

PEN PICTURES
OF RUSSIA
UNDER THE
RED TERROR

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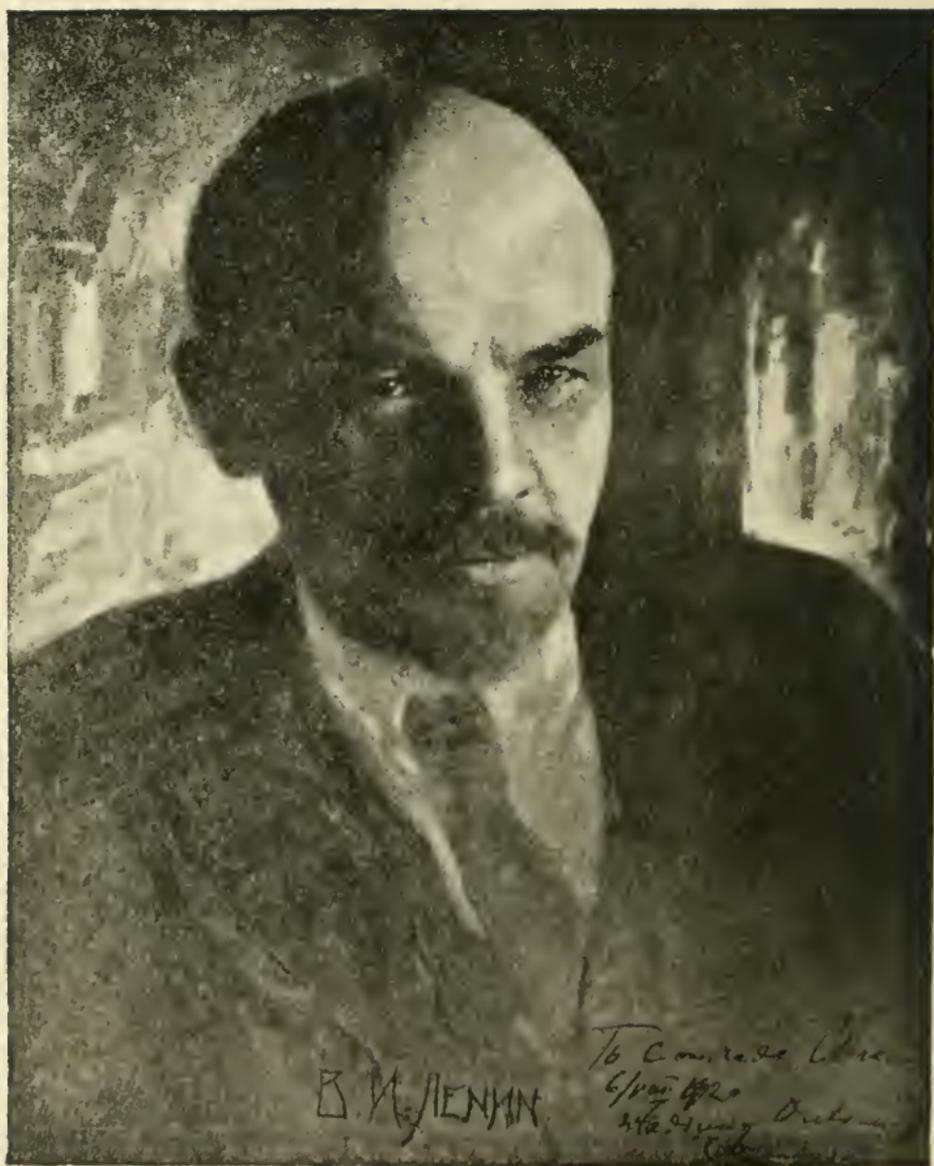


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PEN PICTURES OF RUSSIA

To my Friends and Co-Workers

W. Gallacher and W. Paul



B. M. MENNIN

To Comrade Lenin
6/24/1920
with my best
regards

PEN PICTURES OF RUSSIA

Under the "Red Terror"

(Reminiscences of a surreptitious journey to
Russia to attend the Second Congress
of the Third International)

By

JOHN S. CLARKE

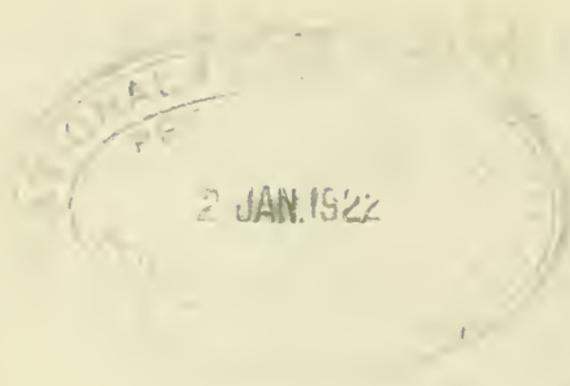
(Author of "Satires, Lyrics, and Poems")

With Forty-two Illustrations from Photographs taken by
the Author and the Soviet Government



GLASGOW :
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1921



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PEN PICTURES OF RUSSIA

CHAPTER I.

The Home of the Vikings

"We kept our words: we carved out with our weapons a plenteous banquet for the wolves of the sea. The ships were all besmeared with crimson as if for many days the maidens had brought and poured forth wine. All rent was the mail in the clash of arms."

—Dying Ode of Ragnar Lodbrog.

BERGEN, where it rains three hundred days out of three hundred and sixty-five, is surrounded by hills which frown down on the picturesque but dirty little seaport as though they threatened one day to close in and crush it out of existence. Built mainly of wood, like most Norwegian towns, it is continually being half destroyed by fire. Only recently the very heart of the town was completely gutted, and while we were there the workmen were busy making the new foundations for the re-erection of the buildings. Bergen has rich musical associations. In the square opposite the Hotel Norge stands a beautifully constructed monument surmounted by a statue of Ole Bull, the violinist, and beyond the town near the Bergen-Christiania railway is the house of Grieg, the celebrated composer.

From the top of the high hill to the north, which is ascended by means of the electric

mountain railway, one looks down on the silver fjord winding like a ribbon through the rocky hills, with the city humming at its tail end. We spent about ten hours here, arriving at five in the morning and leaving again at three in the afternoon for the North on board the narrow-gutted miserable little tub, dignified only in name, s.s. Vesteraalen, which was to be our home for six and a half days.

Our tribulations began from the moment we purchased our tickets. After parting with the bulk of our slender funds, we found to our consternation that the passage-ticket was a passage-ticket, and did not include board during the week's journey. Moreover, we were too late to obtain a bed, and would, we were told, have to turn in on the deck. On reckoning up the few kroner in our possession we figured on living the simple life for one week as it had never been lived before.

To make matters all the more unpleasant, we were already late for the opening of the Congress, and, for all we knew to the contrary, the comrade whom we were to approach at Vardo was already on his way to Moscow.

If such was the case, then we faced the prospect—not a very enviable one—of finding ourselves stranded and destitute on a small island away up in the Arctic almost a day's sail beyond the North Cape.

I can't say that such a contingency depressed us unduly. We followed the scenery with interest, compared the first stages with the mountainous lochs of Scotland, and concluded that Loch Lomond was a very beautiful miniature of what we were sailing upon at the moment.

Weird figures, shadowy forms thrown by the overhanging hills, danced fantastically over the ever-varying water. From deep green mottled with gold and silver, caused by the sun's flickers upon its surface, it passed to bright blue and sombre purple. As evening wore on we passed the open sea, and the July sun with flaming streamers turned the western sky to golden red, while ocean looked like a veritable cauldron of hell as it reflected back the blood-red glow of heaven.

Such sunsets I have witnessed before at the Cape of Good Hope in the Pacific and behind the Isle of Arran, but they do not occur often. We watched it somewhat sadly, for it appeared to hover above Scotland, until the gorgeous pageantry of colour disappeared and the moonless, starless night filled "that inverted bowl we call the sky."

On through fjord after fjord the little boat wound its course, hemmed in by gigantic rocks, bereft in most cases of any kind of the higher vegetation, and gliding down below the now black-looking water three hundred fathoms deep.

We called at Floro that night, and next morning arrived at Aalesund, nestling under a mountainous rock at the confluence of two noble fjords.

Aalesund is one of the most important fishing stations in western Norway, but it is interesting for another reason.

Somewhere in the vicinity, about one thousand years ago, a great uneasiness manifested itself here. Fires flared from the hill tops, horns sent forth their strident rallying calls, and in the huge

shelters that did duty in those days for houses the mead was brewed for the last carousel, the last great wassail held by Rolf the Ganger and his berserk vikings, ere they departed from their parsimonious rock-bound Norway to capture the smiling plains and fertile fields of Northern France. One could gaze down and across the blue island-dotted fjord and picture the high-prowed craft with their single sails, their sweeping oars and "bord" covered sides, threading away on the great adventure, while high o'er the shrieking of the multitudes of sea-birds, the singing of the steer-men with the wild barbaric chorus of the warriors, would creep back from the dead centuries:—

" We fought at Reyjovik,
We fought with swords!
We fought with battleaxes!
I killed the mighty and valiant
Gunstadt my enemy!
I slew him with the sword:
I killed the terrible one:
Now I drink from his skull,
Ha! ha! my enemy's skull."

So they sang, as the fierce Ragnar Lodbrog sang and as their own brutal overlord, Harold Harfager, sang, till the battle frenzy seized them; then, as they plunged from their ships with the savage howls of maddened beasts athirst for blood, with horned headdress and scaled armour to terrify and protect, it was God help the benighted foemen who dared resist though they outnumbered these warriors tenfold.

To-day their descendants, the blue-eyed, blonde giants one meets with at every turn of the coast, still "make their home on the sea." The

sea is in the Scandinavian blood, and one has only to wind in and out of that perplexing labyrinth of island-strewn and rock-bound channels, which stretch for over a thousand miles along Norway's edge, to understand why these people are still the most skilful mariners on the globe.

There is a population of only two and a half millions in all Norway, including Lapps and Finns, living in small wooden towns connected only by road or water passages, yet their organised rebel movement can maintain twenty-two Socialist dailies beside weekly, bi-weekly, and monthly organs.

That afternoon, during the brightest time of the day, we reached Molde, one of the loveliest spots in all Norway. It stands at the confluence of the Molde and Romsdal Fjords, crowned with luxuriantly wooded heights, on which, here and there, one can see a mansion peeping from the trees.

Opposite the beautiful little village and across the fjord there stretches a magnificent range of snowy-crested mountains—the valley of the Romsdal—with the majestic sharp-toothed Romsdalshorn penetrating the sky like a miniature Matterhorn.

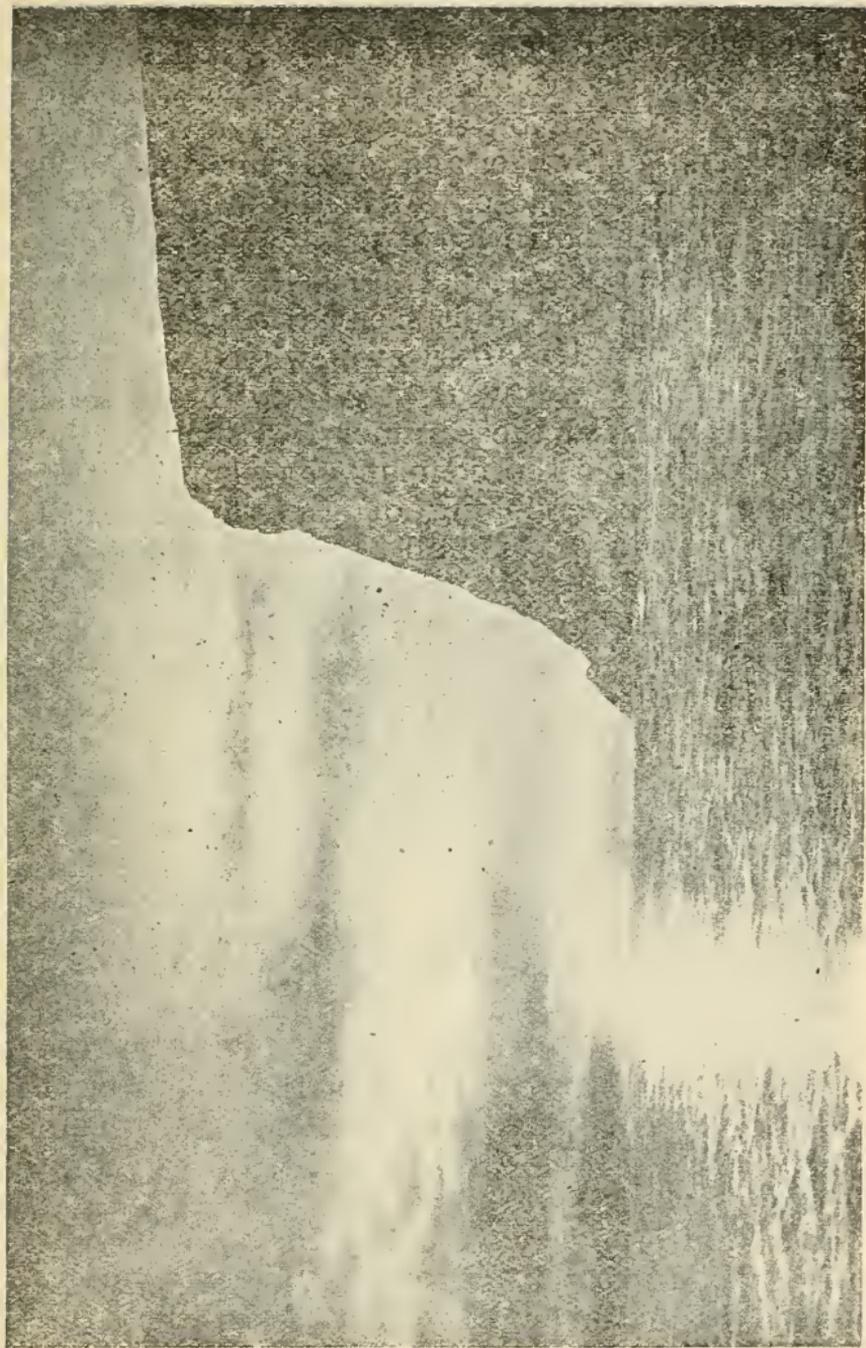
From Molde to Christiania and thence down the Trondjem Fjord to Trondjem is less than a day's journey. The scenery here is magnificent. Trondjem is one of the cleanest and loveliest cities in Norway, and we thoroughly enjoyed our half-day's jaunt around its historic buildings, notably the ancient Cathedral built on the site of Prince Olaf's Spring.

An old grey-beard, whose knowledge of the

English language was nil, took us through the Cathedral and pointed out the various places and objects of interest and importance. The sacred spring, the gargoyles, and the oil paintings were intelligible enough to us, but the old gentleman was not, consequently quite a lot of interesting matter was wasted upon us. On leaving our guide I found to my dismay that apart from a few ten-kroner notes (worth about eight shillings each) I had but a fifty ore coin (about fourpence halfpenny) with which to tip him. The reader knows already that we were not only among the rocks but suspiciously like "on the rocks" so far as finance was concerned, so he will appreciate our dilemma.

I fished around my several pockets and brought to light an English sixpence, three English pennies, and a Danish coin. These, together with the Norwegian fifty ore, I presented magnanimously to the old guide. He stared at the curious array on his palm, then he stared at us (for the first time in my life I saw Gallacher blush), then he uncovered his head and scratched it and had another look at the six little passports to respectability on his hand, and—rammed them into his trousers pocket. We bid him "god morgen" and "smoooved awa," but when, a good fifty yards away, I turned round to look back at the building, there he stood like venerable Santa Claus gazing toward us and wondering, no doubt, whether we had "touched" him or "touched" ourselves.

We returned to the ship, making sundry purchases on the way—bread, cheese, sardines, and a collar for Gallacher (who had lost his bag and all that therein was) to tide us over the next



THE NORTH CAPE.

stage of the voyage. Evidently I had not purchased the particular variety of collar that Gallacher had served his time to, and when he attempted to fix it on there was a row. Two Norwegians, a Swede, and a German assisted him, but to no purpose. Amid the purple atmosphere William borrowed a pair of scissors and re-shaped the collar to suit himself. He made a fearful mess of it, but it seemed to please him, for twenty minutes afterward, when we were banqueting on very weak tea, dry bread and cheese (we saved the sardines for Sunday), he began to console the company by plaintively, if not melodiously, singing of that hypothetical futurity when we would all "get pie in the sky."

Sunday morning saw us at Sandesjoen, a small fishing station situated in a little harbour overshadowed by a range of serrated mountains called the "Seven Sisters"—seven huge sharp-pointed and twisted cones of plutonic rock, the bases of which were scratched and polished by glacial action. We went ashore and walked toward the valley below the village.

Here and there were tremendous glacial boulders perched in impossible positions and showing the striations caused thousands upon thousands of years ago by the ice power that moved them and deposited them in the erratic positions they occupy. Most of the buildings at Sandesjoen are "lacustrine"—built as they were built in the Neolithic Age, on wooden piles driven into the bed of the fjord.

In the afternoon we reached Brono, a beautifully wooded island surrounded by mountains and fjords, and at night were at Bodo above the Arctic Circle.

Crossing over the West Fjord our boat called at Svolar, Lodingen, and Harstad in the Lofoten Islands, our stay on shore being made uncomfortable by the pelting rain, and then proceeded to Tromso, calling at Gibostad en route.

At Tromso we saw our first Laplander, a quaint little figure dressed in blue smock fastened by a belt, reindeer-leather boots, and with a blue cap having a conical crown ending in a tassel. With his heavy pack strapped to his back, his Mongol features and sharp beard, and his peculiar garb, he looked the very picture of the fairy-book "gnomes" who played skittles on the Katskill Mountains with Rip Van Winkle. From Tromso the character of the scenery is completely changed. Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, is reached by sailing through fjords hemmed in by grey bare rock that reaches a height of from five hundred to one thousand feet. Not one scrap of vegetation meets the eye. Nothing but bare, desolate, and dark threatening mountains standing singly, assuming fantastic shapes, and supported by granite snow-capped ranges behind.

It is during this part of the journey that one does become somewhat awe-struck at the desolate grandeur around. When a black cloud o'erhangs the rock on either side and a roll of thunder is heard reverberating through the gloomy ravines, one can then understand the Northman's mythology and the Icelandic Sagas. The chariots of Odin still rattle over the hill tops. Thor, who hurled these thunderbolts into the sea, still majestically sits enthroned in the wondrous Valhalla of the North, and his spirit penetrates to the feeling on a dark and gloomy day. One

understands too why, in an age when the instruments of production were crude, and production was meagre even from the prolific seas, men and women grew to be hard and fierce. Their life in this land was an eternal battle with Nature ; their gods were warriors and so were their women. Demoniactal courage sent them in puny vessels across the dangerous ocean, where they saw lands which to their eyes looked like Paradise. Is it any wonder they fought like the hosts of hell to win those lands for themselves ?

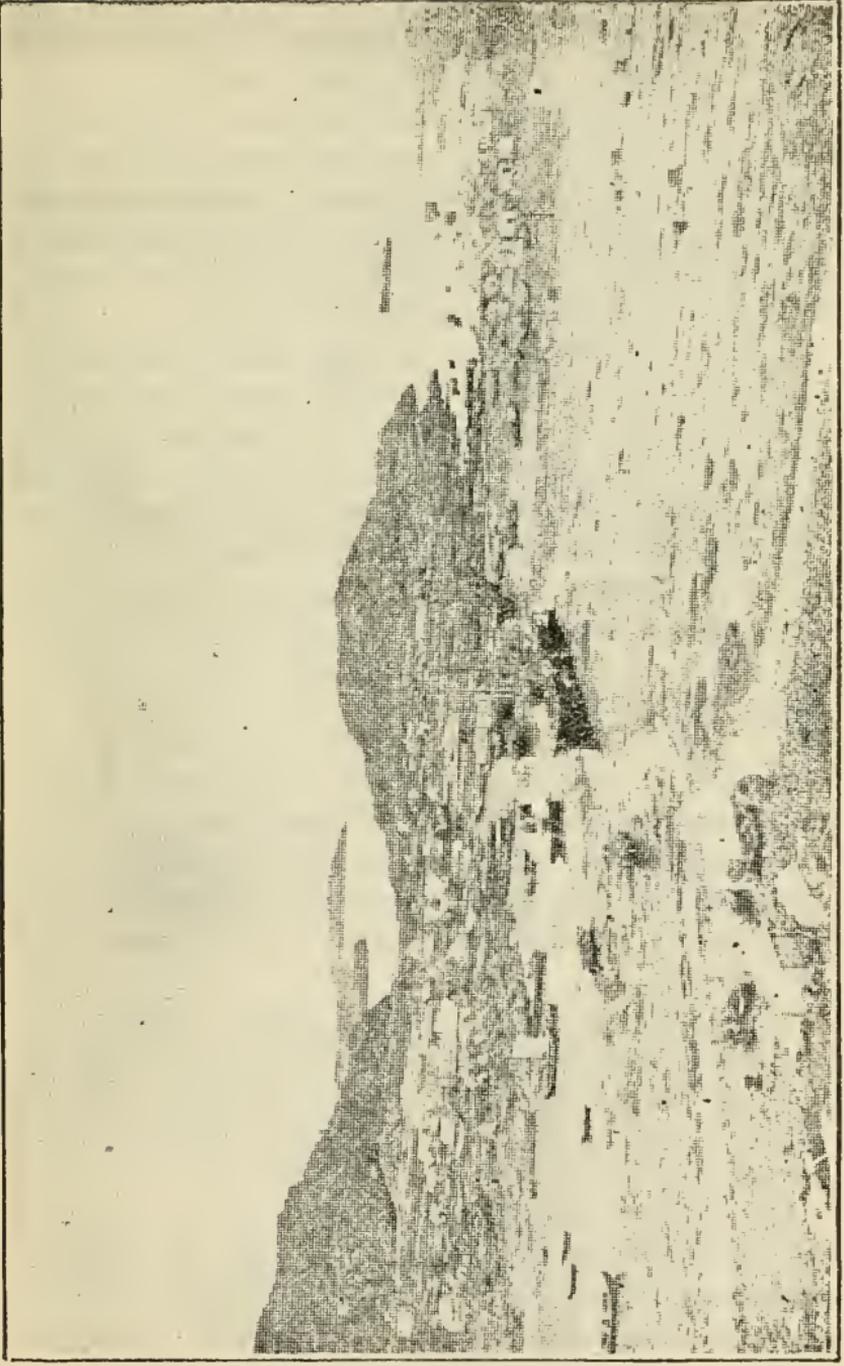
From Tromso onwards towards the mysterious North (for the Norwegians do not believe that Peary has been to the Pole) there was no night. It was midsummer, and while snow lay thick on the rock crests and filled the ravines with glaciers, there at twelve midnight the "blood-red orb of day" shed its beautiful rays on this almost unknown part of the world. We read papers and books in "dead of night" by sunlight, and I took several photographs at a time when Glasgow was completely dark.

At length Hammerfest was reached, and from the very pinnacle of the towering height at the northmost extremity of the town there fluttered a scarlet flag.

The staff from which it flew rose from the roof of a wooden building which stood precariously on the edge of the cliff five hundred feet above the town.

Some coastguard house or garrison outpost, I thought at the time, flying the danger signal, but I was mistaken.

On my return to Hammerfest it was the first thing I noticed—it is, indeed, the first and last thing everybody must notice—and grabbing a



MURMAN COAST.

youth I pointed it out and asked him if he could speak English. "A leetle," said he.

"Is that the coastguard building up there?" I asked. "No!" he answered with an amused smile. "It ees lak a kaffe-hus for—bolsheveekee!" I was right in one sense; the red flag was a danger signal floating out to the polar breezes on the very roof of the world.

The final lap of the voyage was miserable in the extreme. The shores of Finmarken, the old "Siberia" of Sweden, where the worst criminal element was sent to expiate its crime, denuded of herbage, forbidding, cold and stormy, made one melancholy to look upon them.

Even Gallacher, who had maintained a buoyancy of spirit up till then, became a trifle morbid. His train of thought during this time refused to leave one particular set of mental rails. To the utter exclusion of celestial pie, he reflected largely on rocks and water, and when such reflections ended he would reflect again on water and rocks, punctuating such with melancholy forebodings of future domestic infelicity. "My God! when I get hame again my good lady wull, etc., etc."

It was as though he were perfectly certain that his good lady intended to shoulder him with the responsibility for giving the barren coast of Arctic Norway the inhospitable appearance it possesses.

We made one call for coal during the trip—at Koelefjord, a hamlet situated at the end of a very boisterous inlet, containing perhaps seven or eight wooden houses and a number of Lapp teepees. The coal is brought from the island of

Spitzbergen, where a fairly productive seam was discovered some years ago.

During coaling operations, conducted by wheelbarrows of a shallow type, we strolled off the boat and made the acquaintance of an inhabitant who could speak English. A couple of genial Lapps were talking to him when we passed, and their delight at being offered cigarettes was unbounded. Koelefjord was once a criminal station, and on a rock at the extremity of the gulf stands the wooden posts of the gibbet from which exiles and malefactors were hanged.

A fearful, profound, and nauseating stink pervaded the place as we walked with our English-speaking acquaintance towards the fish-drying poles.

"Is the bad smell due to the fish?" I asked.

"Yes," replied our friend.

"But it didn't smell so villianously at the other places," I ventured.

"It's hellish bad here anyway," quoth Gallacher.

We came upon a pile of gelatinous-like substance with grey-like masses protruding here and there from its surface, and stood beside it whilst our friend initiated us into the mysteries of fish curing.

Meanwhile the stink grew stronger and stronger until it became well-nigh intolerable.

"What is this?" I asked, pointing to the spongy mass under our noses.

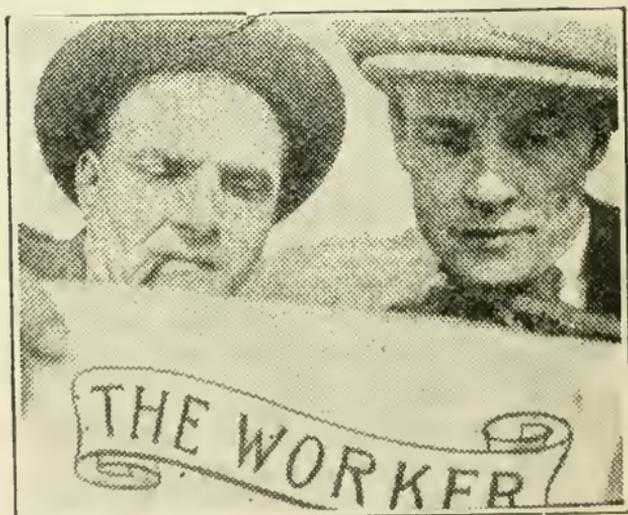
"Dat iss one dead whale--been dead long time," answered our unconcerned cicerone.

It was quite evident that familiarity in his case had bred contempt, but to us that mountain of corpse-putridity afforded a very substantial solution of the stink problem, and as we made a bee-

line for the boat a suspicion crossed my mind that it had lain there, in the middle of the hamlet, since the day it coughed up Jonah.

The wind increased, and as we rounded the tempestuous North Cape—the most northerly point of Europe—our poor tub of a boat was tossed unmercifully in the trough of a very tumultuous sea.

For something like twenty-five hours we pitched and rolled (Gallacher protesting that the roll was not caused by the gale but by the adipose skipper who walked back and forth on the bridge), until at twelve midnight, in broad daylight, we entered the tiny harbour of the ugly, filthy, and dejected island of Vardo.



CALIFORNIA
REFERENCES

2 JAN 1922

CHAPTER II.

On the Murman Coast

“Ask where’s the North?—at York ’tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.”
—Alexander Pope.

“From the caves of the North
Mid the night’s dominions,
I come tempesteing forth
On mine ice-ribbed pinions,
And the snows are my robe, and the frost is my crown,
And the clouds are my minions.”
—H. B. Carpenter.

VARDO, a part of Finmarken, is the outermost island on the north-east coast of Norway. It is populated chiefly by Finns who win their livelihood from the sea. Every kind of fishing vessel except the steam trawler can be seen lying in the harbour. The larger craft have usually a barrel “crow’s nest” at the top of the mainmast from which vantage-point icebergs can be observed many miles away. Cod, whale, seal, and walrus fishing (if the hunting of the latter can be called “fishing”) are extensively carried on. Some business is also done in furs, or rather in the pelts from which the finished articles are made, though Hammerfest is more important in this regard. It also exports both crude and refined fish oil. Vardo was the first port in Norwegian territory touched by the “Fram” on its return from the Polar expedition headed by Dr. Nansen in 1893.

During my enforced sojourn here in August the population, not only of Vardo but all Finmarken, was starving through unemployment due to lack of fish. This periodically happens, though as a rule the Arctic is extraordinarily abundant and the fish harvests consequently large.

The island is miserable in the extreme, so small that in one of the streets less than a dozen strides will take one from one shore of the island to the opposite shore. The houses are mere wooden shacks perched on the moss-covered grey rock, and the roads are as muddy and uneven as the wheel-rutted cart tracks of a British farm.

A mast erected in one of the streets marks the site of Vardo Castle, which, tradition states, guarded Norway from the invader in the 12th and 13th centuries. At present the garrison consists of twelve soldiers and about five police officials. It rains continually here, and the seasons are diabolical—four months continuous day, four months complete darkness, and four months during which it is neither day nor night.

Byron's lines, "So much a long communion tends to make us what we are," occurred to me when I was informed of an old inhabitant of Vardo, who went down to Trondhjem to work. It was the first occasion on which he had been compelled to leave the island, and the extraordinary phenomenon of day and night occurring in the twenty-four hours was too exciting for him, and he returned to Vardo a nervous wreck.

The village schoolmaster is a Bolshevik, Comrade Andra, who edits the local Labour paper, "Finmarken." It circulates among the fishermen

of the entire district, and carries considerable influence. It is now beyond dispute that the Finnish population of northern Norway are nine-tenths Bolshevik, and there is an early prospect of them "cutting the painter" with Norway and handing themselves and their territory over to the administration of Soviet Russia. Indeed, I attended the first meeting called to discuss the step, at Vardo, and added whatever weight my word had in favour of the proposal.

As already stated, we arrived at midnight, and, having knocked up the comrade with whom we were to negotiate, we satisfied him as to our identity, and were taken to a shack at the northern extremity of the island, where we were kept closely confined for two days.

This, of course, to keep us from the clutches of the eagle-eyed police, who carefully watch every move on the island. But what a disconsolate pair we made during that forty odd hours seclusion. We had nothing to lie on but the hard floor, and, exhausted as we were, it was impossible to sleep under such conditions—bitter cold and an entire absence of "night." One might as well have tried to carry ice-cream into hell.

Our Finnish comrade brought us two cheap English novels to wile away the time with, and, after reading mine for a time, I began to nod, and finally dropped off to semi-unconsciousness. As the novelettes say, I awoke with a start. A gurgling sound ending in an explosion of laughter commingled with impolite language impelled me to sit up on the floor.

Gallacher turned with an expansive grin upon his face from the window where he had sat reading while I dozed—

“There’s a woman in this book who lays eggs like a bird,” he giggled, “and——”

I have a hazy recollection of telling him to go to the devil, and of sinking back on the floor shivering with the cold and as sore in the bones as though I had been knouted. But there was no more sleep for me. The lady who laid eggs had also laid the ghost of sleep so far as I was concerned, so I arose and together William and I paced the room. Five paces east, right about turn. five paces west, right about turn—“exactly the same length as my old cell in the Calton,” quoth the irrepressible William, as we strode back and forth.

At last the provisions for our next voyage came, and shortly after our skipper, a gigantic and genial Norwegian who spoke English moderately well, entered and told us to be ready in an hour. We were taken to a small fishing boat, a kind of hybrid motor boat and fishing smack, of certainly not more than six tons, with a mainsail and parrot sail, and able, we were told, to make six knots per hour. In this we were to travel across ninety miles of open sea and about forty more down the Gulf of Kola to Murmansk. It was a remarkable voyage and lasted exactly twenty-seven hours, for both wind and sea were against us. We heaved and rolled after leaving the harbour for something like sixteen hours, for the seas were sweeping across our bow into the wide mouth of the Varanger Fjord, but the weather was particularly clear, and straight ahead stood the rugged outline of the Ribatchi peninsula—our first glimpse of the “holy land”—while on our port side stretched the blue mysterious Arctic with the midnight sun riding

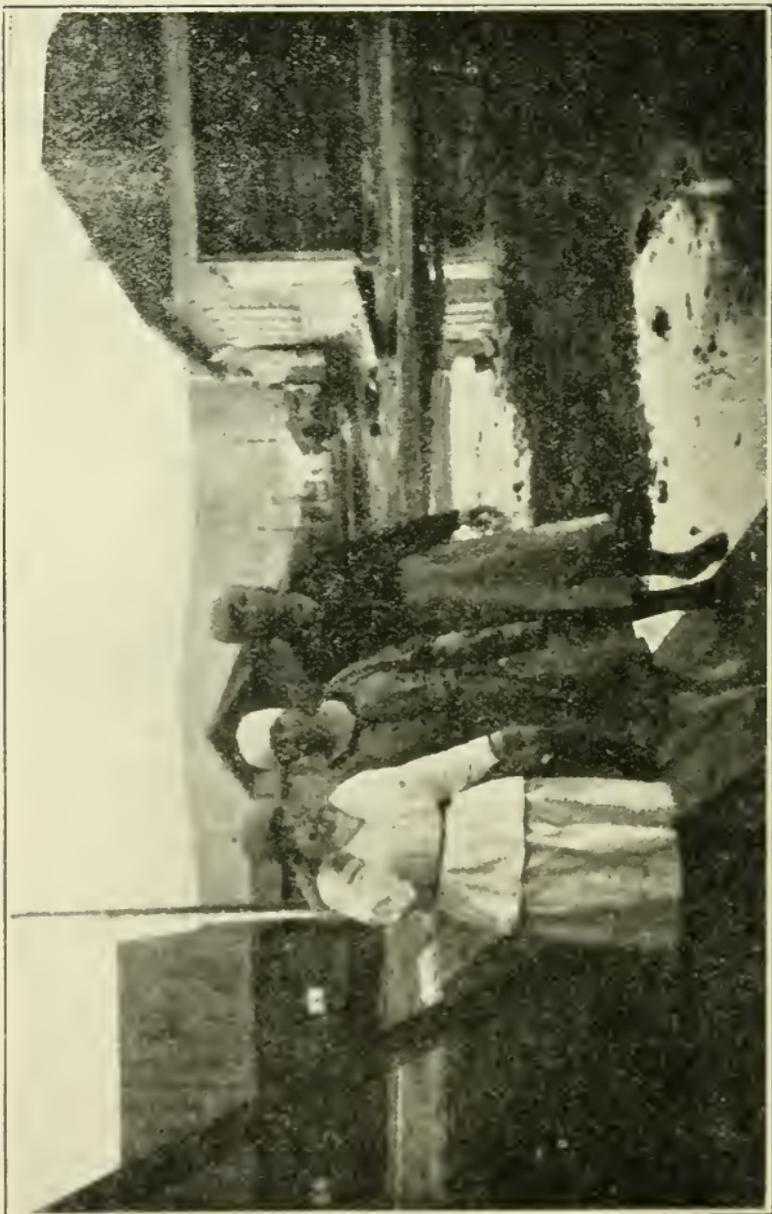
on the circle of Earth giving compensation in full for the inconveniences we were suffering. Grey-backed gulls shrieked their plaintive calls overhead, and the lithe graceful seals and "springers" turned their picturesque somersaults on either side.

We passed the point of the Ribatchi upon which the tiny hamlet of Vaida Guba sits, coasted along the grey-green ravined cliffs, and in the early morning were abreast of the Ekaterina and Reindeer Islands at the mouth of Kola Inlet.

Rounding these we saw eastward, bare and solitary looking, the cliffs of Kildin Island, inhabited chiefly by reindeer, and on the mainland on our right the one time prosperous fishing village and harbour of Ekaterina.

The coasts of the Murman consist of an unbroken series of bare granite cliffs, covered here and there with moss but denuded of the higher kinds of verdure. Deep inlets and gulfs penetrate inland, affording more or less suitable anchorages for ships and shelter for fishermen. The banks of the rivers are sandy, overlaid with massive peat beds, with here and there an impoverished meadow providing a limited pasturage for the settlers' cattle. Winter lasts from the end of October to the end of March, when snow falls in great abundance, drifting in masses to a height of sixteen to eighteen feet. Summer lasts barely four months, during which the sparse population gather the various sorts of edible fungi and berries which grow in profusion in the forest and tundra—cloud-berries, moss-currants, bilberry and bog-bilberry.

The scenery on the banks of Kola Inlet is monotonously dull after passing the beautifully



MAIN STREET, MURMANSK.

green Reindeer Island. Nothing arrests the eye until the tree-clothed height called Abraham's Crag comes into view. Less than one hour's sail from this lies the new town of Murmansk, the terminus of the railway line which connects the Arctic Lapland with the Caspian Sea, and which stretches through hundreds of miles of forest tundra in Northern Russia never trod by human foot prior to the year 1895.

Our papers were examined by the officials on the Soviet watch boat anchored in a cove of the Gulf of Kola and flying the Red Flag at its mast-head. Everything being in order we were permitted to proceed, and a few hours later we rounded the bluff and throbbed into the ruined and neglected harbour upon which the town of Murmansk stands.

