, like all the provincial ones, is most virulent—came into her bedroom at 2.30 a.m. to read the *mandat d'arrêt*; and afterwards she had fainting fits and was unconscious for hours. She is better now, and I did not find her looking too ill. I had the most awful journey—seventy-eight hours, and twenty hours late; but I didn't mind, as I only thought of getting there. Four nights in the train, and no room to go to on arrival! We were four people in the carriage all the way—the corridor filled with twenty-five deserters from the Front.

I arrived in Kislovodsk at 3 a.m. on Easter morning, and, having no inn to go to, rushed off to church in time to see the peasants' Easter food

blessed outside the church, with daylight just glimmering, and the bells ringing wildly in beautiful spring weather.

When I left Petrograd I did not know if I should be allowed to see her. I had intended to *rôder* round the villa to let her know I had come, but on Easter Day she was allowed to receive, and the next day there was a nice officer who let me in. Naturally the soldiers are devoted to her. They sent her an Easter card, and the officers too. All the same, it is difficult for the daughter-in-law of Alexander II to imagine herself a prisoner! *Elle n'est pas résignée du tout.* She told me she thought of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" all the time! She knew absolutely nothing of what has been going on in Russia.

The only thing for the family is to lie low for the moment, so that the Provisional Government should not be put in a position to be attacked by the Workmen's Committee. I feel that in the end it won't be so bad for them as most people think, but the Government is obliged to give in to this bloody Red Committee in order to exist.

On my advice she has given up the idea of going to the Crimea. The lease of her Kislovodsk house is up, and she had a house offered her in the Crimea, but there are too many of the Imperial family there already, and, if she is to move, surely it is better to go towards liberty, which can only be through Finland. I have since heard that she applied to go to a sanatorium in Finland, which has been refused, so I expect she will have to move in to

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André's villa at Kislovodsk. They will stay on there together.

On Easter Monday she with her son and Etter and the officer on guard, Mademoiselle Olive and I, went in three sledges for a drive. Very pretty country, and the day warm.

I left the same night, as we thought my staying on might attract notice. Anyhow, I am delighted to have been able to see her.

The journey back to Petrograd took only three nights; the train was six hours late. It was summer there, but here it is cold and disagreeable. I went straight to the hotel, had a bath, and drove to the Embassy to tell the Ambassador I had been to the Caucasus. He is always delightful and so quick, and quite understood my going away without letting him know where I was going, as I did not want to make him a party to my visit.

The situation has not changed for the better in my absence. It is all very bad and hopeless. The spirit of the Fleet is abominable. They have nearly all their officers locked up, and when Guchkov went there last week they would not release them for him, and he had to leave hurriedly. In 1905 the actual state of affairs was worse during six weeks—no electric light, no railways, no post, no telegrams. The Emperor, cut off in Peterhof, was still all-powerful—although the Ministers had to sledge across the ice from the Finland side or to go in boats to see him, because the Army was on the side of order. Now there are nearly two million deserters from the Army. Impossible to

make an offensive, and God alone knows if they will keep the defensive. Altogether it is as bad as it can be, but in Russia the unexpected always happens and Witte in 1905 gave the Reds their heads, and when the people got tired of them things arranged themselves; but he had the Army with him.

The English Labour Members are in this hotel, and a great success; the Ambassador likes them; they are horrified at the present condition of things. Will Thorne and Kerenski dined at the Embassy last night. Albert Thomas arrived to-day. The Ambassador is much worried. The Provisional Government is not strong, and has to give in to the Soviet, which really ought not to exist. My news yesterday does not show any change in the position, I regret to say. Whereas every one curses and hates the Empress, most pity the Emperor. The actual Government is what every one wanted, and if it had not been for the Emperor's abdication for his son, there need never have been any question of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council; whereas now it is difficult to separate in one's mind—and especially for those who suffer from it like the Grand Duchess—the nominal Government and the Soviet which terrorises them. I think it will end in bloodshed.

A man has just been to see me who has a large munition factory, and he tells me they are working better now on shorter hours than they were before on the longer hours.

The Jews are working openly for Germany. |

1917 | They are buying up house property, which is being sold much below its value for fear of worse days.

April 4. *D.* To Tsarskoe Selo to-day to see Grand Duke Paul and get news of his nephew Boris, who before I left was under arrest in his English cottage in the park there. It is impossible to see or communicate with him. He had excellent news of his son Dmitri in Persia. Kerenski had been to see the Grand Duke and told him no member of the Imperial family would be allowed to leave Russia till the end of the war.

Sunday,
April 22. *D.* A deputation of school-teachers came to the Embassy and asked for His Excellency, who went on to the balcony. Pares, who happened to be there, translated a few words from him into Russian.

The Neva has at last begun to thaw; there is an open stream twenty yards wide along this bank—the rest remains frozen.

April 28. *L.* It is impossible as yet to realise the upheaval of everything, and the utter sweeping away of an Empire in forty-eight hours. Yet this has happened here, and with hardly any bloodshed—about 200 killed.

Much as I deplored the grave errors of the Empress, my sympathy is always with monarchy—except for France; there the people are logical—the only logical nation in the world. But for Russia it will be “out of the frying-pan”—to go from an autocracy to a republic. The two extreme parties would equally rob, lie, and procrastinate.

I had had fever for five days with a bad

cough, and still keep my room. I think it was the seven nights in the train and the differences of climate.

Things go from worse to worst: God alone knows what will happen.

All the aerodromes are being moved to the Black Sea—to Kherson. Their removal from the environs of Petrograd is partly due to the fear of a possible attack by the German Fleet, but principally because the men won't work here—all the aeroplane soldiers are mobilised artisans.

The French Ambassador is going on leave—not to return, I am sorry to hear. Albert Thomas stays on in the interim. We don't know yet who will eventually be nominated.

I was just between my *abonnements* of the *New York Herald* and the *Times*, so have been without English newspapers describing the Revolution, except one of March 17, which was ridiculously inaccurate.

In front of the Embassy I fell out of a tram—April 30. L. pushed by a citizen soldier—on my face and wrist, so please excuse bad writing. Two of the militia, who since the Revolution are taking the place of the police, helped me to the Embassy, where Lady Georgina tied up my wrist.

The German agents are working against England. The Ismailovski Regiment has gone over to Lenin, the German agent here. The sailors have taken away from their officers the right to wear epaulettes.

I leave Wednesday for the Crimea to stay with the Obolenskis at Yalta. I am delighted to leave

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this disorderly town, but shall hate missing the street fighting, if there is any.

I believe the King of Sweden offered a home to some members of the Imperial family, which was really kind. Empress Marie is furious at our Embassy's not sending her letters to Marlborough House. She cannot understand the situation. Poor thing! How can one expect her to?

The palace of the Grand Duchess Vladimir at Tsarskoe Selo has been *perquisitionné*. This is what really happened. The housekeeper had by mistake left the electric light on all night. The military police came in. Next day the authorities thought it advisable to make an inventory of the whole palace. In her safe was found a book which the Red newspapers allege is a German cipher—the fools! They have since had to admit it was the key to the working of the safe, which had only lately been put in and which, like everything else in Petrograd, was “made in Germany.”

To-day I have seen an officer who went to Stavka with Guchkov, and yesterday the Foreign Office representative who works there. Both told me that the whole Stavka mourn the departure of General Hanbury-Williams.

I know the new Minister of War. I hope to get my business through when things are settled. I have been very busy. The Minister of Finance, Terestchenko, is our old friend from the south of France, so I hope for the best.

Saturday,
May 5. D.

It was daylight at 3.30 a.m. when my train reached Semferopol in the Crimea, the station for

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Yalta. No automobile to be got before half-past six! Walked about the town, watched the rooks building, and fed them with bread. I left at 7 to drive fifty-five miles to Yalta. Over the mountains and down the other side, through woods of wild pear, cherry, and crab-apple in blossom, with the blue sea at my feet. At Alushta, on the sea-shore, had breakfast. The lilac-trees in flower everywhere. Arrived at the Villa Mordvina 10.30 a.m. and received by Princess Obolenski. Sergei was down in the town.

YALTA. Here I am, settled, but the weather most indifferent, and everything a fortnight late because of this awful winter. The place is not nearly so pretty as Cannes, or Cap Martin, or Sicily, but it has its charm. It reminds me of the Territet end of Lake Geneva—not a bit of the French Riviera.

Saturday,
May 5. L.

We lead the simple life—up at 7 and to bed at 9. Sergei Obolenski is already better for the change and rest. The villa very large, clean, and comfortable. The Empress Marie is staying at her daughter's* villa—eighty-three people in all. One does not hear of nor see them.

Felix Yusupov is expected back from Petrograd any day. I have full details now of the event, but not yet from himself. It was he who killed the "Unmentionable." Dmitri Pavlovich's declaration on oath was quite true.†

* Grand Duchess Xenia, wife of Grand Duke Alexander Michailovich and mother of Princess Felix Yusupov.

† See Dec. 31, 1916 (pp. 76-79).

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May 15. L.

YALTA. It is such a relief to be in the sunshine and flowers after Petrograd. I am leading a quiet life, which has done me a lot of good, and think I shall stay here a month. I am quite happy—my hostess is charming, and I have a few friends in the town.

An entire absence of hypocrisy or pretence makes Russians so easy to live with. I don't think Latins or Anglo-Saxons can ever understand Slavs. *Les Slavs se comprennent.*

To-day is my Grand Duchess's birthday, and mine to-morrow. Last year I spent both with her. I would like to go and see her again, but from here it is too difficult, and the cross-country railway journey too complicated, and besides there is always the fear of doing her harm by the idea of any communication between different members of the family. I have given her proof of my devotion; now there would only be my strong desire to see her in her distress.

Felix Yusupov, back from Petrograd, comes here this afternoon.

This letter is going to Petrograd with Madame Terestchenko, mother of the Foreign Minister. One never knows now whether letters arrive—that's "Liberty"!