It was low tide, and the seas' retreat had left exposed five hundred yards of dark mud. Lying in this were broken hulls, twisted and rust-covered iron girders, and skeletons of several submarines of the most archaic type. Behind rose the wooden buildings of this ugly and forlorn mushroom town—the melancholy outpost of the richest territory in the world.

Used as we are to the kind of scene the word "town" conjures up, it is most difficult to try and describe a place like Murmansk. It is practically a replica of what Dawson City, Alaska—which lies almost opposite to it across the Pole—would present to the eye during the days of the Klondike gold rush in '98. It lies in a basin formed by low-lying hills sloping down to the sea coast, and its heterogeneous collection of wooden buildings are built on piles driven into the soft sandy loam of the valley. There are no streets;

one just meanders round the buildings. A series of wooden conduits convey the waters of a hillside stream down to the centre of the town, where they fall into a trough outside of the fire station. To this trough the women of the settlement bring their washing, and from it carry the water for domestic purposes, which of course must be thoroughly boiled before it can be used for human consumption.

The civil population is a bewilderingly mixed one. Finns predominate over Russians, but there are Chinese, Japanese, Kalmucks, Lapps, Samoyedes, and Jews.

The Lapps lead a semi-nomadic life. The settlements in which they live are called pagosts, each group having its particular summer and winter pagost. In summer they are near the forest where the deer are herded, in winter near the coast for the sake of the fishing. They are a mongol race and exceptionally hardy. Their winter dwellings are called "toopas"—a sod-covered smoky hut 150 to 200 square feet, but in summer they live in their "viejas," a very large wigwam resembling a Samoyede "choom" but covered with tree branches, bark and turf. The race is gradually dying out, or rather intermingling with and being absorbed by the neighbouring races.

Explorers are continually lamenting over the hardships and privations of these sturdy little people, but they themselves think nothing of it. They are perfectly happy rearing their reindeer and fishing, and wish no other life. "What can be better," they say, "than the freedom of the tundra, the rumbling of the forests, and life in our beloved vieja or toopa? What could be

jollier than being whirled along in our kereoshkas (boat sleighs) harnessed to four strong full-grown bull reindeer, skimming over the smooth frosty plains to our homes, where fresh venison is roasting for us on our piled up logs? No, we don't envy you your towns or your wooden houses or the cramped up life you lead." The last census of cattle taken under the Tsarist regime numbered 40,000 head of reindeer, 25,000 of which were owned by the Lapps of this district.

The place abounds with dogs, chiefly of the northern hardy breeds—huskies, samoyedes, great danes, Icelandic terriers, and prick-eared wolf-dog crosses. We did not see any cats.

A remarkable incident occurred as Gallacher and I came down the hillside from the military hospital. A grey fox trotted from the brushwood and, ignoring our presence (save exposing its fangs as we passed), calmly dug a hole in the soft sand and unearthed a lump of carrion which it had previously "cached" there and ambled off with it. We heard that it was quite common for wolves to haunt the fringe of civilised places, even in Norway, and to scour the place for food, starvation in the more arid districts making them daring.

We saw very little wild life, however, gulls, eider-duck, and a sea bird nick-named "Murmansk parrot" being about the only wild things noticeable in any kind of profusion.

Murmansk is in the old Archangel division, which during Tsarist days administered law for all Russian Lapland, as the huge Kola peninsula is called. There are no roads connecting the two places except in winter, when the sleigh tract

makes it possible to penetrate the hundreds of versts of forest tundra which in other seasons are impassable through the wide stretches of marsh.

Such a country is enough to break the heart of any army, and it undoubtedly did so in the case of the British. Movement is difficult, barriers requiring superhuman courage and endurance to overcome have to be surmounted even in peace time—what must it be in time of war? Regiments mutinied and shot their officers. Officers came home disgusted and disheartened, as will be remembered, and exposed the folly of attempting to carry on in such a land.

Murmansk itself is now "occupied" by the Red Army, their quarters—barracks, stables, and hospital being situated on the hill at the south end.

The local Soviet came into power after the November revolution, when the All-Russian Congress of Soviets issued the proclamation calling upon the local Soviets throughout Russia—many of which, like the Murmansk, had come into being at the time of Kerensky—to seize the local government machinery.

The British battleship, *Glory* III., which lay in the harbour at that time, did not interfere.

A little later, however, came the Allied invasion, the Allies being Russian Whites, British and Americans,* who tried by every means to force a separation between Murmansk and Moscow. When Archangel was "occupied" by the

* Thousands of Chinese were imported as auxiliary forces and dressed in British uniforms. I talked with some.

Allies an order came to dissolve the Murmansk Soviet and institute a governor in its place, and the town was practically under martial law from November, 1918, until October, 1919, when Mr Churchill was compelled by pressure at home to abandon his North Russian campaign.

During that time the people were literally compelled to issue flattering declarations on the paternal care and solicitude which the North Russian Government exercised on their behalf. Any attempt at hostile criticism or revolutionary propaganda was punished by banishment to Yokanger, an utterly wretched and abandoned place off the coast, by order of General Miller. Here a prison replete with torture chamber and executioner—a villainous Sadist called Sadukov—made itself notorious by the atrocities perpetrated there on political prisoners. Some of the details were published in the "Krasnaya Gazette" by A. Dedikov early in 1920, and made sickening reading.

Occasionally, at night, Sudakov would get up a little massacre in which the prisoners were the victims. In such cases he would have his henchmen surround the earth-huts and order them to beat with their gunstocks all the prisoners that happened to come their way. The "White" hangmen would pass from one hut to the other, leaving behind them the cries and moans of the maltreated victims. To find an occasion for such massacres Sudakov would also resort to provocation. He once decided to arrange a little "flight," for which purpose he made use of tunnels that had been dug in the huts. After a shot was fired as a signal there came a general shooting, which resulted in seven killed and more than

twenty wounded, of whom several died later. With the aid of provocative denunciations Sudakov also succeeded in arranging a special trial concerning the above-mentioned "flight," thirteen prisoners were put before the court-martial at Murmansk, and it was only due to some accident that they were not shot.

The British soldiery behaved like wild beasts throughout the entire territory. The school-houses were transformed into barracks, and the soldiers broke up the forms and blackboards for fuel, this being a trifle easier than felling trees, we suppose. The school girls were molested and maltreated by the "gentlemen of honour"—English officers—and in one school eighty girls were pregnant at the one time, many of them suffering at the same time from syphilis. In a number of cases women who had been previously infected with venereal disease were carried off a second time, and when their diseased condition was discovered by the gang of British libertines (which of course balked them of their pleasure) they were deliberately shot "in the interests of public safety."

Whisky, of course, was introduced during the "occupation," and drunken fights took place regularly between British and Russian soldiers and sometimes between British and Americans.

In June, 1919, such a street encounter, which had begun, quite "modestly," between a Russian civilian and an English soldier, finally assumed such gigantic dimensions that the number of English participants rose to about two thousand persons. To put down this "peaceful" scrimmage a detachment of English sailors was sent out, and even the English Commander-in-Chief

made a trip to the scene of battle. The greater part of the Russian participants in the encounter were immediately locked up. On the next day the English Commander-in-Chief, General Hiller, declared in the order of the day that those who were guilty of preparing for "Bolshevik uprisings" would be sentenced according to the rules of war.

Before leaving this district the British destroyed thousands of pounds worth of material, not only war material, but coal, lighters, and automobiles.* They apparently overlooked one storehouse at Murmansk, for some tons of white flour were left behind there, and we had the pleasure of eating semi-white bread (and grand stuff it was) during our stay in Russian Lapland.

Many of these details were given me by men who had suffered during the occupation, and who now occupy positions of extreme responsibility under the Soviet Government. Suggestion may be made, however, that the evidence of such authorities must necessarily be invalid owing to their prejudice. Well, I saw things for myself, and examined proofs—some of which I managed

* Much of the stuff has been salvaged from the rivers in which it was sunk by intensive operations carried out by the Soviet officials. At Archangel alone a Moscow radio on March 6, 1920, states the booty thus regained includes more than 80,000 cartridges, 42,000 rifles, 92 Mauser rifles, 163,000 hand grenades, 170 cannon, 11 wireless installation apparatus and several wireless apparatus, 6 aeroplanes and 147 gallons of benzine, 24,000 gallons of lubricating oil, 6,000 tons of coke, 4,500 tons of coal, 1,000 scythes, 30,000 saws, 15,000 axes, 8,000 poods of soap, 20,000 poods of fish oil, 145 gallons of medicaments, 500 beds, 6 sanitary trains, 302 tons of meat conserves, 1,000,000 cans of condensed milk.

to smuggle home—of unexampled ferocity which made me blush for my own kinsmen.

But one is not obliged to pay attention to any Bolshevik in this respect. Let the reader peruse the tremendous indictment recently written by Ralph Albertson,* who served as a Y.M.C.A. secretary throughout the expedition with the American troops, and who served later with the British. Twice “mentioned in dispatches” by the British, and decorated by the Tsarist Russians, surely his word is beyond question. The following quotations from the book powerfully back up the testimony of the men whom I talked with at Murmansk:—

“We used gas shells on the Bolsheviks, but that I understand is no longer an atrocity. We fixed all the devil-traps we could think of for them when we evacuated villages. Once we shot more than thirty prisoners in our determination to punish three murderers. And when we caught the Commissar of Borok, a sergeant tells me we left his body in the street, stripped, with sixteen bayonet wounds. We surprised Borok, and the Commissar, a civilian, did not have time to arm himself. The sergeant was quite exultant over it. He killed Bolsheviks because they were barbarians and cruel. This was the only thing his government had ever told him as to why they should be killed. . . .

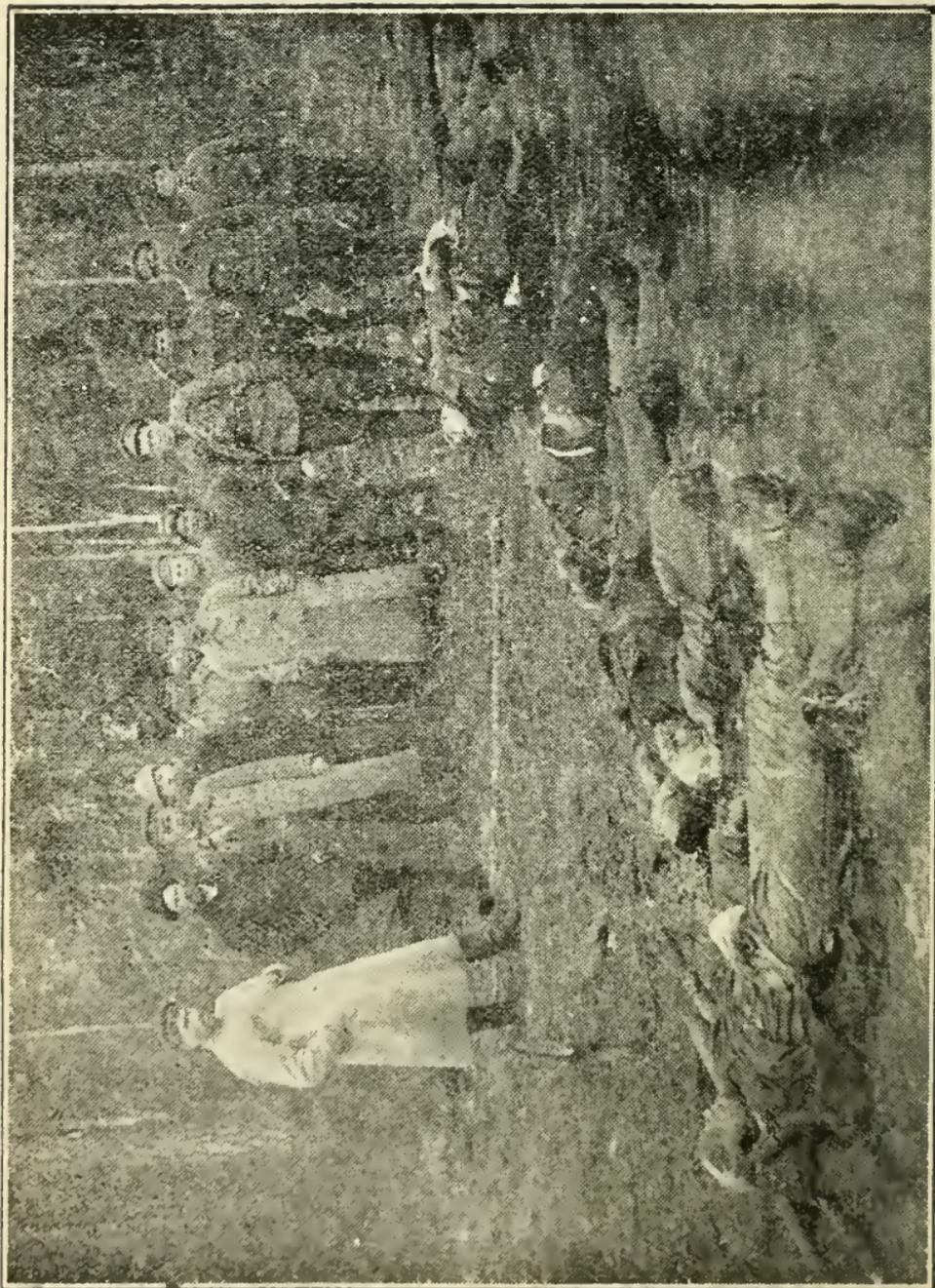
“The spoliation of scores of Russian villages and thousands of little farms, and the utter disorganisation of life and industry of a great section of the country with the attendant

* “Fighting Without a War: An Account of Military Intervention in North Russia,” by Ralph Albertson.

wanderings and sufferings of thousands of peasant folk who had lost everything but life, are but the natural and necessary results of a military operation, and especially a weak and unsuccessful military operation such as this one was. One would hardly say, however, that it was necessary to close the school in order to use the schoolhouse for the storage of whisky, nor to put an entire Russian family into the street in order to make room for one officer, nor to loot personal property and ransack churches. . . .

“There was evidence one day on the railroad front that a new mutiny was brewing. All the men of the suspected company were put on a train and then disarmed. A guard went through the train and counted off the men, taking every tenth man outside to be shot without trial. The men had not mutinied, but they might, and something had to be done.” This was done by the British, after the Americans had left.





AT KOLA.

CHAPTER III.

O'er Russian Lapland.

"They that fight for freedom undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake."
—Cowper.

"Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night."
—Blair.

COMRADE CHRISTIANSEN of the Murmansk "excise" department is a tall, broad-shouldered, fair-haired, fresh-complexioned Finn (obviously a "Scandinavian" Finn). He speaks English very well, is good natured, and solicitous for the welfare of all friends of Russia. He guided us from our boat to the "customs house," took charge of our few belongings, prepared water for our ablutions, a bed for our weary bodies, and gave us "the freedom of the city." Elsie Varsten made dinner for us of cabbage soup (in which floated a piece of pork fat), raw anchovies, and tea.

Afterwards we wandered all over the settlement, went where we liked, did what we liked, and photographed anywhere and anything we liked.

It was a Saturday, and the "sobotnic" or

voluntary labour was in progress. Scores of men were engaged in digging foundations and trenches for railway buildings.

No cigarettes. Imitation tobacco rolled up in pieces of newspaper. A diet that would cause a British clerk to faint with fatigue when he lifted a pen. Rags and tatters. Mud and misery. Such was life at Murmansk. But—smiling faces, light hearts, breasts filled with hope, and minds with vision.

And out of it all the song, the song of hard toil for Freedom.

Shovels and picks plied rhythmically, piled the earth up in ridges above the heads of those who dug. A huge locomotive puffed and grunted back and forth. Up and down the slippery bank went the pony carts, drawn by mountain ponies, hog-maned, fat and well groomed, and driven by ancients with flowing beards. Grinning Mongolian faces passed by, their owners giving us a welcoming "cheero," and going mad with delight at the gift of a real cigarette. From the hillside a woman came toward us. A ragged skirt reached to her calves, which were bare; she was shod in a pair of soldiers' "bluchers," and the upper portion of her attire consisted in the darned and stitched remnants of a man's jacket. Under her arm she carried a tin bowl half-full of the wild bilberries, which she insisted on our sampling, pouring them into our hands. We tried to thank her, and, with merry laughter at the two "Tovarishi" from a land whose people were responsible for her country's martyrdom, she walked away humming with a prick-eared mongrel trotting at her side.

Around a building near by a group of prosperous looking children played hide and seek, while two little boys "rather more grown," as Ingoldsby would say, made valiant efforts to drag a protesting fluffy-haired puppy along with a piece of string.

"Kids," I said sententiously to Gallacher, "are the same the world over." With which piece of not very remarkable wisdom we went in to bed.

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At four forty-five p.m. next day we departed for the south. An enormous locomotive piled high with wood fuel drew our formidable looking train. The passengers, with few exceptions, were soldiers of the Red Army en route for the Polish front, the exceptions being railway workers, and in one or two cases the wives of some of the soldiers. Our compartment was a nightmare in yellow wood and two storeys. The broad wooden seat of the Russian train folds up like a bed couch, and when opened out joins the seat opposite to it, making sleeping accommodation for two. Likewise the "back" lifts up, and by a rod and socket arrangement another plank bed is supported above, on which two more travellers may sleep, provided their anatomy is sufficiently elastic to permit them doing so.

After the customary hand shaking we climbed up the ladder and were soon moving along the sandy track. For some distance we followed the gulf, losing sight of it now and then through the obtrusion of scrub-clad banks down which were scattered thousands of tons of boulders and pebbles, fallen trees, and war-time debris.

On either side, lamentable to behold, every form of rolling stock lay in ruin, half submerged in morass or smashed up beyond hope of repair. Everything we looked at on this dejected track seemed symbolical of destruction. The very herbage was black, burned up by the fires set ablaze by the myriad sparks blown from the engine fire-box. Everything too, was so painfully discernible, for speed is admittedly not the strong point of the Murmansk train service. Two trains per week leave on their thousand mile journey, and the speed varies between five and fifteen miles per hour.

The first stop is at Kola itself, an old, very small village situated at the extremity of the gulf where it is joined by the torrential rivers Kola and Talom. Over its rock-encumbered bed the water rushes cataract-like, not with the song of poetic fancy, but with the noise of distant thunder accompanied by the hissing of ten thousand fiends. The roar is greater in the immense ravines where the current is swifter, and where the splash of a hundred cascades, falling like avalanches of silvery feathers down the rocky sides, augment the disturbance.

The sandy bed is stirred by the agitated torrent which hurls over every boulder in its path a mass of reddened spray and yellowy foam. The spray does not sparkle during its dance in the air, for the gigantic granite walls shut out the sun's beams; but to glance down into the gloom where the patches of spray leap amid the devils' orchestra of the rushing waters is to catch a momentary glimpse of Inferno's own dark river.

Crossing this we arrived at Kola, and drew up

at the pine wood building which does duty as the station. In the distance the tiny church, the inevitable village landmark, stood conspicuously with its tower and cupola dwarfing the wooden houses nearby. Kola is an ancient village. It was once Russia's "farthest north," being the earliest settlement known to have been made by Novogorodian emigrants on the Murman Coast, and mentioned in the chronicles as early as 1264.

In 1550 Ivan the Terrible fortified it during his wars with the Swedes and renamed it Citadel of Kola, from which time until only one hundred years ago it was used as a place of exile for political prisoners. Kola was destroyed in 1885 by the English.

The buildings of the recent British occupation stand on the ground immediately adjoining the railroad. On my return to Kola with the Russian Labour Delegation I made investigations among the simple trappers and fishermen who inhabit the settlement, and learned of further brutalities perpetrated by the British officials. After hypocritically alleging that their military base at Kola was for "defensive" purposes, i.e., to protect these unconcerned people against Bolshevism, the British C.O. requisitioned houses, wood, produce, and labour belonging to the civil population, who, when they protested, were told their settlement was now under martial law, and that future complainants would be severely punished.

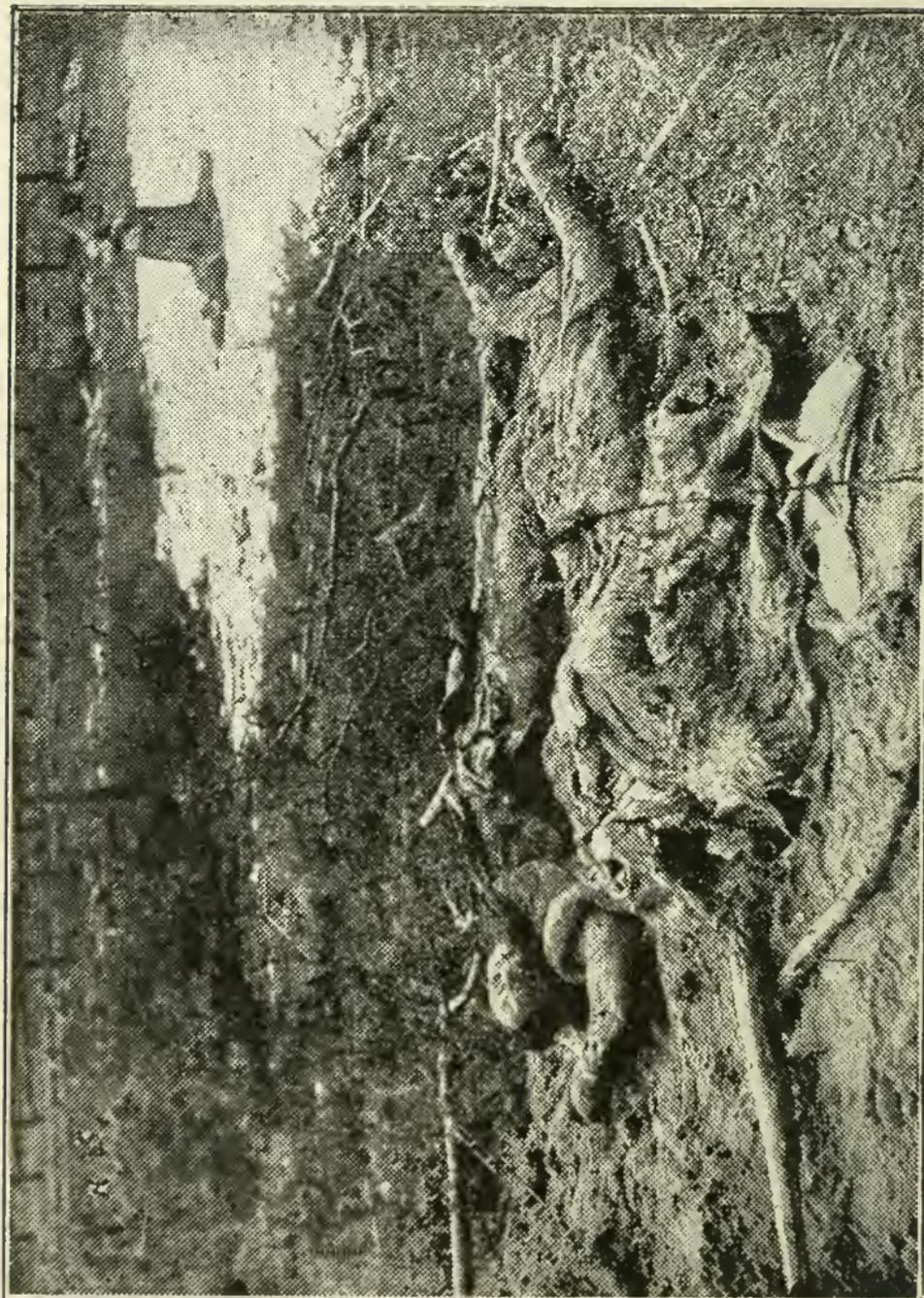
These half-savage children of the frozen tundra, living the most peaceful of lives up to that moment, had no more idea of the significance of British martial law than their sledge-dogs had. They continued therefore to protest against

the wanton destruction of their property, the invasion of their sacred privacy and unwarrantable interference with their economic life. The British democracy-savers, liberty-lovers, and small-people-protectors therefore stopped the "grousing" by sentencing to death and executing five inoffensive villagers and leaving their dead bodies to rot in the swamps. I stood beside their graves marked by the little white painted Greek crosses in that melancholy far away Arctic land. Beside me stood a group of wondering muzhiks and trappers in sheepskin coats tied by ropes, huge boots, and enormous "bonnets." Their eyes glittered like beads that peeped from a shaggy mass of hair that grew all over their faces and dropped beneath the peaks of their caps; their huge gnarled hands hung listlessly at their sides, and their whole bearing was one of patient, uncomplaining resignation. My eyes wandered from these to the little railed-off enclosure where five of their fellows lay beneath the shadows of the holy crosses with their one-time sturdy hearts penetrated with British bullets, and my mind flew off to London, to the garden parties of Buckingham Palace, to the oily eloquence of number 10 Downing Street, and to the lipping lunacy of the Dundonian baboon; and I felt there was more honour, more truth, and more manhood in the little finger of a slit-eyed, squat-faced Eskimo or Samoyede of the Arctic steppes than in the entire carcase of a British "gentleman."

After leaving Kola the train crosses the entire peninsula from the Arctic Ocean to the inner reaches of the White Sea. The peninsula is about 443 miles (English) from west to east, and 266

miles from north to south. The line winds unevenly across the country owing to the number of obstacles this land presents. From Kola in the north to Kandalaksa at the southern end the journey is through the forbidding forest zone and over the moss-grown wilds covered with bogs, swamps, and lakes. Huge stretches of dreary wastes, called by the geologist "tundra," overgrown with mosses and lichens, with here and there in more favourable spots a sprinkling of dwarf birch and willow-scrub. Bordering this and intermingling with it, but never wholly absent from it, is the forest wild. Thousands of miles of it, making a coniferous ring around the top of the globe with the ice-capped centre called the polar regions lying like a monk's tonsure on the top. Pine, fir, larch and willow are the chief growths of the forest zone, inhabited by characteristic fauna of the tundra — lemmings, Arctic foxes, mountain hares, reindeer, and in the summer weasels, voles, wolverines, wolves and brown bears.

Here once roamed the lordly mammoth fighting his unequal fight with the parsimonious, blizzard-ridden north, and here he succumbed, as unfitted to survive in such conditions as a White Army in a Red land. The crawling train wriggles along through the slender trees until Lake Imandra is reached. Here the forest vanishes on the right (on the downward journey) and beyond the lake, which we were more than a day in passing, the Hibinski mountains with their peaks veiled in perpetual snow rise 1,000 feet above sea level. One looks upon, also, Mount Bozia (or God's Hill), where the ancestors of the Lapps



NEAR IMANDRA.

offered up sacrifices to their gods. These mountains are honeycombed with caverns, studded in parts with crystals of translucent quartz and amethyst. In the ground, untouched as yet by man, there is known to be "riches beyond the dreams of avarice"—minerals of highest quality. Silver, lead, iron, copper, zinc, gold,* platinum, and precious stones. The forest timber alone is estimated at £100,000,000. Pearls have been discovered in the rivers.

To look upon the dismal landscape — dismal except where the tree-clothed hills relieve the view, or when over a wooden bridge we crawl caterpillar-like over an angry cataract, and to follow the old rotting military road through the bogs and over the rock-strewn moss, one marvels at the endurance, the heroism, and the industry of the men and women who only a few years ago laid out the track for this desert railway line.

The ghostly-looking trees, the limitless expanse above, the awe-inspiring silence, and—visions of the Nevsky Prospect, the Nicolskaya, and the Kremlin with its embattlemented walls and its International Congress. The lines of the Russian poet, Nekrassoff, crept into the mind:—

"There is noise in the capitals, the orators thunder,
The war of words rages;
But there, in the depths of Russia,
Is the silence of centuries.
Only the wind gives no rest
To the tops of the pine trees along the waste."

Only the wind, till an excited shout from

* As far back as the 16th century, in the history of Olai Magni, gold is mentioned as having been discovered in 1558 near Kola.

Gallacher draws attention to a majestic dragon-fly, which like a miniature monoplane, only infinitely more beautiful, sweeps from its marsh and vibrates above our heads, an epic in gauze and gold.

Every few hours the train draws up at a wooden pump house, which supplies the engine with water drawn from a lake nearby.* At the same spot wooden logs cut from the forest are piled up ready to be thrown on to the tender for fuel. At some of these lonely places a "boiler house" is established for supplying travellers with hot water for their tea, and ere the train stops an eager crowd bolts along the permanent way with billy-cans and metal jugs, each member of it endeavouring to grab the coveted prize first.

It was unanimously decided by our small party, which now numbered seven — three Finns, an American, Gallacher, myself, and our courier — that Gallacher, being the greatest tea-drinker, should be the principal hot water diplomat, and right well and worthily did he carry out the trust "imposed" upon him.

*On Lake Imandra, many hours' journey from Kola, the train in which I travelled back to Murmansk stopped for water. The train from Murmansk passed us at this spot, or rather it drew up and travellers dropped out of both trains on to the track to greet one another and exchange news. I had climbed on to a gigantic rock to watch the approach of the new train, and as it slowed up I descended and stood exactly opposite a compartment, from the window of which I saw the excited and smiling face of Helen Crawford staring at me. I was dressed Russian fashion, and was quite alone at the time, which made her think it was a ghost she looked at. We were both delighted at this strange meeting in a strange land.

At first, of course, he sometimes conveniently forgot to grab his tin in time, but learning by bitter experience that the inexorable law of Bolshevik Land is "He who does not hop it quickly neither shall he drink," William accepted the "discipline," and did some magnificent sprinting when the occasion demanded it.

His efforts, however, to learn the results of the Red advance on the Polish front, by talking Scotch to Russian-Finns, were not so brilliantly successful. He would first grab a soldier in the corridor, who was as well acquainted with Paisley Scotch as a cabbage is with the philosophy of Bergson, and the conversation would follow on these lines:—

W. G.—"Poles, Poles, are they defeated?"

Soldier—"Ne upony mio!" (I don't understand.)

W. G.—"Poles—defeated?"

Soldier—"Ne upony mio!"

W. G.—"Poles — beaten — defeated —beaten?" (a little fisticuff display).

Soldier (stoically)—"Ne upony mio!"

W. G.—"Poles beaten! y'ken, beaten—washed oot—up the pole?"

Soldier (with loud guffaw)—"Ne upony mio!"

And so on, ad infinitum.

When halts were made for fuel replenishing the duration of the stay was anything from half an hour to an hour, and on these occasions we wandered into the fringe of the forest and plucked bilberries which literally carpeted the rocky and swampy earth. These were delicious to eat, but they dyed the tongue and lips a deep blue, giving them the same appearance as a chow-chow dog's. At several calling points the

few workers who felled the logs, and fished in the streams for their daily food, would visit the train with bowls of these berries, which they bartered with us for bread or sugar. In these little transactions there was an entire absence of "haggling." At the gift of a handful of loaf sugar, which we had purchased in Norway, their childish gratitude knew no bounds, and for a piece of bread they literally wept their thanks.

I gave a woman some sugar at one hamlet, and placed one lump into the mouth of her child, a boy of three years. The mother anxiously endeavoured to extract this piece of wealth from the "wean's" teeth. He had evidently never in his short life experienced such delightful sensations as the taste of sugar was giving him, and his little teeth closed like grim death upon it, until the effort to remove it had to be abandoned.

Gallacher made frequent and furtive expeditions back to the train, returning each time with sugar for some of these forlorn and tragic-looking people, who, we were assured, had an abundance of food but of a monotonous kind.

It must be remembered that these people are the inhabitants of a most peculiar country. The entire population, including the Lapps, is so scarce that it hardly works out at one person to the English square mile. For over six months in the year the ground is covered with deep snow and the rivers are all frozen. Hunting, reindeer breeding, felling and floating timber, preparing charcoal and tar, are the only real occupations. Agricultural pursuits are simply impossible, and earth cultivation is limited to the production (in fortunate circumstances) of a few potatoes and

a very few tunips. The ground for these is artificially made by burning immense quantities of brushwood, tree branches, and dead leaves, and then mixing the ashes with the sand.

For hundreds of miles we did not observe one solitary patch of cultivated land nor yet a plant of any description that had been planted by the hand of man. Nothing but the tundra and dreary-looking forest, enlivened here and there by patches of pink alpine flowers.

Hour after hour sped by until the trees on our right became less dense, and through them we could see the still blue waters of the White Sea. Soon we arrived at the little town of Kandalaksa, having crossed the whole of Russian Lapland and were in the land of the Pomors and Karelians.



CHAPTER IV.

In the Heart of Karelia.

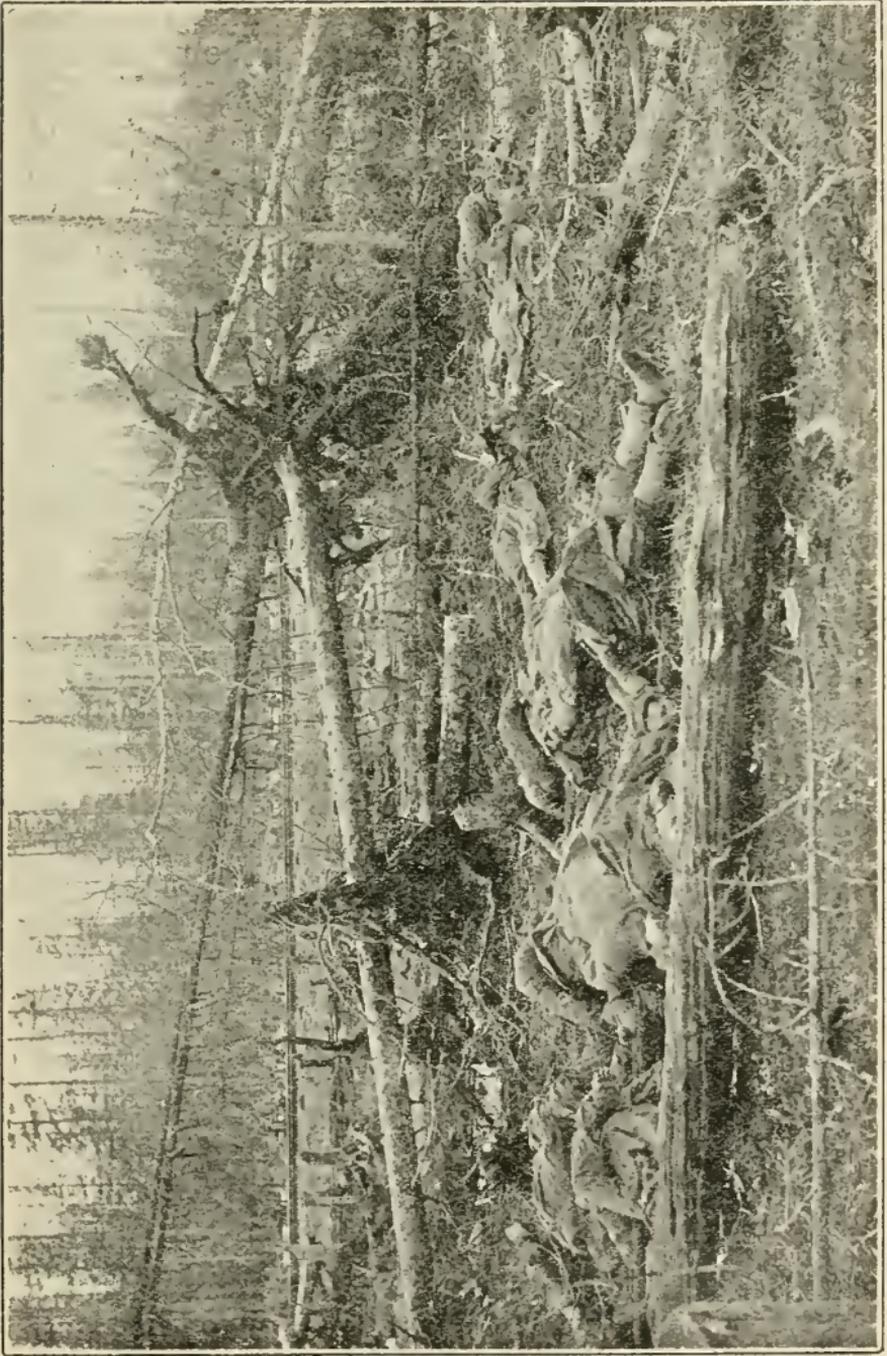
“My brethren, we are free! the plains and mountains,
The grey sea-shore, the forests, and the fountains,
Are haunts of happiest dwellers; man and woman,
Their common bondage burst, may freely borrow
From lawless love a solace for their sorrow!
For oft we still must weep, since we are human.”

—Shelley.

MR. J. R. Macdonald, writing in “Forward,” Oct. 23, 1920, gives an account of a Labour meeting addressed by him in Georgia. “Surely never,” says he, had British Socialist so strange an audience as this.”

From his description of the affair I can pretty safely aver that it was a commonplace happening compared to an experience of my own on the barren coast of the White Sea.

The topographical setting my readers ought to be fairly familiar with ere this. Imagine a desolate stretch of tree-clad swamp land bordered on the west by a miniature mountain range, the peaks of which, though no higher than one thousand feet, are yet capped with perpetual snow. On the east, an almost rippleless blue sea with a slight haze hovering above it and terminating in a low-lying rock-strewn shore. Upon the shore itself stand one hundred and fifteen peculiarly constructed wooden houses, housing the modern descendents of an ancient people. Such is the village of Kandálaksa, or Kandalax, on the south-west corner of the White Sea. To the north the precarious track upon which the railway is built makes a semi-circular bend to the east, and follows the coast line for some miles.



NEAR KOVDA.

At the centre of the loop the "station"—two or three wooden buildings—stands between two scrub-clothed embankments.

Here the most unique experience I ever had in the movement occurred. I was with the Russian Labour Delegation, and four of us (Alexis Losovsky, Feodor Sergieff, Dmitry Antoshkin, and myself) were having breakfast when the train stopped. An attendant came into the compartment and told us that the townsfolk of Kandalaksa had marched out en masse to the train, and were demanding speeches. Sergieff, who knew English very well, and who had already interpreted three speeches of mine, insisted on my addressing them in English.

We left the train and beheld what can only be described as an amazing spectacle. About four hundred men and women drawn up in military formation, the men clothed in tattered uniforms and odd-looking garments and the women mostly in "national" dress—the "sarafan" of striped or printed calico with a smock frock partly covering it. The men wore every variety of clothing imaginable. Soldiers' great-coats, tunics, jerseys, leather and sheepskin jackets open or tied with rope, top-boots, ski-boots, puttees, peak-caps, fur caps and old-fashioned forage caps. The women, curiously picturesque, wore the typical kerchief tied around the head, and were shod in as many varieties of footgear as the men—though one or two were quite bare-foot. Some held children by the hand, and some carried them in arms giving them suck at ample and fully exposed breasts.

A huge red banner carried by two of the men

bore in golden lettering. "Long Live the Soviet Republic."

As we passed they stood at attention. The women walked over to the sandy embankment and seated themselves in front of the makeshift platform—a pile of fuel-logs; the men then grouped themselves behind. Their immobile, staring faces were a study. Clean shaven or be-whiskered, it was impossible to penetrate behind that pacific empty stare. Sergieff stood before them and spoke for fifteen minutes. He was followed by Losovsky, who evidently indulged in periodical quips of humour, for every now and then a grin would spread itself over the faces, and at times a roar of hearty laughter was provoked. But Alexis was very serious at the end. His bearded face with the fire-flashing, penetrating eyes gave him the appearance of a biblical prophet, and his words were drunk in with avidity. At length he pointed his finger at me and stepped down. It was my turn. I climbed the logs and looked down upon my tatterdemalion but picturesque audience, now augmented by curious travellers from the train. The silence was deadly, not even the buzz of a fly could be heard, and the motley arrayed crowd appeared to have been turned to stone, so motionless was it. A brilliant morning sun, with no heat in it, blazed on high in a perfectly cloudless sky, and not a movement could be detected in the atmosphere. It was an ideal day for an outdoor meeting. I smiled but received a grim and stony stare in return. The men were expressionless, the women and children more so. A small sandy-coloured mongrel began to exhibit some

little excitement — over a flea — and I began to speak. “Tovarischi!” They pricked their ears but dropped them again when I continued in English. I waxed poetical, rhapsodical, and argumentative. I told them Pushkin fables; told them of the Polish defeat and the Wrangel advance; leathered Lloyd George and Churchill; and destroyed the British Empire root and branch. They listened to my verbal cataracts unmoved. Invective however bitter, sarcasm however withering, rhetoric however passionate, and humour broad or dry, left them as indifferent and unresponsive as before.

The reason, of course, was obvious — they did not know what I was talking about.

Their open-mouthed, statuesque countenances were the nearest approaches to absolute vacuity I have ever seen. It was not a “fed-up” look, mind, for I was told they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, though I was very doubtful at the time whether the tremendous applause I received was due to “popularity” or because I had dried up. In this wilderness of weeds and rock, where picture houses, theatres, and music halls are unknown, and where pussyfoot reigns unchallenged, the people are passionately fond of speeches. Anyone who can orate to them is almost worshipped, for by the spoken, not the printed, word have their minds and hearts been influenced.

I stepped from my log platform and was accorded at last some beaming smiles and military salutes. Sergieff came up to me and whispered, “You have gave me one hell of a job!” “I’m very pleased,” I replied; “you asked for it.”

But Feodor did the job well, judging from the delighted faces I watched while he delivered the speech over again in Russian. Even then, there were many there who could not understand the Russian of Sergieff, for among them were natives of the district who understood only their Karelian tongue.

Karelia and Pomoria, in the old days, formed the district of Kem, which stretches from Kandalaksa to the foot almost of the White Sea. This district was 36,000 square versts in area, or about 10,000,000 English acres. The entire population of this enormous district — about as big as Ireland — is only 36,368, of which 14,000 are Russians.

The Karelians, a Finnish tribe, were dominant on the lower White Sea coast till about the 14th century. They began then to penetrate eastwards towards the Northern Dwina, where the Karelian Monastery of St. Nicholas still stands, and to settle on the western coast, where they intermingled with the Russians. The older people, the Lapps, were driven more and more to the north, until to-day they are confined practically to the Kola peninsula.

The Karelians are mentioned as far back as the 9th century. King Erik Edmundson in 833 marched into their country, while Harold Harfager's chief, Torolf Koeldufson, the viking routed them in battle in 897.

Karelia proper consists of the western part of the district of Kem, bounded on the north by Lapland; on the north-east and east by Pomoria; on the south and south-east by Olonetz Province; and on the west by Finland.

The rivers form a seemingly continuous chain of lakes, which the train follows for hundreds of miles, the chief being the River Kem flowing from the Finnish frontier. The land is swampy and stony. It is puzzling, in fact, to see so many huge boulders and smaller stones lying in such profusion, until one remembers the proximity of the sea. The climate is bleak and raw, and in the autumn foggy. The villages are connected only by footpaths over the rocks and swamps. There are no cart roads anywhere to be seen. In some cases communication is maintained by boats on the various lakes, but many rapids have to be shot and difficult channels negotiated during the voyages.

Agriculture is carried on on a very small scale, such pursuit being a continual struggle with nature. Catch crops of potatoes and turnips are obtained, but only about one-third of the grain requisite to feed the population is produced from the unyielding half-manufactured soil.

Timber felling and river and sea fisheries are the chief occupations of the people, though some engage in trapping the fox and squirrel and hunting the brown bear.

The Karelian house is erected on a kind of permanent scaffolding. A ladder leads to the door. On the ground floor the sheep pens and cattle byres are placed. In the kitchen the stove, moulded from clay, stands on a hearth of cobble stones, for bricks are quite unknown in Karelia. Benches stand around the walls; the sleeping couch, made of wood, is near the stove, and the ikons or sacred pictures hang exactly opposite—

perhaps in order to permit them being seen by anyone lying sick.

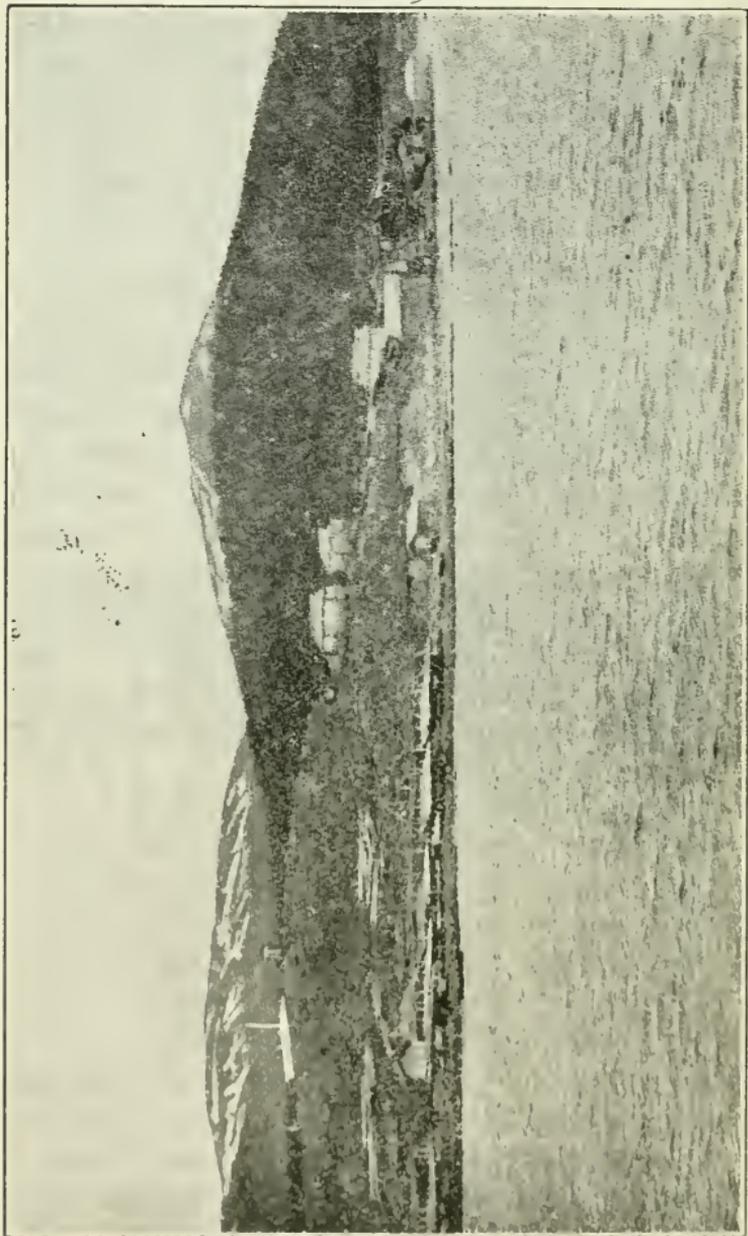
There is a crockery cupboard and a few chairs, a kettle, Samovar, and wash tub. I could see nothing else in any of the houses.

The logs with which the house is built are fitted into one another by a kind of mortice process, and the interstices are packed with paper, down, and sheeps' wool. Most of the windows are double, to keep out the intense cold.

The Karelians are not unlike the rustic Russians. Mostly blue-eyed, with reddish or brown hair usually unkempt and hanging below the ears and across the eye-brows. Their voices are somewhat monotonous, especially when singing. After our propaganda meeting everyone closed up into a crowd, placed the flag in the centre, bared the head, and sent up to the clear blue sky, in which the brilliant morning sun smiled down upon an otherwise dismal place, the strains of "The International."

As already mentioned, the train follows the coast line for a considerable distance after leaving Kandalaksa. It runs through the whole of the district once called Pomoria, until it reaches Kem, then it continues in a more southern direction. Evidences of the Allied "occupation," as the politician describes the devastating activities of an invading army, are to be seen everywhere.

The repeated destruction of the railroad has made it very unsafe in parts, and the wreckage encumbering the permanent way is an ever-intruding eyesore throughout this route. But this is not the worst aspect of the journey by any means.



KANDALAKSA.

Reminders of the bloody deeds committed by representatives of civilisation and "democracy" are to be observed in these backwoods of the north in the shape of lonely mounds of weed-covered clay crowned with wooden Greek crosses. They are the lonely graves of workmen who were butchered by the British because they might be sympathisers with Bolshevism. Many a time I sprang from the train, miles from any village, and photographed these melancholy heaps.

Sometimes one solitary, half-decayed cross would be seen through the trees, sometimes two, but seldom more than two. Hunters, following their calling, captured by an advance column and absolutely incapable of understanding the situation. No useful information could be obtained from such, but they might give warning if liberated. Military expediency demanded their death, and they were brutally murdered and left in the woods without burial.

Some villages were almost stripped of the male inhabitants in this way.

In the photograph illustrating this chapter, the reader will notice that the corpses have their hands tied behind them, that their sheepskin jackets and clothing generally proclaim them members of a peaceful industrial community, and that their decomposed state reveals the fact that they were left alone where they dropped. The snow alone was their shroud and its drift their grave. Such was British mercy in Northern Russia. These simple, ignorant souls were Pomors, and the reader will appreciate better the childlike guilelessness and simplicity of these people if I relate an anecdote I heard respecting

two of them, who, when at Archangel, were asked to sign on as log-hut builders with the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition of 1894.

They went to the Governor of Archangel and asked him for passports. "Where are you going to," he asked. "We are going to the North Pole, and the parish officials say that the Pole is not in Russia, therefore they cannot give us passports."

"Well," said the Governor, "the Pole is not abroad but as much in the province of Russia as anywhere else, therefore passports won't be necessary. Besides, there are no policemen at the Pole."

The two Pomors were staggered to hear of a place where there were no police, but they simply couldn't trust the Governor, and insisted on having passports to avoid trouble at the Pole.

"It's all right so long as you have got a passport," they said; so the Governor gave them a certificate authorising the "authorities" at the North Pole to permit them to pass without let or hindrance, etc.

Now imagine such people being seized suddenly by the highly civilised and intelligent know-alls of the British army. What coherent statements could such people make, sufficient to satisfy a British Jack-in-office? Look at the photo and ask yourself who the barbarians were.

This disgusting atrocity took place near the railway line not far from Kovda, which lies some distance below Kandalaksa. Other Pomor villages we passed through were Keret, Pongam, Lapin, Soroka and Niukots, and each had its story of woes suffered at the hands of alien oppressors.

Pomor means "coast dwellers," and the habits of life and nationality of the Pomors are quite distinct to those of the Karelians. They are the descendents of the Novgorodian emigrants and freebooters who settled here in the 11th and 12th centuries, and who gradually broke away from the overlordship of Great Novgorod and established separate small kingdoms with distinct rulers. They are, consequently, Russian stock, not Finnish, but, of course, the two peoples intermarry and are slowly becoming one. They are one of the hardiest sea-faring people on the globe, and their fisheries are remarkable for the ingenuity displayed in conducting them. When cod fishing, for example, the Pomor scorns the Finnish or Norwegian method of small lines and hooks. He launches forth into mid-ocean, and pays out his "garus" (great line) miles in length and studded with thousands of hooks. In all weathers he just rolls about in his smack until sure of his haul, and when he lifts it, it means enrichment for weeks to come. We found them very hospitable and easily amused, as most Russians are, and strong supporters of the Soviet régime.

In this respect it is as well to note that Pomoria practically does not exist now, and that Karelia is no longer confined to its old boundaries. I append here a statement prepared for me by the representative of the Third International on the latest development of this interesting mixed population. They are developing, in short, an autonomous Soviet Republic, which will embrace every district from the River Svir to the Arctic Ocean. I give his statement intact:—

“The Karelian Commune extends from the River Svir in the south across the Lake Onega to the White Sea and round the Kola peninsula to the Norwegian frontier and again southward for a thousand miles along White Finland. The highly important Murmansk railway runs entirely through this territory. This vast area contains but a small population, a quarter of a million or so. Consequently its rich natural resources are yet practically undeveloped. Iron, copper, and zinc ores are found in various parts, but the most important mineral is the valuable lead deposits on the Kola peninsula. Agriculture is not well developed owing to the rigorous climate, but the southern parts are capable of a great dairy production. The Murman coast is due to one of the richest fishing seas of the world, the Arctic Ocean, which now is connected with the vast markets of Petrograd and Middle Russia, yet the most important industry of the Karelian Commune will be the exploitation of its tremendous forests and water powers. The timber is worth well over £100,000,000, the utilisation and export of which will bring the Republic into commercial relations with Western European countries. Besides sawmill products, boards, etc., turpentine, tar, wood spirits, pulp, cellulose, pasteboard and paper can be produced in abundance.

Thanks to the great water power, this industry will be largely independent of foreign coal supply. Also it is probable that it will play a highly important part in the subsequent electrification of the North Russian railways.

The towns are few and small. The capital,

Petrosavodsk, has only 24,000 inhabitants, but Murmansk will soon develop to a great and very important port. It has an excellent harbour, and is the only real ocean port in Russia, free from ice all the year round. The Murmansk railway, completed only in 1916, has made this "window" towards the deep seas, America and Western Europe, available for all North and Middle Russia, including Petrograd, which is ice-bound for months every winter.

The most interesting feature, however, from a Socialist point of view is that utilisation and development of all these riches will begin, not by a ruthless exploitation and imperialist expansion, but will start from the beginning on Communist lines in systematically building up a free, classless community. It will be an experiment, but there are all probabilities of the success because of the backing up and friendly neighbourhood of Great Communist Russia.

The present leader of this great undertaking is a highly capable man, a former member of the Red Finnish Government in 1918 (Dr. Edward Gylling). He is an equally experienced Socialist, scientist, and practical statesman, having been for many years one of the leaders of the formerly powerful Finnish Social Democracy, professor of economics in the university in Helsingfors, and one of the most active members of the parliamentary group, a finance expert of the Bank of Finland. During the Finnish Revolution of 1918 he acted for a short time as chief of the Red General Staff.

It is, moreover, very remarkable that this Red Karelia will be built up to a great extent by

Finnish workers and Red Guards, which, after the revolution, fled to Russia in thousands, forming colonies of their own, and Red Regiments, which have played an important part in the defence of Petrograd.

Karelia, which by climate and nature is very similar to Finland, will provide them with a new and free home on the threshold of the old one, waiting for its liberation.

In the constitution of a Communist country many skilled workers will be required. Many factory, transport, and agricultural workers are there already. Many more will come, bringing with them tools and machinery from persecuted White Finland.

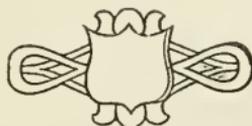
They may have to defend themselves against the aggression of the Finland imperialists, but they will do it with the Red Workers' Army and the help of Soviet Russia.

The creation of this Karelian Republic means also the creation of a new Scandinavian country, a link between Scandinavia and the Russian Soviet Republic. North Norway and Finland especially will feel the influence of the new neighbour. Its evolution will certainly be keenly watched by the workers in those countries, and by Socialists all over the world. In a sense it means a renewal of the old idea to construct an "ideal state" out of more or less virgin conditions—the idea of old Plato, Thomas More, Fourier, Robert Owen, and many others—except that the possibilities are now immensely more real than in those days."

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North Norway is feeling the influence" already,

as I pointed out in my second chapter, for Finmarken is seriously contemplating an alliance with Soviet Karelia. If this materialises it will considerably help the Red Revolution in Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The message of Marx has already spread to distant Spitzbergen; it will to to Iceland and to lonely Novaya Zembla. One day Alaska and Northern Canada will respond to its imperative call. It is merely a question of time, but the possibilities — aye, probabilities — are that within a very few years all civilised and semi-civilised peoples, settled or nomadic, inhabiting the great Americo-Eurasian tundras will adopt Sovietism as their form of government. In that day, indeed, our tortured old planet will sweep on its eternal journey through space with the scarlet diadem of Bolshevism encircling its snow-white brow.



CHAPTER V.

By Solovetski's Shrine.

“Those corpses of young men,
Those hearts pierced by cold lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem live elsewhere in un-
slaughtered vitality.
Not a grave of the murdered for freedom but grows seed
for freedom, in its turn to bear seed;
Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants let
loose, but it stalks invisibly over the earth, whisper-
ing, counselling, cautioning.”

—Walt Whitman.

KEM, which once gave its name to the whole district is a miserable little town of less than 2,000 inhabitants situated at the top of the gulf of Onega and almost directly opposite the islands of Solovetski. It is built upon solid granite, and its rapidly-flowing river forms a number of cataracts which roar most noticeably when the tide is low, filling the town with the noise of rushing water. Some distance inland there is a majestic waterfall of fifteen feet, disturbing the tranquility of dead and gone ages with its ceaseless splash, and raising in the practical mind thoughts of the illimitable possibilities of its power.

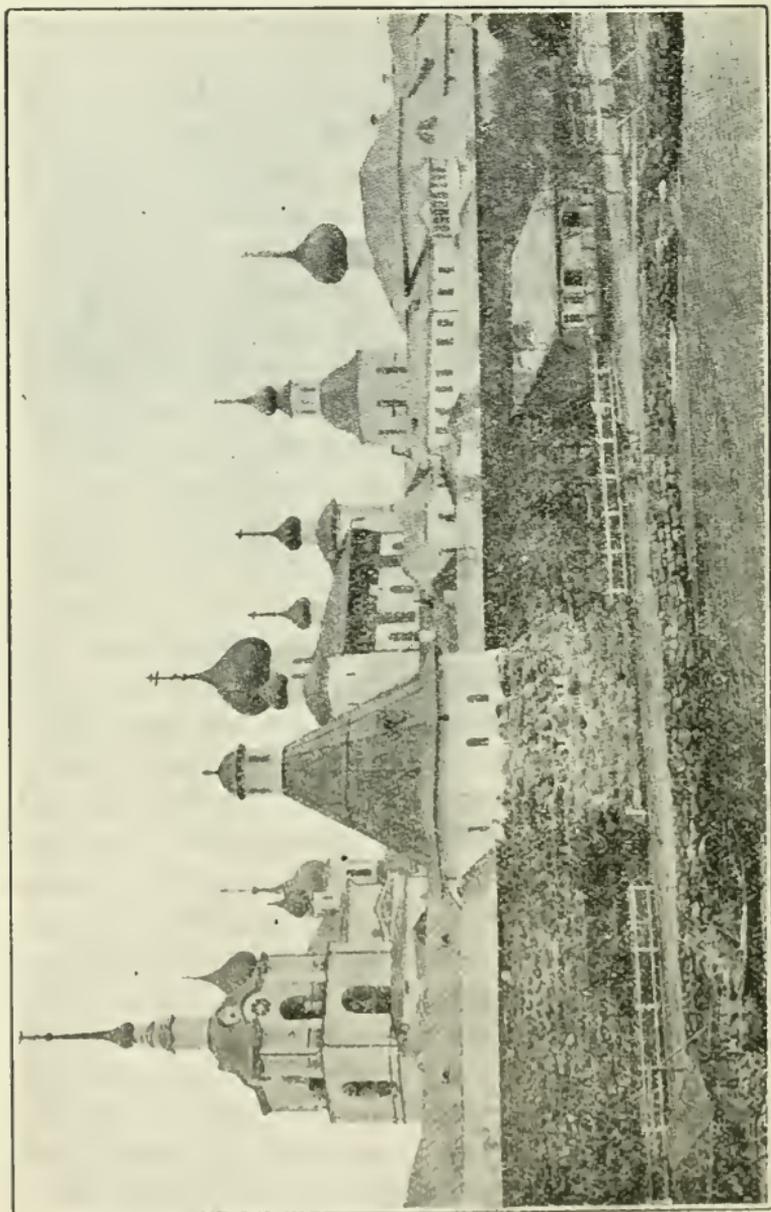
A subliminal repose reigns over Kem, which may have had something to do with the selection of its islands as a monastic refuge. It is old, too, being mentioned in the “Chronicles” as far back

as the 15th century. In 1785 Catherine II. raised it to the dignity of a town, and in 1802 it became part of Archangel province.

Sawmills, fisheries, and boat-building are its industries. The adjacent islands contain a celebrated monastery founded in the 15th century by Solovetski's guardian—saints Zosima and Savvatil. Monastic life here, from the very beginning, was founded on the Communal system, and to-day the inmates live in a domestic commonwealth so little has the character altered in four centuries. The members provide everything for themselves by labouring in their own sawmills, flour mills, smithy, and forge-works. Among those whose names are emblazoned on the pages of Russian Church history, three—Archbishop Phillip, Theodorite of Kola, and the Patriarch Nikon—were educated at sacred Solovetski.

More interesting to me is the fact that in the year 1661 the most romantic figure in Russian history, a rebel hero who ranks with the gladiator Spartacus and has much in common with our own Robin Hood, who is immortalised in countless ballads and innumerable legends, whose name is still revered by the poor and anathematised by the rich—Stenka Razin, the liberty-loving Cossack—made a pilgrimage to this spot, walking the whole way from his haunts in Southern Russia. Through centuries, indeed, the myriad versts of iron-bound and alabaster ground of Holy Russia was trod by weary and ragged pilgrims bound for Solovetski, there to prostrate themselves before the shrine of Saints Zosima and Savatii.

Peace spread her wings there; piety made its



MONASTERY OF SOLOVETSKI.

home there. The transient haze hanging like a gauzy curtain 'twixt the opalescent water and the azure arch of heaven, and caressing the spires golden-crossed and symmetrically blended with the cupolas of the holy building, fills one, even in so neglected a corner of the earth as this, with a sense of ineffable peace.

Yet here, but a few months before our visit, the hideous and polluting touch of Mars banished the angel of peace and snuffed the lambent light of simple piety out of existence. Here was "turned on man that fiercer savage man," the hired assassin, who wrought with a zeal accursed his deeds of blood, of torture, and of destruction, till the very ground itself moans beneath the tread of man. One can scarcely imagine that penurious little Kem has been the scene of so much misery and horror. Yet there was established, and I saw it filled with prisoners of war from the Polish front, a military concentration camp in which the pioneers of English and French "civilisation" regularly tortured and dragged to death like murderous bloodhounds simple creatures who were alleged to be "Bolsheviks." Murmansk, Kem, and Soroka all had these concentration camps, but undoubtedly the one at Kem was the worst.

It might, perhaps, be advisable at this point of my narrative to give a few particulars of the North Russian military operations.

From the beginning of 1918 until March, 1920, the "Allies" were masters of some parts of North Russia. The ostensible reason for the campaign was to "protect" the "loyal" Russians against Bolshevism. The real and only reason was, of

course, to take advantage of the crippled state of a country to divide its riches up among a crowd of avaricious imperialists.

Finland greedily cast eyes on this enormously rich territory, and made overtures to the Allied Governments with a view to becoming sole possessor.

Britain and the rest were no more afraid of "Bolshevism" than they were of Christianity, for the simple reason that they never believed its theories and principles would ever work successfully. They saw, however, a rich booty in the natural mineral deposits, the timber, the gypsum and alabaster, and the ice-free fisheries, and, with the help of Russian traitors, they determined to make a bid for it.

Colonel John Ward, for instance, stated in the House of Commons, on his return from Russia, that "it is generally accepted that Russian Bolshevism is no longer a menace at all." This was in 1919, almost at the moment when an anti-Bolshevik force was being prepared in North Russia to march on Petrograd, co-operating with Finns, Letts, and Esthonians, and provided with money, equipment, and munitions by Great Britain (or rather Mr. Churchill). But the Esthonians and Finns made peace, and the political collapse led to the strategical collapse of this campaign. In May and August, 1919, there were three battle-fronts in this region—the Archangel front, the Murman front, and the Karelian front. The first stretched from Archangel to Shenkursk and up to Onega; the second from Onega to the Finnish frontier passing through the vicinity of Kem; the third stretched northwards from Lake

Ladoga, near Olonetz, and advanced on Petro-savodsk. By October, according to Military Bulletin, October 4, at present before me, the Red troops were attacking heavily and advancing both on the Murman and Karelian fronts.

Bayonets and shells did not play the only part in demoralising the Allied troops. Thousands upon thousands of propaganda leaflets were scattered by the Red aviators over the enemy lines, and many curious but harmless tricks were perpetrated by the Bolsheviki on their enemy.

Frequently it happened that a few courageous scouts crept within gun-shot of the British lines and commenced a regular fusilade at the trees, bolting back to their own lines immediately after. The British, alarmed at the shooting, began an "advance" into the forest to discover — nothing but a pile of Soviet and anti-militarist propaganda leaflets printed in English.

By March, 1920, the Red troops numbered 50,000 and the forces of the Allies barely 20,000.

The great retreat began; the British behaved like Choctaws; the destruction was enormous; the Yorkshire regiment had mutinied, and had been replaced by others in a disgustingly, hypocritical "withdrawal" operation carried out secretly by Churchill, and exposed by the "Daily Herald." This exposure consisted of the publication of diplomatic correspondence which passed between Lieut.-Col. Golovin and M. Sazonoff in May, 1919, and which was discovered at the headquarters of Admiral Koltchak after his ignominious collapse. To those who believed in the pretensions of British politicians that this country was democratically governed, the publication of

this correspondence came as a shock. It constituted a record of the negotiations carried on between Golovin and Churchill during the former's visit to London in order to obtain support for Judenitch—support which was adequately given. A summary of this record shows:

1. That the War Secretary, while publicly declaring that his only purpose was the evacuation of Archangel, was secretly using that operation as a disguise for supporting the attack on the Russian Government;

2. That under the pretence of withdrawing combatants, he was substituting for inefficient French and American soldiers physically fit and highly trained British soldiers;

3. That he was covertly getting the consent of the British Parliament to the expenditure of £24,000,000 on a war to which Parliament had given no sanction, and the fact of which was denied;

4. That it was at least suggested to him that the Red Cross agency might be used as a cover for his adventure

5. That he was in the closest intercourse with Koltchak;

6. That he was doing all this not only without the authority of Parliament but was so conscious that it was contrary to the feeling of the country that he made positive stipulations for concealment.

Such was the "honour" of British statesmen in dealing with a country on which war had never been declared. Yet in spite of every underhand mean advantage taken by the White intriguers,

success after success fell to the advancing troops of the Soviet power.

The British began to whine for peace. On March 1 Tchicherin sent a reply to Lord Curzon offering peace on the following conditions:—

1. All the northern territory which belonged to the former Russian Empire shall be delivered to the Russian Soviet Government; including Karelia and the Murman district, also the coast of the White Sea as far as up to the boundary, as it was before the war, between Russia on one side, and Finland and Norway on the other.

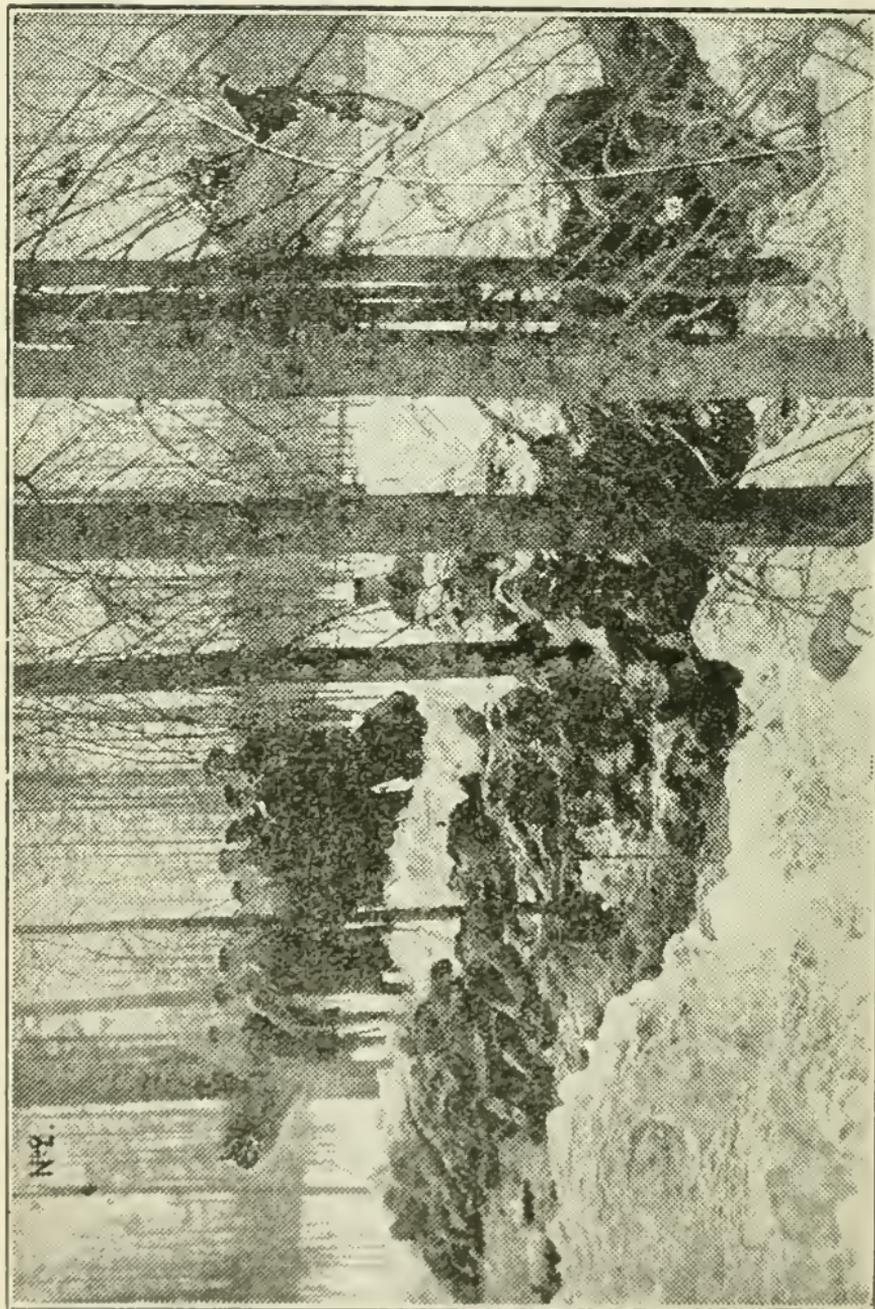
2. All government and military property included therein; all means of transportation and railroad materials and equipment; vessels, boats, and equipment in general, which is being used on the sea as well as on rivers; all air traffic equipment and aviation supplies; likewise all food products and stores; all equipment, munitions, and other supplies to be delivered to the Russian Soviet Government in undamaged condition.

3. The White troops to deliver to the Soviet authorities all arms, all equipment, all ammunition, and all supplies undamaged.

4. Safety will be guaranteed all officers, soldiers, and workers, their lives and persons, in the event of their voluntary surrender, as well as all crews of vessels of the so-called Northern Governments now at sea. The representatives of the former Northern Government and the commanders of land or sea troops will be guaranteed free passage from Soviet Russia in the event of their immediate and voluntary surrender.

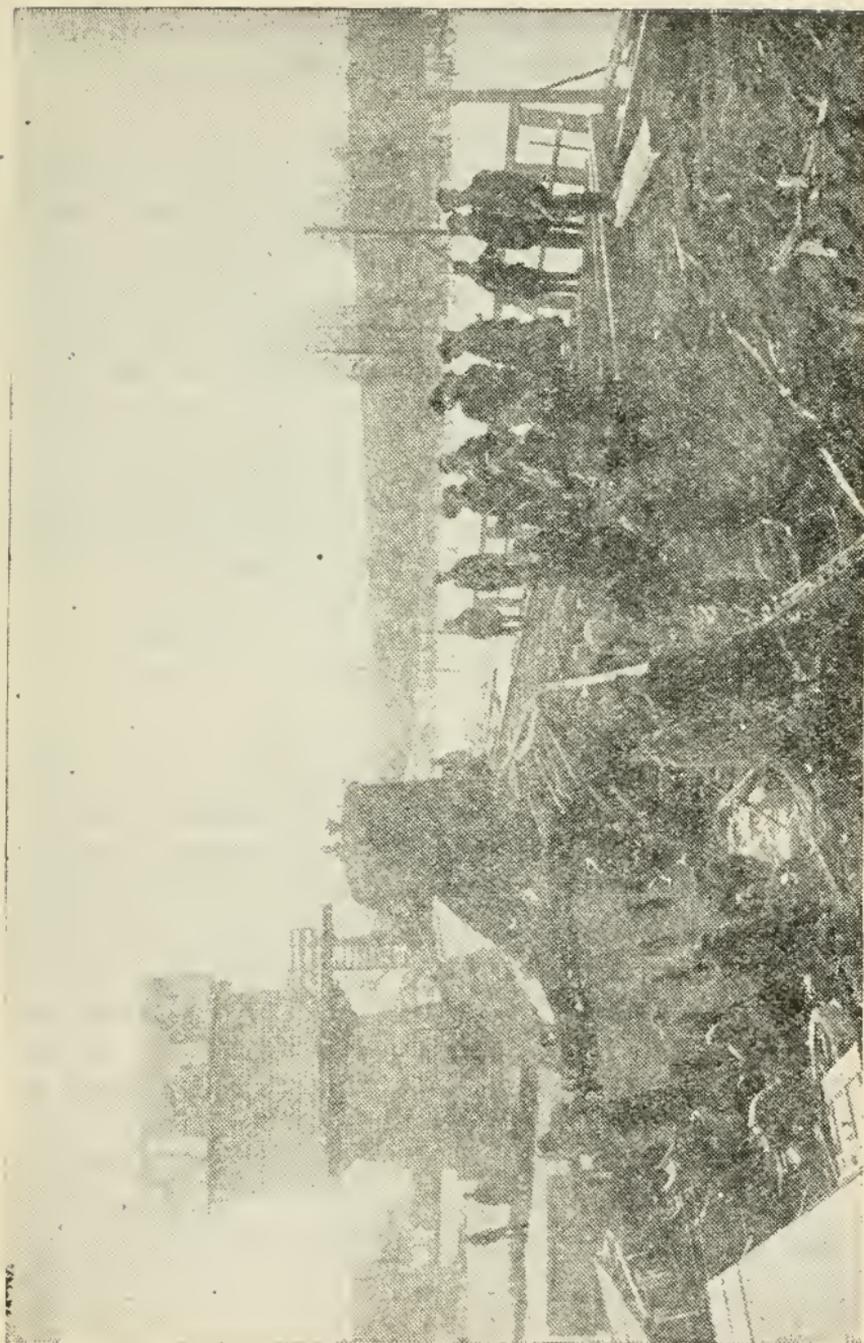
The Soviet Government expresses the hope that the English Government will avail itself of this opportunity and urge upon the White Guards in the north the advisability of realising the necessity of discontinuing their hopeless resistance, and of trying to prevent the re-establishment of Russian integrity in the north.

By March 25 the whole of North Russia was in the hands of the Bolsheviki, and the White troops were entirely cleared out. The last place



№ 2.