A few nights ago, a destroyer seized by sailors at Sebastopol arrived here about midnight. After landing they commandeered as many automobiles as they could lay hands on and motored to Ai Todor, where the Empress Marie is staying with her daughter, and arrived there between 2 and 3

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in the morning. The front door being unlocked, they went straight to the upper floor, found her bedroom, went in and ordered her out of bed. They would not let her maid come to her. She stood up behind a screen in her night attire until the "perquisition" was completed. A woman whom they brought with them ripped up the mattresses, and the whole room was searched from ceiling to floor. They split open her icons to see if anything were hidden, and took them away, and also confiscated her Testament and her prescription book, and all the letters they could find, many being from the late King and Queen of Denmark. This occupied nearly three hours. Several articles of no great value were missing afterwards. Then they went into her daughter's room, who was asleep with her husband. They made him get out of bed and leave the room, and put a sailor with a gun and fixed bayonet on either side of her bed, where she had to stay.

Afterwards these devils went on to the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievich. He was already dressed when they arrived, received them at the front door, and said the villa was entirely at their disposal to search. He and his family went into the garden. Guards were placed at the doors and entrances of both villas.

YALTA. Was sitting at the Café Florens, built out over the sea—where everybody meets in the morning. Across the road is the *confiserie*, also kept by Florens, a Frenchman with a charming

Thursday,
May 31. L.

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wife and two daughters. Sergei Dolgoruki came in with his sister, Countess Fersen and her two children, and another lady to whom he introduced me—his wife—beautiful and full of charm. They invited me to their villa at Mishor next week.

Friday,
June 1.

L.

YALTA. All round and everywhere there is only anxiety. Countess Betsy Schuvalov has just arrived from Kislovodsk, where she saw the Grand Duchess Vladimir most days, and has brought me a piteous letter from her in which she complains most bitterly of her lot. She has not been out of her house for more than two months. As she has moved into a smaller house, she lives entirely in one bed-sitting room. What can I do? Surely the best thing is to do nothing; but how can she be expected to take this view, never in her life having been denied anything?

She wants me to go from here to the Caucasus, but in her interest I think it will be best that I should go first to Petrograd, where at least I shall be able to ascertain the exact position of the family during my absence. At this distance one hears nothing but lies, and *on peut se rendre compte de rien*.

Quel type la Comtesse Betsy! She is the only energetic Russian I have ever met, and would make a splendid Dictator, not caring a damn for any one! To-day she goes to see the Empress Marie, although she is under arrest.

Wednesday,
June 6. D.

YALTA. To visit Princess Bariatinski, Countess Betsy's sister, for many years head of the Red Cross

in Yalta, who, regardless of Bolsheviki opposition, has stuck courageously to her post. She took me round the various Red Cross hospitals in Yalta. I met a Russian lady who had been sent officially to Germany by the Russian Red Cross—of which the Empress Marie is the head—accompanied by a Danish officer. One day, while waiting for the German officials to show her over the camps, she happened to stray into a shed used as a camp bakery. There, to her horror, she saw, tied before the ovens, some Russian soldiers who, for some misdemeanours, were being par-roasted.

I recounted to her what I saw in Paris, on the third Sunday in September 1914, after the Battle of the Marne. The Germans had retreated, leaving their wounded on the field. General Gallieni, with characteristic kindness, had them all brought to Paris. At that time I was going every day to the Val de Grâce Hospital to see the English wounded, who were being brought in with the French, and to visit an Irish soldier who was dying. The sister who was nursing him said, "I have got something to show you!" and took me out of the ward to a little room on the staircase. Under a napkin were three watches and *the right hand of a child of four*, taken out of the coat pocket of a German soldier.*

Felix Yusupov and his wife to tea in the loggia. Afterwards, in the garden, he told me the whole story of the murder of Rasputin.†

*. This wretch was promptly shot.

† See p. 83.

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Thursday,
June 14. *D.*

The news of the Vimy Ridge mine is marvellous, even as given in a short telegram. The Russian newspapers now hate to admit that we English do anything.

Saturday,
June 16. *L.*

YALTA. Princess Serge Dolgoruki died quite suddenly at the age of thirty-six, leaving six children by a former husband—the eldest only thirteen—and one little Dolgoruka. She has been unconscious for two days from a mistaken dose of veronal. She is to be buried on Wednesday. She was a charming lady, loved by everybody, and was an intimate friend of the Grand Duchess Xenia. Her death has greatly upset us all.

Countess Betsy Schuvalov came to fetch me to go to the funeral service at the little church of Korrise, near their house, Mishor, which lies in the midst of oak and laburnum woods near the sea below the village. We picked up Princess Urussov and Princess Volkonski, and arrived at Korrise at 10. The requiem began at once. In South Russia the coffin is only closed in the cemetery. The body lay half covered with a cloth-of-silver pall, and embedded in pink roses. I have never seen anything more beautiful or more moving. The six children were there; they all kissed their dead mother on entering the church. During the service a constant stream of village people was placing flowers near the body. At the end every one present kissed the dead Princess. It was the first Russian funeral I had been to.

The Empress Marie and the Grand Duchess Xenia assisted at the service in a side chapel,

which they entered by another door, and when the coffin, borne by friends, was carried out and the procession started for the cemetery, the Empress, her daughter, and her sons also followed on foot. The roads were strewn with pink roses and green boughs.

I thought the Empress, whom I had not seen for more than a year, was looking well—better than I expected she possibly could, though a little thinner. She walked with a firm step over a very muddy, slippery road and down a steep hill. The Grand Duchess appeared ill, tired, and very sad. Her daughter, Princess Felix Yusupov, told me she was in indifferent health and much upset by recent events.

All Yalta was present. The cemetery—a mile away—is on a wooded knoll in the middle of a vineyard. We had hardly arrived when a terrible thunder-shower began, and we were all drenched to the skin. The motors and carriages had been left in the high road, and we had to descend a steep footpath through the vineyard to the cemetery. A hired carriage came to fetch the Empress Marie, her daughter, and two little grandsons, to join her automobile, which had gone with her own Cossack on the lower road, at the bottom of the vineyard. It was too wet to finish the service, and the priest left to come back later. The coffin, now covered with its lid, being placed under a tree, all the friends left and only the family remained.

The weather has been abominable. The cherries,

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magnolias, and white jasmine are wonderful. The sides of the hills, sloping to the sea, are planted with tobacco. The cherry-market is a sight to see. The cherries—white, pink, red, and black—are brought in, in every shape and size of basket, on every sort of animal, and in every kind of vehicle. The peasants here are Mohammedan—kind and courteous people, and every village has its mosque.

One day I offered some cherries to a Tartar boy, a child of seven who lives by the gate. As he refused them, I threw them away. Next time I passed he ran up and kissed my hand, and said he had not meant to be rude!

Wednesday,
June 27. *D.*

YALTA. Terrific thunder-storm all night. Very hot morning. Grand Duke Alexander's two sons came to wish me good-bye; also Countess Betsy Schuvalov and Princess Bariatinski. Left at 4 p.m. for Semferopol.

The woods are now carpeted with wild flowers of every conceivable colour—blue predominating—far more beautiful than the Engadine flora! All along the highway cushat doves in pairs, pecking gravel, hardly took the trouble to get out of our way.

Found Nikky Orlov at the station; went to the hotel and dined with him. We left by the 3.22 a.m. train.

Thursday,
June 28. *D.*

ALEXANDROVSK. 90° Fahrenheit. Nikky changed here for Kiev. Made the acquaintance of Alexinski, member of the Second Duma, on his way back from Sevastopol, where he had been

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sent by Kerenski to inquire into and report on the sailors' mutiny and their raid on the Imperial family at Yalta, which had not been authorised by the Government, the "perquisition" being made under forged signatures. It is difficult to get at the truth. He is agreeable and interesting, and talks good French.

From the train, in brilliant sunshine, saw a hawk surrounded and pursued by a flock of golden orioles, with their slow, undulating flight; I counted forty-eight, but the hawk got away!

CHARKOV. At important stations the door of each corridor carriage is guarded by a sentry with fixed bayonet to stop deserters or prevent the unauthorised entry of soldiers. The man on guard at my carriage was leaning against the train, smoking, with his rifle held anyhow. I said in English, with an air of authority, "You know you are on duty; why the hell don't you take the cigarette out of your mouth and hold yourself straight?" The inflexion of my voice and the atavism of obedience were enough: he instantly threw away his cigarette and stood to attention!

Friday,
June 29. D.

Arrived Petrograd at 11.30 a.m. No porters and no cabs; commandeered private two-horse carriage, which took me to the hotel for 5 roubles—five times ordinary price! My case of Crimean wine, too heavy for luggage van, travelled under conductor's bed. Streets filthy.

Saturday,
June 30. D.

At 9.20 a procession began to pass down the Nevski. The sailors' band headed it; everything was quiet; but there was panic in our street.

Sunday,
July 1. D.

1917 The supporters of the Government stayed away. At 12.45 I walked to Donon's and found it shut, so came back and had luncheon in my room. At 4.30 walked to the Embassy and had tea with Lady Georgina, Princess Soltykov, and Madame Tatistchev, with whom I walked back to the Foreign Office. Then to the hotel, dined, and took a long walk, eventually arriving at the Foreign Office, finding only the Tatistchevs and Soldatenkov.

Monday,
July 2. *D.*

Hearing Grand Duke Boris is no longer under arrest, decided to go to Tsarskoe Selo. Drove straight to his house and found him at luncheon. First time I had seen him since the Revolution. Has left the Army. Afterwards we walked to the Grand Duke Paul's house and sat in the garden.

Tuesday,
July 3. *D.*

At 3 this morning the Cossacks took away the Anarchist prisoners from the Preobrajenski Barracks. I feel a state of general tension. Walked with the Ambassador as far as the Winter Palace and back, to tell him about the situation in the Crimea.

Wednesday,
July 4. *D.*

A procession of soldiers went up the Nevski at noon. In the afternoon to visit the Felix Yusupovs. He showed me exactly where Rasputin was killed, the blood-stained Polar bear skin, and how it happened. We then walked to the Nevski, where Felix left me.

Sunday,
July 8. *D.*

Passing the church of the Preobrajenski Regiment,* where evening service was being sung by the soldiers and one priest, went in to see if the

* One of the numerous regiments of which every Emperor is Colonel-in-Chief.

sword of Alexander II was still in its glass case ; only the Emperor's seat under the canopy has gone and the eagle at the back is covered with red cloth.