МАСЕЛСКАВА



KARELIAN RAILWAY LINE.

to fall was Petchenga, a small town north-west of Kola. The Soviet report reads:—

“Petchenga was occupied by the Bolsheviki without any loss of life. The Russian gun-boat fired only a few shots to frighten the enemy. The monastery, and the building of the telephone, telegraph, and post-office in the city were burned to the ground by the Finns. The force which is approaching the city from the land side consists of a Finnish battalion organised in Murmansk. About 350,360 White Finns, among whom are Consul Lampio and Capt. of Chasseurs Hekola, have been taken prisoners. Consul Lampio and Hekola, who came to Petchenga from Vardo on the day the city* was taken by the Bolsheviki, had with them a great number of trunks, presumably containing military plans and mail matter. **One trunk was filled with Norwegian, Finnish, and Russian money.** All these things were confiscated by the Russians.

The fall of Petchenga completes the elimination of counter-revolutionary troops from the entire north Russian coast.

I met Lampio and Hekola at Vardo. They were living in the same inn at which I stayed. Lampio told me a pathetic tale concerning the loss of his money. Among it was 160,000 Finnish marks and what Lampio felt most hurt about was the fact that a Bolshevik came into Vardo secretly one fine day and changed them into Norwegian kroner at the bank. When I inform the reader that the bank in question is part of the hotel in which we were staying, he will appreciate the depth of poor Lampio's chagrin and the delicious humour of the Bolsheviks. “Yes,” said he, with something between a snort and a whine, “right

* A miserable little village near Finmarken, called a “city” because of its monastery.

under my nose he changed my money and took it back to Murmansk—that was not fair.”

Lampio knew of course that I had no sympathy for him, yet he bore no ill-will, and expressed the belief that no army would ever remove Sovietism.

Certainly no British army could ever hope to crush it. Unutterable were the infamies of our officers throughout the whole campaign. Every one abroad speaks ill of the British soldier and his officer. We have already given extracts from Albertson's book to illustrate the atrocious conduct of the British. Two other Americans, one a Y.M.C.A. official called Howard S. Morrison, who was with the army in Karelia, and the other a soldier called Herbert A. Wilson, who enlisted in the British army, bear these facts out. Some of the British units were the Russians who were sent out from England, it will be remembered, under British officers. Morrison says they hated the British intensely:—

“These Russians murdered several of their British officers because of the way in which some of these officers treated the soldiers under them and the civil population.

The feeling among the Russian civilians, practically all of whom in that district are strongly Bolshevik in their sympathies, is so antagonistic toward the British that if the other allied troops are withdrawn and the British remain, a massacre will result.”

And Wilson says pretty much the same thing (“Butte Daily Bulletin,” October 7, 1919):—

“The Russian citizens in those towns of Russia held by the British and Allies nearly all hate the British most earnestly. He says that those Russians who have been recruited into the British and Allied service by intimidation or the bait of food and high pay, are rotten with

treachery, and upon the least opportunity will give aid to the Bolsheviki."

The above opens out the question as to what constitutes "treachery." If the circumstances of recruiting were "intimidation," then there is justification for desertion or reprisal on the part of the victims. That the White troops were "rotten with treachery" Wilson proves without the shadow of doubt:—

"Sometimes they will start with the prisoners to the rear, but never do the prisoners arrive there. As soon as a convenient abandoned trench is found the Bolshevik prisoners are herded into it and a machine gun is played upon them until all signs of life in the tangled mass of slaughtered human beings has subsided. Then the shovelers get busy and fill in the trench.

The Scotch regiments in the British army do the same whenever they happen to take any prisoners. Generally, however, the Scotch give no quarter at all, but kill the Bolshevik at once when he throws his rifle and tries to surrender."

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"Assaults on women by roughnecks of English and French blood—the vile scum in all armies—are unrestrained and of daily occurrence."

Mr. Wilson states positively that he himself has seen—not once only, but several times—men in British uniform pounce from behind a pile of lumber or other shelter upon some young Russian girl and drag her away, regardless of screams and struggles. He says he has seen it done on the streets of Volga (I think he means Vologda) and Archangel when he was stationed in those towns. He says that he himself saw two young Russian girls take poison upon the

street in Volga in sight of numerous British soldiers and officers.

It might advantageously be pointed out that Wilson fought for Britain in the Boer War and served on the French front, where he was gassed.

At Archangel these "protectors" opened up the brandy and whisky business, and established brothels just as the French have done in Germany. A Norwegian writing in "Nordlys" stated that four hundred women were forced against their will to serve as prostitutes, and that "more than half of them suffered from sex disease, the rage against the English is very great."

Chicherin was forced to send a note to London on June 21, protesting against the deportation of the civil population for labour purposes (a trick the British and French copied from the Germans). The note states:—

"The Russian Government has learned from the local authorities in North Russia of mass evictions undertaken under orders from the English and French military commands in the Murmansk district and affecting many entire families with women and children, and involving a transportation by force over the demarcation line. The Allies forced these persons to seek refuge and work in the neighbouring districts, which are the poorest in all Russia as far as food conditions are concerned and which can barely support their own population."

The note goes on to protest and to throw responsibility for the suffering on to the British and French Governments.

The whole male population of Murmansk was "conscripted"—mostly Finns—but at Mustanoki near the Archangel front they categorically refused to march against the Soviet troops.

The English soldiers shot hundreds of them in cold blood.

Whenever any Bolshevik prisoners were taken and not ruthlessly shot, they were made to do the dirtiest work and treated to foul threats uttered in brutal language, and frequently kicked like dogs.

At the Karelian front the Finnish White Guards were mercilessly brutal. An account of the occupation of Olonetz in "Isvestia," May 14, 1919, details how a number of Red soldiers with 27 innocent patients in the hospital were executed on stretchers, just as Maxwell's thugs in Ireland executed Connolly. Sixty persons in all were shot in the town and 200 in the country—many of these being women and little children whose husbands and fathers were known to be in the Red Army.

Some of these senseless murders took place outside of Kem, and lower down the line at Maselskaya. At the latter village, now called "bloody Maselskaya," Gallacher and I were taken to the spot where forty-two innocent men were butchered by British troops. I give a photograph of the wooden monument erected on the spot to commemorate the ghastly deed. In the woods to the south I sat on a fallen tree and photographed the scene of another hideous murder committed by the British savages.

The ground was sodden with stagnant water and evil-smelling with decayed undergrowth, only a few fitful sunbeams penetrating thereto through the trees. I turned over empty cartridge cases, two British brass buttons, and a rotted blood-caked pair of "Wellington" boots. Who,

living in such an isolated place as this, could possibly work harm to Great Britain, shake the prestige of the Empire of King George, or even tamper with the economic stability of England, it would be difficult to say. But the fact remains that scores of untutored woodsmen, trappers, and fishermen were callously done to death by British soft-nosed bullets (I brought some rusted ones home with me from this spot), and their wives and daughters outraged by British apaches at the bidding of the butcher of Dundee, who squandered over 150 million pounds of British money in carrying on a war which had never been declared.

Yet this loathsome, infamous, arch-fiend of militarism, who has been permitted to work his diabolical will not only in Russia, but elsewhere (and at present is doing so in Mesopotamia), had the almost devilish impudence to confront an audience and declare (at the United Wards Club, Nov. 4, 1920) that:—

“Nothing could exceed the appalling character of the conditions which he (Mr. Wells) described. According to him the whole apparatus of the civilisation of Russia was collapsed. Cities were dying, railways breaking up, manufacture and commerce at a standstill. Russia, in his own words, was ‘a vast, irrecoverable breakdown.’ That testimony came from an avowed Socialist, one who had been called an advanced thinker, who had tried all his life to represent Socialism as an ideal and enlightened system.

When it was asked who did it, Mr. Wells said, ‘The inherent rottenness of Capitalism, Imperialism, and the war—this led to the downfall of Russia.’ That was nonsense—arrant nonsense. The Bolsheviki did it, and on them, and on them alone, to the utmost generation of mankind would fall the fearful responsibility.”

Moral abandonment, utter reckless antagonism to elementary truth and honesty, were never before so successfully personified as they are in this degenerate scion of a decadent aristocracy.

One more quotation before I leave this subject. This time from an interview with a returned soldier, reported in the "Workers' Dreadnought" of April 26, 1919:—

"These petty tyrannies and jealousies are small matters perhaps, but the growing hostility of the Russians to the whole expedition is a most signal evidence of its failure. The natives are not only blamed for all the thefts, but also for the deaths of a few officers. The shooting of those officers about Christmas time stirred up a great feeling, but the nature of the whole episode in each case was so little to the credit of the officers concerned that the matter was hushed up. Three Russians were sentenced by an unwilling judge to be shot for one offence, and several others given long prison terms. It is needless to say that all these Russians who get into any such trouble are called Bolsheviki, even though they are nothing but plain thieves and prostitutes. The out-and-out Bolsheviki were put under arrest sometime after our 'invitation' and occupation. The officer in charge of them told me all about them. They are maintained as a gang of workmen-prisoners to do the hardest labour on the Murmansk quay. . . . An Allied soldier goes beside each prisoner and sees to it that he 'works.' 'Such a waste of labour, almost slave-driving, too,' I ventured to suggest; 'why couldn't our own soldiers do some of the work themselves?' 'Why, the Tommy wouldn't do that heavy work,' he assured me promptly; 'they come out here as soldiers, not as a labour battalion.' Even among the anti-Bolshevik bourgeoisie there is a growing dislike and disgust for the methods pursued by us in North Russia."

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Thus through this nightmare country our train rumbled on, almost every object we passed

reminiscent of the horrors of only a few months before. Animal life was beginning to return to the woods but the melancholy waste looked as forlorn as ever. Now and then, however, a tiny patch of grassland was exposed to view between the thickets that bordered the forest and on these hayracks, with the hay piled upon them for drying, gave indication of human habitations nearby. On smaller lakes (or large swamps) a peculiar kind of wild duck "swam in our ken." This creature, unlike other members of its species, builds its nest up a tree. I was shown one there, and was informed that the natives leave fluff and down in the woods to provide nest-material for the bird, and then purloin the eggs for food. Strange to say, the creature is very obliging and does not, apparently, resent the theft of her eggs but continues to lay as usual.

A little more agricultural activity began to evidence itself now, by the spectacle of "ploughed" fields, and fields with microscopic stooks of corn standing in them. It is still very backward in this quarter, however, for the yield is only sufficient to provide foodstuffs for the population for from three to five months in the year.

We saw one man breaking stubble ground up with the primitive mattock.

But the landscape was growing more homely, and a beneficent sun was showering real heat upon us as we left the war-stricken area behind.

Flies became a torment, the hum of less offensive insects filled the air, and the carolling of wild birds rang merrily through the trees.

We reached the crest of a bank, and over to the right another expanse of blue water swept into view, bordered by a fertile valley in which a monstrous white church upreared itself, while around it clustered a civilised looking town.

The water was Russia's second largest lake—Onega, and the town upon its shores, at which we had now arrived, was Petrosavodsk, the capital of Karelia.



CHAPTER VI.

Sowers in Seedtime.

"The greatest sharp some play will find another sharper wit;

It always makes the devil laugh to see a biter bit."

—Leland,

"What is that you are whistling?" I asked, "a last verse of 'The Internationale'?"

"No," he replied with a wry smile, "a new verse of the Red Flag."

We were curious, and he obliged us with the words:—

"The peoples' flag is palest pink,

It's not so red as you might think;

We've been to see, and now we know

They've been and changed its colour so."

—Mrs. Philip Snowden on Russia.

OVER-CONFIDENCE, vanity, an exaggerated self-importance and love of power are defects of character which mark the Britisher, and especially the British militarist, as distinct from other men. Often they lead him along those paths "where angels fear to tread," with the result that if that same "providence" which safeguards drunkards and "weans," permits him to "muddle through" to the goal he is after, he gets the credit for qualities of mind and character which he does not possess. More often than not, however, he only succeeds in making

a fool of himself. The Britisher is, par excellence, Shakespeare's:—

“Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority!
Most ignorant of what he is most assured—
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep!”

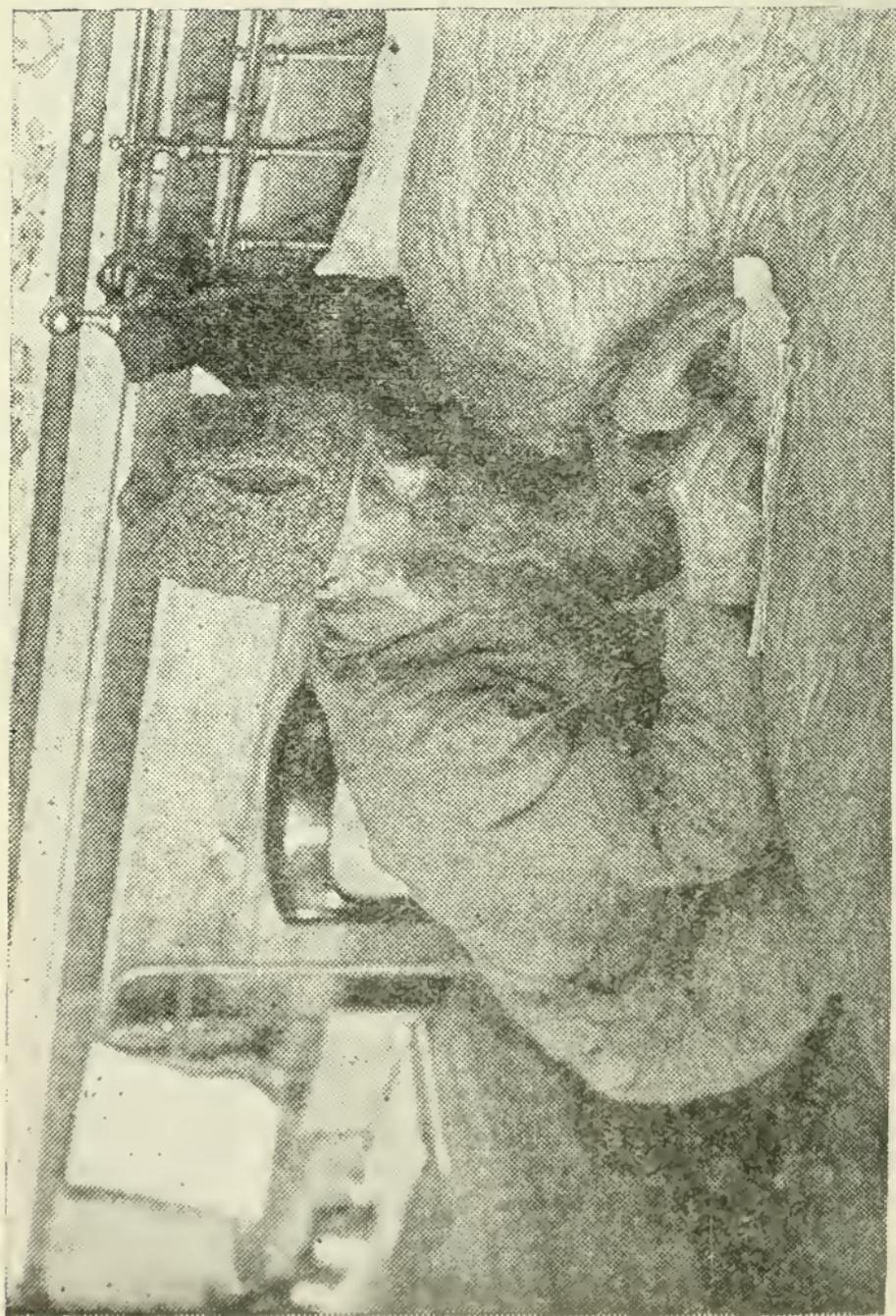
One cannot help remarking while living in Russia that whatever the clever, educated Bolshevik thinks of the men of other nations, he is fairly satisfied on one point—that the Britisher is, nine times out of ten, a hopeless clown.

At Petrosavodsk I was shown the natural stage setting of a neat little comedy enacted there some few months before. About two miles westward from the station the ground rises abruptly and on the crest of the rise there is a wood. Behind this wood the army, advancing on Petrosavodsk, bivouacked one eventful night, and its British and White Finnish Commanders gazed through their glasses upon the peaceful looking little town sloping down to the clear blue water of Lake Onega. As they say at a boxing match, “everything was up bar the shouting”; the prize was before them, there was no reason to worry or to hurry. They sent word, accordingly, that the “official entry” would take place on the following morning. Instructions were given to the effect that the church bells were to be rung, and that a respectful order had to be observed by the populace during the triumphal entry. Alack-a-day! Petrosavodsk was never taken. Something went “agley” with the attackers’ best-laid schemes—the “something” being the stupid ob-

stinacy of the Red Army reinforcements already entrenched to the north and south, and occupying every strategic position in the town itself.

God's Englishmen and Scotsmen, with their Finno-Russian Allies, consequently were, by obvious malice aforethought on the part of their stubborn enemies, denied their little circus, for instead of entering the town they re-entered the wood and began to run; and, for all I know to the contrary, they are running yet. The "taking" of Petrosavodsk is one of the humours of the North Russian campaign.

On the station platform there stands, mounted on a pedestal, an aerial torpedo, brazenly embellished with British broad-arrows. It was dropped on the spot, but proved itself to be a most disappointing "dud." It stands there a perpetual reminder of the perfidy of a people who fought a war in the cause of 'self-determination.' Gallant men lost their lives, certainly, in the defence of their town, and their bodies now rest at the head of the main street in a little railed-off enclosure. The graves are kept neatly trimmed, and the names of the fallen are inscribed in white lettering upon scarlet pennons which droop o'er the sward above them. Petrosavodsk is very old, but it is clean, and its wooden buildings are arranged upon a definite plan, forming streets brutally paved and tiring to both man and beast. There are stone buildings, too. One, very conspicuous with its high-walled, high-gated quadrangle, stands upon a knoll overlooking a stream, and commands the most elevated part of the town. This is the grey-walled, red-tiled prison.



PEASANT STUDENT.

Many years ago Telsieff, the revolutionary, compromised in the trial of Neciaeff, was imprisoned in this building. This was long before a railway from Petersburg was even thought of. In those days escape from the dungeon itself was the least embarrassing difficulty a prisoner had to contend with. Many, many versts of wild, inhospitable country had to be traversed before safety and civilisation were won, and with hunger, fatigue, cold, and danger of re-capture with its flogging and chain-wearing penalties, as constant companions. Telsieff succeeded in escaping from prison, and the man who engineered his escape was the poet-revolutionary, Demetrius Clemens.

The story as told by Stepniak is as follows:—

“Clemens went there with false papers, as an engineer employed to make certain geological researches in Finland. He presented himself to all the authorities under the pretext of asking for the necessary information, and succeeded in fascinating all of them. For a whole week he remained at Petrosavodsk, and was the town-talk, people rivalling each other in entertaining him. Having quietly organised the escape of Telsieff, he departed in company with him, so as not to subject him to the risks of travelling alone. Notwithstanding this, Clemens played his part so well that no one at Petrosavodsk in the least suspected that he had anything to do with the matter. A year afterwards, in fact, one of his friends was passing through the same town, and the *Ispravnik* asked him whether he knew a certain engineer named Sturm (Clemens' false name), and after having told the most marvellous stories respecting his stay at Petrosavodsk, added: ‘A very worthy man. He promised to pay us a visit when he returned from Finland, but we have not seen him since. More's the pity. Perhaps he returned by sea.’”

And, we might add, perhaps he didn't!

The present occupants of the more comfortable apartments of the prison are soldiers of the Red Army; of the cells—counter-revolutionaries and “speculators,” but not many of them.

I spent two whole days at Petrosavodsk. The first occasion was with Gallacher, our American friend, and our courier. We were all famished for want of food, and it was impossible to buy even an apple. We begged the courier, a Russian Finn, to find where the local Soviet offices were, but when it eventually dawned upon him that it was food we were after he became a trifle shamefaced. Doubtless he boggled at the idea of soliciting food for visitors in a town where food was so fearfully scarce. Accordingly we wandered about for hours before anything was done, our stomachs meanwhile sagging further and further inwards. At last I struck the office of the local Communist newspaper, and Gallacher dragged the courier upstairs, and with his assistance, supplemented by the prehistoric gesture-language in which weird manipulation of the mouth and stomach played the chief part, we made known our wants.

There was plenty of merry, musical laughter at our predicament from the comrades male and female, but in less than no time we were given a note requesting the officials at the Communal Eating-house to provide us with dinner. A diminutive Jewess accompanied us there.

Once outside the newspaper office Gallacher, whose crustiness all morning unfortunately had been of the incredible kind, looked purple-faced at the courier, and informed him in most emphatic diction that as an authority on Bolshevism he

might be a creditable asset to the Russian State, "but as a grub-finder," said he, "you're a God-damned failure!"

The courier, not being able to understand a word of the harangue, took it as a grateful man's compliment and smiled delightedly, which made the unreasonable William grow purpler.

Reader, have you ever lived in the desert for two solid weeks on stale bread and margarine with periodical nibbles at a piece of cheese to give a touch of variety and piquancy to your appallingly monotonous diet, and, after dreaming at night and visualising in daytime scenes of "glorious banquets spread," in which roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, mince pies and haggis, potatoes and greens, ham and eggs, etc., danced on the table before you, have you then been handed a note authorising a cookshop to give you "dinner"? Perhaps you are not a "gross materialist." Perhaps you are a vegetarian. We were not, and when we ravenously followed our guide through the streets an onlooker might have noticed upon our faces "the smile that won't come off."

On entering the restaurant we were handed a metal check, which had to be given up on receipt of the meal. This consisted of very watery fish soup; hideously black bread of pudding-like consistency and which, judging from the flavour, appeared to have been immersed in Epsom salts' solution; and boiled rice with a portion of evil-smelling fish. We did not eat it at all, for our hunger disappeared after the first few mouthfuls. When it was learned that we were British an excited, interested crowd of diners hastened to

our table and engaged us in a kind of rag-time conversation. A young woman of marked refinement acted as interpreter, and plied us with question after question concerning the attitude of British Labour on Russia, the possibilities of a French military alliance with Poland, and the comparative class-consciousness of British and French workmen. To the best of our ability we told them the blunt, cruel, heartrending facts—that there was no immediate possibility of a social revolution in either France or Britain, but that British Labour, quiescent as it was, was much more militant than French Labour—the French proletariat being more under the influence of the Chauvinists. A painful episode occurred during the interrogation. A Bolshevik propagandist entered, and, seating himself beside me, began to question me in halting broken English on the conditions of life in Britain. “Have you real white flour?” he queried, “and sugar?—and meat?—and jam?” At each affirmative reply his eyes appeared to protrude a little from their sockets, until they welled up and exuded the glistening tears of longing and hope deferred. Then he smiled and embraced me, and said without one trace of emotion, “Some day you will not have these—for a time—but you will have freedom, then you will come to us.”

Picking up his portfolio he went away—to spread the gospel in village and farmstead, out under the open sky, with an enthusiasm born of selflessness and nourished on victory, walking mile after mile to do it, unwearyingly and gladly.

Welcomed? Yes! for the peasantry of the north love the orator. Never before have they

been treated with such distinction as to have sent to them—to themselves, peasants, *muzhiks*—trained, educated, and gifted orators whose impassioned words stir the soul and invest it with a new-born dignity.

Potent indeed is the propagandist of the north, for here, above all other districts of Russia, have the imaginative qualities of the people been preserved—fostered by the tumultuous elements that breed unorthodox gods. Here still flourishes *Domovoi*, the demon of the household, never seen except by the biggest liar in the village; *Ovennik*, the demon of the barn, who sits in the darkest corner and bides his time to set it afire; *Leshi*, the demon of the wood, who is taller than the tallest tree, yet hides himself under a leaf in order to seduce the virgins; *Polevoi*, the field spirit, who comes forth at midday and breaks the tools for sheer mischief; *Vodiavoi*, demons of the waters, who haunt the lakes and swamps to drown evil persons who forget to wear the cross, and whose companions in mischief are the *Roussilki*—female “fairies” who tear the fishermen’s nets, and who are really beautiful girls who have drowned themselves because crossed in love. Folklore in plenty is picked up in Russia, but most of all in the north. Slowly but surely such superstitious fancy, encouraged by parasites and aided and abetted in the old days by vodka, is being displaced by the equally charming but more truthful pictures of science and its myriad wonders. For monsters who break machinery and tools, knowledge of how to care for and thus prevent accidents to, and of how to repair them is being substituted. For grovelling

superstition—practical science; for pious fear—self-reliance; for primitive parochial Communism—the World Revolution and World Communism. Such is the titanic task of the propagandist—but he is winning all the time.

‘ Miserably wretched indeed was the lot of the Russian peasant under the old regime. He has been the theme of hundreds of story-writers, essayists, poets, dramatists, and itinerant journalists. His disgusting appearance, his pronouncedly objectionable smell, his verminous condition, his immeasurable stupidity and sordid ignorance, have been laboured by sympathetic and unsympathetic observers alike. The most abandoned aborigine living in that never-never land beyond the tangled jungles of the Congo, the Niger, or the Zambesi is better off economically, physically, and morally than was that poor deluded, famine-stricken beast of labour the Russian muzhik under Tsardom.

Here is a pen-picture of his izba or “biggin’” by Dr. Kennard, who, during a medical career practised in Russia, visited over fifteen hundred peasant patients:—

“There lies at the door a massive piece of timber four feet high, surmounted by a solid beam; a triangular piece of iron the handle. Pushing this door open, we step over the threshold, at the same time bending low for fear that our brains shall be dashed out against the lop-sided trunk overarching the narrow entrance. Clang goes the door and we find ourselves . . . enveloped beyond ankles in farmyard slush. . . . Between our legs rushes in headlong flight some animal we take to be a pig, while others and a terror-stricken goat and alarmed fowls scatter themselves this way and that. Puddles of insanitary messes reflect a dull light, while from the same pools of filth rises an unutterable stench.

"Wait!—that door at the side leads apparently into another apartment, if we can speak thus respectfully of this insanitary den. We push and push again at this solid wooden structure, rather larger than the corresponding outside one; but our efforts are of no avail till aid from the inside is afforded us, and the door bursts open, exposing us to such an atmosphere that drives us back into the darkness of the outside room—rolls of vapour, impregnated with the most unutterable odours; superheated, dense, vitiated, unventilated streams of air rush through the outlet afforded by the open door, enveloping us in such an indescribable stench that we can do nothing more than gasp in horror, and cover our noses with our hands in vain attempts to shut out the evil smell! We are permeated through and through by the death-laden gust of abomination, and are filled with a feeling of unutterable repulsion that temporarily deprives us of power and courage to proceed."

Such is only one aspect of the life endured by these children of the cimmerician night of unbridled autocracy. The mortality from disease spread by the loathsome body-vermin was enormous; the drunkenness appalling (and studiously encouraged by the State, which derived a tremendous revenue from the sale of its monopoly vodka), and the illiteracy lamentable to contemplate. Only from two to four per cent. of Russia's eighty-eight millions of peasants could read or write.

The propagandists of the Russian Communist Party, veritable evangelists of the light, for "there is no darkness but ignorance," are altering all this as surely as the blackened skies are put to flight by the blood-hued "hunter of the east."

Illiteracy is being driven forth like an Ishmael, for every man's hand is against it as the most sinister enemy of the human race. I have before me, as I write, a dozen posters carried by the

Communist missionaries, each containing but a few words addressed to all who are able to read them, and making an appeal that is not made in vain. Free translations of some of them read: "Illiteracy is the sister to destruction!" "Nobody must be ignorant!" "Literate! It is your duty and obligation to teach the illiterate!" "Education is the road to Communism!" and so on.

Special schools and universities have been opened by the Soviet Government for peasant instruction, not only in the three "R's" but in domestic hygiene, agricultural science, and social refinement. I give a photograph of an old peasant student at work in his own room at the Moscow college for peasants. Surely it speaks volumes for the righteousness of the old proverb, "It is never too late to mend!"

Very large and graphically illustrated posters teaching correct methods of agriculture, soil preparation, manuring, crop-rotation, bacteriology, etc., are carried to every isolated farmstead and village community by the propagandists. The specimen before me has excited the admiration of several British printers for its exquisite coloured-litho work. Compare such pictures, freely distributed by the present Government, with the type of picture (not counting the ikons) scattered broadcast by the Tsarist Government. Kennard, himself the son of a clergyman and an orthodox Christian, describes two of them:

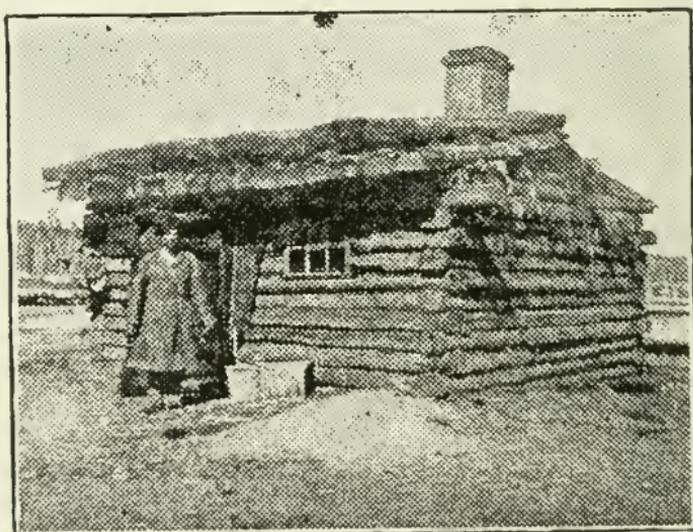
"Pictures adorning the walls of a peasant izba invariably include an old, dust begrimed, moth-eaten representation of Alexander II., the Emancipator of the Serfs, and

also a cheap engraving, distributed broadcast throughout Russia by the Government, of the reigning Tzar. Sometimes may be seen great, flaring, vulgar designs, generally in brilliant red, depicting the devil dealing out judgment to peasants after death for all their sins, those sins being generally pictorially represented. Another will show a room, on the wall of which hangs a portrait of the Tzar. In front of this kneel in reverent attitude, crossing themselves, a mass of peasantry, but one—the Wicked One—will be seen standing in an attitude of defiance. What is the result?

“To the right of the picture will be seen another dreadfully impressive scene, which does not fail to have its due effect on the unfortunate Russian peasant. In that picture is seen a large foaming cauldron, by the side of which stands the devil in brilliant red, holding a long three-pronged fork in his hand. With this he is prodding some unfortunate object which sits in the cauldron being slowly boiled; the object is seen to be the unfortunate muzhik, while a legend in large letters reads ‘eternal fire!’ These pictures, too, are distributed by an enlightened (?) Government.”

We saw the products of such “teaching,” scores upon scores of them; the look of low cunning and animal fear still lurking in their eyes; the round shoulders and shuffling gait marking their submission to an authority accepted without question; the brand of the savage fetish-worshipper stamped upon their dull and unintelligent brows. Human beings bred to degeneracy and wedded to misery by a deliberate and calculated system of government bureaucracy, wielded by the mediæval and bloody autocracy—that Mrs. Snowden spends an entire chapter of her book in pitying because its blasting, pestilential breath has been strangled from its rotten body. They spoke of the peasantry as the “dark people,” and dark people they were, living a dark existence in

the twentieth century which to them was darker than the dark ages of Britain. The warped and twisted minds mechanically reflecting the ideology of fourth century barbarians are being treated by the physicians of a twentieth century Marxian science. The eagerness with which they snatch at the minutest crumbs of knowledge, and the visible improvement already manifested through the recognition of the earth-foundation facts which are displacing sky-haunting phantoms, are auguries of the ultimate success of such treatment



PEASANT "ISBA."

So this Augean stable is being cleansed; systematically and thoroughly the pestiferous filth which, bred by and accumulated under a vicious and degrading despotism of a thousand years, perverted the mind and distorted the body of the Muscovite peasant, is being destroyed by the harbingers of a glorious futurity. All honour

to them! Not theirs the privilege to labour in Capitals where the thunder of their oratory and the miracle of their deeds are spoken of by the multitude until the uttermost ends of the earth hear of them. Nay, theirs to toil in obscurity with the spectres of want and depression stalking forever by their sides, kept at bay by the godly jewel of an unselfish optimism cherished by them in their unconquerable hearts. Their flag is pink, pale, pale pink. Wonderful that it is so! They found it a sickly, treacherous Kerensky yellow, and in three short years by herculean toil, rapt endeavour, and incomparable devotion to Right, they have changed its colour to pink, nor will they rest until by indefatigable exertions they have made it red—red as the noble blood they are ever ready and willing to shed for it.

“All that they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do,” for they are but the sowers, sowing in a cataclysmic seedtime, in a soil corrupted by bad husbandry of past ages and rank with inherited weeds, but they know, and the knowledge is their priceless reward, that from the noble seed they scatter shall spring, and grow and blossom the sacred trees from which all humankind shall one day pluck the now forbidden fruit of Freedom.

CHAPTER VII.

Feodor Sergieff.

"If you can't be a star in the sky, then be a lamp in the chamber."—George Eliot.

THE largest lighters I have ever seen in any part of the world are on Lake Onega. They convey merchandise—little of it these days—and timber to and from the few villages lying around the shores of the lake. At Petrosavodsk they are discharged at a powerfully built wooden jetty, at the shore end of which there still stands a small shrine at which one may, by leaving a rouble or two, light a holy candle to the glory of the virgin and the profit of the soul. The harbour lies at the foot of the main street some two hundred yards below the huge white church, which, like most Russian buildings, is a pitiable imposition of wood, stucco, and white paint at close inspection.

Within there is wealth in plenty to be sure. Thousands of ikons hang on the walls, very many of them encased (with the exception of the face and hands of the image) in shells of silver studded with almost every kind of precious stone. The amazing and vulgar paraphernalia of ritualism everywhere conspicuous, ikons and other pictures grotesquely painted, images, candlesticks, candelabra, sacred carpets, vestments, crooks (some of them two-legged), and holy of holies, simply nauseates one with an unutterable

disgust. The one consummation devoutly to be wished for by a lover of life and health and freedom, when he finds himself inside of a Greek church, is to get outside of it again into the pure air.

My second stay in Petrosavodsk was more profitable than the first. We reached it at three o'clock in the morning and left it again at eight o'clock at night. After breakfast in the train, Sergieff asked me to come with him to town, he not knowing the road. We set off together, along the line and over the sandhills, past the cemetery, and then down the steep hill.- Sergieff was as charming a companion as one could wish for. A thorough "Slav," with clean-shaven, strong-looking healthy face, a perfectly healthy mind, a vigorous body, and an extraordinarily voluble tongue. On this latter point he confessed that his loquacity was intentional, inasmuch as being en route for England and in the company of an educated Englishman, he wanted to practice speaking in English to gain fluency, and to take advantage of my companionship to be corrected and coached.*

Sergieff's life had been, like that of most of the members of the Russian C.P. Executive, a hard and thorny one. He was arrested in 1907, and after the usual travesty of a trial, in which he was defended by no other than Alexander Feodorovich Kerensky, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life and sent to Siberia. He escaped and walked seven hundred versts through Siberia, working at one place as a ferry-

*He spent a very strenuous time in Petrograd trying to teach me Russian.

man for eleven months, at others as a casual labourer, exploited the more mercilessly by the peasants and woodsmen because they knew him to be an escaped "political." Eventually he reached Australia, where he worked for some



FEODOR SERGIEFF.

years on the railway (hence his good grip of the English language), returning home in 1917

to help in the Revolution. His subsequent career was meteoric. He organised the Red Guards in the south against the attack of Kaledin, the Cossack ataman, who, unlike Kerensky, was honourable enough to blow his brains out rather than sacrifice his principles or escape alone. By means of a clever ruse successfully carried out Sergieff was instrumental in saving a town from being sacked and its population massacred by Kaledin's "beasts," as he called them, and in clearing the entire railway line to Moscow. He became one of the most valuable organisers of the Russian Railwaymen's Union, and is at present the chairman of the All-Russian Council of Railway Workers and a member of the Executive of the Communist Party, the governing body of Soviet Russia.

Our chief topic, of course, was about various aspects of the Revolution, on which subject I let Sergieff talk for five solid hours, only opening my mouth to correct his English, as he had previously requested me to do. He was particularly interesting on the subject of Gregory Rasputin, whose career, almost from cradle to grave, he was well acquainted with.

It is a common mistake to suppose that Rasputin only lent his malignant influence to the reactionary forces during the great war period. This arch-conspirator, debauchee, and fraudulent saint began his sinister operations more than ten years ago. He was born of Siberian peasants at Tobolsk in 1873, and in his childhood exhibited the precocious sexuality which later earned him the opprobrious nickname "Rasputin," which

virtually means "dirty beast." Gregory accepted it and actually adopted it as his surname throughout life. He was expelled from a theological academy for immoral practices and became a tramp, being eventually arrested for horse stealing. Gifted with a glib tongue, large luminous eyes set behind shaggy eyebrows, and a somewhat pugnacious disposition, he succeeded in passing himself off as a "monk," a prophet, or saint to the credulous and superstitious peasantry, affecting to cure their bodily ills and save their souls at the same time by intercession with the Almighty. How he landed at Court and became the master of Tsar Nicholas II. is an interesting story to Communists. It appears that after the disturbance of 1905 the Russian aristocracy were so stricken with panic that superstition increased among them to a tremendous degree. Religious revivalism then received a stimulus, and was seized upon by certain astute nobles as a means of obtaining political ascendancy in Court circles.