Here I am back in Petrograd. Telegrams take nine days in Russia and twenty-seven hours to London, and the post one cannot depend on. It is all very unpleasant here, and I shall be delighted to get away ; but first I should like to go and say good-bye to our Grand Duchess. The journey don't frighten me ; I have done so many. I hear she is quiet and well. She has but to lie low and—unless the anarchists get the upper hand—has nothing to fear.

Sunday,
July 8. L.

The Grand Duke Boris is quite free. I constantly see him. There is always good news of Dmitri Pavlovich from Teheran, from the summer quarters of the Legations. He is free to go where he likes.

Albert Thomas was the most enormous success. Elihu Root leaves on Tuesday—much liked, but I doubt if his visit is of any real use, as they will not listen to anything he proposes. They want nothing but peace at any price.

Alexander Polovtsov is making an inventory of everything in the palace of Gatchina. The private will of the Emperor Alexander III was found in the drawer of his writing-table and sent to the archives. Polovstov is working for the Government, who are cataloguing the contents of all the Imperial Palaces. Last night it was said his brother Peter had given up the Petrograd

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command—a thankless job with no support behind it.

A curious side of the Russian character, in all classes, is the absence of initiative. I put it down as the natural result of autocracy. In this country the least attempt at initiative would always have been suppressed; hence it does not exist. In every Russian there is the latent dread of the autocrat.

Thursday,
July 12. D.

Dined at Tsarskoe Selo with the Grand Duke Paul. Afterwards motored with the Grand Duke Boris to Pavlovsk, and then back to Petrograd. A summer night of wonderful colours—the red rose of sunset fading into the flush of dawn—from crimson into palest pink, and then back to rose-colour.

Friday,
July 13. D.

Woke up at 11 a.m. No one answered my bell. Found hotel servants on strike, except cooks. Dressed, made my own bed, cleaned my bath, swept my room. I did the same for a rheumatic old lady in my corridor who was much upset by the strike. Had invited Bibikov and Putiatin to luncheon. With them to kitchen and procured what we wanted to eat, and carried it up to my room. Oddly enough, the coffee-pot I was carrying dripped all the way to the second floor. It took two days' hard labour to clean the marble staircase—without carpet in the summer—after the servants came off strike. Luncheon over, placed all the plates, dishes, etc., on the floor outside the door. Dinner at Felix Yusupov's in the room where Rasputin was killed; sat next

to Lady Muriel Paget. Took an *izvoschik* home; paid him a rouble for a 40-kopek fare. He called me a Jew! 1917

There is quite a different feeling in Petrograd since the advance in Galicia. Let's hope they won't run into a trap or lose what they have got. Arthur Henderson leaves to-day. What do you think of "Sonia"? I suppose it will become a classic of the years just before the war. July 13. L.

The Ambassador thanked me for news I had sent him in the morning—"just what he wanted to know." Monday, July 16. *Narrative.*

Dined with Edward Cunard and Guy Colebrooke, both of the Embassy, in the Olives' house, where I had been on March 10. It is at the far end of the town, only a hundred yards from the Tauride Palace, where the Duma meets. I left at 9.15 p.m. on foot with Cunard. The streets were quite normal. He accompanied me down the Sergeivskia a little way. When I got to the Liteiny—the main artery from the popular quarter across the Neva—I found it all in effervescence. No trams—always a bad sign. Nobody seemed to know if anything had happened or was going to happen—many people spoke to me. Everybody was asking everybody else what was on.

I walked down the Mochovaia and a motor-car full of students and Grenadier soldiers passed me and stopped at No. 28, where I saw several rifles being brought out, put into the automobile, which turned round and left at full speed. At the corner of the Fontanka Bridge and the Cinistelli Circus,

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the same automobile came up, stopped a motor-car with a lady and gentleman, pulled them out, not too roughly; half of the armed men got into it, and the two cars started off again at full speed.

I continued on foot to the Hôtel de l'Europe and telephoned what I had seen to Lady Georgina. She told me that motor-lorries full of armed men had been coming over the Troitza Bridge in front of the Embassy for the last hour. I then walked down the Nevski to go to the Yusupovs' Palace. It was the Princess's birthday. The Nevski was emptying fast, though there were still some strollers and some sightseers. Armoured cars and motor-lorries with armed men were tearing up and down. Three tiny children were dancing round together, excitedly singing out, "Revoluzion, Revoluzion!" I left the Nevski to go down the Moika, which was quite calm. A good many diners were coming out of the restaurants.

The Marienski Palace Place, the seat of the Provisional Government, was quite empty; on the steps of the palace nine soldiers were talking. Continuing down the Moika to the Yusupov Palace, found my hosts packing off the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna II, Mita Benckendorff, and Prince Palei, for the station to take the train to Tsarskoe Selo. They had come up to dine and spend the evening, but it was thought better they should leave at once. Till I came the only news they had had was by telephone; everything was quite quiet in this quarter.

Many guests had come after dinner, like me, to

hear Sacha Markarov, the great guitarist, play. A young lady thought fit to sit on the window-sill of the ground-floor drawing-room, and in a few minutes a crowd had gathered outside. It was thought better to close all the iron shutters on the ground floor.

In the meantime a regiment, armed, with all its officers, marched down the Moika on the opposite side, halted, and stood along the balustrade of the canal. I afterwards heard that, near the Nevski end of the Moika, while this regiment was marching along, the cry of "Cossacks" was raised, and they all fled into the nearest houses and courtyards. Many passers-by were knocked down and trampled upon, and my informant was bruised a good deal as the soldiers rushed through the narrow opening of a big door into the courtyard. Such is the inherent terror both soldiers and the people have of the Cossacks!

We all left the drawing-room on the ground floor and went to the apartment on the top floor—which are their sleeping-rooms until those on the ground floor are finished. From these windows we could see the regiment, which eventually marched away.

I went downstairs to the dining-room in the basement, where Lady Muriel Paget had in the meantime arrived and, with the other guests, had come down to the dining-room in the basement. I determined to go back to the street. Lady Muriel asked me whether I would see her home; I said I would, provided she did every-

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thing I told her. Avoiding all open spaces and broad streets, as I had learnt to do in the First Revolution, and keeping close to the houses, we made for the Fontanka Canal. Presently we found an *izvoschik*, who agreed for ten roubles to go wherever we wanted.

As we arrived at the Sadovia we ran up against a demonstration of workpeople and soldiers, which just prevented our crossing. They were all very excited and singing the "Marseillaise." Lady Muriel preferred to get out of the *izvoschik* and stand near the houses, so that in case of a rush she might be able to go inside. Some *izvoschiki* came up, and one of the drivers began to complain loudly of being held up by the procession. He was instantly surrounded by the mob and pulled off his box. A few minutes after a panic seized the procession—whether from fear of the Cossacks or of machine-guns I don't know; I heard no firing. All the *izvoschiki* skedaddled. I managed to tumble out of mine and get on the sidewalk, and for the moment I lost Lady Muriel.

An old woman was hobbling along on two sticks, which were knocked out of her hands in the rush, and she fell on her knees. I picked her up, gave her her sticks, and propped her against the wall. I then called out to Lady Muriel, and fortunately she heard me. I told her to lie down near the wall, as there was no courtyard near to get into; but on second thoughts I hurried her down the street and we found one.

FIGHTING IN THE NEVSKI PROSPEKT 175

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In the meantime our *izvoschik* had disappeared, and as soon as the demonstration had thinned down we managed to cross the street and walked on, eventually reaching the Anglo-Russian Hospital at 1.15 a.m. A lot of wounded from the fighting in the Nevski had been brought in, and we went straight up to the wards to see them. The doctors and sisters were much concerned at the non-appearance of Lady Muriel, as on their telephoning to the Yusupov Palace they were told she had left there more than an hour before.

The fighting in the Nevski was between Bolshevik soldiers and the Cossacks, who had been drawn up across the street at the corner of Vladimir Prospekt. The soldiers lay flat in the middle of the roadway and fired on the Cossacks. No sooner did the Cossacks reply than the cowards crept to the side and bolted into the nearest houses. Thank God, some of the brutes were killed.

After I had had some tea I left the hospital and walked down the Nevski to the Hôtel de l'Europe. I saw only one shop window broken—a cigar-shop. I met many stretchers with wounded people on them, and there was a great crowd on the Sadovia—the Nevski was empty. I got back to the hotel at 2.15 a.m. and went to bed.

Whilst walking about in the morning heard fierce shooting, but did not get under fire. During luncheon in the hotel a battle took place in the

Tuesday,
July 17. D.

1917

Sadovia close by; the bullets rattled down on the roof opposite. Hand-grenades were being used by the Bolsheviki all over Petrograd. To the Embassy and talked with the Ambassador privately. Dined at night off tea and jam, as all the hotel cooks had left.

Wednesday,
July 18. D.

Violent rain all night, which swept the Bolsheviki off the streets. No trams and only an occasional *izvoschik*. My old music-seller opposite opened his shop at 10.30 for a few minutes only. All shops closed. Dined at the Polovtsovs, and heard that the Bolsheviki were to be "polished off" to-night. This would have been done last night but for the violent rain. Went to the Embassy to warn the Ambassador that all the bridges are to be opened, in order to cut off the Bolsheviki from their strongholds, which are the workmen's quarters on the other side of the river. Returned to the Polovtsovs, where we played bridge till 3 a.m., waiting for news which never came.

Thursday,
July 19. D.

Early in the morning Lady Georgina telephoned me they had been warned at 5.30 that the Peter-Paul Fortress might bombard the town at any moment. Dressed quickly and started off at once to the Embassy. As I crossed the Champ de Mars a number of soldiers at the Pavlovsk Barracks, sitting in the windows with rifles, fired from time to time across the Champ de Mars over my head into the Summer Garden. I was not going to turn back for them. I pulled myself together and walked across the Champ de Mars

and entered the Embassy by the adjoining courtyard of Princess Soltykov's house. Went straight up to the first floor, found the Ambassador on the balcony surrounded by his secretaries—instead of sitting in the cellar, as they had been told to do—eagerly watching the troops advancing on their stomachs across the Troitzka Bridge. Terestchenko, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had placed rooms in the Foreign Office at the disposal of the Ambassador and his family, but they refused to leave.