To play upon the superstitious fears of the weak Nicholas and his family, until he was completely under the thumb of the plotters, a tool was necessary--one that was absolutely ignorant of political intrigues as plastic as putty, and yet capable of exercising a will of sufficient magnetic power to become master of the Royal circle and so influence it in any way desired. Rasputin was the ideal man. His notoriety as a faith-healer, his impostures carried out so successfully among the peasants, and his peasant backwoods origin, were all in his favour—and, so they thought, in the favour of the plotters. Accord-

ingly Rasputin was interviewed in prison and accepted the job.

The plot progressed rapidly. The strangely-garbed, mysterious high priest of a new cult established himself in Petersburg, attracted numerous women admirers through the "puffing" exertions of the Court plotters, and proceeded to preach a new religious doctrine, the genuineness of which was abundantly proved by the performance of "miracles." Rasputin knew the tricks of the trade too well. His dogma was that no one could ever hope to be saved unless they had already given grounds for salvation by committing a sin.

As might be expected from Gregory's salacious past, the "sin" especially elaborated for ladies was of a character which enabled him to assist them in the commission of it. Morbid religious mania has almost always been wedded to sexual perversion in some form or other, and there is little to differentiate Gregory Rasputin of Russia from the Rev. Smyth-Piggot of the Abode of Love, England, or Brigham Young of America.

Soon Rasputin's holy fame reached the Palace of the Tsar, as it was intended to do, and he was commanded to appear there and intercede on behalf of the feeble, delicate heir-apparent—the Grand Duke Alexis, the only baby-boy born to the Royal couple during their wedded life. This child was born on August 12, 1904, and like most royal infants was a sickly creature born with a congenital disease which developed to haemophilia—a complaint so highly dangerous that a mere scratch often leads to bleeding to death. The Salic Law, operating in Russia, made

it very necessary that the boy's life should be saved at all costs; and Rasputin, working with drugs obtained from one Doctor Badmaeff on the sly, succeeded in restoring some apparent measure of health to the child—attributing his results to his “santliness,” of course, and not to material means. This firmly established Rasputin in the affections of the Empress Alexandra, and he was practically made a member of the family in order to be always on guard over the child.

It was then that the astonishing astuteness or cunning of Rasputin showed itself. Instead of the plastic tool to be used as they thought fit, the conspirators, who had pitchforked Rasputin into his place of power, found that he intended to manipulate that power solely for his own ends. Threats to expose him only drew forth the counter threat from his sham holiness that if they did not do exactly as he wished he would encompass their destruction.

By the extraordinary influence he wielded over the Tsaritsa, partly superstitious and partly through working on her maternal affections, Rasputin became the supreme master of Nicholas Romanoff, and virtually of all Russia. His amazing career is like a page torn from medieval history. He never washed himself or cut his finger nails; he kept to his peasant garb; his language was of the coarsest, and he eschewed every form of refinement—eating with his filthy fingers and insisting on his being kissed on the tips thereof by his aristocratic devotees. Sergieff averred that the impostor did these things out

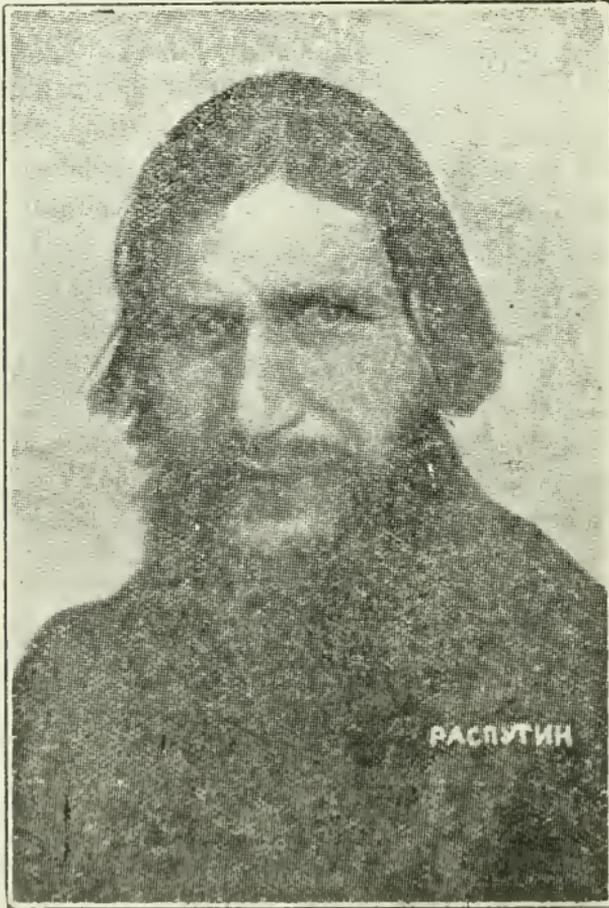
of sheer contempt for the ruling class whom he, a peasant, had become the master of.

To show how powerful he actually was, it is but necessary to instance the attempts made to have him banished. Every time he departed, the studious doping of the child stopped, supernatural fear took possession of the Tsaritsa—and Nicholas was compelled to entreat him to return.* The Rasputin scandal grew and grew, as one high personage after another discovered that his wife was lending herself to the lubricity of this sensual monster, but Rasputin only laughed at their threats, and actually chaffed them on the physical shortcomings of their wives. When the war broke out Rasputin had an office already established in Petersburg where for high fees he engineered appointments from the lowest services in the state to the very highest ministries.

During the war he became a Minister without

* Allusions to Rasputin were very disagreeable to the Tsar. He must have felt that there was truth in the warning that gossip (concerning the influence attributed to Gregory) was undermining his position, and at the same time he had given up all intention of banishing Rasputin; therefore he hated to be reminded of the matter. So distasteful was this subject to the Tsar that he used to dismiss anyone who referred to it, and when Prince Vladimir Orloff, who was one of his most intimate friends, and had never before touched on this sore point, considered it his duty to warn the Tsar of approaching danger, and told him in 1915 that Rasputin ought to be sent away, he received a letter from Nicholas II. in which the latter ordered him to join the Grand Duke Nicholas in the Caucasus, and declined to see him before his departure."—Baron Graevenitz.

portfolio, and his reactionary advice was acted upon on every occasion. Word was sent through the Russian Revolutionary movement that Rasputin was to be left severely alone, as his policy was suicidal to autocracy, and that the hatred of



RASPUTIN.

him among the nobility and bourgeoisie was so intense that his fate could be safely left to them. Sergieff said, as a matter of fact, that Rasputin was the most valuable asset the Revolutionary

movement possessed. His reactionary schemes and measures were dividing the ruling class into warring factions, and his licentious roguery was stirring up a bitter antagonism to his statecraft.

Everyone remembers the climax to the career of this scoundrel and voluptuary. Lured to the house of Prince Yussupof, that gentleman and one of his companions shot the besotted giant, afterwards thrusting his corpse into a hole in the Neva ice. The bereaved Empress later had the carcass buried in the Palace garden, and caused a mausoleum to be built over the grave.

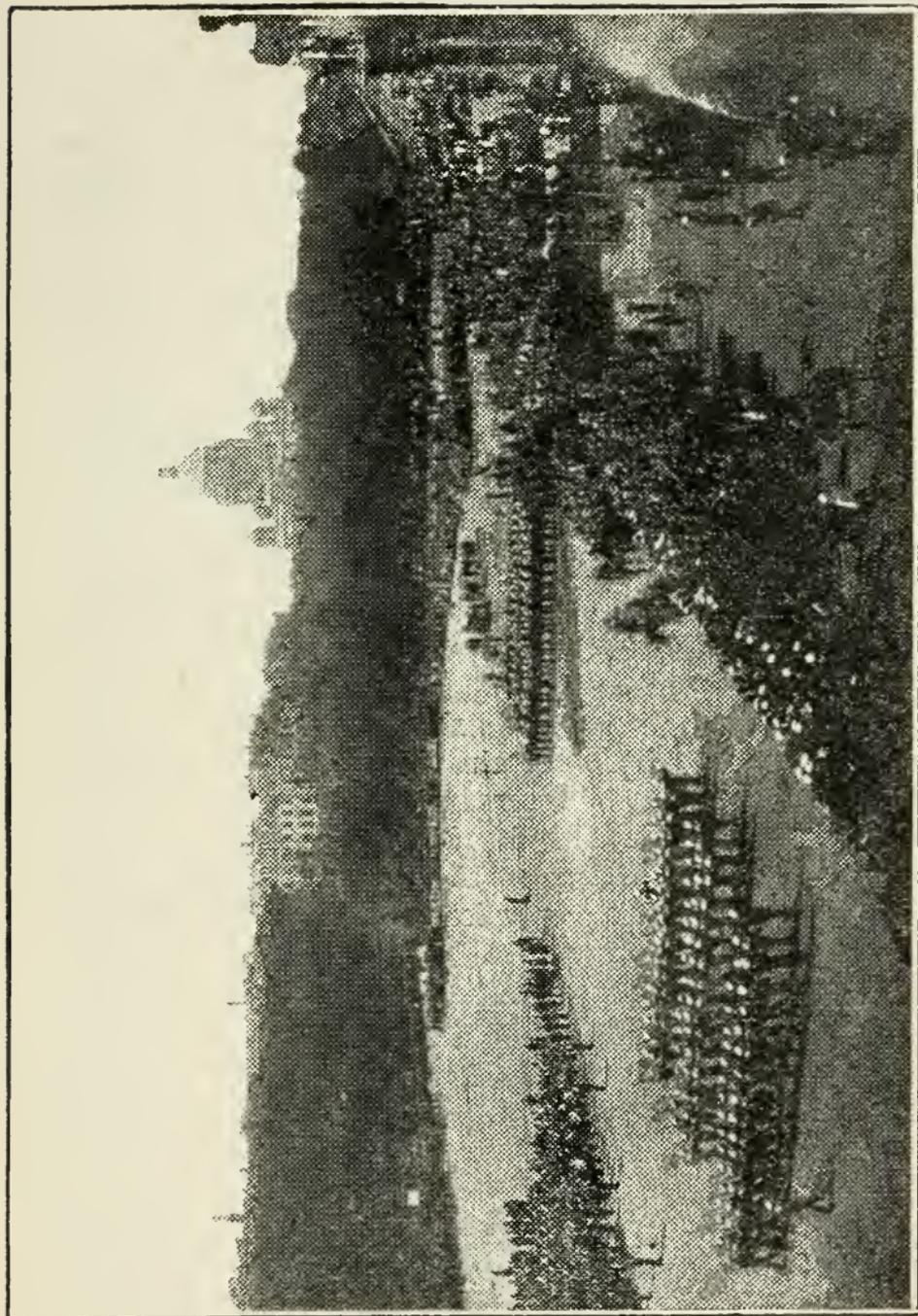
From Rasputin the conversation drifted to priestcraft in general, and Sergieff told me that at one period in the history of the Bolsheviki the feeling against orthodox Christianity was so great that some branches demanded the passing of a disciplinary measure authorising the expulsion from the Party of any Communist who, from love sentiment, compromised with a half-religious sweetheart by submitting to the church marriage ceremony. Reaching the shores of the lake we both sat down near the gaudy little shrine, Sergieff's tongue going "nineteen to the dozen," much to my edification and delight. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his great-coat pocket and produced a small package, which he handed to me with the remark: "You must be hungry already; take this, I will have mine in a little while!"

I opened the parcel, and to my utter astonishment beheld a brown flour-made sausage roll. Never did human eyes gaze with such rapture upon a groaning table as mine did upon that delicacy, that food for angels, that ambrosial-

bedewed sausage roll. Within two minutes it was gratefully entombed in the stomach of a famished Britisher, who skilfully licked every stray crumb adhering to the wrapper, and sighed in concert with the melancholy moanings of the Onega waters. With querulous eyes I looked at my companion, who still pattered away, and thanked him for his gift with a vehemence that made him smile. "If you have finished it," he said, "I will begin on my dinner." Once again he dived into his pocket, and after much blind searching brought to light—a small piece of chocolate no larger than a Woodbine cigarette packet, which he proceeded to devour.

It is a small incident, no doubt, but worth the mention, for it exemplifies the new spirit of Russia. Chocolate and sausage rolls in war-afflicted, blockaded Russia are as scarce as 'angels' visits to the planet. In Sergieff's case they had, no doubt, been given him when he left Petersburg by some admiring comrade, and carefully hoarded by him until that moment. He knew right well that had I known there was but one pastry I would have blankly refused to eat it unless he shared it with me. To be perfectly certain that I would not only accept it but enjoy it, and to defeat any suspicion that he was acting altruistically, he adopted the subterfuge of suggesting that he had another in his pocket.

I remembered an incident that occurred at Moscow during supper time after a Congress meeting one night, which threw into relief by contrast the perplexing contradictions of what is known as human nature. I was sitting opposite to Herr Dittmann, the German "inde-



ST. ISAAC'S, PETROGRAD.

pendent," a dandy and a violent anti-Bolshevik. Everyone received three little sweetmeats on this occasion in lieu of sugar to sweeten the "chi" with, and Dittmann had not yet touched his. Flynn, an American Communist, occupied the chair next to the important Dittmann, and in a moment of mental abstraction picked up one of the German's sweets. Dittman glared at him but said nothing, until the comrade who waited upon us brought Flynn his own sweetmeats, when to my utter disgust Dittmann intercepted them with "Mein! mein!"—pushing his own two across to Flynn. I was blazing with wrath myself at the childish display of miserable covetousness and greed, and picking up my own sweets I deliberately dropped them into Dittmann's saucer with a malevolent grin and left the table.

And this is the Kautskyan hero who recently led the opposition against affiliation to the Third International in Germany—a creature whose Second Internationalised microscopic soul could swell to exploding point because an alien "comrade" innocently swallowed one of his lollipops.

From the lake side Sergieff and I drifted to the outskirts of the little town, visited the prison, the power station, and finally the Communist Party headquarters. Here I witnessed another exhibition of the almost preternatural versatility of my worthy comrade. He had stirred audiences in my presence with his oratory, he had interpreted many of my own speeches, he could lead battalions to battle and plan successful military manoeuvres, he was a brilliant organiser of Labour, a clever business expert, and was, at

the moment, the chairman of a diplomatic mission to foreign countries.

The moment our greetings were over in the editorial office of the Communist paper, we were asked to write messages of encouragement for the next issue. Without a moment's hesitation Sergieff sat down and rapidly filled sheet after sheet with his handwriting, working away for at least one and a half hours. My own effort, naturally, had to be brief, for I was whisked away and treated to a comprehensive account of the Revolutionary history of Petrosavodsk, its battles, defences, heroes, and future expectations. With a bundle of books, pamphlets, papers, posters, and photographs, liberally bestowed upon me by the comrades at Petrosavodsk, which, alas! were as liberally plundered from me by the Norwegian police, we bade farewell and wended our way back to the train.



CHAPTER VIII.

The Corridors of Romance.

"If Socialism can only be realised when the intellectual development of all the people permits it, then we shall not see Socialism for five hundred years."

—Lenin, November, 1917.

OAK and elm spread their stately branches on either side as our train, with a greater speed than we have yet experienced, dashes on the last lap of our outward journey towards St. Petersburg—Petersburg—Petrograd whichever you prefer. The Bolsheviki at any rate are very accommodating. St. Petersburg is a name of odious memories; Petersburg is not less so; Petrograd, the least euphonious of the three, is a hybrid Hebrew-Russian word, and its adoption by Tsarism does not recommend it to the Bolsheviki—you are therefore at perfect liberty to call it what you like. Personally I prefer plain Petersburg, for the burg or town of Peter the Tsar, not the Saint, it undoubtedly is.

Fifteen hours in the train from Petrosavodsk lands one there, all things being equal, during which many golden cornfields are passed surrounding lonely farmsteads and at least one village Commune.

We shall never forget the Commune. It was the one real beauty spot perceptible in an overland journey of a thousand miles. It was dusk when we reached it, and the western skies were Turneresque with peacock green, livid and lambent red, and lemon. Mauve streaks shot through

the massed colours, and a ghostly aureole of grey sadly deepening into the gloom of night crowned the whole. A long placid loch luxuriantly foliated, upon which a solitary boatman made fairy ripples, lay beneath an escarpment from the summit of which gigantic trees stood silhouetted against the glorious sky. The farm buildings and homesteads in all their wooden uncouth ugliness did not mar the beauty of the scene, for the real beauty sprang from the sense of perfect tranquility which soothed the mind in blissful contemplation. High above—

“That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,”

and which was the first moon we had seen for many a night, peeped shyly down upon its own reflection staring from the now pacific loch, and a night bird, of what variety I know not, piped its mellow-sweet nocturne to a loved one in the woodland's sombre gloom. Surely the being who wrote of Killarney as being a reflection of heaven must have been inspired by such a scene and at such an exquisite moment.

Some twenty minutes we stayed there and then continued on our journey. Night fell and found us held up in the wilds to await the passing of a train from the south. Someone in the front of the train discovered and carried into the moonlight a weird apparatus that looked like a venetian blind but which had once been the Russian equivalent for an accordian. An ear-blasting discord of hideous monotony began to torture the atmosphere, and we all crawled on to the permanent way, in one great kinship of

misery, to be seduced by the melancholia which seems to afflict all Russian music from the stupendous creations of Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff to the folk songs of the Volga. On this "suspicious occasion," as a man once described his own wedding ceremony, I was seized with a brain-wave. I had had very few of them heretofore, but the struggle to survive does sharpen the wits, and mine became providentially acute at this moment. A small but sturdy Cossack was in the company—the same whom Gallacher had strenuously endeavoured to extract military information from—who bore a most remarkable facial and cranial resemblance to the late Tsar, and who cheered the Bolsheviki one moment, denounced the Bourzhui the next, and said his prayers like a good Christian when he turned in at nights. Him I dragged out of the carriage, and by simulating the actions of the Highland Fling conveyed to his bewildered mind my desire that he should dance. His bright eyes literally flashed like a warrior's as he cleared a ring and issued instructions to the accordion manipulator to travail and bring forth a "melody" compatible with the ups and downs, the rhythm-gestures and gyrations of the Cossack dance cycle. The musician shuffled around until he found an anchorage from which he might with impunity "let her rip," the expectant audience squatted around, while Gallacher and myself occupied seats in the upper circle—the fifth rung of the train ladder. Eventually a sweet silence reigned beneath the luminous moon. The music commenced, accompanied not by drums or pipes, but by rapid hand claps and weirdly intermittent

shrieks from the assembly, and away on his devil-dervish evolutions (and revolutions) swept the little Cossack. Everything went well until, by this time worked into a kind of mad frenzy,* the performer bobbed up and down and kicked his feet out from under his bent legs, then alas! one of those catastrophes occurred which anywhere else would be the height of good fun, but which in Russia was akin to tragedy. He suddenly stopped, stood erect, and gazed with dismay upon the sole of his precious boot, hanging by a rotten thread and exposing his sockless foot. The dance abruptly ended, and the look of chagrin, poignant in its intensity, on the face of our genial Cossack stifled the mirth that such a misfortune usually creates. We climbed back into our train and turned in—but, if I may be permitted an Irish bull, the guns of that accor-dian were safely spiked for the night.

Next morning we crossed the famous Svanka Bridge which the British agent, Lockhart, plotted to destroy, and which is virtually the gateway into Petersburg, as Petrosavodsk is really the gateway into Russia, and some hours later we began to slow up.

Petersburg is approached quite differently to any town in this country. One is accustomed to passing all kinds of evidences of the proximity of a great city here. Works, recreation grounds, or

*The frenzy is a certain product of the dance. Twice only did I witness the mad Cossack dance in Russia, and on both occasions it had to be abandoned through this excessive ecstasy of spirit. The second time a much more dangerous accident occurred than that here recorded, but I will recount it later.

suburbs are passed through, and passengers begin to fidget with their luggage. In Russia it is quite different. One just arrives at Petersburg. Out of the ground there suddenly pops up the magnificent golden dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral, and as the spectator gazes upon Petersburg for the first time he is conscious of the train drawing up at the station platform.

Our first "thrill" was when our feet touched the quay at Murmansk, our second was when we passed the station entrance (or exit) and gazed upon the motley crowd passing through the Nicolai Square as we waited there for someone to come and take charge of us. Eventually we were whirled away in an automobile to the Smolny Institute, passing through spacious streets in bad repair, and with grass growing through the interstices of the stone cobbles. Everything looked dingy and dilapidated for reconstruction work has been suspended for six years. Let London or Glasgow suspend the necessary city repair work for six years and a similar state of things would manifest itself in both these cities. Petersburg, however, is so magnificent a city in appearance that the war-time look and empty shops have a greater effect in disfiguring it than would be the case with cities of less imposing grandeur. This must not be forgotten. As for the grass in the streets and the deserted look—the antiquated cobble pavements are largely responsible for the one, and the tremendous width and spaciousness so characteristic of the streets of Petersburg largely accounts for the other.

Critics who emphasise and exaggerate the de-

jected appearance of Petersburg forget to mention these important points. They are more concerned with the sly insinuations that Russia under Sovietism is slipping back to Jungledom. They do not make sufficient allowance for the exhaustion superinduced by a filthy autocracy, nor for the fact that for six years Russia has been a beleaguered country with an economic system crippled almost irreparably, and that its government has treacherously been denied the opportunity of attempting to re-organise it. To contrast the present condition of Petersburg with modern London is neither just nor sane. One must, to be fair and logical, contrast its appearance now with what it looked like under Tsarism, and the difference, in spite of the martyrdom through which it has passed, is not so very great as to warrant all the clap-trap written in semi-disparagement by people like Mrs Snowden and H. G. Wells. Here, for example, is what Augustus J. C. Hare wrote of his visit in 1885:—

“In the vast St. Petersburg, built in speculation on a very distant future, every visit is an excursion. Endless are the open spaces, **unfinished, infamously paved, edged by sheds, fringed with grass, almost populationless.** It is a town of sumptuous distances, but all the streets are alike; there is no elegance and no originality. For the most part nothing can exceed the meanness of even the handsomest buildings, the copies of temples being mere masses of plaster, without even a hillock for a base.”

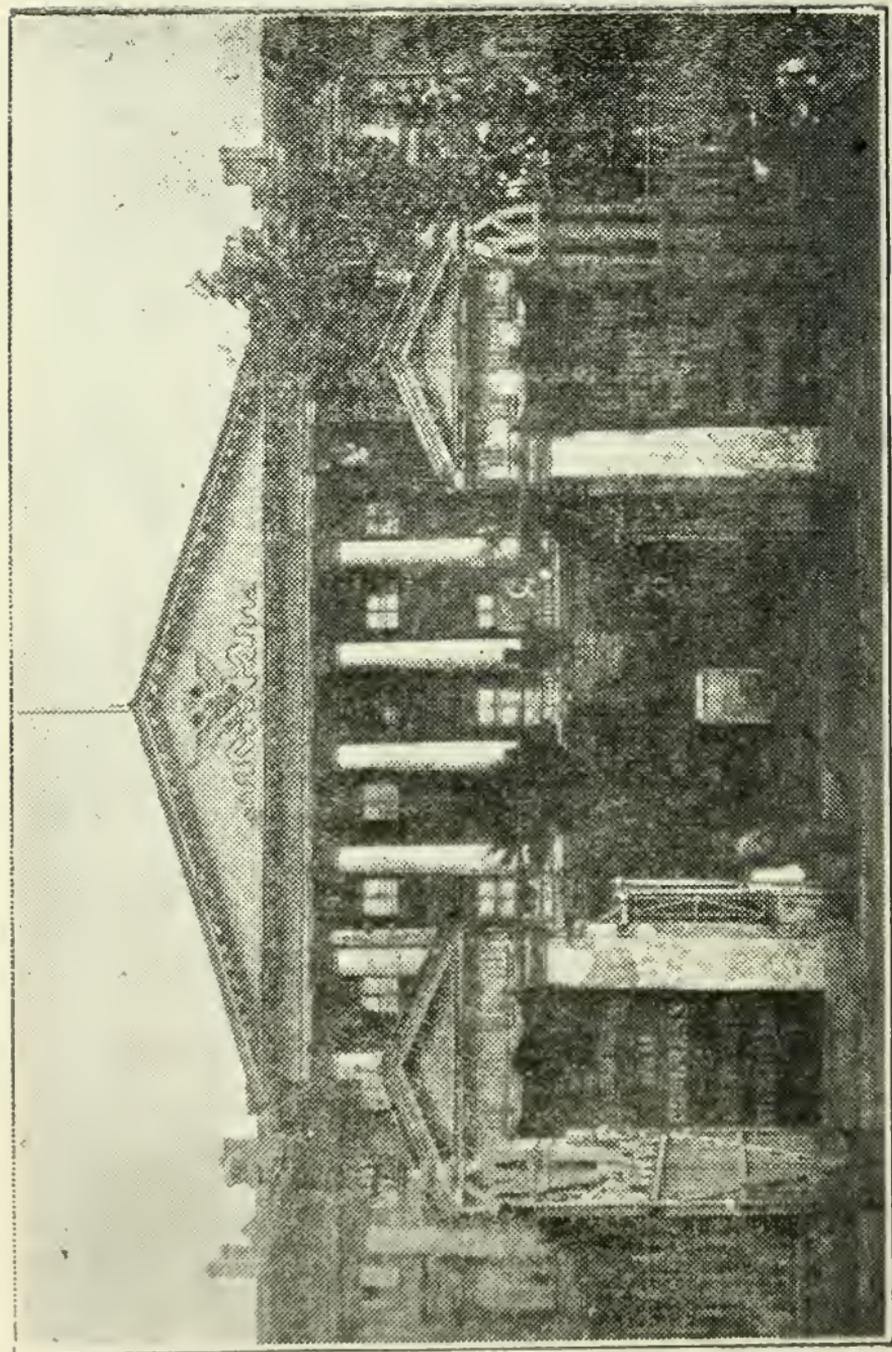
The above paragraph at least corrects the error one might harbour that Petersburg has been spoilt by vandals. I have called it a magnificent city, so it is, in appearance, but one must confess that at heart it is rotten. The lover of noble architecture will not find much to enthuse

him in Russia. To look upon the gigantic Winter Palace—the largest palace in the world—and permit the eye to wander over the imposing facade is a delightful experience—from that distance which “lends enchantment to the view.” What was my disgust, however, to find on close inspection that instead of a glorious pile of red sandstone, such as the Kelvingrove Museum is built of for example, it was nothing but stucco painted red, which I could scrape off with my finger-nails. So villainous a sham as this is as wounding to the soul of an artist as the deed committed by the amiable idiot, who, in his wife’s absence, painted the piano green and yellow “to match the mangle.” One observes a Greek temple, shining like Carrera marble from plinth to pediment, with its massive Doric columns lending grace and dignity to the whole—wood and stucco again, the columns being mere wooden cylinders girthed by tin and painted white. There are some fine, solid, stately, and beautiful buildings in Russia, and they will be described in a later chapter; meanwhile we are at Smolny—itself a ponderous structure on the very outskirts of the city.

An absolutely hideous statue of Karl Marx carved from wood and mounted on a plinth stands at the entrance. This is a bright idea of the Communists. One day this wooden effigy will be taken down and replaced by a sculptured masterpiece of Marx—in the meantime the working class emancipators, fighters, poets, and inventors are being acknowledged by these rugged pieces of wood carving erected in suitable situations. Streets are being named after others

(Ouritsky Place, once Palace Square); canals and public buildings, too, are named in this way.

What memories the portico and interminable corridors of Smolny conjured up as we wearily wandered over the building. It is now a kind of general headquarters of the Third International—a strange development from being an academy for highly respectable young ladies of upper class parentage. Doorway after doorway therein is labelled in a multitude of languages, including Arabic and Chinese, each representing the department detailed to conduct the propaganda work of the country in question. Up to the third floor we mounted and on past the room numbered 67—the little office where Trotsky ate, worked, and slept for weeks upon weeks in memorable October, 1917. There too is the room 17 where the first Military Revolutionary Committee sat in the early days of the rising, and below are the rooms which were the offices of Krylenko, Dubenko, and Antonoff, the War Minister. To these never-wearied trojans of a winning cause came the organisers of the Revolutionary forces responsible for the coup-d'etat of November 7, 1917. Hundreds of emissaries, delegates, agitators, from all over Russia journeyed to Smolny to contribute their "bit" to the leaven of rebellion which was destined to leaven the whole lump of a people's new-born soul. From Siberia, from southern Asiatic Russia, from the front-line trenches with the ooze and blood of battle staining their tattered garments, came men to say their say in those all-hallowed halls. There rose and fell the hopes and illusions; there flashed the wit of debate, the canker



SMOLNY.

of antagonisms, the loves and hates, the follies and mistakes, the cheers and hisses, and there took place the amazing, agonising labour-pains of that period which preluded the birth of a new social system. There are some electric pen-pictures of scenes here in those days, in John Reed's memoirs. In the midst of violent discussion, in which the protagonists of Menshevik and Bolshevik factions hurled at each other the ironical thunderbolts of debate, the door would burst open and a little travel-wearied soldier with bloodshot eyes and clenched fists would dash to the rostrum. He has come from the front where his comrades are dying from exposure, disease, and starvation, the while Alexander F. Kerensky and his amateur ministers are propitiating the bourgeoisie with promises and compacts which can never be fulfilled. Why are such creatures allowed to thwart the popular will? Because, forsooth, the revolutionaries jaw too much and act too little—

“He blinks in the glaring light. It is the first speech he has ever made in his life, and he begins it in a shrill hysterical voice: ‘Tovarishi! I come from a place where men are digging their graves and calling them trenches! We are forgotten out there in the snow and the cold. We are forgotten while you sit here and discuss politics!’ ”

“Here,” says Louise Bryant, “men of every race met as brothers. Men poured out their souls at these meetings, and they said beautiful and terrible things.”

Came the time when, as the crisis drew ever nearer, it was more and more difficult to gain

access to this building. Special passes were given to duly authorised delegates, who assembled there in the hall of the Petrograd Soviet to prepare the final plans. John Reed gives us one amusing picture at least in an otherwise intensely dramatic period:—

“One day as I came up to the outer gate I saw Trotsky and his wife just ahead of me. They were halted by a soldier. Trotsky searched through his pockets but could find no pass.

“Never mind,” he said finally, “you know me. My name is Trotsky.”

“You haven’t got a pass,” answered the soldier stubbornly. “You cannot go in. Names don’t mean anything to me.”

“But I am President of the Petrograd Soviet!”

“Well, if you’re as important a fellow as that, you must have at least one little paper.”

Trotsky called for the Commandant, and the soldier grumbled at having to disturb the Commandant for every devil that came along.

The Commandant came and Trotsky explained matters to him: “My name is Trotsky,” he repeated.

“Trotsky!” The other soldier scratched his head. “I’ve heard the name somewhere,” he said at length. “I think it’s all right; you can go in, comrade.”

By the exercise of a little imagination Smolny became peopled again with hurrying excited figures now shouting, now speaking in awed whispers of the happenings of historic November week.

The celebrated meetings behind closed doors which gave birth to the Revolutionary Army and

then the Revolution itself, became very real as one stood at the doorway and looked into the room itself. One could picture Lenin, the ever cautious, every wary, immaculately precise, with his narrow eyes, his razor-like voice, and the stubble on his face just beginning to grow again, bending sideways as he is accustomed to do when speaking, and urging—

“November 6th will be too early. We must have an all-Russian basis for the rising; and on the 6th all the delegates to the Congress will not have arrived. On the other hand, November 8th will be too late. By that time the Congress will be organised, and it is difficult for a large organised body of people to take swift decisive action. We must act on the 7th, the day the Congress meets, so that we may say to it, ‘Here is the Power! What are you going to do with it?’ ”

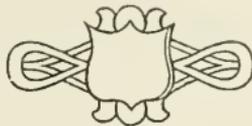
A vivid picture indeed of Lenin; of one of those supreme moments in history when the course of world history is practically decided by the simple utterance of one man. One brain dominating a few that the few might act for the many; of human sagacity operating at a psychological moment in order to take advantage of a coming psychological moment. The more one looks at that measured and deliberate utterance and remembers subsequent events, the more convinced one becomes of the truth that the very greatest events of universal history have been decided by the words, acts, or incidents of a brief moment. Moses proclaiming the monotheistic idea: Mahomet’s sudden decision to become a

warrior instead of a mere sentimental dreamer: Caesar crossing the Rubicon: Cato holding up the figs from Carthage in the Senate: Pepin's compact with the Pope: Mirabeau defying the King's messenger in the Hall of Sessions: Cromwell forming his one thousand Ironsides—Lenin rejecting the 6th and 8th and insisting on the 7th. All these and many more instances which could be given are striking examples of the truth of the Marxian statement that though history makes men, men also make history, though they make it not out of the whole cloth. Needless to say the 7th was adopted, with what result all the world and Mr Churchill know.

— Oh! such a subject as Smolny and its memories might keep one's pen engaged for months. Radiating from that one building is sufficient history and romance to fill a volume of no mean dimensions. But I have much yet to write of before I return to "Red Petrograd." Traversing those labyrinthine corridors with glowing phantasies of the past waxing and waning in our equally labyrinthine minds, we at length found ourselves once more in the street. Our car awaited us at the door of the little tavern where many a verbal tournament was held between the champions of the various warring elements of 1917, and gladly we re-entered it and circuitously wended our way to the hotel. For a great many hours we had touched no food; we had passed an almost sleepless night, and our peregrinations through Smolny had helped to further exhaust us. We indulged in the luxury of a wash, and voraciously assailed a dinner of soup, cabbage pie, black bread, and that "insubstantial

fabric of a dream" known as "chi" or Russian tea.

Four hundred miles eastward Moscow awaited us. It had always seemed a long way off, sometimes indeed we wondered whether we would ever reach it, now it appeared to us as a mere car ride and we were all impatience to get there. Before leaving Petersburg, however, we met two strange characters, one as voluble but as clumsy a liar as one could imagine; the other as remarkable an example of the human anachronism as any that adorns the pages of Sir Walter Scott. These will have to wait for another chapter.



CHAPTER IX.

The Serpent on the Rock.

“Where Finnish fisher once at eve,
Harsh Nature’s poor abandoned child,
From low sunk boat was wont his net
With patient toil to cast and drag
The stream, now stretch long lines of quays,
Of richest granite formed, and rows
Of buildings huge and lordly domes.”

—Pushkin.

“**O**LD KLUGE” was the familiar sobriquet conferred upon one of the world’s most celebrated chefs. When little more than a boy Kluge ran away from his home in Germany, carrying with him an all-absorbing passion to become a great chef and to manage an hotel. In Petersburg, where he eventually drifted, this ambition was realised, and the Gostenetza Anglija (Hotel Angleterre) in St. Isaac’s Square was for many years under the expert control of Herr Kluge. Kluge lived for many years in England, acquired English characteristics, and married a lady from Leicester. No one knew better than he how to prepare the repasts loved by a gluttonous Briton, and more in consequence of that, I suppose, than of anything else, his hotel became the centre of the English colony of Petersburg. Kluge died of over-eating and over-drinking. His hotel, in which we were lodged, is now called the Hotel International, and it faces exactly the glory of Petersburg, the Cathedral of St. Isaac of Dalmatia. This structure is surely one of the noblest temples, as it

is the costliest, of the whole world. With its golden dome and cupola surmounted by a golden Greek cross towering to a height of forty feet above the cross of St. Paul's, London, it is visible from almost every point of the city. Quadri-lateral in shape, broad steps lead up to the vestibules on each of the four sides, beneath massive porticos supported by polished columns of rich porphyry and jasper—each weighing one hundred and thirty tons. The capitals are of solid bronze, and the gateways are flanked by marble of every kind and shape. St. Isaac's appears much smaller than St. Paul's on account of its artistic position. At the extremity of an enormous square, it is lessened by the space beyond it—one only appreciates its vast size, indeed, when viewing it from side streets or over the roofs of adjacent buildings.

Saint Isaac's was begun by Catherine the II., but the site proved unsatisfactory. Alexander I. decided to have it rebuilt, and entrusted the task to the celebrated architect, Montferran. The work commenced in 1819, and was not completed until 1858. The ground, moist and treacherous (Petersburg is built on a swamp), swallowed hundreds of thousands of piles and hundreds of tons of granite blocks before a safe foundation was established. Even now so tremendous is the weight of this colossal temple that subsidences almost regularly occur, and huge cracks make their appearance in the walls.

If power and wealth has stamped their hall-mark upon the exterior, they have done so with greater ostentation on the interior—and perhaps with not a little vulgarity.

The guide who took us over the building could not speak one word of English, so most of his garrulity was wasted upon us. Masses of beautifully polished marble, syenite, and lapis lazuli were lavishly displayed, gorgeous mosaics of gigantic proportions depicting the saints, male and female, and hundreds upon hundreds of jewel-studded ikons were the chief decorations. Gold and silver were everywhere, in ornaments and vessels which collectively weigh over four tons—all unharmed. We were reverently escorted to the inner sanctuary, where stood, beneath a glass case, a marvellously executed model of the cathedral in pure gold, illumined in the heavy gloom by the tinted sunlight which streamed upon it through the most gorgeous and the largest stained glass window it has ever been my good fortune to see. It represents the Saviour, and is twenty-eight feet high. There are no less than three altars, and the principal iconostase is made of white marble with lovely columns of lapis lazuli and malachite. After our tour of the interior we ascended the dome, and then climbed up to the cupola, passing the great bell, which weighs 53,072 lbs., and which is decorated with the effigy of Saint Isaac and the five founders of the church—Peter, Catherine, Paul, Alexander, and Nicholas. What a panorama unfolds itself from the summit of this monster building. Petersburg lies beneath the eye like an elaborately designed Persian carpet. White and pink, yellow and blue, dark red and grey are the colours of the buildings which form the pattern with here and there a streak of gold shooting heavenwards, which we recognise as

the golden spires of the Admiralty buildings and the Fortress Church of Saints Peter and Paul.

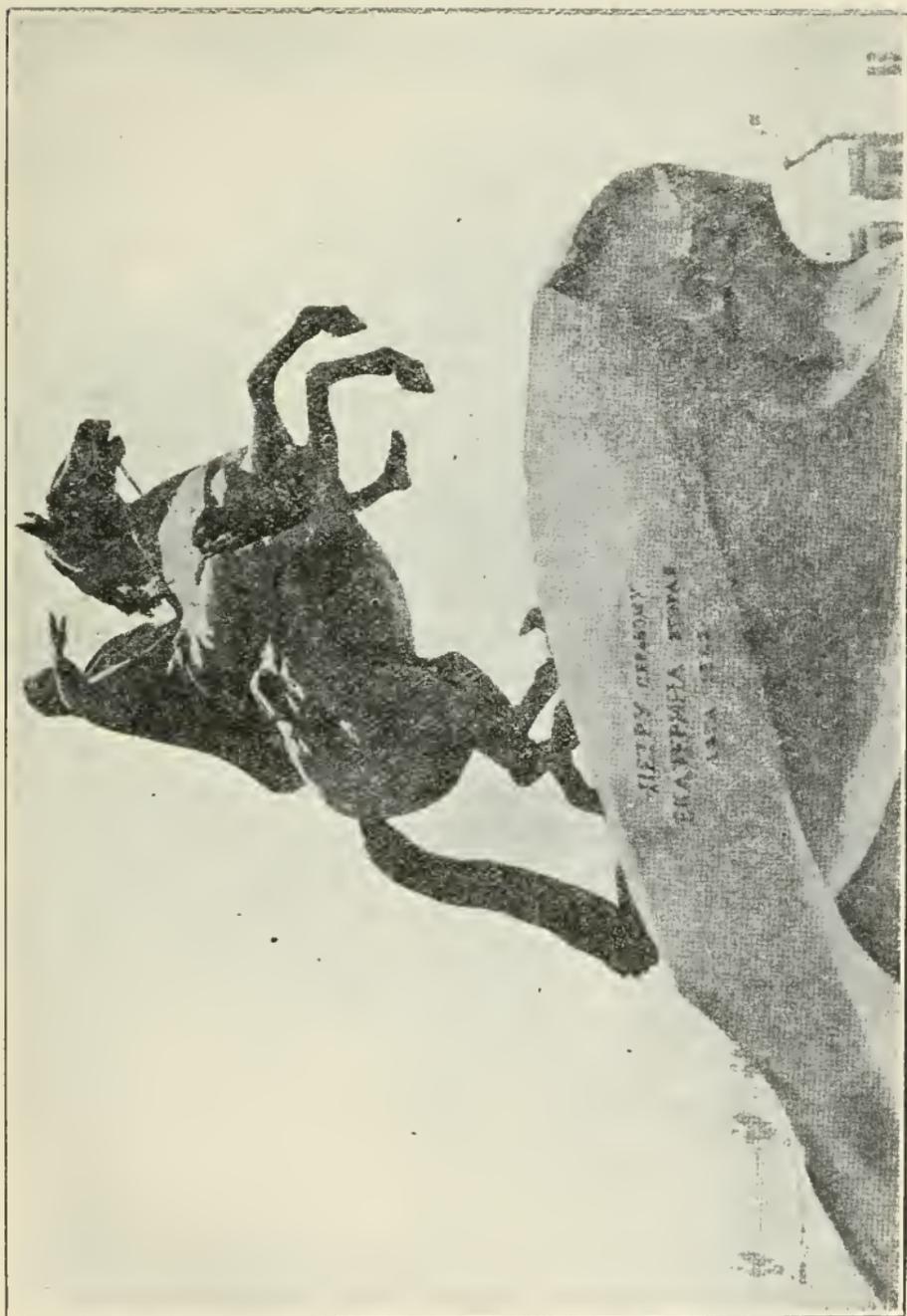
Away in the distance rises the minaret and dome, curiously shaped and of bright green hue, of the Mohammedan Mosque, while between the crowded islands, forty in number, the mighty and beautiful Neva rushes to the Finnish Gulf. One walks completely round the platform surrounding the cupola, and at every turn the eye feasts upon a new view containing a landmark of absorbing interest. To the north lies the most important part of the city, the Bolshia Storona, semi-circularly cut through by the Moika, Fontanka, and Catherine canals, with each of the three divisions divided again by the three great thoroughfares of Petersburg—the Nevsky Prospect, the Gorokhovaia Oulitza, and the Vosnosenski Prospect. To the west lies the Vassili Ostroff or Basil Island containing the University, and eastward stands the Petersburgskaia Storona with its grim citadel called Peter-Paul, and which I will describe at length in a coming chapter.

Almost below us the huge red block of the Winter Palace stretches along the Palace Quay of the Neva, and in the great square between it and the long semi-circular mass of buildings, once the offices of the Russian Ministry and Imperial Staff, rises the greatest monolith in the world, the beautiful Alexander Column, which has not been in any way interfered with. Gazing down upon that spacious square, now named after the Bolshevik martyr, Ouritsky Place, how vividly the memory of 1905 stirred the imagination. One pictured the snow, the weary and

hungry multitude led by the young priest, Gapon, marching into it to demonstrate peacefully before the Winter Palace, then the lurking ambushed soldiers of the Grand Duke Sergius waiting until the thousands of inoffensive men, women, and children had assembled before firing volley after volley into the panic-stricken mass—the hideous scene was enacted over again by the wonderful chemistry of the mind on the top of the holy building, and with such realism that the very stones once red with human blood seemed to cry out with the anguished screams of the poor victims.

Perhaps Gallacher had allowed memory to torture him to the same degree as it had tortured me, for in passing through the square with an English-speaking German business man, whose anti-revolutionary sentiments poured from him in never-ending flow, William completely lost his geniality.

“Yes,” chattered our counter-revolutionary, disillusioned, and none too plausible liar, “the Communists shot fifteen out of the one camp and I couldn’t tell——.” “It’s a peety they didna shoot the bloody lot while they were at it in 1917; they’d have saved a gey deal o’ trouble!” burst out my companion. But really our counter-revolutionary acquaintance, picked up casually, was as disingenious a liar as one could meet. His preposterous fabrications and his repetitions of the fabrications of others were so patently absurd that one could but stare in amazement at the recital of them. His stories of atrocities committed by the creatures of the new Communistic bourgeoisie upon his own



PETER THE GREAT.

business friends (he had always had the good luck to escape by the skin of his teeth) were almost **dispassionately** recounted, but tears welled up in his eyes and tremors marked his voice when he bemoaned the passing of the shops, "the beautiful swell establishments" of the Nevsky and the Gorstiny Dwor. An unqualified old humbug was the conclusion we arrived at. The mere fact that he could pour out his splenetic utterances against the Bolsheviks to two strangers whom he knew were bound for the Congress, and do it at that with perfect security in the open streets of Petersburg, was sufficient refutation of his allegations. And let the reader mark this well, he was not the only enemy of the Soviet Government we encountered. Time and again we listened to hostile criticisms of the Bolsheviks from members of the old Petersburg bureaucracy, whose parasitic existence had been cut short by the Communist capture of power, and who had not yet, and probably never would, become reconciled to the change.

Nothing was more pronounced, perhaps, than the critic latitude permitted under the "Terror" (which had been re-established just prior to our arrival) to the semi-hostile and hostile sections of the bourgeoisie. Provided they did not systematically conspire to sabotage the work of re-organisation and military mobilisation, no notice was taken of them—absolutely none. Some of the outrageous stories dinned into my ears were repeated by me to members of the Executive in Moscow, and they simply shook with the healthy laughter of unrestrained mirth.

Let me now give one little picture of the "freedom" which obtained under Tsarism, which the Bolsheviki have "destroyed." It is from a book on Russia by W. B. Stevani, who lived there for forty years, and whose memoirs were published by Grant Richards in 1915:—

"A curious incident once happened to me while standing in the doorway . . . chatting with the secretary of the American Ambassador. One of his stories so tickled my fancy that I burst into a hearty laugh, to the immense amazement of the bystanders. People in Russia rarely laugh and sing in the streets as they often do in London. A police officer near by was evidently puzzled, and approached me, enquiring why I behaved so boisterously. I told him I was enjoying a joke and added: 'Surely it is not forbidden to laugh in Russia?' The policeman replied to my astonishment: 'Moshno smezatsja no ne tak gromko.' (You may laugh but not so loudly.)"

Yet here we were in the same city under Bolshevik rule, arguing volubly at the corner of the Morskaia and Nevsky Prospect with an emphatic but pig-headed anti-Bolshevik, who enjoyed the privilege of not only being able to guffaw to his heart's content, but to utter vehement denunciations against the Communist rulers of the country. And this happened, as I have already said, repeatedly. In the face of such experiences we can only conclude, without a tinge of malice, that when Mrs. P. Snowden writes, as she does in the January "London Magazine," that: "There is no freedom in Russia. . . . There is no freedom of speech or conscience . . . all but a privileged few go hourly in terror of their lives or liberty—such is Russia under the Bolsheviki," that the lady is deliberately prostituting her mind by concocting brazen and shameless lies in order to get money from Capitalist magazine

proprietors. Mark it well, reader, that wicked as the false statements of this women are, her offence lies not so much in making them as of capitalising them. Issued in pamphlet form at her own expense, one might generously conclude that she acted only for principle's sake. This, however, neither she nor people of a like character think of. She disposes of the malicious products of her middle-class mind to the vile, soul-destroying capitalist enemies of the working class for money--just as the abandoned strumpet, harlot, and prostitute of the streets sells her voluptuous merchandise to the very beings who disease her. There is this difference, of course: the latter is to be pitied, for the sinister compulsion of necessity often operates in her case—but the former does it from pure choice.

There is, of a surety, no freedom to practice this kind of thing in Russia. No freedom to fatten or even to live in comfort on the wages of infamy—wages paid by the representatives of a brutal oligarchy as the price of treachery towards the pioneers of International freedom. Perhaps that is why this woman's hatred bears so malevolent a character.

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Another character we became acquainted with on the second day of our stay amused us immensely both with his reminiscences of *ci devant* times and for his childlike naivete on matters modern. Once he had been a professional *cirerone*, and could speak intelligible English. His troubles during the war were bad enough, but his trials during the Revolution were infinitely sadder. In a low monotonous chant the

lovable old misfit narrated the epic of his misfortunes, disasters, and endurances, from the loss of his job under the old regime to the purloining of his trousers under the new. "Ah!" quoth he with a soul-unburdening sigh, "what this country needs is a President like Mr. Wilson. These People's Commissars are good, noble men, but they are no use because, you see, they are **Communists**. They are men who believe that if I have two watches they ought to be given one, but if they have two, well! they want to keep them, see?" The effort to control the muscles of my face as the dear old owl cracked this heroic old chestnut almost gave me apoplexy. I stared at a brass knob until it hypnotised me. Gallacher got me outside into the street, passed his hand over his forehead on which the sweat stood in beads, and muttered: "Christ Almighty, Clarke, is this Petrograd?"

Just at this moment a young lady from the Bureau of the Third International, Miss Berlovitch, came along to take us out. Once again we found ourselves in the Grand Morskaia, and during a halt in our stroll, while Miss Berlovitch was explaining that she wished to make a personal call and would we please wait for her, a richly attired lady came up to us and with tears, which she alleged were of shame, beseeched us to give her some roubles with which she might purchase food. Nevsky is full of bourgeois and aristocratic beggars. They beg with the self-same whine and confront one with the same obsequious posture as the begging proletariat adopt in other countries. The phenomenon staggered me. I confess to having been totally unable to under-

stand it at the time. There they were, pretty much as the woman Snowden describes, Counts and Countesses, Generals of the old army, Barons and Baronesses, either soliciting alms from the tender-hearted but dominant proletarians, or else bartering bits of finery for foodstuffs or roubles. The explanation is simple. Begging and private trading* are both punishable offences in Russia. Everyone is fed—some more than others. The harder one works the more food one gets to replace the expended tissue. Even the people who won't work receive an allowance, but it is not sufficient to keep them even half alive. This allowance may be augmented by serving the community in return for it—with labour, or by surreptitiously and flagrantly begging like a parasite from workers who are really short of necessities themselves. Some of the haughty bourgeoisie prefer to continue to live on the labour fruits of others, even though they have irretrievably lost the power of compelling these others to acquiesce in the arrangement. That so much of it is still manifest both in Petersburg and Moscow—begging and small, barefaced speculation—is but another proof of the lack of harshness exercised against these law-breakers by the horrid Bolsheviks. Yes, reader, I was found wanting in my first test under the Revolution—I gave that "lady" some roubles.

When trading relations with foreign countries are realised and the economic blockade is entirely lifted; when Russia comes into possession

*Private trading on a small scale is now legal.

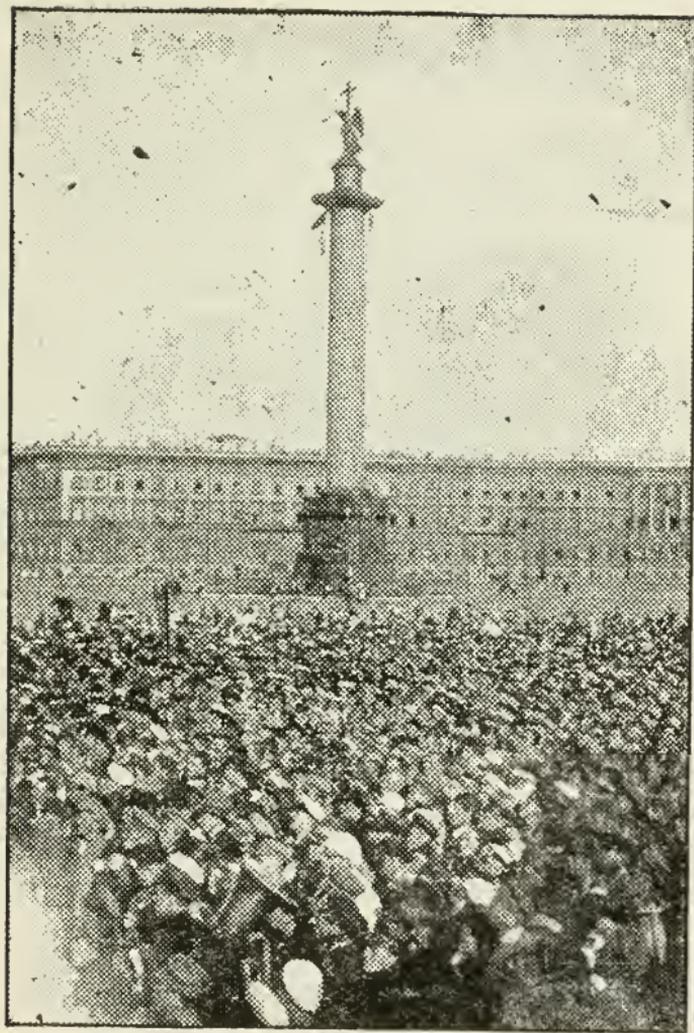
of an abundance of agricultural implements of up-to-date pattern, and an equal abundance of the necessary raw materials for manufacture in her industrial workshops; when her productive plant is thoroughly organised and her sons and daughters are permitted to drop the rifle and bayonet and wield in peace the creative hammer and sickle—then the laws against begging will be rigorously enforced, for there can be no parasitism allowed in the Workers' Republic.

Meanwhile our lady friend, Miss Berlovitch, seemed an unconscionable time in transacting her small business affair. She had called at a private dealers to receive her eyeglasses, repaired in a small shop in the Morskaia. We walked over to investigate. She came out with the information that at the very moment the Soviet officials were inside engaged in "nationalising" it. This they did by first making, with the help of the late owner, an inventory, and then securing the door with a piece of tape sealed with the seal of the Soviet Republic. This was most interesting, as, after two years of Bolshevism we were under the impression that no private establishments existed. Certainly none of the big ones exist, but there were, it appeared, quite a number of small shops which, left to the last, had not yet received the visit from the undertakers of the Capitalist system, and were still "carrying on" by selling anything they could collect from strange and mysterious sources. Mostly in unpretentious streets and of little consequence they were scarcely worth the trouble, yet they, too, are doomed to extinction.

We spent most of that evening in the little

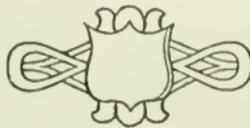
park fronting the Neva. A band played in the wooden bandstand; sailors of the Red Fleet courted their sweethearts on the benches, other couples walked arm in arm along the paths; now and then an old greybeard would hobble by supporting himself with a serviceable stick, and pausing with a quizzical expression on his face to stare up at the musicians as if some chord had stirred to the surface a memory of the past. A fox-terrier with its docked stump erect, its tongue lolling out and a semi-human grin upon its face trotted past us, looking lean but healthy, and twittering birds accompanied the ringing happy laughter of youthful lovers and merry children. It was the war-scarred heart of Revolutionary Bolsheviki Land we strolled through—but it might have been the Queen's Park, Glasgow, for any distinction we could see.

Over a hillock we wended our way, and from the top thereof we looked over the stately, glorious Neva, compared to which the Thames is a lispig rivulet and the Clyde a sewer. At our feet arose a mighty brown rock on which a huge green bronze horse trampled the serpent of Conspiracy at the bidding of its rider, Peter the "Great." Chiselled on the rock we read: "To Peter the First, from Catherine the Second"—modesty, in truth, from one who never tired of comparing herself with Zenobia, Venus, and Cleopatra. The statuary is by the eminent Frenchman Falconet, and the colossal rock upon which it stands was dragged by slaves from Lyachta, eight miles away, with pain and labour to please the whim of a she-devil. Tradition has it that Peter used to climb this rock in order



ALEXANDER COLUMN.

to watch the progress made in the building of his hell-inspired city. The monument is very imposing, but the statue is ridiculous. No one ever saw a horse in such an impossible position. The Revolutionary serpent was not trampled to death, neither by Peter's steed nor the autocratic steeds of his successors. It lived and grew, it flourished and defied, it persevered and — triumphed. Its muscular coils enfold the land, and the double-headed eagle has been crushed within its jaws. But the monument portraying its own demise, ironically is left untouched, with its monarchic figure staring fixedly across the humming waves at his Peter-Paul Bastille, wherein the miscreants of counter-revolution regret the day they pulled the serpent's tail. Russian humour is a curiously wonderful thing.



CHAPTER X.

Patchwork and Petticoats.

“It is the fate of woman

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that
is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its
silence,

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen
and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone with endless and
profitless murmurs.”—Longfellow.

RETURNING to the hotel one evening we met one of its lady officials accompanying four or five conspicuously well-dressed visitors. We knew they were visitors by the comparative completeness of their garb, for in Russia everybody wears anything that will hide their mother-nakedness, irrespective of whether it fits them or not, or whether it “becomes” them or not. Rags, oddments, and misfits are at present extremely fashionable in the large towns and cities. If by any chance a person is even immaculately attired no one takes the slightest notice of it. He or she has been lucky enough to get hold of something in the way of clothing that is new enough to last the longer--that is all.

The chief function of clothes is to protect the body, and whatever does this in any part of the world, or has done so in past epochs, is fulfilling and has fulfilled the supreme purpose of its manufacture. Paleolithic man wore the skins

of wild beasts — modern ladies and gentlemen do exactly the same, but more cruelty is involved in procuring the skins now than there was in Paleolithic days. Civilisation is infinitely more cruel than savagery.

The secondary purpose of clothing is to adorn, and so far as modern civilisation has cultivated the taste of ornamental attire, feminine fashion has been largely dictated by sexual selection. Viewed from the standpoint of mere utility, the Russians are well clad, and the maudlin pity showered upon them by fastidious dudes and animated female fashion plates, who have condescended to take a fleeting glimpse of them, is quite gratuitous. From the secondary or esthetic point of view the plight of the Russian people is indeed lamentable — to the male and female “knot” spectator, but fortunately the assiduity with which the majority of Russia’s city dwellers apply themselves to the realities of life leaves them neither time nor inclination to sit and bemoan the temporary absence of its external trappings. They are clean — cleanliness of body is a positive obsession with them — and with the limited amount of makeshift, but adequate clothing at their command they succeed in presenting a neat, if not superlatively attractive, exterior to the world. Certainly the desire to “look nice” is a highly laudable one in anyone, and the Russians are no different to others in this respect, but clothing has ceased to be an indication of “caste” in Russia, so no one is seriously perturbed at the necessity of having to appear in public wearing whatever they can get hold of. All these tales about the

people staring bulging-eyed at a pair of boots and reverently fingering a cloth garment are so much romantic moonshine. The only people we saw minus boots were a few Polish war prisoners who had marched the boots from off their feet. These poor ragged, unkempt, and dejected creatures hobbled painfully along the cobbled streets to the prisons—some with pieces of rag tied around their bruised feet, some with naked bleeding feet—looking the very embodiment of war's most hellish misery. The tragedy of it all is that the Bolsheviki, under present conditions, cannot provide them with comforts, for they lack these comforts themselves.

The tearful lament o'er cropping of hair on the part of pretty maidens and bourgeois women who cannot obtain hats ("creations") is another example of western ignorance and sickening sentimentality. Cropped hair has been fashionable with Russian women since Nihilist days in the sixties and seventies of last century, and the majority of Russian women—not bourgeois—have never at any time worn any other kind of headgear than the kind they at present wear—a kerchief tied around the hair and knotted. They, in their wisdom, prefer it too.

To return to our party. It was the French delegation returning home after making its peace with the Soviet Government. Its leaders were Marcel Cachin, editor of "L'Humanite," and Frossard. We stood with them and chatted, through the interpreter, with Cachin, who told me he was a regular and appreciative reader of the "Worker." He is strikingly like Robert Blatchford in size and feature, and apparently

as erratic, but infinitely more honest and sincere than that person. His attitude towards the Bolsheviki had been more or less unfriendly, although he had never relaxed in his whole-hearted support of the Revolution, but his visit to Russia, the sights he had witnessed, and the verbal castigations he had received were all conducive to a more rational frame of mind, and poor Cachin wept and repented. Frossard I did not speak to, and know nothing about.

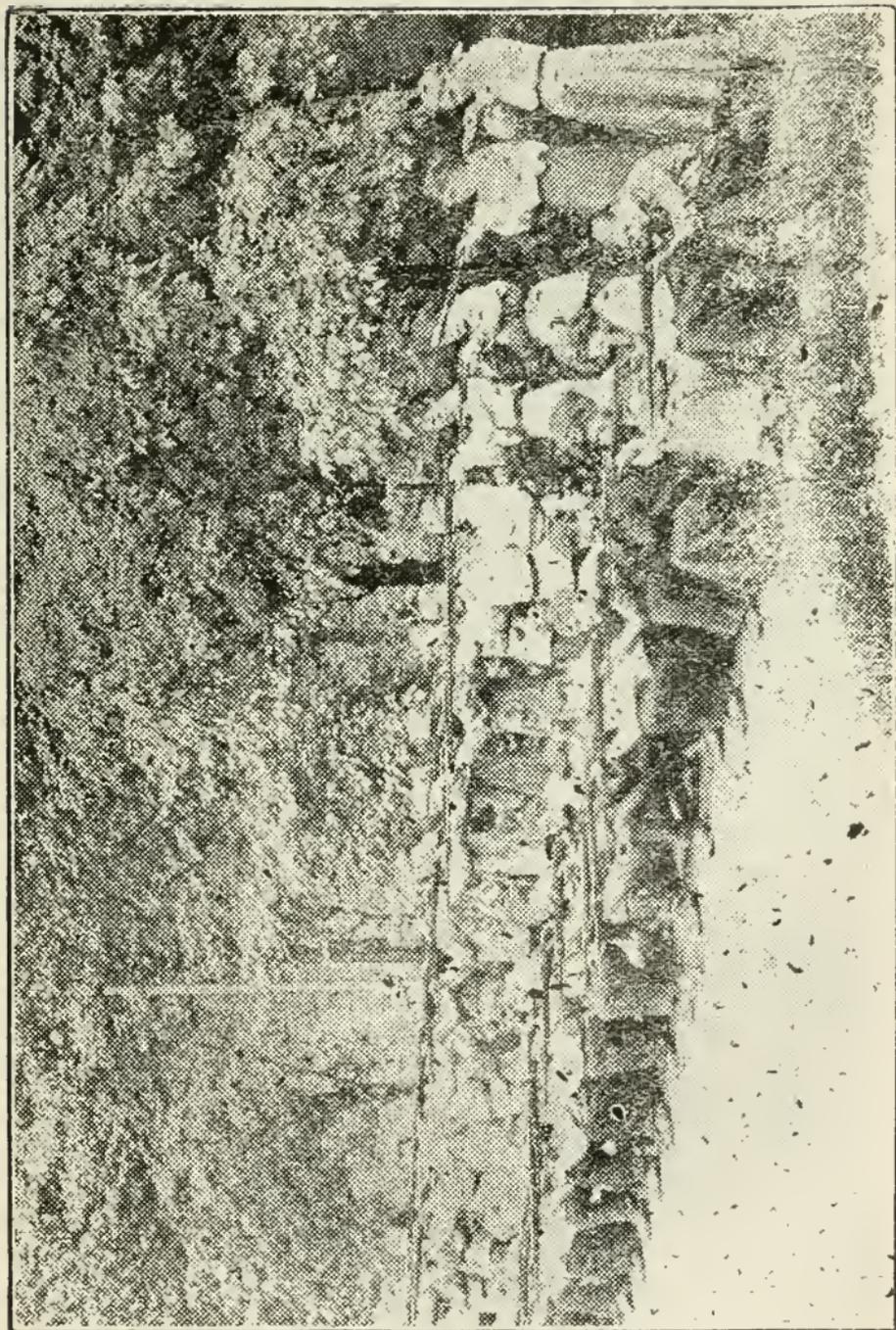
We bade them au revoir with mutual good wishes for the World Revolution, and turned the street just in time to watch an inspiring march past of a Red regiment—of women.

They moved with the perfect precision of a battalion of pre-war Cameron Highlanders, their short blue skirts swaying with the rhythmical swing of the kilt, their shoulders back and heads defiantly erect. Every rifle was bayoneted, and from the tip of each bayonet a tiny scarlet pennon flew. A khaki "glengarry," perfectly-fitting neat khaki tunic with waist belt, which permitted the lappets to fall gracefully over the hips, and hose and boots completed the uniform. The usual military equipment—cross belts, haversack, and sheath for the side-arm, were in their customary places. Most of the soldiers were young women, and uncommonly handsome women too, and the perfect ease, dignity, and grace with which they marched created an impression never to be erased from memory. What a marvellous part woman has played in recent Russian history. Since the early days of the Nihilist movement, which vindicated the equality of the sexes, the woman revolutionist has been

ever to the fore. For decades she worked away, hidden, at dangerous outpost work, which in many cases could not be trusted to men. She organised secret printing plants, manufactured bombs, planned and carried through successfully political assassinations and the executions of traitors, carried propaganda to the army, fought with heroism at the barricades, and continued the fight in prison and at Siberia. Russia is, and has been, the mother and nurse of heroes of undying fame and glory, but she has been not one whit less so the builder of heroines. Mistaken ideas, false tactics, wrongful methods—what you will—can never dim the glory which hallows the names of Vera Zazzulitch, Sophie Perovskaia, “Babuska”—Breshkovskaia, Marie Zebrikoff, Vera Figner, Sophie Bardina, Marie Spiradonova, Zinaida Konopliannikova, and Alexandra Kollontay. The World Revolution, the corner-stone of which was laid by the Bolsheviki of Russia in 1917, will owe a large measure of its success to militant and dauntless womanhood. It was the strike of textile women workers on the Vyborg side of Petrograd which gave the stimulus to the uprising of 1917. By pouring into the city, just as the French proletarian women did with the *ca ira* on their lips, when they returned in triumph from their memorable march to Versailles over one hundred years ago, they gave the signal for the great revolt which culminated in the Social Revolution. Incidents of the past flashed through my mind as the musical beat of the drum gave the measure to the marching feet of the Petersburg Amazons. Here, thought I, is the acme of the

triumph of rebellious womanhood. Militarism was forgotten. The dirge of woman's martyrdom of subjection to the unqualified demands of the man fled before the mighty epic of woman erect, proudly defiantly free, equal, and armed with the fighting instruments of the male. The killing weapons at her shoulder—and rightly so; too long has she fought without them. But killing is not woman's work! So says her oppressor, man; but he did not hesitate to use her for such a purpose during Tsarism. The women's "Death Battalions" existed in the Tsar's army, though they failed miserably—as miserably as the men soldiers did—on the firing line. They had nothing to fight for unless it was the false sanctity surrounding the name of a little criminal lunatic. The women to-day are different—they fight because they want to, not for fighting's sake, but because they know who the greatest sufferers will be should Tyranny return to power. They are just different to any women who have trod the planet since womanhood was free under the Communism of the gens. Soviet Russia has been the first to exalt her, for Communism is returning, and with it must return the finer recognition of the wondrous potentialities which have been denied activity and expression in woman, the property, slave, and plaything of man. Like the woman of old, the women of Soviet Russia occupy important offices of state; they "sit on high councils," they legislate under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat—and fight on battlefields.

These women are volunteers; not one of them is conscripted unless she is a member of the



MILITARY TRAINING SCHOOL, PETROGRAD.

Communist Party, then military duties are obligatory for her as for her men comrades. During the call for volunteers they swarmed in great numbers for mobilisation, and fought in the trenches as bravely and fiercely as the men.

They are employed in countless ways; in the hospitals, libraries of the army, schools, on garrison duty and field post-office work. One result of the mobilisation and militarisation of women has been the elevation of the morality of men. Part of their duty at the front has been to inspire, not only courage, but good discipline, neatness, self-respect, and general fitness in the ranks. The moral effect of these fighting women has been tremendous, for one must always remember the motive. In ordinary Capitalist wars a soldier is encouraged to take advantage of any license permitted him, because it is necessary to humour those weaknesses of the flesh which war's excitement and an enforced celibacy engender.* He is encouraged to do so because he is fighting the battles of his own economic enslavers, and were the light of manhood and knowledge to penetrate his dull and besotted brain, it might prove disadvantageous to his "superiors." Hence the establishment of

* The staff of the 256th Brigade of French Army of Occupation issued instructions, which were published in "L'Humanite" August last year, for the control of a German brothel. Some idea of the bestiality into which mothers unwittingly pushed their sons, girls the sweethearts, and wives their husbands during the great war, may be gathered from this document. There were "only two women" in the brothel, and they had to serve the civil population first, or, as the instructions read, "regular German and Belgian clients must be attended to first."

brothels in occupied areas, the enviable immunity from supervision of the prostitute class in garrison towns, and the blinking on the part of the authorities at wholesale rape committed upon women by their "heroes."

In Soviet Russia the very opposite is the case. The soldier is not merely told that he is fighting for small nations, for the honour of "scraps of paper," etc.—he knows that he is fighting for the Revolution, for his own liberty, for his hearth and home, for the future emancipation of the world's workers, men and women. It is an uncomfortable and dangerous task he is engaged in, but his freedom from tyranny and economic servitude is really dependent on his courage, his patience, and his endurance, and because he is fighting for himself and his comrades he needs neither alcoholic drink to give him courage nor sexual indulgence to ease the monotony of his life. There is, accordingly, little expenditure of effort needed here to bring a soldier to the reali-

The resources of the town "did not permit any increase of the personnel," so cards were allotted to the soldiers. Here is the specific paragraph:—

"In order to prevent disorder and in order not to exact from these women work beyond their strength, the following measures will be taken—These measures include the division of the time of the women amongst the men of the various battalions. In every battalion there will be on each allotted day twenty tickets—five to each company. Men wishing to visit the establishment will apply to their sergeant-major." ...

Readers might refer to "The Queen's Daughters in India," by Katherine Bushnell, wherein is quoted the frantic appeals for more brothels by the late Christian Lord Roberts, F.M., for proof that the British Government is as rotten as the French.

sation of the moral obligations placed upon him, and what little is needed is imparted almost unconsciously by the splendid women, whose very presence with him in defending the Revolution carries conviction of the sacredness of the cause.

When the White Guards threatened Petersburg, Odessa, Samara, and other large cities, the women inhabitants were given the opportunity of defending their homes. Mobilised first for auxiliary service, they went to the factories as the women in Britain did during the war. Many, however, left the workshops and volunteered for service under arms. They were equipped and drilled, trained to the use of firearms, and stood ready to defend the city to the last drop of blood. Now the "Voevobuch" or General Military Training numbers hundreds upon hundreds of proletarian women. I visited the district school at Petersburg on my second visit, and watched their evolutions. I saw one woman spin a service rifle, holding it in the centre, with the strength of a man and the skill of a juggler. I watched another hit the bull's-eye four times in succession, firing with an automatic pistol at twenty-five yards. I watched them at gymnastic exercises and military drill, and heard some of them sing in deliciously sweet and delicate tones.

There is a special training school for women officers—the first woman to pass through left for the front in the autumn of 1919; she had previously been a factory hand in Petersburg. The very thought of a return to Tsarism, a return to the old tyranny, economic and domestic, which made life so oppressive for the women of

Russia, would be sufficient to bring thousands of women warriors flocking to the army to resist it. That is why the woman soldier fights with such unbounded enthusiasm to-day. She also is defending her newly acquired liberty — not waging a war to protect the profits and extend the power of exploitation of the Capitalist class. Their behaviour on the field of battle has been magnificent. They have displayed every virtue, courage, cheerfulness, indifference to pain and discomfort, and military ardour possessed by their men comrades. The following is from the "Memoirs of a Czech Legionary," published in September, 1920:—

“. . . . We were advancing, everything was peaceful, no signs of the Bolsheviki. Suddenly we were surprised by shooting from a machine-gun. Bullets flew too high, the gun firing was unsteady, and we knew that it was being handled by a woman. I saw that it was a woman. I made a side-attack upon her and called to her to surrender. She did not obey, but continued to fire. I did not want to bayonet a woman, and therefore struck her with the butt of my rifle. She shuddered; but continued to fire. I therefore struck her harder and took her prisoner. When later we became engaged in a battle, she nursed our wounded. After the battle the boys held a consultation as to what to do with her. They suggested something too horrible to express in words. I shuddered and said to them: No, boys, only over my dead body! She was with us a few days, but I feared for her safety as I could not always stand guard over her. I therefore brought her before the commanding

officer, and reported that this woman wanted to take care of our wounded. I received orders to do away with her at once, no matter in what manner. I took with me two boys and ordered them to be prepared, that we would lead her through the woods; they were to walk behind and in a favourable place they were to fire the shots so that she should suspect nothing. I told the woman to get ready, that she was to go with me. 'I know where you are taking me,' she said with a calm smile, 'you are going to kill me.' I denied this and told her that we were going to an investigation. I led her through the woods and chatted with her so that she should not suspect anything. Suddenly we heard a faint sound of the pulling of triggers. She turned around and said calmly with a smile: 'Do you see, I knew very well that you were bringing me to my death.' She turned to the boys and, uncovering her bosom, said: 'Fire, you will kill me but you cannot kill my ideal!' I was mortified and could not give the order to shoot. Here before me stood an illiterate Russian woman, of whom the strength of her conviction made a saint and I—I am supposed to be helping the Russian people? . . . 'Turn back, boys, I shall not do it!' When we returned, I turned her over to my comrade of another division and told him everything. He was able to smuggle her away—into the city.

"After a time, we were retreating—the communists were victorious. By chance, while retreating I met the same woman in the city. She recognised me immediately and said with her calm smile: 'Did I not tell you, that time in

the woods, that our ideal would be victorious?' Tears dimmed my eyes. We continued to retreat."



KOLLONTAY.

Do you wonder, reader, when you compare the composition, the spirit, the history, and the ideals of the Russian army, with those of any other nation beneath the sun--do you wonder, I repeat, that an enemy opposing it should become as "stubble to the fire." Look at the material from which it has been made. Human material poor in knowledge, poor in thought, but mag-

nificantly rich in social spirit, social conscience. Such were the people of Russia, waiting consciously and unconsciously, for the call which would call them to arise and work. The call came and they responded, for it rang true.

To establish Communism it is necessary to slay individualism. To quicken the social conscience in others one must first quicken it in himself or herself, and as the social conscience waxes, the anti-social, jungle-inherited spirit of self, with its desire to domineer over others, wanes. This is why the Russian Communists have conquered a world—they conquered themselves first. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Those pregnant words do not constitute an ethic but a plain statement of fact. A leader leads because the people have faith in him, and they place their faith in him because they know he lives for them, not for himself. Such a leader as this is Leon Trotsky, the well-beloved of Russia's fighting millions. Such a leader, also, is General Kamenev. Men who never whisper their own names with pride or arrogance. Men who are the very essence of devotion to principle, and who suffer neither rebuke nor censure to halt their labour. To these men, primarily, Russia owes her army. They built it, they inspired it—because they themselves were inspired—and the sword of the Lord of Gideon did not smite its foemen with half the power that dwells, conscious of the right, in the gigantic and potent instrument with which Soviet Russia strikes her enemies into the bloody dust.

CHAPTER XI.

The Reveille of Revolt.

“Life itself is with the Communist International. We may make mistakes, but nevertheless all the revolutionists in the world must come to us, must join us.”
Lenin.