About half-past eleven a message came to say that the house of the dancer, Kchessinskaia, which had been looted and taken over by the Bolsheviki at the beginning of the Revolution, had been captured by the Government troops, and at ten minutes past one an officer came to say that the Peter-Paul Fortress, which was being held by the Soldiers and Workmen against the Government forces, had capitulated. For the first time since the Revolution the midday gun was not fired from the fortress as usual to-day. In the evening I saw Cossacks on white horses escorting Kerenski back from the station to the Winter Palace on his return from Stavka.

Severe fighting round the Nicolai railway station. Changes in the Cabinet. At midnight some one telephoned to say a battle was going on by the Palace Bridge, opposite the Winter Palace. Opened my windows but could hear nothing; too tired to dress again.

Friday,
July 20. D.

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Saturday,
July 21. D.

In last night's battle the Bolsheviki, who had collected at the end of the Palace Bridge, were surrounded by Cossacks and cut into small pieces. I had a little piece of Bolshevik brought me later! The bad news from the Front, which I have known since Thursday, is now published.

Monday,
July 23. D.

To the Polovtsovs after dinner. The General came in and told us Lenin had not yet been found. I suggested to search the Vladimir Palace, which I know has been a nest of revolutionaries for the last three months.

July 25. L.

We have had five days' hell. Tuesday was worse than any day in the Revolution, but it is not over yet. We must wade through a sea of blood before it can be ended. Perhaps nothing will happen to me—why should it? But if I “go away” don't regret me; I am so tired—I want to sleep!

The Cossacks are to be buried on July 28. The news from the Front is too terrible to think of—two Army Corps surrendered, and all the towns lost which were so lately won. Thank God, the Huns will find nothing to eat. I know what that is, as we are starving here. Tarnopol is a great disaster, and really last night, after four days' anarchy, when that news came, we were all disheartened. You have no idea how tired it makes one; I sleep eight hours, only to wake up much more tired. There is nothing to eat, either; I am always hungry.

For the moment all is quiet here, but there may yet be a pitched battle between those who

want to maintain order and carry on the war, and those who don't want to do either. 1917

I have been back three weeks from the Crimea, July 27. L. and yesterday I went to Tsarskoe Selo to see the Grand Duke Paul. There is but little news of the Emperor and his children. It is only when by chance somebody knows one of the officers who have been on guard that any direct news is got; but this is known—they are all in excellent health and at work in their kitchen-garden, except the Empress, who does not go out. There is a triple cordon of guards, and they are not allowed to pass the first line, which rather restricts their exercise; but, after all, it is for their safety; and if you had been through what we have been through this last week, you would be glad to have guards to protect you.

The Commandant of the Palace is an upright officer and a gentleman, and he does all in his power to meet their wishes.

Last night Prince Putiatin came to see me. He was twenty-three years in the Imperial household and thirty-two days in the fortress. Last week he lost his father-in-law, Admiral Paltov, one of the oldest admirals in the Imperial Navy. At the funeral service, Mademoiselle Hendrikov, the Empress's maid of honour, came with a message of condolence from her, which shows that they know all that passes, and are allowed to communicate with friends on matters of personal interest. The Prince confirmed the excellent character of the Commandant of the Palace.

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I have not written to you since my return, because till yesterday I had nothing but vague reports to give you, although I have been several times to Tsarskoe Selo. I received a letter from Kislovodsk from the Grand Duchess Vladimir. She is quite free in that town and is no longer molested, but I fear her health has suffered from her three months' arrest; she complains of her heart. Before I leave Russia I hope to be able to go and see her again.

We have passed through a terrible week. It began at 9.30 on Monday evening, July 16, and the last street battle was on Saturday, July 21, at midnight. I think Tuesday was worse than any day in the First Revolution; then the people were out for an ideal, this week it is pure anarchy, combined with nothing to eat. Thursday morning was a critical moment for the Embassy. They were all warned at 5.30 to be ready to leave. At 11, the house of the dancer opposite, occupied by the anarchists, capitulated; and at a quarter to one, the Fortress. The weather was very hot and stuffy; I think revolutions are better in the winter.

But all of this is nothing compared with the news from the Front, where the soldiers are laying down their arms wholesale. History tells us the Russians have never won a real war—only wars for enlarging their frontiers. Formerly the Russian soldier gave his life for the Tsar, and went into the trenches singing his hymn—that he would die for the Tsar. Now he is for-

bidden to sing that hymn. He has no "Little Father" to die for, and asks himself, "What am I fighting for?"

Siberians—who, by the way, have proved themselves first-rate soldiers—live much farther from Warsaw than Warsaw is from Bordeaux, and they would much sooner be tilling their land than fighting Germans who live thousands of versts away. All this has been preached to them on the Front by paid agents of Germany.

There are twenty-four million men under arms in Russia, and one has only to look at the map to see where the larger proportion must come from. If Moscow had been attacked, as in 1812, it would have been a different thing. The Ambassador is in despair, though but for him I do not believe any offensive would have been made since the Revolution; and since Albert Thomas left he has had to work single-handed. The new French Ambassador will not for some little time have much influence. It is heart-rending.

I go to-morrow to Kislovodsk to see the Grand Duchess Vladimir and spend her fête with her. I shall be away nine days—six in the train and three there. On Monday I go to Tsarskoe Selo to get any messages and news from Grand Duke Boris for his mother. July 27. L.

The war news was very bad last night. Kerenski—who has Jewish blood—is living in the Winter Palace. There is a question of sending the Emperor and his family to Siberia—to a town, Tobolsk, 400 versts from a railway.

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July 29. D. I believe the Emperor and his family have been sent to Siberia. I heard this last night. I wonder what effect it will have on the people. I think Kerenski will make himself dictator.

Left Nicolai station, Petrograd, 9.30 for Kislovodsk in the Caucasus. General Offley Shaw and Lieutenant Grundy, Persian Rifles, travelled in the next compartment to me on their way to Tiflis and Persia respectively.

Monday,
July 30. D. ROSTOV-ON-DON. The bridge across the Don, swept away by the great floods in the month of May, has now been repaired. All day passing through endless acres of undulating ground planted with sunflowers. Seen from the north, the effect was a pale yellow-green ocean, which, as I looked back, changed to lakes of golden sunshine as they faced the sun.

Tuesday,
July 31. D. KISLOVODSK. Arrived 9 p.m. All the hotels full. Left my luggage at the station and drove to the Grand Duchess Vladimir's villa. Walked unexpectedly into the dining-room, where I found her still at table after dinner with the Grand Duke André, Princess Mestcherski, and her equerries. My unannounced arrival evidently pleased her; she made me very welcome, ordered dinner for me, and asked me to stay in the villa. All were happy to hear news from the north, and we remained round the table talking till midnight.

Thursday,
Aug. 2. D. KISLOVODSK. The Grand Duchess received me in her *cabinet de travail*, and we counted the money which I had brought her in my boots

from Petrograd ! It was in revolutionary thousand-rouble notes, which she had never seen before.

Afterwards walked with her to the hill leading to the town to meet her son. On our way back an unknown lady curtsied to the Grand Duchess. Ever since her release she has received marks of sympathy and courtesy from all classes. She took me for a drive through the Cossack villages where we had been on Easter Monday. After tea I walked up the valley alongside the river of Kislovodsk, which reminded me of the Lichtenthal Allée, Baden-Baden. It is tidy and well kept.

A pair of golden orioles sang at 7 a.m. Ordered a cake and bread to take back to Petrograd. In the afternoon drove with the Grand Duchess up to the Blue Rocks, where there is a wonderful view. She told me that at a children's picnic in the mountains, at a place called "The Eagles' Nest," an enormous golden eagle planed above them. The children shouted out, "Aeroplane ! Aeroplane !" So machinery displaces nature ! As I walked in the town later, was addressed in perfect English by a young Cossack who was riding, and whom we had met during our drive. Before dinner the Grand Duchess's presents were laid out on a table in her salon. I gave tuberose as I did last year.

Friday,
Aug. 3. D.

KISLOVODSK. The Grand Duchess's fête-day, St. Mary Magdalen. Woke up at 6 by my golden orioles. At 12.30 the priest came and sang *Te Deum*. We sat down twenty-eight to luncheon on the veranda at three tables.

Saturday,
Aug. 4. D.

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Sunday,
Aug. 5. D. KISLOVODSK. Fetched the cake and bread I had had baked, to take to Petrograd. Early dinner on account of me. Left at 8.30 for Petrograd. The Grand Duchess and her guests waved to me in the train from the veranda.
- Wednesday,
Aug. 8. D. TVER. From the railway-carriage gave a beggar boy white bread—the first he had seen for three years!
- Thursday,
Aug. 9. D. Arrived at 1.15 a.m. at Nicolai station, Petrograd—sixteen hours late! To luncheon with Grand Duke Boris at Tsarskoe Selo. A long talk with him alone.
- Friday,
Aug. 10. D. To dine at the Embassy, also General Sir Charles Barter, General Knox, and Lord Ilchester (King's Messenger). Later with Ilchester to Yusupov Palace, where the gipsies sang.
- Saturday,
Aug. 11. D. The Emperor and his family are still at Tsarskoe Selo; no one knows the reason of the postponement of their journey to Siberia. He was told about it and made no objection. It is true the Empress can't walk, but I doubt that being the cause. It had been arranged for Thursday, July 26. Everything seems quiet for the moment, but last night, coming away from the Yusupovs', there was a rifle-shot quite close to me. Nowadays a single shot can bring on a battle. One is almost more apprehensive of calm than of noise, but the Ambassador goes on Thursday for five days' rest to Finland, so I conclude he is not too worried for the moment.

Want of bread brought on the Revolution, and the same may bring a counter-revolution. There

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is nothing to eat : I suffer most from the absence of butter.

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Returning home at an early hour this morning down the Morskaia, a sentry called out something I did not understand. As I continued, he rushed at me with a fixed bayonet, presented to my breast. I would not go back and remained standing erect. Gulescu, the celebrated *chef d'orchestre*, who had been playing at our supper-party, driving by, jumped out of his carriage and explained matters. He interpreted for me : " Better go to the Front and kill Germans than a peaceable ally ! "

Saturday,
Aug. 11. D.

The Emperor and his family left Tsarskoe Selo station this morning at 5.35 a.m.

Tuesday,
Aug. 14. D.

Fetches Madame Tatistchev from the Foreign Office to go to the church * of the Peter-Paul Fortress. The custodian told me that as many people come now as before the Revolution to put candles on the tomb of the Emperor Paul, which has always been an object of veneration, as the people believe it will bring back their sons safe from the war. I put two candles on the tomb, one for the Grand Duchess Vladimir, and one for myself, and afterwards we went on to the new church, where I put a candle on the tomb of the Grand Duke Vladimir. From there we drove to the convent where John of Cronstadt † was buried. At the Embassy told the Ambassador details of the Emperor's de-

Wednesday,
Aug. 15. D.

* The burial-place of the Emperors from Peter the Great to Alexander III, when the new church was required.

† Religious adviser of Alexander III shortly before his death.

1917 parture, which I had from an eye-witness. On the Palace Quay saw Kerenski in the Emperor's Rolls-Royce, talking with a friend.

Sunday, Aug. 19. L. It is a long time since I have written to you. At times I have only had little bits of news; and I have been at Kislovodsk.

I have the facts about the departure of the Emperor and family from one who was at the station. The train was to have started at 2 a.m., but owing to the quantity of luggage, which preceded them in a separate train, they did not leave till 5.35. The Guards gave the Emperor the salute when he left the palace. The Emperor, the Grand Duke Alexei, and the Empress, drove in an open automobile to the station, the four Grand Duchesses in another; they were in white dresses. Their heads were shaved after the measles. The Emperor lit cigarettes incessantly, and threw them away. The Empress had tears in her eyes. The Grand Duke Alexei cried—poor little boy! You mustn't forget they had been waiting to leave since two o'clock, for over three hours. The four Grand Duchesses showed no emotion.

The Grand Duke Michael motored yesterday from Gatchina to his cousin Boris's house in Tsarskoe Selo, where he left his wife, Countess Brassov. He then went to the palace and saw the Emperor; they stood up for a little more than five minutes talking together. Kerenski and the officer on guard were in the room all the time and looked out of the window. The



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

Grand Duke Michael asked to see the Empress ; it was not allowed. The brothers embraced. The Grand Duke Boris told me that when his cousin came back from the interview he was so upset he couldn't speak. Count Benckendorff some days later asked Kerenski a question *à propos* of something relating to the palace, and Kerenski answered: "They will be back here in November."

The climate of Tobolsk is good, especially in the autumn. The last 400 versts down the river is done on American steamers, which are quite comfortable. Convicts were never sent there. I think it will make a bad impression on the Russian people that Siberia should have been chosen for the Imperial residence, as the Emperor now becomes a victim instead of a prisoner. If it had been this side of the Urals less impression would have been made, but that the Lord's Anointed should be sent to Siberia may hurt the *amour-propre* of the people.

They were to have left on July 26, but at the last moment the departure was cancelled. Count Elie Leonidovich Tatistchev,* *le plus brave des braves*, has gone in the place of Benckendorff, who is suffering from his eyes. The Empress left a letter to thank him for his services of twenty-three years—he is the only person whom she is known to have thanked.

* When Kerenski sent for him and asked whether he would go to Siberia he said, "I must go wherever you order me." "It is to accompany the Emperor to Siberia." He replied, "I will do whatever the Emperor commands." And he went.

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They are accompanied by Markarov, who looks after the palaces, works of art, and archives. He is the good genius of Kerenski. The Empress says, "We have not suffered enough for all the faults we have committed." To me it seems that, through her fault, husband, children, family, and country have all suffered more than enough.

General Gourko is in a dry room in the Peter-Paul Fortress, and his wife has been allowed to join him there. There is personal spite in his detention. I went yesterday to the church in the fortress, where the Emperors are buried. All is in perfect order and the lights burning on the different tombs. The tomb of the Emperor Paul was ablaze with candles, and on it was a large bunch of white lilies. He has always been looked upon by the people as a martyr, and prayers to him are believed to bring back alive and well those at the war. They assured me the Revolution makes no difference to the popular devotion. The Russians respect the dead, if they do not the living.

I went on July 28 to Kislovodsk, where the Grand Duchess Vladimir is still staying. I took money to her, as one can trust nobody nowadays. I arrived quite unexpectedly and stayed in her villa for five nights. Although it is quite small they managed to make room for me. I was there in time for her fête, August 4. After the *Te Deum* in the villa, the old parish priest said a few words: "As Mary Magdalen was the first to know of the Resurrection of

Christ, so may you, after all your suffering, be the first to know that the order of former days has come back to Russia." It was very brave of the old man to dare say so much. The Grand Duchess was much *émue*. She is better in health now that she has been released after three months' detention, and is taking baths for her heart. She lives with a few old servants and had the happy idea of getting a dozen Cossacks from a village in the hills—all of one family—to protect her. They give no bother, and do their two hours' duty at the entrance of the villa and garden, and are devoted and attentive. The Grand Duchess asked me, if the occasion presented itself, to assure the King and Queen of her deepest affection, and to say how she envied everybody who lived in a country where there were policemen. She has applied for permission to travel if it should be necessary for some personal or family reason; the Grand Duke Boris already has this permission.

The news from the Crimea has not been good, but I expect you know all about that. Princess Irene Yusupov went to see Kerenski in the Winter Palace in the apartments of Emperor Alexander III to ask that that Emperor's widow should not be ill-treated! I think it was brave of her; there is so little of her! But she told me that, once in the room, she was no longer frightened, and although at first Kerenski declared he could do nothing, he ended by acceding to all she asked. She is a plucky little thing and

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clever. Kerenski did not kiss her hand nor open the door for her, because she got to it before he did. He did not keep her waiting. The result of all this will be—at least we hope so—that the Empress Marie will come to Finland and eventually get to Denmark.

The Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievich is still under arrest in the Crimea, and the Empress Marie, though no longer under arrest, is not allowed to leave the house. A telegram to that effect came to the Yusupovs while I was lunching there; they left the same night for the Crimea.

I think this is all my news. I am going to-night to General Headquarters at Moghilev, and may be away for a few days; afterwards I hope to be able to leave for England, so please do not trouble to acknowledge this letter.

The Government gets weaker every day; they missed the psychological moment for gaining complete control after the Bolshevik Revolution (July 18), which, by the way, was a most unpleasant experience. Kornilov is a strong little man, and we may yet see him at the head of a military dictatorship. I foresee much trouble ahead and much bloodshed.

Monday,
Aug. 20. *D.*

Arrived Moghilev 1.40 p.m.; Staff automobile to meet me. To Hôtel Bristol, where the Allied officers are lodged. From there to the Aviation H.Q., where the General-in-Command, a Caucasian, immediately received me.

Tuesday,
Aug. 21. *D.*

MOGHILEV. To the Catholic Cathedral, endowed by the Empress Catherine, the Metropolitan

Church of all the Catholics in Russia—an imposing edifice. Saw the Caucasian General, who was most courteous and interested. Had a large sack made and filled with white bread to take to Petrograd. After dinner drove over the Dnieper Bridge through the lower town, and along the Moscow *chaussée* for a couple of miles. This is the best road in Russia, specially made with a steam-roller for the Emperor when he took over the Supreme Command from his cousin.

MOGHILEV. At the Wireless H.Q. met my Caucasian General, who took me into the officers' room, presented me to them, and scolded them for not looking after me properly. Back to the Bristol to luncheon with the Allied Staff, at the invitation of General Sir Charles Barter. Sat between him and Mordveno, an amusing Russian, in whose villa I stayed at Yalta with the Obolenskis. Beyond him was the Rumanian General, in great spirits because of the Rumanian good news and resistance to Mackensen. At the head of the table was the Italian Captain Massengha, a friend of all my friends, agreeable and gay. Our General was on his left. Opposite us were two French officers, a major and a captain. The major excessively nice, a Frenchman at his very best. At the other end of the table were Major Neilson and Lieut. Porters, of our Staff. The luncheon was not bad, although the General complained. Compared with Petrograd, I thought it delicious. After luncheon he took me to his room, gave me a cigar, and told me many interesting things.

Wednesday,
Aug. 22. D.

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General Barter is the right man in the right place at the present moment. At Stavka, owing to him, England has it all her own way. He is the only Staff representative asked by Kornilov to go to Moscow for the Conference: I was told by the other Allied representatives that he has the complete confidence of Kornilov, whom he sees twice a day and plays cards with. The French are rather out of favour, from their expressing too openly their opinion of the disgraceful conduct of the Russian Army.

Lieut. Porters came to the door to see me off in the car ordered for me by the General. At the station, three versts away, found my reserved compartment in the Stavka carriage, which was attached to the Kiev express, guarded by an N.C.O. with two soldiers. Travelled with George Popovich, cousin of the King of Montenegro, on his way from visiting Kornilov, whom he had known all his life, having been brought up in Russia.

He told me that one regiment wrote to Kornilov, "Please give us a flag and take away the Red Flag, for the Germans taunt us and say a red flag is the sign of a house of ill-fame!"

Aug. 22.
Narrative.

Kornilov has for his bodyguard a squadron of Turkestan Cossacks brought from the Caucasian Front. They run small, of a strong Mongolian type, and are terrifying to look at, with enormous sheepskin caps, generally brown, a few white—worn at the back of the head, so that the long fur falls away at an angle. There

was only one tall one amongst them. Their breeches are of a faded rose-colour, and they carry yataghans as sharp as razors—they can shave their arms with them!—besides a dagger and revolver. They are wonderful riders, looking as though they are one with their horses. They put the fear of God into the Russian infantry soldiers; if one of them approaches a knot of soldiers talking politics, the knot fades away like snow before the sun. A woman who had lived with one transferred her affections to a comrade: her first admirer threw her over the bridge into the Dnieper, where she was drowned. No one said or did anything, or thought it strange.