WE stood upon the platform of the Nickolai Railway Station ready to board the train for Moscow. From another dock a train bound for Vologda was about to start. Every portion of it was crowded, inside and out. Men and women stood on the footboards and clung to the open windows; they stood on the buffers and clutched the iron rods; they even sat upon the roofs of the carriages. A more ludicrous spectacle than that old train puffing and grunting out of the station with its human freight literally swarming like bees all over it, could scarcely be imagined. Railway travelling is a rare luxury in Russia, and when one has received the necessary permit and then waited in the queue for forty or fifty hours for the ticket, squatting on the buffers to “get there” is regarded as a small matter.

Our journey of four hundred versts lasted fourteen hours. The scenery was vastly different to that we had seen in the north. Huge stretches of peat-land, on which the turf-cutters were busy, filled the entire landscape for many miles. Soon, however, we entered the woodlands and the scenery grew more and more like the prospects observable from an English railway train.

We crossed the Volko and the Msta rivers, and pulled up at Krestsi where we obtained hot water for our tea. But what water! It was the colour of treacle though hardly so thick, and the taste was atrocious. All water must be boiled before it can be used for culinary purposes. Practically since the European war began, the reservoirs of Russia have been neglected, and the death toll from typhoid and dysentery has been appallingly heavy. This water had not been boiled, by any means, but our drouth was far mightier than our discretion, and we gulped it down with avidity—and tea dust. The train was a “special” and only stopped at towns of importance—Vishni Volotchok, Tver, and Klin, were the chief of these. At Tver we crossed the Volga, a veritable baby of a river here, and shortly after leaving Klin, we arrived at Moscow. Here as at Petersburg—to which I shall return again, reader,—we had to wait at the station until an automobile came for us. We were very hungry during that wait. A tall, military, savage-looking Cossack carrying a knout sauntered past us. He was munching a very green apple which exercised an alarming fascination over Gallacher. Judging from the look in his eyes and the film of moisture on his lips, he had never seen an apple in his life. Now I was the happy possessor of four hundred and fifty roubles, and William knew it. When his stock of patience gave out, therefore, he arose from somebody’s kit-bag upon which he had been sitting, and gave audible utterance to the very obvious truth that “that Cossack was eating an aiple.” The inference being of course that somebody in the vicinity must be selling

them or Cossacks wouldn't be wandering around eating them. I walked out of the station and, sure enough, scores of small "speculators" were offering a variety of wares for sale in the gigantic square, among them several women with baskets of green apples. After some jiu-jitsu linguistic attempts I bought four apples for four hundred roubles and returned to the station platform a little bewildered.

In a spirit of magnanimous thrift, if the reader knows what that means, I had bestowed a gratuity of twenty-five Bolshevik roubles upon the Church official who guided us part of the way around St. Isaac's in Petrograd. He didn't seem to exhibit any indications of an overwhelming gratitude at my generosity at the time, and in my wisdom I attributed his stoical indifference to the "slavonic temperament." Now, of course, I understood the situation perfectly. The dignitary of the richest church on earth, after showing us the wonders of his cathedral including the "holy of holies," and delivering a lecture upon their peculiar marvels, had felt a trifle injured in the region of his dignity at being rewarded with the price of one-quarter of a green apple. It would surely have been a miracle if he hadn't. I felt sore myself, for I remembered the contretemps at the cathedral in Trondhjem. Clarke and Gallacher touring the cathedrals of the continent and "tipping" their guides with foreign coppers and bites of apples is a theme for an O. Henry to elaborate on.

The car came at length, and through the ancient streets, five-fold more densely crowded than the thoroughfares of Petersburg, we jour-

neyed to the hotel or "Delavaye Dvor" as they called it. Here the first person we met was a young Jew from America, one of the followers of Emma Goldman, who was deported with her on the "Burford." He had little sympathy for Marxism in any shape or form, but offered no alternative policy to suit Russian conditions. Nevertheless, from the moment we reached the hotel until the moment we left it he was the very essence of generosity and goodwill. He was employed at the hotel, and no trouble was too great for him to undertake on our behalf. He got us a ripping breakfast of smoked salmon, caviare, brown bread and butter, and strong tea, and no matter what information we asked for, or what task we desired accomplishing, he would do his utmost to serve us. If all the anarchists in Russia had been as serviceable to the Soviet institutions as this little man—who never hesitated in his hostile criticism of the Communist Party—Russia would have made greater progress still

The Delavaye Dvor housed the delegates to the Congress—over two hundred of them—besides a few "visitors" who, to torture the language, had become naturalised Bolsheviks. I refer to the visitors from abroad, who, like Jacques Sadoul and John Reed for instance, had become more or less permanently attached to the Russian state. We all dined in the large room and had our own rooms, plainly but adequately furnished and in most cases equipped with a telephone. What a study in contrasts the guests at that hotel presented! And what a study in personalities! There were represen-

tatives of Communist Parties from America, England, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria, Austria, Jugo-Slavia, Ukraine, China, Korea, Turkey, Mexico, Persia, Iceland, Finland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, South Africa, and Dutch East Indies; and representatives of other revolutionary groups such as British Shop Stewards and Workers' Committees, Syndicalists from various lands, German Spartacists, Dutch Industrialists, Japanese Socialists, Australian and American I.W.W. men (who did not officially represent the I.W.W.), Korean, Chinese and Persian exiled insurrectionists, revolutionaries from the Argentine, and five austere and mystical-looking personages from Khiva. There were Kurds and Khirghis, Georgians and Albanians, Roumanians and Montenegrins. There never has been in the history of the world quite such a wonderful gathering as this. It constituted the response to the first trumpet-call sounded by the first victors of a Proletarian Revolution to the International Revolutionary Movement. It was magnetic. It was a historical achievement of the first magnitude--this glorious leap of the International Proletariat at the reveille of revolt.

John Reed, now alas! dead, and buried with the illustrious heroes who lie beneath the shadow of the ancient Kremlin, has written:—

“The Second World Congress of the Third International, just finished, was really its FIRST congress—last year's meeting was only a propaganda committee, with a handful of delegates. But more than that, the present congress was

really the first gathering of actual revolutionary fighters ever held.

"It was remarkable for the number of real proletarians of actual workmen-fighters-strikers, barricade-defenders and of active leaders of the revolutionary nationalist movements in the backward and colonial countries.

"The Congress was unique in world history. The stories of how the delegates reached Russia, across innumerable fronts, through unheard-of dangers and hardships — one American I.W.W. went around the world, and finally walked five hundred miles across the desert mountains of Manchuria — are the most thrilling tales ever told. Many on their way here lost their lives. were shot, murdered; others were arrested, imprisoned, deported and never reached here at all. Perhaps that is one reason why there were so many revolutionists at the Congress — because except for a very few who received legal passports, almost every delegate had to come illegally in a revolutionary way, risking his life. . . . Now, as this is written, most of the delegates have started on their long way home, through the fronts, through the cloud of spies, hanging over every frontier town."

One man there had been sentenced to death twice, had been a prisoner of Koltchak's, and, after escaping, had been recaptured at Odessa and had managed to escape again. I met him again in England without passports, and helped him to get out to America, once again without passports. There were counter-revolutionary agents and foreign spies — in the guise of dele-

gates—but they did not prosper. Three of them simply “disappeared” within a week, and another, an American, was placed under surveillance, and all those British and American delegates who were above suspicion were duly warned to be on guard against him.

The amazing diversity of national dress and custom were never more pronounced, for, with few exceptions, the delegates wore the characteristic attire of their several countries and observed the sundry practices of personal ceremonial peculiar to the race. There were long-haired and short-haired giants, and similarly hirsutely decorated men of small stature. There were long-headed, broad-headed, dome-headed, and flat-headed varieties of men, some of them rendering a quick characteristic of the cranial index comparatively easy by exhibiting a completely depilated head. Skins of almost every hue, and beards and whiskers of weird and tragic design were there in abundance. Embroidered great-coats, hairy cloaks reaching to the ankles and waist-tightened by belts, silk breeches and brocaded tunics, cartridge-ornamented jackets and dagger-pocketed “kimonos,” fez, shakos, “fur-caps” of astrakhan from Astrakhan—and scores of things that eye delighted in or revolted at, but which the memory cannot carry.

There is Bombacci from Italy in a blouse and belt, his curly silken hair falling almost into his gazelle-like eyes; his long wavy beard hanging from the delicately-complexioned face of a divine seer or prophet.

Here comes Sadoul with a “Chaplin” mous-

tache, Norman head, alert yet reposeful eyes, and dressed like a very respectable shop-assistant.

Down the corridor, stalking like a man of destiny, which in truth he is, behold the dearest friend I made in Moscow, Pershkovsky, one-time switchboard attendant in London, now—President of the Soviet Republic of Kirghiztan.

There is a rapid, almost childish, patter of feet and a virtual poem in flesh and blood, with a blouse of the "glad-neck" type heightening the beauty of a beautiful face, sweeps into view—it is Bucharin, or, as I christened him, Murger's "Rudolph" from La Boheme.

Someone grunts in dissatisfaction; he wants room to pass with his belly projecting eighteen inches beyond the tip of his nose. Move aside and let Crispian by; Dittman will be crawling around after him in a minute. They are bound for a little room where in blissful solitude they may commiserate with one another over the tongue-lashing that Lenin has just given them.

Beware! here comes a little box-o'-tricks with ginger side-whiskers, and large spectacles perched upon a perky nose, an expansive smile is spreading itself all over the face, ten or fifteen "volumes of forgotten lore" are hugged beneath the right arm, the hand of which is thrust into the pocket of a Prussian jacket; the other hand grips a portfolio and a mass of documents which won't go into it—the scorpion of Russia, the most brilliant Machiavellian, after Vladimir

Oulianoff, on earth—Karl Radek.* A scorpion? Oh, yes, and, as in respect to that tropical arachnid, it doesn't always pay to take liberties with his tail. For the argumentative tail of Radek is very like the troublesome appendage^o of *Buthus afa*, it has six segments—erudition, political sagacity, dialectical skill, humour, wit, and the deadly little sting-segment at the end—irony. Zinovieff on the warpath reminds one of a clumsy airship escaped from its moorings and struggling against adverse air-currents; Radek reminds one more of an aeroplane of the bombing type “making rings” round his opponents and whisking away out of the range when the enemy bombardment begins. You can provoke Radek. You can “get his goat.” You can make him give you what the coster calls “a narsty look.” He is the essence of affability five minutes later, because his brain has made six thousand revolutions during those five minutes. You can't provoke Nicholas Bucharin to anything like the same degree. He is a little man like Radek. Like Radek he is a big man, perhaps

* Speaking one day with Radek in the corridor of the Congress room, I drew his attention to a photograph which hung on the wall, with the remark: “You were a good-looking chap in those days. What possessed you to grow the sideboards?” He answered: “A revolutionist who travels about the world ought to cultivate every kind of face possible, and then cultivate adaptability of character, so that it changes with the change of face. I have had several kinds of faces.” What Radek doesn't know about human psychology is obviously not worth enquiring about. I told him we reversed the process in Britain. We first cultivated a hard, metallic character, and then bluffed it out by adopting a brass face.

bigger. When you meet Bucharin you begin to ascend Arthur's Seat, ten minutes later you make the discovery that you are climbing Mont Blanc.

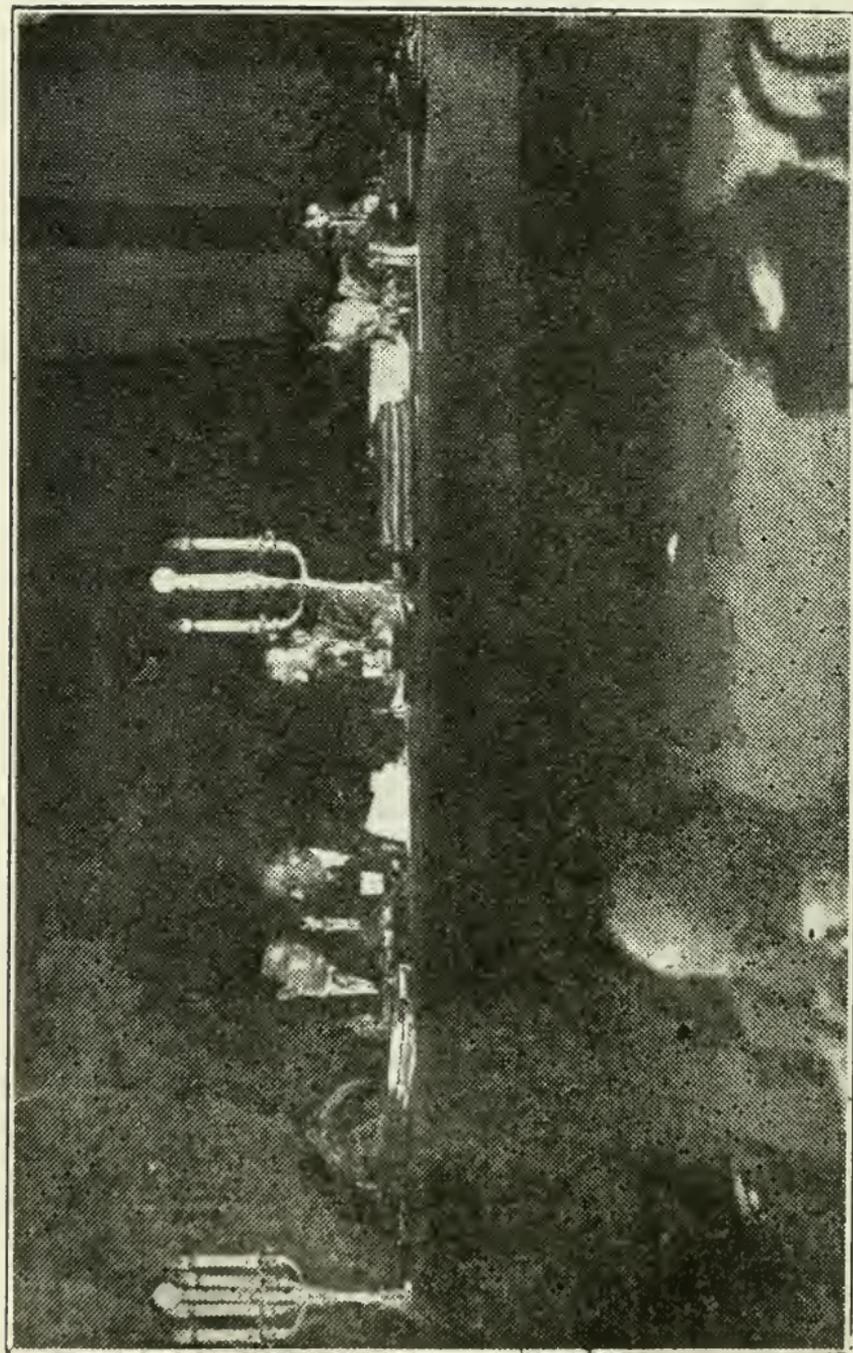


PERSHKOVSKY.

He has a larger substratum of humour than the others, I fancy, which perhaps accounts for the mischievous twinkle in his eyes. This twinkle has been described as the "blazing red light of

fanaticism." Bosh, reader, sheer bosh. It is the twinkle discernible in the eyes of a schoolboy who has been detected with a bent pin in his hand. The sort of awesome descriptions we have received of the outstanding Bolsheviks are the products of minds which have approached these men with the preconceived idea that they were supermen. Even Communists, of a sort, can have the souls of flunkeys. They are not supermen, but ordinary clever mortals such as are found in every sphere of life. They have just carried through a big job and the excitement has not yet abated, but underneath the mass of intellectual vapour which occasion compels them to surround themselves with, you may detect the simple, homely human being with all the little vices and irritabilities that make men lovable. And if any man is lovable, or to put it in another form, capable of winning affection, it is Bucharin. He is the very essence of intellectual brilliancy, and is extraordinarily well favoured in countenance, but, and this is the point that matters, he doesn't think himself anybody in particular. Indeed, I can say of most of the men and women I became acquainted with in Russia that they totally lacked one trait conspicuously common to many of the foreign delegates: self importance.

Bucharin is engaged on a huge work on Communism. He gave me volume one, the only volume in print at the time, with the remark that "it was the first brochure." This "brochure" contains almost as much reading matter as "Das Capital," and it is only one volume. I showed it to Sergieff, and asked him some



THE PRESIDENCY.

questions about it which elicited the information that it will probably be the largest work ever written by one man.

Who is the sad, esthetic-looking man leaning his head upon his hand, whose liquid eyes reflect the tragedy of Russia, and whose brow looks as fevered as Christ's must have looked in Gethsemane? It is Lunarcharsky, the spiritual artist, the creator, who transmutes the dross of ignorance into the gold of genius, the friend of sunshine and beauty and of little children. He patronises "bourgeois" art. And what is "bourgeois" art, reader? It is the same as the "bourgeois" moon. In other words, it doesn't exist. Art is art to Lunarcharsky irrespective of whether the genius who produced it was born in high circles or low. Art is art to him even if the object which expresses it is as ugly as the devil. He is a beautiful spirit, radiating the tenderness of a Shelley with the modesty of a Darwin.

But ponderous footfalls resound and a shrill cough heralds the approach of Comrade Zinovieff who has slipped across, or rather rolled across, from the Kremlin for some purpose or another. He is heavy of face, and his sallow complexion does not harmonise with his coal-black hair. His voice is almost falsetto, so high-pitched is it, and his general appearance suggests a man who has forgotten that such a thing as sleep is part of a mortal's life. I lift up my camera and click—Zinovieff screams and puts his hand to his heart, then he roars with laughter. "I thought he was shooting me," he says to Balabanoff, the little dumpy woman standing near. She is a bright particular star from Italy,

though a Russian and a revolutionary born. She is very dark and very little, but only on the surface. She is very big in intellect and wisdom and very bright in wit. Are you an Italian? She will talk to you in flawless Italian. Are you English, German, French, Spanish? Balabanoff will argue with you on the superiority of the Third International in fourteen different languages. When Zinovieff moved a vote of sympathy at the Congress over the death of a Norwegian delegate, Mrs Aason, he spoke in Russian. Balabanoff stood up and repeated his speech word for word in English, then French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Bulgarian. She would have continued, no doubt, had there been delegates from any other country present at the moment. I saw her defeated but once. A tall, venerable, Mahomet-like, statuesque dignitary from Khiva made a speech which Zinovieff facetiously asked Balabanoff to interpret. But for once that multum-in-parvo linguist was hopelessly knocked out, and few of us know what the patriarchal Sovieter said to this day!

Balabanoff and Boris Reinstein were good friends to us; what we knew about the "goings on" we owed to these two who were both busy interpreters at the Congress. Reinstein was once Daniel De Leon's right hand man in America; now he is a devoted servant to the big baby Republic and to its "big chief," as he facetiously styles Lenin.

There was another prodigal son there, who returned from America in Kerensky's time, and whose eagerness and ability "to fix it for you," did you require anything, were little short of

marvellous. He is Melnichansky, a member of the Central Executive, a more jovial worker-fighter than whom one couldn't meet. "Fixing it for you" seemed to be a mania with him. No



BOMBACCI.

matter what I mentioned and however casually I mentioned it, Melnichansky would beam all over his big robust face and say, "Depend on

me, I'll fix it for you"—and he invariably did.

He is thirty-one years of age but looks forty. He was arrested when only fifteen years of age in 1904, but escaped and fought in the insurrection at Odessa in 1905. Again he was arrested and again he escaped. They got him for the third time, and this boy, who appeared to be fearless, was sentenced for life and sent to Siberia. Immediately on his arrival there he hoodwinked his guards and got away. He tunned up under an assumed name at the party congress at Nikolai and was seized again by the police. He served eighteen months and was then sent to Siberia. Three weeks after landing there he escaped into the Urals, making his way back to civilisation in order to publish illegal periodicals. (This is getting monotonous, but I must go on.) He was arrested and served other eighteen months, followed by another trail in irons to Siberia for life—but Melnichansky "fixed it," and got to America, where he became a watchmaker and manager of the Russian daily, "The New World." All this time Melnichansky was a Menshevik, but after the 1917 Kerensky revolution he became a Bolshevik. When the Bolshevik revolution came he was in Moscow, and the junkers imprisoned him in the Kremlin, where he was under bombardment for some time. They had stripped him almost naked in captivity, and the first words he uttered on gaining his freedom, at the fall of the Kremlin, were: "Look! they've swiped my best pants!"

Is it any wonder that when Melnichansky, the smiling, genial giant looks you in the face with eyes that glitter with humour, slaps his big thigh

and says, "I'll fix it!" that you believe he will?

The experience which gave us the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, tired and travel-weary as we were, was to meet and chatter with in our own language the comrades from our own country and America. Old friends were already there to greet us—Murphy, who negotiated several frontiers and endured many bitter hardships and dangers, was already there; Tanner, who likewise had "gone through it," looked well and happy; young Connolly and M'Alpine, Beech and Ramsay, M'Laine and Quelch, and Marjory Newbold all turned up to welcome us. Mrs. Newbold was a brick. She always had access somehow or other to boiling water between meal times, and never tired of making tea no matter what the hour. I shall always have a soft place in my heart for Mrs. Newbold.

It was Saturday when we arrived, and the delegates were forming up to participate in a "soubotnic," i.e., the labour exacted from Communists every Saturday, and whose ranks are augmented by thousands of non-Communists, who turn patriotically out to perform some necessary task quite voluntarily. Gallacher joined them, but I did not on this occasion; I was "all out," and stayed behind and corrected proof sheets of the English translations of the Congress speeches. This was a trifle more in my line than flinging pig-iron into rail-trucks at a foundry, which happened to be William's allotted task that afternoon. My duties occupied about three and a half hours of the afternoon, and when completed I was entertained to an im-



BALABANOVA.

promptu concert organised by two German women comrades and three Balkan soldiers. One of them, a Magyar cavalryman with an ugly-looking dagger hanging from his belt, performed a remarkable dance to Brahm's Hungarian dance music played by the flaxen-haired German girl. He whirled about the polished floor with his arms akimbo like a tectotum, and stepped backwards and forwards with the ease and elasticity of a Pavlova. He was evidently an expert, for it was delightful to watch the swayings and gyrations of his magnificent body. Never a false movement, never an indelicate step, scarce a sound did his toes make, and at the exciting climax he gave a cool and debonnair bow that would not have disgraced a Chesterfield.

The first night spent at the Delavaye-Dvor was a memorable one. I retired some hours before Gallacher, and was fast asleep when he entered the bedroom and turned on the light. The glare awakened me, and through my half-opened eyes I detected a moving object on my pillow. I sat up and stared—my bed was alive inside and out with bugs. Oh! what a massacre was there, my comrades! But it had its compensations—I found Gallacher's weak spot. At the sight of that Red advance the roaring lion became a sucking dove. The agility he displayed in stripping his own bed to the tune of "I'm feared for bugs," would have done credit to a Mons retreator. Even the spring mattress had to come off and be minutely examined ere he would turn in, and when, eventually, his valour reasserted itself and he nestled between the snow-white linen, it was to pass a sleepless

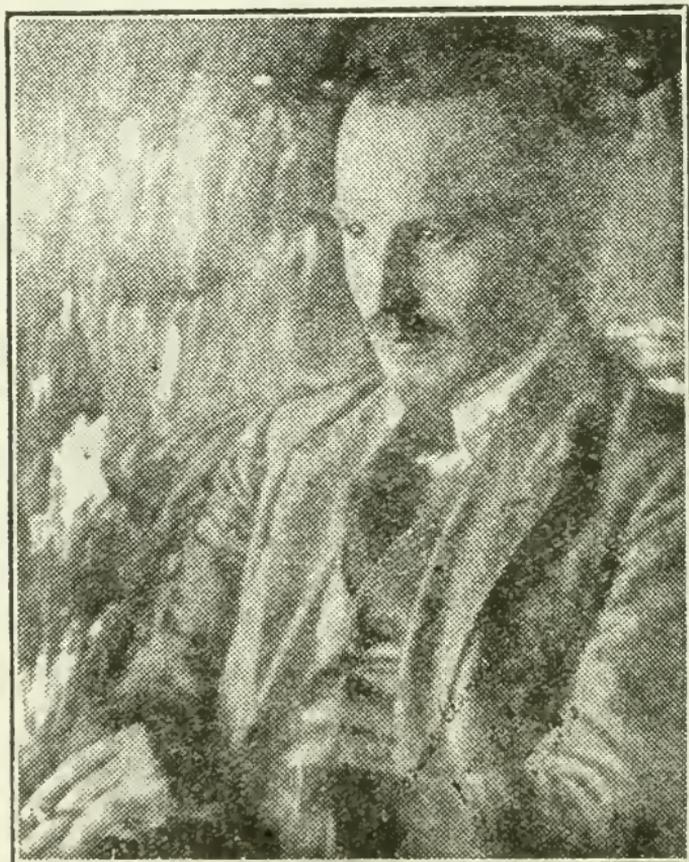
night. There is no question, however, about the nausea these objectionable vermin produce. A clean, healthy mind is easily disturbed by such a revoltingly, disgusting sight as met our eyes that night. The tremendous amount of wood used in Russian buildings is responsible for their numbers, and the terrific, tropical heat of the Moscow summer, added to the heat and odour of the human body, is responsible for their massed attack. I had some naphtha balls with me, and we ground them to powder and sowed the beds with it. After the second night we had no more trouble from that source.

I have no intention to weary my readers with an exhaustive description of the luxuriantly gaudy hall and its apartments which were devoted to the use of delegates in the Tsar's Great Palace of the Kremlin. The mosaic floors and tapestried walls; the rich Italian candelabras and gilded columns; the gorgeously jewel-studded and mother-o'-pearl inlaid doors and furnishings — all spoke eloquently of the utter wickedness of a social system which bestowed such privileges upon the sickliest and most stupid creatures on earth (monarchs), while their mental, moral, and physical superiors were either languishing in prison cells or living in penury in exile.

An old attendant wandered about to perform any little service required of him, though he was very seldom called upon. He had been a lackey at the Kremlin for a great many years, an attendant of Tsar Nicholas II., whom he always spoke of as "Imperator," and appeared to be just as

much "at home" under the new conditions as ever. It would have been interesting indeed to have had the power, now and again, of fathoming the old man's thoughts, for familiarity with unaccustomed splendour soon provoked the inevitable contempt on the part of many of the visitors. Not that they weren't scrupulously careful—no courtiers could have been more so. The Bolsheviks had piously protected the "property of the people" by covering the beautiful golden thrones with scarlet cloth, but this did not prevent us from sitting upon them. Pershkovsky and I were sitting on the dais one day with our heads reclining on the plush of the throne, when the incongruity of everything suddenly occurred to me. Vladimir, after whom the Hall is named, lived in the 10th century, little short of one thousand years ago, and we were watching typists clicking away at their machines and listening to telephone bells ringing. Serrati from Italy came up and begged a match for his cigarette, or to be nearer the mark, his alleged cigarette. He is what they call a "dapper" individual, smartly attired, with trim beard, and he wears a gold ring. He is always suave, polished, and affable, but he doesn't like Bolshevism. His friend D'Arragona was more slovenly in appearance, wore a long streaming beard, and carried a sarcastic tongue. He is of a rather despicable type. His signature adorned the first Manifesto calling for the Red International of Trade and Industrial Unions, but as soon as he reached Italy his opportunist-Menshevik character re-asserted itself, and he repudiated the position he stood for in Moscow.

A totally different type of Italian is Bordiga. A very thick-set, swarthy son of the South, who, with Bombacci, brought most of the revolutionary spirit contributed by Italy.



BUCHARIN.

Other figures pass along the reception room in which we "at ease recline." Lenin pops in occasionally and vanishes through a mysterious door in the next room. Big Levy from Germany, a disciple of Rosa Luxembourg, sits at a table making notes. The flaming sun enters the

windows and plays upon the ornamental decanters containing—water, disinfected water, in front of him. There is a hum of voices in the Congress Hall, a titter of laughter in a corner of a smoke room, an incessant and monotonous click of typewriters in the reception room, a rattle of spoons and glasses in the refreshment room, but Levy goes steadily on with his work. Suddenly he lifts his head, and half wheeling in his chair glances over his shoulder. He is not the only one who looks mystified. Radek is craning his neck in order to peep over the rims of his big spectacles; several typewriters cease fire, and everyone looks amused except Dittman, as a droll voice bellows out from a Scotch stomach:—

“Hoo the hell can I wurk when there’s nae wurk to do?
Hallelujah! Gie’s a haund up,
For Christ’s sake. Amen!”

And round a corner comes an apparition dressed in a blouse of the latest cut, but originally intended for a body twice the size of its present wearer’s. The neck collar is open and the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, but my companion, for it is a he, is quite happy.

Pershkovsky leans towards me and whispers, “Come over and I’ll introduce you to a remarkably fine woman comrade.” A tall dignified-looking woman had entered the room, and stood looking into the courtyard from the open window. Very tall, with almost pure silver-hued hair, she was attired in a plain costume of grey gaberdine and a commonplace hat. He walked

over and I was introduced to Madam Kroupsky, the clever wife of Oulianoff. Her affairs are almost entirely educational, and she, together with Lunacharsky, has effected some wonderful improvements in the educational system of Soviet Russia.

My photo of her gives no indication whatever of the character which is now stamped upon her features. The lines of heavy trouble, anxiety and responsibility which lie upon the face of the original, are entirely lacking in the photograph. None of the prominent women of Russia like to be photographed. They leave this so-called feminine trait to the men folk who are continually being "snapped" by admirers. It must bore them occasionally, but their good-nature is such that no one is refused a "sitting." Lenin does not mind it at all, and I have some snapshots which are delightfully unconventional and which lesser men would have tried to have destroyed.

Kroupskaya speaks with a very sympathetic and rich-toned voice, and has a very sad smile. She took ill on the evening of this very day and did not venture out of her own apartments again until after the Congress was over. She is now in perfect health again.

To detail every conversation I had with every interesting being I met in Moscow would require a volume in itself, and would only appeal to the type of mind which delights in gossip. One remark I passed to Lenin, however, has become historic — that "the British Communist movement was a joke." How it became common property in this country I do not know, but it

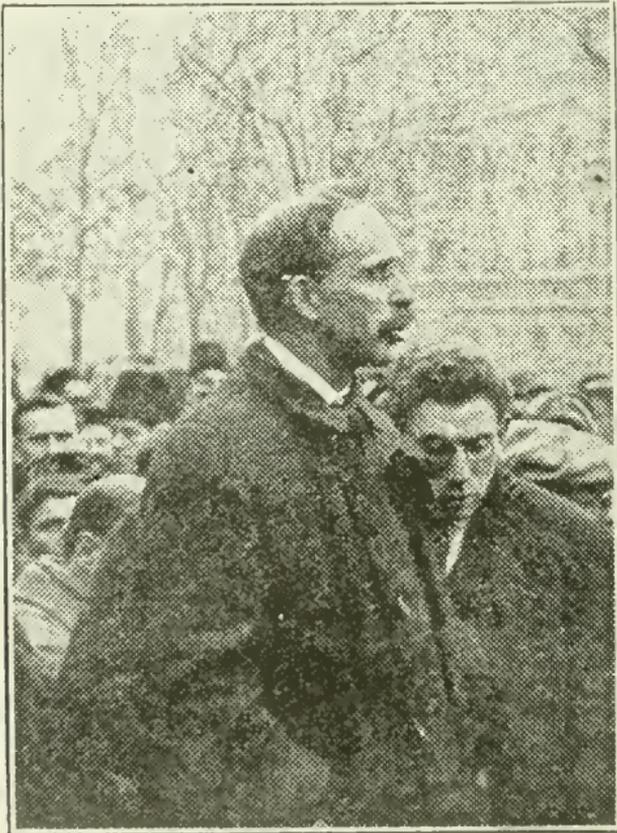
got here, to the satisfaction of some and the irritation of others.

At the moment I was thinking of the chaotic conditions which obtained in my own country among the various sections of the movement. There was no united Communist Party undergoing rigorous persecution to weld it more firmly together in 1920, but a number of Communist and semi-Communist sects with varying and often conflicting ideas on the importance to be given to Russian tactics. Some were for slavishly imitating Russia without due regard to the difference between a Russia of 1917 and a Britain of 1920. Tactics requisite for the overthrow of incipient bourgeois governments, which are amateurishly attempting to consolidate brand-new and easily acquired victories over an autocracy, are incapable of effecting much in a country where such governments are hoary with age and skilled with political experience. The plight of the Russian capitalist class up to the Bolshevik Revolution has been well described by Kamenev of the Moscow Soviet in his "Dictatorship of the Proletariat":—

"The actual Russian bourgeoisie always was, and up to the October Revolution remained, the least organised, the least conscious in the sense of class, the least united of all bourgeois classes in the countries of the old capitalist order. The Russian peasantry had not time enough to develop that class of strong and politically-united peasants, which is the basis of a series of bourgeois parties in the West. The Russian middle class of the towns, crushed and politically unenlightened, never represented anything like

such groups of the population as, in the West, create and support the parties of "Christian Socialism" and anti-Semitism.

"The first thunder claps of the proletarian revolution broke over this politically backward,



BORIS REINSTEIN.

inactive and unorganised class. 'The resistance of the exploiters' to the blows of the Russian proletariat must therefore be considered as comparatively weak — weak, naturally only in comparison with the activity which the bour-

geoisie of any other European country will be able to develop."

Here we have "politically unenlightened," "least organised," "least united," "least class-conscious," "politically backward," "inactive," and "unorganised" all in the one short paragraph, and all of which are perfectly true.

Now this cannot be said of Britain, nor of many other western states, and, in consequence, tactics must necessarily be vastly different here to what they were in Russia. Lenin himself, in his advocacy of Parliamentary participation, has no dubiety about it at all. He says:—

"Tactics should be constructed on a sober and strictly objective consideration of the forces of a given country (and of the countries surrounding it, and of all countries, on a world scale), as well as on an evaluation of the experience of other revolutionary movements. To manifest one's revolutionism solely by dint of swearing at parliamentary opportunism, by rejecting participation in parliaments, is very easy; but just because it is too easy, it is not the solution of a difficult, a most difficult, problem. In most European states, the creation of a really revolutionary parliamentary group is much more difficult than it was in Russia. Of course. But this is only one aspect of the general truth that it was easy for Russia, in the concrete, historically quite unique, situation of 1917, to begin a social revolution; whereas to continue it and complete it will be more difficult for Russia than for other European countries."

A "strictly objective consideration of the forces" in Britain will demonstrate at once the absurdity of imitating Russian tactics during "a unique situation" or even when that situation is past and the tactics have ensured success, for neither the forces nor the situation here are at all comparable with what they were in Russia.

Most of the active Bolsheviki have travelled the world somewhat, they are all Marxists, they applied their Marxist knowledge to the study of conditions in other countries, and concentrated on Russia because they knew — comparatively speaking — that the overthrow of the bourgeoisie there was going to be an easy job. The Duma, an institution presented by the Tsar, was notoriously never anything more than a literary society. Autocracy ruled with an iron hand. Autocracy could dispose of the Duma whenever it thought fit, and did so. Autocracy controlled every political avenue in the country. There never had been a "parliament" in which active legislation had been carried through. And even the poor, filleted, Tsarist pretence of a Constitution only dates back to 1906. The result of it all was that the benighted bourgeoisie of Russia were always so enfeebled that "unity" wouldn't have done much for them. Their "concessions" and "permits," indeed their very existence as manufacturers or merchants, depended not on their political strength or prestige, but on their ability to bribe some functionary who would in turn bribe someone else who knew Rasputin, or some other court rascal, who finally pulled the autocratic wires on their behalf. There is not one history of Russia that says otherwise.

The second aspect of this is that the bourgeoisie of Russia never cultivated the art or science of politics, because such would have been useless to them — they not having the opportunity to participate in political action. They never, therefore, developed a class-conscious breed of politician such as the British or the French

bourgeoisie did, hence their pitiable political impotence when their chance came at the moment of autocracy's collapse. Contrast Miliukoff, for instance, with Bonar Law; Kerensky with Lloyd George or Clemenceau; Terestchenko with Winton Churchill or Asquith. Why, the meanest figure that sits in the British House of Commons is a more astute vote-getter and trickster than any of the above-named Russian politicians. How easy (comparatively) it was for the fighting Marxists, who understood all these things to begin with, to blow the bourgeois rubbish out of the way! Are we going to have so easy a job? Will prating about Marxism help us? Has our economic system collapsed owing to the great war? Is our population — the majority of it — literally starving? Finally, have we bred the right kind of rebel?

First of all, don't depend on some nebulous automatic collapse of Capitalism to prepare the arena for you. Even supposing such a collapse as occurred in Russia (1916-17) did occur here — where are our exiled Lenins, Trotskys, Zinovieffs and the other one hundred thousand revolutionary exiles, such as swarmed into Mother Russia whom they loved, when the storm broke? Conditions in this country never bred such. Six months in the second division is very annoying, but it is not calculated to breed the type of rebel that is bred by fifteen years in chains in dreary Siberia or hideous Schlüsselburg. Life is very dear to the Britisher—it is of positive insignificance to a Russian. Internationalism notwithstanding, Race still counts for a lot, and Race is largely the product of con-

ditions—climatic, geographic, historic, sociologic and economic.

We have the most cunning, most powerful and most politically and economically wide-awake ruling class on earth to combat. We have a proletariat as different to the Russian proletariat as chalk differs from cheese. Our proletariat can read and write; they are doped and have been doped for centuries; they are cursed with traditional ideas of freedom and superiority; they have to be uneducated. Our insularity, our dependence on other countries, and the relatively well-entrenched power of our Menshevik opponents and trade-union bureaucracy, are other factors to consider.