Sitting in the public garden opposite my hotel, where the crows and jackdaws come back in hundreds to roost at night in the elms, waking me up every morning at daylight when they go off to the plains for the day, I noticed a pretty girl of the working class talking to her friend who keeps the newspaper kiosk at the corner. A knot of Cossacks standing near were evidently attracted by her, but she took no heed of them until the tall, good-looking one with a white sheepskin cap joined them. She moved towards them, and there was an animated conversation lasting nearly an hour, with the result that she and he walked away together, leaving the rest furious and scowling. Later in the day she was wearing a new black silk dress; in the evening I met them on the *chaussée* in a three-

1917 horse *izvoschik*, and next morning they were sitting close together on a bench in the garden.

Friday,
Aug. 24. D. PETROGRAD. No milk. Failing to find Ambassador yesterday on arrival, called to-day to give him my Stavka news.

Friday,
Aug. 24. L. Have just seen a procession with Red Flag, so I suppose we are in for more riots—a great nuisance. The Government weakens daily, and at the appointed time Kornilov will come at the head of a regenerated army to save Petrograd. If he succeeds, then an Emperor in three months, I say!

Aug. 25.
Narrative. Last night all the Ministers left for the Moscow Conference in four ordinary trains between 10.30 p.m. and 11.20 p.m. Kerenski, who had declined the companionship of Terestchenko, left by himself in the Emperor's train, arrived in Moscow at 11.2 a.m. and drove straight to the Kremlin.

Kornilov, who had come unexpectedly to Petrograd on Thursday night from Moghilev, passed several hours closeted with Kerenski in the Winter Palace, returning at one o'clock in the morning on Friday to Moghilev, and leaving the same evening for Moscow, which was reached on Saturday afternoon. He was accompanied from the station by more automobiles than Kerenski. He brought his escort of Turkestan Cossacks with him and drove straight to the Iberski Chapel, where is the miraculous icon of the Iberia Virgin, at the entrance to the Kremlin, and where the Emperors always prayed before entering the Kremlin. The Cossacks cleared the people away

and made a line on each side, and Kornilov went in alone to pray. At a meeting of the Generals who had come to Moscow for the Conference they implored Kornilov to give them a Chief or an Emperor, or else to make himself head of the nation.

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On the first day of the Conference Kerenski had a military and naval representative standing on either side of his chair. This the Reds objected to as ridiculous; he did not do it again. His speech was so unintelligible that it had later to be dictated to the Press representatives.

When he travels by train he often orders the speed to be increased, regardless of the utter confusion it causes all down the lines he is travelling on. The Emperor—the Autocrat—never did this; he was far too considerate of the convenience of others and of the welfare of his country.

I must rest. I am nearly as thin as when I was so ill; there is nothing to eat here—no butter for four days. I don't mind. I don't complain. *Je constate*. I had to go to Stavka—glorious weather, and I enjoyed my visit. Some one says, "The fear of Russia is worse than Russia," and I am sure it is true. During the actual riots I thoroughly enjoy the street fighting, but I am worried to death while it threatens, and dead tired after it is over.

Sunday,
Aug. 26. L.

I write often to Dmitri Pavlovich, who is in Teheran. Felix Yusupov and his wife have gone back to the Crimea—better so. I gave him a good talking to. I dine two or three times a week

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with Boris Vladimirovich. He has the good heart of his grandfather. I expect bad times again before long.

Tuesday,
Aug. 28. D.

Bacher, of the *Entente*, the newspaper which renders the cause of the Allies such good service, came to consult me. To Embassy; His Excellency and Lady Georgina, just leaving for Islands, asked me to accompany them. I explained Bacher's newspaper scheme to him. Met a dead man, propped up in an *izvoschik*. Nothing surprises one in Russia!

Aug. 28. L.

Since writing to you last week I have spent three days at General Headquarters at Moghilev, and I thought perhaps my impressions from there might interest any who read this letter.

Kornilov came to Petrograd to see Kerenski; the beastly Soviet of Workmen and Soldiers wishes to turn out Kornilov because they see he is gradually gaining the hearts of the troops—that is to say, already the 600,000 Cossacks, the cavalry, and the greater part of the south-western army.

Kerenski's opening speech at the Moscow Conference was a great failure; it was in the same strain as he has been accustomed to use towards truculent soldiers. His course has now nearly run. Things are very different from what they were twelve years ago. After 1905, by the support of the Army all came straight; now the loss of the Army on the second day of the Revolution brought about the fall of the Emperor. A short time ago the Grand Duke Michael went

as a simple citizen to the cinema at Gatchina. He was recognised by the soldiers, who sang the hymn, "God save the Tsar." He fled, and rightly too. At a theatre in Moscow they began to play the "Marseillaise"; the people cried "Davolny" ("Enough"), and then the band played "God save the Tsar."

Kornilov's mother is a native of Turkestan. He is always supposed to have been with the Boers in their war with England. When asked about this, he smiles and says, "Not at all. I was in plain clothes in the North-West Provinces of India, working for the Russian Secret Service." He talks English perfectly. Thousands of letters reach him from the Front. An artillery battery, asking his permission to fire on an infantry regiment near them, wrote, "They call themselves *Fils de la Patrie*, but they are really *Fils des chiens*."

Our War Office certainly made a most lucky choice in Sir Charles Barter, *qui s'impose*, which is exactly what is always required in Russia—now more than ever.

I have heard no private news direct from Tobolsk, but I hear that the former Governor's palace—where the Emperor and his family are—has very few rooms, though the park around is fairly large. An English merchant whom I know has been there, and tells me the climate is not bad—except for being actually in Asia it has none of the disadvantages of Siberia.

I am glad to see the firm support our Amba-

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sador always receives in the House of Commons. He has been so wonderful, bearing all the weight of the Allies on his shoulders, and receiving all the knocks *pour quatre*. I can't think why the Government does not send for him to come to England and give them first-hand information of the exact position. Besides, poor man! he deserves a long rest. There is an epidemic of dysentery in Petrograd and in many towns; he had a touch last week. The weather is not too hot now—like September in Italy. I hope to leave in a fortnight, and shall be pleased to quit this distressful country, though I have an immense love for Russia. There is nothing to eat in Petrograd—no milk, no bread, no butter.

I hear of a pitched battle in Riga between the Letts and the Russian soldiers. The Germans send over three-rouble notes to the Russian trenches in the night. It is thought that the notes are *made in Germany*, but that I am not sure of. Perhaps even before I leave things may come to a head, from something I have just heard—in which case I shall see Petrograd again soaked in blood; but it is better so. The trouble must be ended and done with, and great evils require great remedies.

P.S. To-day is fête. I looked into the Votive Church which is built over the place where Alexander II was assassinated. It was full, and at the end of the service, as before the Revolution, the clergy went to the west end of the church

to say the prayers for the dead Emperor on the spot where—under a canopy hung with many lamps burning night and day—the pavement is kept exactly as it was in the street in 1880. At the moment when they said the prayer for the repose of his soul every one knelt down, including all the soldiers and even the wounded soldiers.

I forget if I have already written in a previous letter the following true story. On March 13—fourth day of the Revolution and thirty-seventh anniversary of the Emperor's murder—a requiem was being sung at one of the Petrograd churches. A soldier called out, "Don't you know there is a Revolution, and nobody prays for dead Emperors?" The priest turned round and said, "In Heaven there is no revolution," and continued the service.

There is an excellent French daily newspaper called *L'Entente*, which gives all the news and warmly supports the Allies.

On my way back from Embassy Bacher thanked me for arranging interview, and told me how much impressed he was with His Excellency's kindness and perspicuity.

Wednesday,
Aug. 29. *D.*

The Empress Marie's health has lately been giving anxiety—the result of all the trials she has undergone. She has to keep quiet and is not allowed to leave her room. She has now been told about the departure of her son and his family for Tobolsk, and is naturally much upset. Kerenski has telegraphed to get news of her for the Embassy, as the newspapers give alarming reports.

Saturday,
Sept. 1. *L.*

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We are all very worried again. The Government, in its fear of the Soviet, still hesitates to give Kornilov the necessary powers to ensure discipline in the Army. The burning of Kasan was done by soldiers supplied with drink by German agents. The same thing could just as well happen here any day—*la Jacquerie*, which for some time I have feared. I hope to be able to leave in ten days, but between now and then much may happen.

Sunday,
Sept. 2. D.

Dined with friends in a private room at Félicien's, a restaurant on the Islands, on the edge of the water, in front of the Empress Marie's former palace—whose park is now planted with potatoes—and more beautifully situated than any other restaurant in Europe. Marvellous evening—the sun set in glory with aeroplanes quivering against the golden glow. A few boats gliding by and occasional *tsigane* songs sung. We left in absolute stillness.

Friday,
Sept. 7. L.

The Grand Dukes Michael and Paul, with their respective families, have both been placed under arrest in their own homes. Rumour declares that this is due to their wives' irresponsible political chatter.

When the Imperial exiles were leaving for Siberia, some one in the hearing of the little Tzesarevich remarked: "What a beautiful automobile Kerenski has got!" The boy said, "Why, it is one of papa's!"

I have means of knowing that we are on the eve of great events, but we shall have to wade

in blood before the liberation of Russia is attained. | 1917

At Raoult, the wine-merchant's, I saw a militiaman make a scene with a soldier who had a permit for wine. He was a Bolshevik pretending to be a police-agent, in order to confiscate the wine for his own benefit, but the soldier got away. Saturday, Sept. 8. D.

Duc de Luynes arrived from Rumania and left at night for Europe. Bacher, of the *Entente*, came to say that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Terestchenko, while *en route* for Stavka to negotiate with Kornilov, had been stopped by telegram from Kerenski. Bacher did not yet know the reason. I telephoned this at once to the Embassy. Sunday, Sept. 9. D.

In the evening, about 7, Bacher telephoned me that grave events were happening; he would give me particulars later. I conveyed this also to Lady Georgina, who was waiting for His Excellency's return. He had been telephoned for in the afternoon by the Foreign Office, where he went on his return. Bacher arrived just after nine o'clock and told me the whole story—that Terestchenko had been recalled by Kerenski because Kornilov had sent an ultimatum to the Provisional Government and had arrested Filinenkov at Stavka. On that, Kerenski summarily dismissed Kornilov from the High Command, but the latter refused point-blank to give it up, and was about to march on Petrograd with his Cossacks.

At Madame Polovtsov's, where I went at ten o'clock, all this was confirmed. It was already

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long past midnight when I got back, and I received another message from Bacher, who turned up at three o'clock in the morning with the news that there had been a slight *détente*, but that, all the same, Kornilov with his Cossacks would certainly come to Petrograd.

Monday,
Sept. 10. D.

No bread since Friday. Did not see Bacher all day. He came at two o'clock next morning; the news he brought then was all good. The Ismailovski Guards Regiment had gone over to Kornilov, who had already 70,000 troops with him.

Tuesday,
Sept. 11. D.

Bread—only one slice! Fête-day, but very few people at the Kasan Sobor (cathedral in the Nevski)—sure sign of the general unrest. Myriads of candles burning before the Kasan icon. In the afternoon to the church of the Ismailovski Barracks and saw four lorries delivering cartridges at the barracks. Some officers told me they had met the Grand Duke Michael in a guarded car. He had been brought up from Gatchina to the *État-Major*. My windows open all day, in order to hear the first signs of the Cossacks' arrival. As the afternoon advanced and I heard no firing, my heart sank, with a presentiment that the *coup d'état* had failed.

Left at 5 on pressing invitation to dine at Tsarskoe Selo with the Grand Duke Boris, whom I found sitting in a chair looking the picture of misery—the first time he has been really depressed since the abdication. On the way down, troops all along the track. The private line of

the Emperor, till now untouched, blown up. It connected the main lines. Before going to dinner drove to Pavlovsk in hopes of getting in touch with Kornilov's advance-guard, who were occupying the woods. The Government troops would not allow me to pass. The telephone to Petrograd was cut.

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These last few days have seemed like a lifetime. Yesterday I went through more conflicting emotions than at any time since the murder of the "Unmentionable." The announcement of Kornilov's submission, though published by all the newspapers, comes only from the Provisional Government. Several members of a French Mission, whom I met in the hall of the hotel, credited this news. They all thought it was a tragedy. For my part, I am still not quite sure; it requires time to verify Provisional Government "news." Meanwhile there is nothing heard from Kornilov.

Wednesday,
Sept. 12. D.

Ill all to-day from overstrung nerves after the intense excitement of yesterday. People of all classes profoundly disappointed at the tragedy of Kornilov's miscalculation. On Kornilov's approach sixty thousand workmen were armed by the Provisional Government. They keep their arms, so we are completely in their power. Saint-Sauveur told me a regiment at Viborg had killed its officers. At 6.30, as I had shown no sign of life all day, Lady Georgina telephoned to ask if I had any news.

Thursday,
Sept. 13. L.

It is all over! Kornilov has failed. How

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it happened we don't know yet, but to-day he is to be brought to Petrograd under arrest. If he had succeeded—as he ought to have done, once he had embarked on so important an undertaking—we should have had order restored.

At noon at the Embassy saw Captain Rowland Smith, whose judgment is invariably right. Foreseeing the failure of Kornilov, he explained his reasons to me two days before, when Kornilov's success was still in the balance. He does not think there was any treachery, because of the fear inspired in Petrograd by the expectation of Kornilov's arrival.

To give you an idea of this dread of Kornilov's impending arrival :—During Monday and Tuesday the deserters, who for months had filled the streets and crammed the trams, all vanished. The Grand Duke André's palace had been commandeered by the Provisional Government for Tchernov, the Minister of Agriculture—a German Jew whose real name is Liebermann. At 3 a.m. on Tuesday morning—with automobiles waiting since midnight—he and his wife and beastly ill-mannered children and household, anticipating Kornilov's entry into Petrograd, hastily cleared out, and it was only after midday that they sneaked back *in bits* to reoccupy the palace. If only Kornilov had arrived, Petrograd was his for sure. History repeats itself—18 Fructidor!

From Tobolsk one hears that all the peasants from miles around—several hundred thousand, without exaggeration—led by a holy man, kneel

outside the palace at Tobolsk and pray for the Emperor. The soldiers cannot drive them away. They have proclaimed him "Emperor of Siberia." This item of news, as might be guessed, is not allowed to be published in the newspapers!

The arrested Grand Dukes and their families are all in Petrograd to-day, lodged in the Home Office. Thanks to those two silly women, probably all the Grand Dukes will go to Siberia! My Grand Duchess is quietly living in the Caucasus, and if she is sent to Siberia I fear much for her health. She lives her own quiet life, *et elle ne se mêle de rien*. The wedding of the little Grand Duchess Marie II, which was to have taken place on Sunday, was fixed for yesterday; but owing to absence of witnesses, and other reasons, it has again been put off. She is living at Pavlovsk with her grandmother, Olga, Queen of the Hellenes. She is marrying a young man of highest character a few months younger than herself, Prince Alexander Putiatin. I feel sure they will be quite happy.

As the Kornilov attempt to bring order has failed, I will tell you what I foresee now, for the cards are shuffled again. Kerenski is already in the hands of the Soviet. The Soviet now have virtually full power, and the Bolsheviki will become more daring and try to turn out the Government; then would come anarchy, with 70,000 workmen fully armed. With the Bolsheviki are all the criminal classes. The failure of Kornilov has completely knocked me over, and

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yesterday I could not walk. I still foresee an ocean of blood before order comes.

Later, same day.

Went for a walk and met the Grand Duchess Marie II with her fiancé. She tells me the wedding is postponed in the hopes of her father the Grand Duke Paul's relief from arrest, of which she thinks there is a chance, as there was nothing against him personally.

Friday,
Sept. 14. D.

In the evening learnt from Lady Georgina that the Ambassador was ill in bed with fever. In the middle of the night I was called to the telephone and told that Kerenski had resigned, that Tchernov and Skobolev were to form a Ministry—supreme authority thus passing into the hands of the Soviet. Learnt later that at three o'clock in the morning the Soviet members of the Ministry left *en masse* for the Smolny Institute, leaving Kerenski, with four other Ministers, again in power after an all-night sitting till 7. How long he can retain it remains to be seen. An undiluted Soviet Government would mean massacres and a separate peace with Germany.

Saturday,
Sept. 15. D.

No news all day. Everything quite quiet—much too quiet, in fact. Late at night came the statement that the Soviet had given the Provisional Government ten days' respite from interference; that Terestchenko had been to see the British Ambassador before noon; and that in the afternoon the Allied Ambassadors had assembled at the British Embassy and been admitted to His Excellency's bedroom, where

they stayed nearly two hours. Happily he is better to-night. At seven o'clock I felt more reassured on the situation and at eleven o'clock still more so.

1917

Lovely autumn weather. Gordon Bennett wired me to interview Kerenski for a hundred-word message to *New York Herald* on situation. Wrote about this to Terestchenko.*

Sunday,
Sept. 16. D.

My letter had hardly left on Saturday, September 15, when the news came in that Kerenski remains in power and the Soviet leaves him in peace for ten days. This news was very reassuring after the fear of Skobolev and Tchernov's being in power, as they were, for about three hours that night.

Monday,
Sept. 17. L.

On Saturday at midday the Provisional Government sent guards for the English Embassy, but by the evening the situation had calmed and yesterday the Republic was announced. Given that Kornilov is beaten, the strengthening of the Provisional Government is all that one can ask for.

In the meantime the news from different towns is most disquieting. Twenty-six generals and officers were massacred at Viborg. An English lady saw it all. A poor officer who had been thrown into the river swam about for nearly an hour, pelted by the soldiers with logs of wood. One general insisted on jumping off the bridge, instead of being thrown! This has been followed by a massacre of officers at Dvinsk. A Prince

* I left before this was arranged.

1917

Viazemski has been murdered by his peasants—his eyes first put out and his sufferings prolonged several hours. His young wife was in the house and had to witness it all.

To-night the priest leaves for Helsingfors to baptize the Grand Duke Kyrill's baby—Vladimir. The Grand Duke Boris is godfather, but has been advised by the Government not to go there.

If the Soviet gets the upper hand, the Emperor may be tried, and all the Imperial family will run great risks, and peace with Germany will be made in forty-eight hours. So you will realise what my fear was on Saturday, as long as I was under the impression of the Soviet's being in power. No respectable person's life would be worth a couple of *sous*.

Last night I dined at the Embassy. The Ambassador still in bed with fever. Lady Barclay (wife of our Minister at Jassy) and General Sir Charles Barter from Stavka dined. He had seen Kerenski during the day, if not exactly to intercede for Kornilov, at least to explain the actual situation to him. There is still a mystery about the failure, but there is no doubt that Kerenski was in the *complot* with Kornilov, and that through Lvov's treachery—or madness—Kerenski left Kornilov in the lurch.*

Sept. 20. L. I have just received a letter from the Grand

* Lvov—cousin of the former President of the Council—was sent from Moscow by Kerenski to see how the land lay at Moghilev and report to him. Apparently he was taken into Kornilov's confidence, and is said to have given the General away to Kerenski—possibly in a fit of insanity.

1917

Duchess from Kislovodsk, telling me that the night before—September 13-14—she wrote that the Committee of Workmen and Soldiers came to her house at 2.30 a.m. and stayed till 6, opening, searching, and turning everything topsy-turvy. I have written at once to Terestchenko to apprise him of the fact. As we are in a Republic, the Grand Duchess has as much right to be protected as he himself, or the man who cleans my boots.

The little Grand Duchess Marie was at last married yesterday afternoon at Pavlovsk.

I have no news from the Crimea, but an Englishman who had proposed himself to stay there with friends received a letter saying he had much better not come.

At the Embassy last night found the Ambassador better; he has been out. We are still being threatened for next Tuesday or Wednesday with a demonstration by the Bolsheviki. This, though it has been so constantly promised and so much talked about, may end only in words. Anyhow, the ten days' grace the Soviet have allowed the Provisional Government is over on Tuesday. Sept. 21.

No bread yesterday or to-day. To Embassy to see the Naval Attaché, Commander Grenfell, to thank him for his kindly assistance during my stay. Dined at Donon's. The Preobrajenski Guards, on their own, held up the restaurant and searched for wine, and took away everything they thought fit, including my dinner! Monday,
Sept. 24. D.

Yesterday to Tsarskoe Selo to wish the Grand Duke Boris "Good-bye and Good Luck." He Wednesday,
Sept. 26. D.

1917

was very sad, and said, "You are my last link with civilisation." On my return, went to the Embassy to thank His Excellency and Lady Georgina for their infinite kindness to me during my sojourn in Russia.

This morning left Petrograd at 7.30 for England.

Sunday,
Oct. 6. *D.*

ABERDEEN. Landed at 9 a.m.; delighted to see policemen again.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

PETITION TO THE EMPEROR ON BEHALF OF THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI PAVLO- VICH, AND THE EMPEROR'S REPLY THERE TO

YOUR MAJESTY,—We all, whose names you will find at the end of this letter, implore you to reconsider your harsh decision concerning the fate of the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich.

We know that he is ill and quite unnerved by all he has gone through. You, who were his Guardian and his Supreme Protector in infancy and boyhood, well know how deeply he loved You and Our Country.

Most heartily do we implore Your Majesty, in consideration of his weak health and his youth, to allow the Grand Duke to go and live on his own estates, either at Oncova or at Illinskoe.

Your Majesty must know the very hard conditions under which our troops have to live in Persia—without shelter and in constant peril to health and life.

To have to live there would be for the Grand Duke almost certain death, and in the heart of Your Majesty surely a feeling of pity will be

awakened towards this young man who from childhood had the joy of living in your house, and whom you loved and to whom you used to be like a father.

May God inspire you and guide you to turn wrath into mercy!

Your Majesty's most loving and devoted,

OLGA, Queen of Greece ;
 MARIE, Grand Duchess Vladimir ;
 KYRILL, VICTORIA, BORIS, ANDRÉ
 (her children) ;
 PAUL (father) ;
 MARIE (sister) ;
 ELIZABETH, Grand Duchess Constantine ;
 JOANNA, HÉLÈNE, GABRIEL,
 CONSTANTINE, IGOR (her children) ;
 NICOLAI MICHAILOVICH ;
 SERGEI MICHAILOVICH.

*Nobody has the right to kill on his own private judgment. I know that there are many others besides Dmitri Pavlovich whose consciences give them no rest, because they are compromised. I am astonished that you should have applied to me.—NICOLAI.**

* The petition was endorsed by the Emperor in these terms.

APPENDIX II

MEMORANDUM PRIVATELY CIRCULATED ON DECEMBER 31, 1916

The following narrative represents what was generally believed, up to the time of the revolution, about the death of Rasputin

GREGORY RASPUTIN was shot in a room in the basement of the palace of Prince Yusupov on the Moika Canal shortly after 7 o'clock on the morning of December 30, 1917 (N.S.). The Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, Princes Feodor and Nikita Alexandrovich, and the young Prince Felix Yusupov were in the palace, and were all privy to the shooting. Conjointly with other young Princes of the Blood, including the sons of the late Grand Duke Constantine, they had decided some time previously to "remove" Rasputin, because they regarded him as the cause of a dangerous scandal affecting the interests of the Dynasty and the Empire. So many persons being involved in the plot, rumours were bound to leak out, and as far back as Monday last it was reported that Rasputin's death might be expected at any time. It was even understood that one of the sons of the Grand Duke Constantine had been selected by lot to perform the deed, but

that he had hesitated and the execution been consequently postponed.

Prince Yusupov and the young Princes, his brothers-in-law, together with the other Imperial Princes, used to assemble at night at the Yusupov Palace, and to these gatherings they frequently invited Rasputin, their object being to extract from him as much information as possible as to the doings of august personages. While under the influence of liquor, Rasputin would give away, not only his own secrets, but also those of the various Ministerial and other political changes that have so much incensed Russian public opinion within recent months—notably the dismissal of Sazonov, the appointment of Stürmer, and the successive and persistent failures to introduce a stable Ministry and internal reforms.

It was at these nocturnal meetings that the idea of removing Rasputin assumed concrete form. When the Duma was suddenly prorogued on December 29, the princely conspirators decided that further delay would be dangerous. The disclosures made by Rasputin himself left no doubts in the minds of his hosts that he had also played some part in the prorogation of the Duma. This only strengthened their resolve to do away with him at once. They accordingly invited him to meet them as usual, and, in order to allay his possible suspicions, some of Rasputin's lady friends were included in the invitation.

From the reports of the police investigations cited below, and from other information obtained

by reporters on the staff of the *Novoe Vremya*, it would appear that about 2.30 at night Rasputin was told that he would have to die, and he was given the option of committing suicide or being killed. A revolver was placed in his hand, but he flatly declined to commit suicide and discharged the weapon somewhere in the direction of the Grand Duke Dmitri. The bullet smashed a pane of glass, and the sound attracted the attention of the police outside. Subsequently he was killed and his body removed to a place unknown, presumably Tsarskoe Selo.

APPENDIX III

THE POLICE REPORT OF DECEMBER 30, 1916

The following is a literal translation of the Official Report handed in by the Police

TO-DAY at about 2.30 in the morning, the policeman who stands on guard at the house of the Home Office situated on the Morskaia heard a detonation from the palace of Prince Yusupov situated on the opposite side of the Moika. As this post is a special one and the policeman on duty is forbidden to leave it, he went into the Home Office premises and communicated by telephone with the police sergeant on duty at the adjoining station. Then the news of the shooting was passed on to the Kasan police district in which the palace is situated. The chief police officer, Colonel Rogov, with a detachment of men, proceeded to the spot. Examination of the *dvornik* on duty at the adjoining house elicited the fact that the shot had been fired from the young Prince's side of the palace. In order to ascertain the causes of the shooting in the palace, the assistant police officer, Captain Krylov, was ordered to enter the building, and he was informed by the butler that a reception was proceeding inside, and that

one of the guests, while practising at a target, had missed his aim and fired into the window, in proof whereof Captain Krylov was shown the broken window on the ground floor overlooking the forecourt of the adjoining house. The data obtained through the investigations were communicated by Colonel Rogov the same night to the Police Master of the Second Division, Major-General Grigoriev, and to M. Chaplygin, the official on duty at the Prefecture.

Scarcely had the police officers left the palace when a motor-car drove up along the Moika Canal quay and stopped near a small foot-bridge almost facing the palace. Four men were seen to alight from the car. The moment they had left it the chauffeur extinguished the lights, and, putting on full speed, made off along the canal. This scene was witnessed by a detective belonging to the Okhrana, named Tihomirov, who had been detailed by the Police Department to look after Rasputin. Tihomirov—presuming that the men who entered the palace, not by the main entrance, but from a door situated on the side of the palace and opening into the forecourt of the adjoining house, were robbers—hurried across the canal to the police station, and thence telephoned a report of what he had observed to the Chief of the Secret Police.

Colonel Rogov had no sooner returned to his home than he was notified from the Okhrana that information had been received relative to an attack on the palace of Prince Yusupov. A number of

police officers were again dispatched there. The butler came out and explained to them that some very highly placed guests had just arrived from the environs of Petrograd. A report about this was made during the course of the night to the Prefect, General Balk.

Shortly after 6 a.m., at the police station beside the palace, while the police officers who had come off duty were being questioned in the ordinary course as to the events of the night, the sound of several police whistles was heard from the street. This drew the constables and police sergeants to the windows, whence they perceived that from the main entrance of the Prince's palace two women were being helped out, and that they were offering resistance to their ejection and refusing to enter a motor-car, and doing their best to force a way back into the palace. In response to their protestations the detectives stationed along the canal had sounded the alarm. By the time the police rushed out of the police station the motor-car was already whirling off along the quay. Hastening out after his men, the police inspector, Colonel Borozdin, hailed the motor-car belonging to the Secret Police, which was permanently on duty at the Home Office building, and started off in pursuit. At the same time his men were hurried to the palace. It was impossible to overtake the fugitive car on account of its superior speed; moreover, it carried neither number nor lights. To the police who came to inquire at the palace the explanation was offered that two ladies belonging

to the *demi-monde* had been misconducting themselves and been invited to leave the palace.

On the nocturnal adventures on the Moika a joint personal report was made to the Prefect in the morning by Colonel Rogov and Colonel Borozdin. The whole affair seemed to be at an end when suddenly from the forecourt alongside the palace four shots were heard in rapid succession. Once more the alarm was sounded in both police stations, and again detachments of police appeared at the palace. This time an official wearing colonel's uniform came out to them and announced categorically that within the Prince's palace there was present a Grand Duke, and that H.I.H. would make in person to the proper quarters any explanations that might be necessary. After such a declaration, the police inspector, unable to obtain any enlightenment whatsoever, returned to his official duties, leaving a patrol on the opposite side of the Moika by way of precaution. About an hour had passed when suddenly from the direction of the Blue Bridge a motor-car drove up to the palace. The servants, assisted by the chauffeur, in the presence of an officer wearing a long fur cloak, carried out what looked like a human body and placed it in the car. The chauffeur jumped in, and, putting on full speed, made off along the canal side and promptly disappeared. Almost at the same time General Grigoriev was informed from the Prefecture that Rasputin had been killed in the Yusupov Palace.

The police officials on arriving at the palace

were met this time by Prince Felix Yusupov himself, who told them that it would be necessary to draw up a report as to the killing of Rasputin. At first this announcement was not accepted seriously in view of all the strange occurrences of the night. But the police officials were invited to come into the dining-room in the basement, and were there shown the spot where the body had been lying. They saw on the floor a pool of congealed blood, and traces of blood were also visible on the snow in the forecourt of the adjoining house. In answer to the question where the body was, the Prince replied that the body was where it should be, declining to give any further explanation.

Soon afterwards the palace was visited by the Director of the Police Department, the Chief of the Secret Police, and the whole of the Generals of Gendarmerie. The police patrols were then relegated to their various stations, and at the subsequent investigation sent over to the officials of the Police Department. At 5 o'clock on the following afternoon a secret telegram was sent to every police station with a view to ascertaining the itinerary of the motor-cars which had come up to the Prince's palace during the night, and of the one which had removed Rasputin's body in the morning. At the same time numerous police patrols were dispatched to the islands in the Neva and to the suburban districts,

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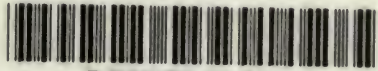
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