Our Communist Party must get down to calm consideration of every aspect of political and social life in this country. Ideas imported from Russia must be modified to suit the changed conditions. This is the scientific way of looking at it. Any other way is but the product of sheer emotionalism or vapid enthusiasm making for disaster. That splendid thinker Georg Brandes once wrote:—

“Nobody knows what the future carries in her womb. Yet we know that what is expedient for one country will not do for another. Every country has its past, its social differences, its special culture. Never yet has any idea gone from one country to another without being transformed to suit the needs of that country. Even the parliamentary idea, at one time very strong, was taken up very slowly and adapted to the peculiarities and conditions of the different

countries. The Reformation meant a seizure of the property of the Catholic church, but it had a different course in England, Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia. The French Revolution brought along the confiscation of the noblemen's estates. But though most of the ideas of the French Revolution were adopted little by little even in conservative Germany, the Germans copied only that which they considered useful for themselves, and the German noblemen kept their estates."

That is why, when I hear a British Communist declaring that "we are going to do exactly as the Bolsheviks have done," that I look upon him as an enthusiastic fool. We've had enough froth in our movement, let us have a little more dispassionate study, a little more judgment, a little more wisdom and sagacity. We are not going to do what the Bolsheviks did, partly because we can't, and partly because it won't be necessary. We have got to go one better than the Bolsheviks. Get a grip of that fact. Kamenev and any other student of both countries admit it. "Anyone," says Kamenev, "who imagines that the dictatorship will not be necessary instead of more necessary in the Western countries than it was in Russia, is a fool." I agree with him, and I think I have already shown why. If it is to be more necessary, then, it must be more powerfully prepared and organised; it must be vastly superior to the Russian dictatorship; in short, we must have a better organisation here than the Bolsheviks had in Russia. It may well be advisable then to consider the Russian model

of a Communist Party. The essential difference between the R.C.P. and the old "Bolsheviki," so far as organisation is concerned, is merely one of numerical strength. The fundamental basis of membership was the same in the old as in the new. It is now over 600,000 strong. When Denikin and Judenitch were attacking Russia, the Communist Party only numbered 13,287 members. They organised a special week's propaganda to enrol recruits, and at the end of the week the number increased to 30,000. In all the provinces, propaganda-weeks were set aside for obtaining new members, from October, 1919, to January, 1920. After re-registration of members and elimination of those unreliable, there remained in this section but 120,000. After completion of the propaganda, this number was increased to 320,000. In October the membership was lowest, not merely as a result of the process of elimination, but also because in the terrific battles on all fronts in 1919 a great number of the best comrades had fallen.

Now, as mentioned, it is considerably over 600,000 fifty-two per cent. soldiers, and the remainder agriculturists, intelligentsia, etc.

The Secretariat has the following departments — (1) Agitation and Propaganda; (2) Registration of competent workers and their assignments all over the country; (3) Organisation and Instruction; (4) Information and Statistics; (5) Work in the Villages; (6) Work among Labourers and Women in the country; (7) For Minority Nationalities; (8) Office of the Directorate combined with the Department of Finance. When I was in Moscow the Central Committee

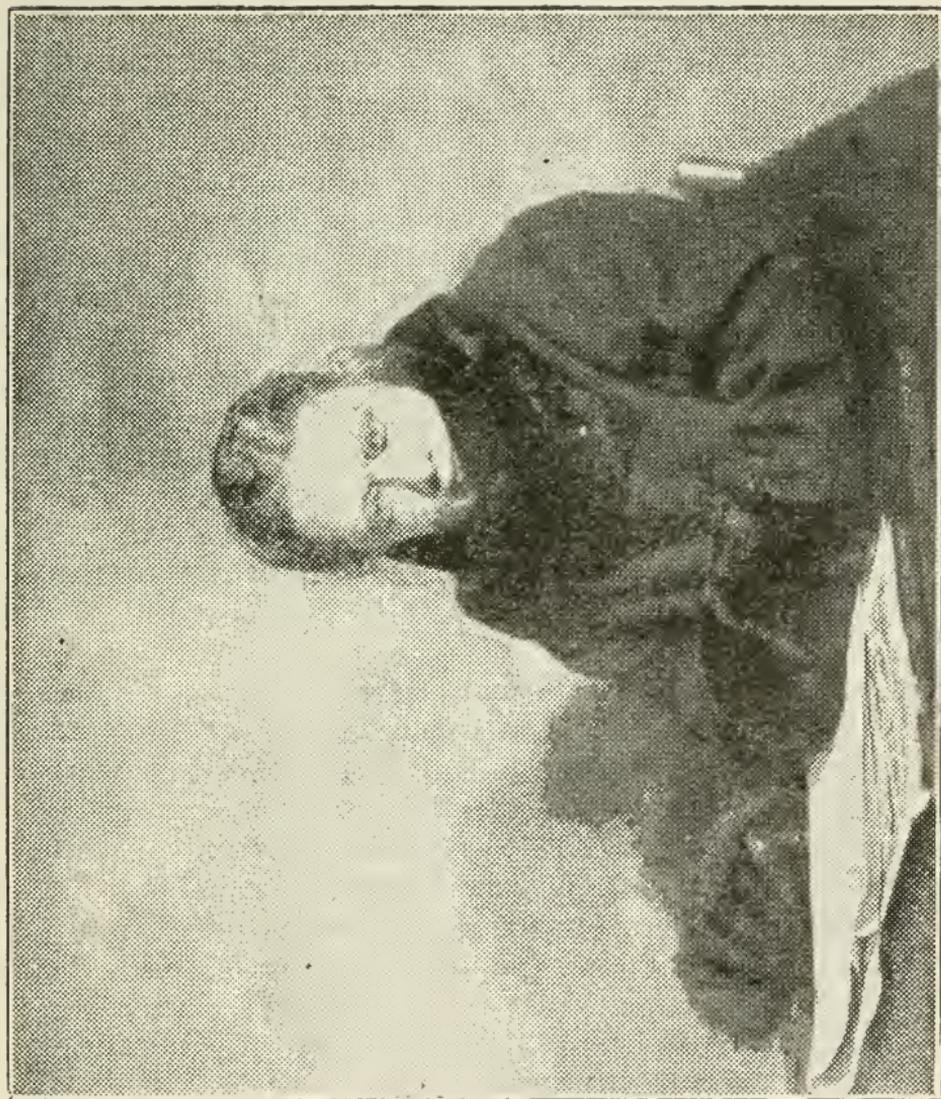
decided that the Department of Registration was to be enlarged so that each of the 600,000 members in all Russia should have his own special card, upon which should be entered the chief data in his life, activity and possible offences, etc. Further, there is now in press a general legitimization book for the entire bulk of the party.

The Communist Party of Russia is the only political party in the world which, not only in its tactics, but also in its organisation, is guided by scientific principles.

In Moscow alone there are thirteen organised districts with 680 trade and other groups operating in the various spheres of activity. Over 300 lectures and 500 meetings are held every month in the city and its environs. Every inhabitant is kept in touch with the Party work, and with social and political ideas. Sergieff explained to me the conditions of membership in pretty much these words: "We have always concentrated on manceuvre in order to obtain the biggest results from the weakest of forces. The Party ought to be like a lever so that a great success may result from a feeble effort. We are trying to bring the Co-operative Commonwealth to birth without having to meander through the capitalist process of production first, and in consequence the highest possible methods of scientific organisation must be adopted by the Party, which is attempting, not a social experiment, but the conscious guiding of a new social system come to birth. For this reason we must combine the highest degree of knowledge with the practical experience of the working classes. We are

led by tried, strong authorities. We are held together by iron discipline. According to present statutes (rules or organisation) of the party, who ever wishes to become a member, must be commended by two old members. He does not immediately become a member, merely a sympathetic candidate at first. Only after six months can the Executive Committee accept him as a member. As a candidate, he has the right to be present at all meetings (except secret ones), but he cannot vote. The workers and landless peasants may, upon special recommendation, have this term shortened. Also during special propaganda 'party weeks' members are accepted without these formalities. The greatest co-operation is offered by the All-Russian Congress, then comes the Central Executive Committee of the provinces, districts, and cities. The chief nucleus of the organisation is then a village, a factory, an industrial enterprise, or a military division. In each of these units are Communists, whose duty it is to form organisations. Even though there are but three, they are obliged to form a 'yacheyka' (a group) to meet for consultation to study all questions and to act in union. Discussions are entirely free. But once a decision is reached, everyone must work along the same plan. The decision of the highest institution must be carried out without any protest."

This is pure Marxism. "The conscious guiding of a new social system come to birth," is the very essence of the message conveyed by Marx and Engels when they formulated the Materialist Conception of History. The most dreadful foe



KROUPSKAYA.

on earth is the foe with its back to the wall. In no sense can autocracy be said to have had its back to the wall in 1917 (March). It simply collapsed like a pricked bladder. Nor had the bourgeoisie faction its back to the wall in November, 1917. The bourgeoisie did not fully realise the danger of the situation any more than they had grasped the full significance of the Revolution already achieved.

Our bourgeoisie already has its back to the wall, and is hitting out right and left. We have got to face the fight whether we wish to or no. Our first tactic is to strengthen our organisation not so much by numbers as in wisdom—revolutionary wisdom. Let us make a movement here worthy of the triumphant International. We have gigantic tasks before us, not the least of which is the purging of the Labour movement itself.

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We have got to work like Trojans to bring our industrially organised workers over to the Red International. We have got to smash every effort to build up another treacherous "International" such as our Mensheviks dream of, and we have got to fight relentlessly the manipulators of the Yellow Amsterdam International. Organisation, discipline, and commonsense must be our first consideration; selflessness, devotion, and heroism will follow in time. To emulate the Russians in these things will be wisdom. To copy their tactics under our conditions, and without their backbone, will be the acme of folly. Self, petty, miserable self, must be subordinated. That will be a mighty conquest.

Lenin once called Trotsky a "phrase-spinner"; he also called him "our Kautskyan friend." When Lenin sneers he doesn't forget to sneer hard. What happened? Absolutely nothing except the accession of a little more wisdom on the part of Trotsky. Trotsky is a big man, one of the biggest men on earth. Had he been some fifteenth-rater in the British movement he would probably have hated Lenin like poison for having wounded his dignity (actually his stupid vanity) by sneering at him. He would have left the party. To get his own private revenge he would have sabotaged the entire world movement. Such is one deplorable characteristic of some Communists who are Communists in name, but the most rabid individualists in nature. One of the noblest and loftiest panegyrics on Lenin has just been written, and its author is — Leon Trotsky. That is the spirit we must cultivate here. We have got to down the old Adam. We have got to use our Communist principles, not merely parade them. We have got to have a well-stocked warehouse, not merely a shop-window nicely dressed. We have got to use our knowledge by translating it into action, not use it by slinging phrases about that mean nothing, but ought to mean a great deal.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ghosts of Golgotha.

“Fear not the tyrants shall rule for ever,
Or the priests of the bloody Faith:
They stand on the brink of that mighty river
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells,
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see
Like wrecks in the surge of eternity.”

—Shelley (Rosalind and Helen).

MOSCOW is as unlike Petersburg as Glasgow is unlike Edinburgh old town, or as Derby is unlike Chester. Petrograd is a city of yesterday; Moscow is hoary with antiquity. Petersburg has broad streets and spacious squares; Moscow has gigantic squares but narrow streets. Petersburg is a “planned” city; Moscow is a growth of the centuries. Petersburg is European; Moscow is Asiatic. Petersburg rises out of the waves like a damsel smiling at the morning sun, with the dew of health upon her tresses and the bloom of youth upon her cheeks; Moscow stands upon its little river like a patriarch wrapped in thought, stroking his beard with contemplations of the past and forebodings of the future disturbing his equanimity. For here Occident meets Orient, West commingles with East, Antiquity and Modernity blend, and Futurity casts its lights and shadows on the Past and Present.

In Petersburg one cannot think of the remote past. The mind dwells upon Peter, its founder;

on shipyards and merchandise; on Catherine and Voltaire; on Alexanders and Nicholas's; on aristocrats and proletarians, underground propaganda, nihilists, terrorists, "yellow tickets," fortresses, strikes, riots, and revolutions. Zinovieff called it the "cradle of the Revolution." It is more than that; it is the womb wherein was conceived that which shall become the greatest and most splendid race on earth. In Moscow one does not think of these things. One thinks of the Djenghis Khan and Tamerlane; of slit-eyed Tartars and Volga hordes; of "Terrible" Ivans and ghastly torture-chambers; of miracles and saints, and "priests of the bloody faith."

Moscow is another Rome in many things. It is a Granada in others. It is a Constantinople, a Jerusalem, a Dublin, and a Glasgow rolled into one. This sounds very incongruous, but Moscow is incongruous. Moscow is almost indescribable. It is seen and heard, but more so it is felt. It is a city of grisly ghosts which weave around the mind cobwebs of a hideous past, and yet it is a city of resurrection where the mind is purged and stimulated. The crescent of Mahomet glitters golden in the sunshine at every corner; the cross of Christ rears heavenward in every street; and the Red Flag of Communism flutters victoriously over a thousand roofs. Is not that an incongruity?

Both of Russia's capitals, however widely they differ, are perfect gems set in a crown of romance, and each evokes those sensations, those charming emotions, which sensitive spirits delight to feel. There is one old grey city wall in Moscow which slopes down a declivity upon



St. Basil's

which a tree-embroidered "square" has been built. At the foot of the square stands the "Delavaye Dvor" (our hotel), and the old wall spans the off-street nearby with a lofty arch—the Vavarka Gate. The very fiercest fighting of November, 1917, took place at this historic corner. From top to bottom the ancient arch, and most of the adjacent buildings, are pock-marked with bullet holes. Great scars disfigure the stone-work upon which machine-gun fire was concentrated, and gaping rents appear in the wood-work. Terrific battles have taken place at this identical spot before—but the missiles of that period were the swift, feather-tipped arrows of the barbarous Mongols. Why, one might ask, should this corner be an age-long sufferer from ruthless warfare? It is what military-minded people would call, I suppose, "a strategical point." Go through the arch and follow the street ahead of you for two hundred yards, then turn up a steep but short incline to the right, and you will land in the Krasnaya Ploshtstad or Red Square. One of the most magnificent open spaces in any city in the world, it is completely bordered on the west by the picturesque walls, tall and battlemented, of the Kremlin, with the beautiful Spassky Gate at the southern end and Nicholas Gate at the northern. Along the eastern side of the square are the one-time arcades called "Riadi," while at one end stands the solid red pile of the Historical Museum and at the other the weird-looking Church of St. Basil.

A group of statuary representing Minin, the Nijni cattle-dealer, urging Pojarski, the prince,

to free Russia from the Poles, and surrendering his fortune for this purpose, occupies some space in front of the arcades. It is very fine sculpture, and was executed by Martop, the Russian artist.

Opposite St. Basil's a walled, circular structure with gated entrance stands. This is the *Lobnoe Miesto* where the Tsars of olden time issued their proclamations and made momentous promises. On this walled platform in 1547 Ivan the Terrible tearfully promised to rule mercifully and wisely. Here he led the ass which the High Priest (Patriarch) mounted every Easter, and here he—manifested the wisdom and benevolence of his later years by committing the frightful atrocities that make his name abhorred. In 1565 he commenced his infamous work on this very spot by executing Prince Alexander Gorbati-Schouiski and his seventeen-year old son. On the same day two other princes, a chief officer, and a royal cup-bearer were beheaded, and the Prince Scheviref impaled and left to writhe in agony for twelve hours. Five years later, on July 25, eighteen gibbets were erected, and many instruments of torture were displayed in the square among which was a huge cauldron suspended above a roaring bonfire. What was toward? You may doubt me, reader, but you cannot well doubt the historian, Karamsin. Let him describe the doings of that day:—

“On seeing these terrific preparations the people of Moscow were convinced that their last hour was come, and that the Tsar was determined at once to make an end of his capital and its inhabitants. Besides themselves with terror,

they fled and hid themselves wherever they could, abandoning in their open shops both their merchandise and their money. Soon the place was deserted, and nothing was seen but a troop of Opritchniks (Ivan's Guards, literally 'fiends'—J. S. C.) ranged round the gibbets and the burning pile, in profound silence. Suddenly the air resounded with the roll of drums; the Tsar appeared on horseback with his eldest son, the object of his affection. He was accompanied by the boyars, the princes, and by his guard, marching in order, followed by the condemned, to the number of more than three hundred, like spectres in appearance, wounded, torn, bleeding, scarce able to drag themselves along. Arrived at the foot of the gibbets, Ivan looked round him; and being astonished to see no spectators, he ordered his guard to assemble the inhabitants and bring them to the square. Impatient at their delay, he ran himself to summon them, calling the Muscovites to witness the spectacle he had prepared for them, and promising them pardon and safety. The citizens did not dare to disobey; they came out of the cellars, of the hiding-places where they were concealed, and, trembling with fright, hastened to the place of execution, which they filled in a few moments; even the walls and roofs were covered with spectators. Then, with a loud voice, the Tsar said to them: 'People of Moscow, you are going to witness tortures and executions; but I am punishing traitors. Answer me! does my judgment seem to you just?' At these words loud acclamations were raised on all sides: 'Long live the Tsar, our lord and master, and may his enemies perish!'

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Ivan then ordered eighty persons to be drawn out of the crowd, to whom, as the least guilty, he granted their lives. The secretary of the privy council, unfolding a roll of parchment, then published the names of the victims. After this he made Viskovaty advance, and read his condemnation aloud. . . . The executioners threw themselves upon him, gagged him, hung him up by his feet, and hacked him to pieces. Maluta-Skouratof, descending from his horse, was the first to cut an ear from the sufferer.

“The second victim was the treasurer Founikof, the friend of Viskovaty, also accused, upon very slight foundation, of treason. They poured boiling and iced water alternately upon the body of this wretched man, who died in terrific agonies. The rest had their throats cut, were hung, or hewn to bits. The Tsar himself, on horseback, with a tranquil air, ran an old man through with his lance; in the space of four hours more than two hundred men were put to death! Finally, their horrible duties accomplished, the murderers, bathed in blood, brandishing their smoking swords, gathered in front of the Tsar, with the cry of joy, ‘Hoida! hoida!’* lauding his justice. Ivan, going through the square, examined the heaps of corpses; but, though surfeited of murders, he was not yet surfeited of the despair of his subjects. He desired to see the unhappy wives of Founikof and Viskovaty; he went to their houses, laughed at their tears, and put the first to torture, demanding her treasures. He wanted also to put her daughter,

*A cry of the Tartars, by which they excite their horses.

aged fifteen, to the torture, but upon her cries of despair he changed her mind and gave her to his son, the Tsarevitch Ivan. She was eventually shut up with her mother and the wife of



JOHN REED.

Viskovaty in a convent, where they all three died of grief.

“The inhabitants of Moscow who witnessed this terrible day did not see either Prince Via-

zeniski or Alexis Basmanof amongst the victims. The first had died under the torture, and as to the end of the second, in spite of the atrocities we have described, it may seem incredible, but contemporaries state that Ivan forced Feodor Basmanof to kill his father. The tyrant rested for three days, for it was absolutely necessary to bury the corpses, but on the fourth he brought out upon the square new victims, whom he put to death. Maltua-Skouratof, chief of the executioners, hewed the bodies of those who were executed in pieces with an axe, and the bleeding fragments, deprived of burial, remained for eight days exposed to the greediness of the dogs, who fought over them. The wives of the gentlemen executed, to the number of eighty, were drowned in the river."

That was but two days' work in the long reign of one of those pestiferous objects called Monarchs, which the earth has been cursed with for at least ten thousand years. No wonder that little structure in the Red Square is named *Lobnoe Miesto*, which means, being interpreted, the "place of skulls"—same as its more famous namesake, Golgotha on Mount Calvary.

That hideous carnage was but one incident in Ivan's bloody career; it happened in 1570. One hundred and forty years later Peter, surnamed the "Great," was Tsar of Russia. He is the hero of the children's schoolbooks. The bluff, genial, simple monarch who "worked in the shipyard" like "an ordinary man," who built Petersburg, and married "a commoner." Well, the people hated him so much for his beastly tyranny that all over Russia they revolted against him. Even

his own bodyguard, the "Streltsi," rebelled. Did the genial, homely Peter amend? Let us read a passage from Maxwell's "Tsar, Court and People" (page 143), and remember that this tragedy was enacted, no doubt with a view to effect, at the scene of Ivan's previous public entertainment—in the Red Square, Moscow:—

"Peter hurried all the way from Holland to superintend the slaughter. Seated on a throne, he witnessed the dying agonies of two thousand Streltsi, and when tired of the rack he compelled his nobles to complete the destruction with the sword. With the wine cup in one hand, a scimitar in the other, he swallowed twenty bumpers and cut off twenty heads in a single hour, and as if proud of the achievement, invited the ambassador to try his skill. Eighty of the guilty Janissaries were subsequently held up by the hair before the crowd and decapitated by the hand of the infuriated Tsar."

Such is one episode in the life of Peter the "Great." Providence is surely to be praised for making him "great." What might not he have done had he been bereft of this apochryphal quality of "greatness." Such days have happily vanished! Have they? No, reader, they have not vanished; the stage has been transferred elsewhere. The nature of an Ivan or a Peter, with all its attributes of ferocity, bestiality, and torture lust, malignantly animates the bodies and inspires the deeds of King George the Fifth's Black-and-Tan "Opritchniks" in Ireland at this very moment.

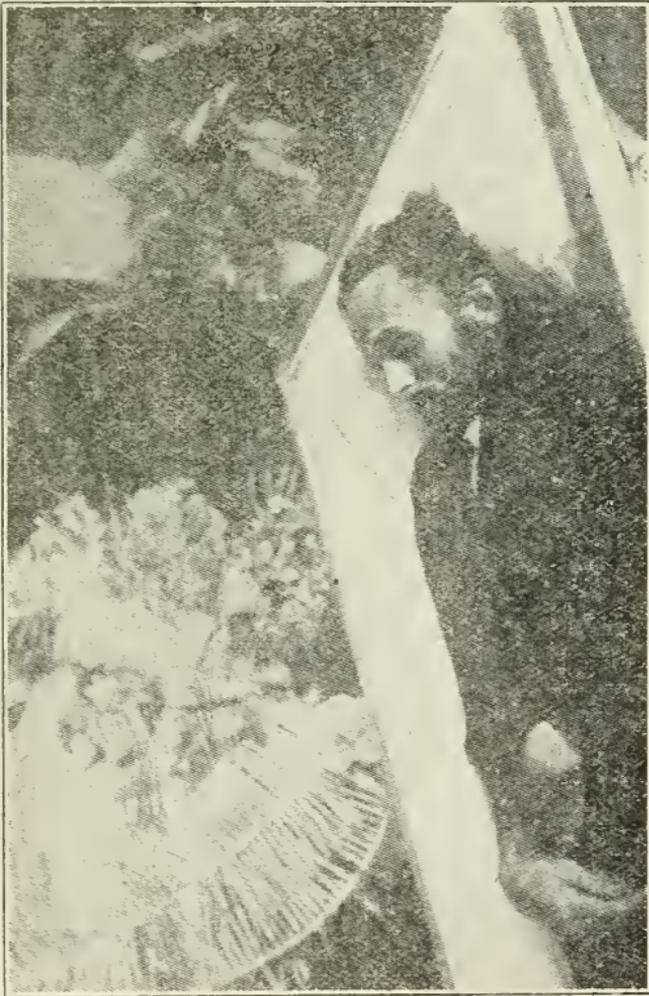
Like Mark Twain's "nobility" in the "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," Peter had the

redeeming feature of fervent piety. When criticised for this particular "severity," as the bourgeois historian describes it, he indignantly replied: "Let malice defame me, my conscience is clear, God is my judge." That he meant it we might be sure from the following fact. In St. Isaac's at Petersburg there is an ikon of the Techven Madonna. In Peter's time an old woman attempted to extract a jewel from it with her teeth under pretence of kissing it. The historian gravely tells us that Peter "ordered her to be burned alive, for, according to his lights, he was a religious and devout man." Perhaps that's why Ivan Ivanovitch was wont to shout "God save the Tsar" in days of old, even as Donald Macdonald yells "God save the King" to-day.

Out of the shadows of antiquity, from the morning of human cupidity and avarice, two sinister figures have crawled with crooked talons through history, leaving a trail of blood and fear most horrible which has not halted yet. The **Monarch** and the **Priest** The one is symbolical of despotic or oligarchic power, the other typifies the sordid ignorance and fearful superstition of the credulous masses which maintains the power of the first. High in the streets of Moscow, where one may see the pallid, long-haired, degenerate-looking vendors of holy lies and pious impositions shuffle along like spectres from a remoter age, there hangs a woven streamer of scarlet hue with huge white lettering, which defiantly proclaims that "**Religion is the opium of the People.**"

Though many still cross themselves a score of

times on passing the church, yet nevertheless the people are rapidly assimilating the knowledge which elevates and enlightens, and learning to



JOHN REED LYING IN STATE.

reject that which terrorises and deforms the mind, and just so sure as the last filthy tyrant, whose damnable atrocities were equal to any Ivan's though less spectacular, has been placed

for ever beyond mischief, so will the last priest soon vanish from the land once contemptuously known as "Holy Russia."

If Peter was a religious and devout specimen of the Tsarist profession, Ivan the Terrible was infinitely more so. He built scores upon scores of churches to the glory of God. One of them, as already mentioned, stands beside the "place of skulls" at the foot of the Red Square. A more bizarre and incoherent piece of architecture does not exist in Russia. It is questionable indeed if anything as curious and ugly exists on earth. Ivan had it built in 1534-84 to commemorate the fall of Kazan, an event in Russian history as important as the capture of Granada is in Spanish history, or as Waterloo is in British. Ivan watched its spikey spires and onion-like cupolas arise from a canopied seat on the Kremlin wall. Saint Basil the "Idiot,"* to whom the building is dedicated, was in all probability one of those half-mad hermits who, in medieval times, followed the calling of the early ascetics and still earlier prophets. Fletcher described them in the 16th century as "certain eremites who go stark naked, save for a clout about their middle, with their hair hanging long and wildly about their shoulders, and many of them with a collar and chain about their necks. . . . The people liketh them very well, because they are as pasquils to

* "One there was whom they called Basil, that would take upon him to reprove the old Emperor for all his cruelty and oppression done towards the people. His body they have translated into a sumptuous church near the Emperor's house in Moscow, and have canonised him for a saint."—Giles Fletcher (written in 1588).

note great faults, that no man else dare speak of. Yet it falleth out sometimes that for this rude liberty which they take upon them, after a counterfeit manner, by imitation of prophets, they are made away of in secret as was one or two of them in the late Emperor's time, for being over bold in speaking against the government. . . ."

Somewhere under the intricate galleries of the interior, which is decorated in the arabesque style, the bones of Basil were buried, and with him there lies buried another "idiot" called Ivan, whose neck-collar and chain are still preserved. Russia has always been afflicted with religious maniacs from the very earliest times unto the present day. There were the "Old Believers," who once numbered seven millions; the Begs-lovestnie or "dumb" believers, who never permitted one word to pass their lips after joining up; the sect of the Beatified Redeemer, who spent their lives looking at a picture of Jesus; the Soubotniki, the "wizards of Novgorod"; the Skoptzi, who believed that Christ is still alive but sexless, and whose male members consequently castrated themselves; the Raskolniks and Dukhobors besides many others. The most freakish crowd appears to have been the "Khlis-tovstchina" or Flagellators. In "the Russian Empire," Haxthausen describes their meeting in the following words:—

"On one day in the year the men, after their mad jumping and stamping, sink down about midnight upon benches which are placed around, and the women fall under the benches; suddenly all the lights are extinguished, and horrible

orgies commence. They call this *svatni grekh*—sins committed in running round together. A secretary of mine in Moscow, who had opportunities of becoming acquainted with members of the sect, described the *Klisti* or *Klistovstehina* as by no means harmless, but an extremely cruel sect. Among other things, he related that on Easter night the *Skoptzi* and *Klisti* all assemble for a great solemnity, the worship of the Mother of God. A virgin fifteen years of age, whom they have induced to act the part by tempting promises, is bound and placed in a tub of warm water; some old women come and make a large incision in the left breast, then cut it off, and staunch the blood in a wonderfully short time. During the operations a mystical picture of the Holy Spirit is put into the victim's hand, in order that she may be absorbed in regarding it. The breast which has been removed is laid upon a plate, and cut into small pieces, which are eaten by all the members of the sect present; the girl in the tub is then placed upon an altar which stands near, and the whole congregation dance wildly round it. The jumping grows wilder and wilder; at last all the lights are suddenly extinguished, and the orgies above described commence. My secretary had become acquainted with several of these girls, who were always afterwards regarded as sacred, and said that at the age of nineteen or twenty they looked quite like women of fifty or sixty. They generally died before their thirtieth year; one of them, however, had married and had two children."

In Peter the Great's time many edicts were issued against the "impostors who went naked

and thrashed out devils with a knout," and which description seems to fit Saint Basil. Never mind, if the old dear actually shook his fist at the bloody Tsar himself and "told him off," we can well afford to ignore his weaknesses, and love him for his strength.

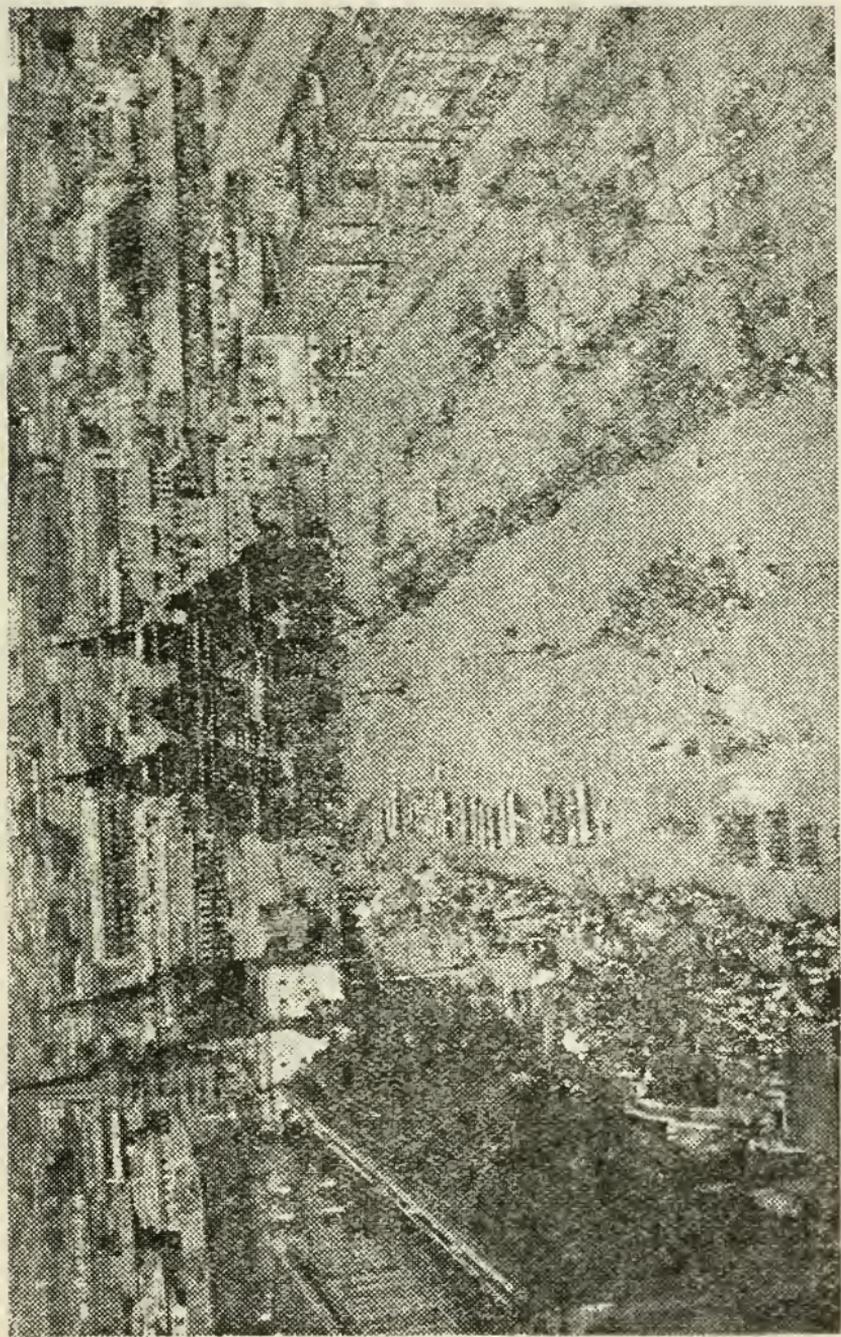
The quaint church in which his bones repose almost baffles the pen. It is impossible to describe so grotesque a structure. There are smooth-sided, ribbed-sided, and fluted-sided cupolas none of which are identical in size. The flutes are sometimes perpendicular and sometimes spiral, and the sides are made of tiles and bricks which differ from one another again. Some are smooth, some glazed, and some covered with scales. These very scales are variegated, not only in colour, but in shape—oval, round, and shaped like leaves. There are nine cupolas painted different colours with the ribs and flutes upon them of a different colour still. The towers are four-sided, six-sided, and eight-sided, and the whole structure is a rough octagon. The golden crosses rise from crescents, and these crosses have the usual second cross-bar placed slantingly below the top one. This idea of placing a crooked bar in the middle of the upright arises from a belief the Russians had that Jesus was lame through having one leg shorter than the other. A wall protects the western side.

There are fanciful tales told about the building of St. Basil's, as there are of almost every celebrated building in the world. One of them is that Ivan called the architect to him, after the work was completed, and asked him if there was such

another church in existence. The man answered no! "Could there be another like it?" queried Ivan. "I alone know how to build such another!" replied the craftsman.

"Then put out his eyes that he may never build its like again elsewhere," ordered the Tsar.

He was to be blinded not for having produced a temple to God's glory, which resembles nothing so much as it does a gigantic bunch of carrots, onions, and Scottish thistles, but for having created an edifice which to the infatuated mind of Ivan was "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." The story is a pure fabrication. The church was erected by one hundred and fifty German craftsmen and artists sent for by the "Terrible," who worked upon Tartar plans, and who have left behind them a monument of grotesque and barbaric artistry to fatigue the brains of people like myself, who nearly succumbed to intellectual delirium-tremens through the intoxication induced by studying it. The total lack of symmetry of the whole building, its weird curves, impossible angles, and multifarious colour-designs, is really due to a preposterous architectural conception. Ivan, it appears, wanted eight churches erected in the Red Square—and one stone and seven wooden buildings were actually built. This did not please him, however, so his artists conceived the idea of building one church and "glueing" another eight on to it. St. Basil's is in reality, therefore, nine churches in one. When Napoleon was preparing his artillery for bombardment he ordered "that mosque" to be undermined and blown up because it interfered with the direct line of fire. The Cossacks arrived just in time to save it from



THE RED SQUARE.

destruction. The tower on the right hand of the picture was undergoing repairs during our visit, and the scaffolding poles partly obscured it. Napoleon the vandal would have totally destroyed it; the atheist Bolsheviki are carefully cherishing it and protecting it from the ravages of the weather. It is a historic marvel not to be lost without a pang of regret. When the November revolution was an accomplished fact in Petrograd, rumours came from Moscow of the Bolsheviki insurrection there, and Lunacharsky believing the church of St. Basil to have been demolished by the Communists' gun-fire, wept bitter tears and sent in his resignation to the Party. Once again, however, rumour was a lying jade, for St. Basil's was practically untouched.

There is one more interesting spot in the Red Square. A long strip of earth, fragrant with glory and hallowed with immortal memories. It lies in the shadow of the Kremlin's hoary walls, and the stunted lindens drop their leaves tenderly upon it. Beneath the sward above, which shrivels in the tropical heat of summer and droops 'neath the snows of winter, the heroic dead who fell in the Revolution are sleeping their eternal sleep. The "Brotherhood Grave," the holiest spot in Moscow. Beside them the citadel wall, whereon is hung the oriflamme they upheld, now blazoned with the story of their deed; below them the fantastic church of St. Basil's, and beyond them to the north the Iberian Madonna. Could a more romantic burial ground have been found! John Reed was in Moscow the eve before the funeral. Snow was thick upon the ground. Men were digging the two long

trenches, and John peeped down upon them over the piled-up earth. To-morrow five hundred proletarians were to be laid therein:—

“ ‘Here in this holy place,’ said a student, ‘holiest of all Russia, we shall bury our most holy. Here where are the tombs of the Tsars, our Tsar—the People shall sleep.’ His arm was in a sling, from a bullet wound gained in the fighting. He looked at it. ‘You foreigners look down on us Russians because so long we tolerated a medieval monarchy,’ said he. ‘But we saw that the Tsar was not the only tyrant in the world; Capitalism was worse, and in all the countries of the world Capitalism was Emperor. . . Russian revolutionary tactics are best.’ ”

I stood there one burning summer’s day with him whose privilege it was to enshrine in vivid prose the pregnant deeds of those who lay below. We both lifted our hats in silence. John was in happy mood that day. I was depressed. John was big and strong, hearty and boyish. I was ill, peevish, and pale. Life is full of mystery. In that thrice-blessed corner of Russia’s sacred city John Reed himself now sleeps in dreamless slumber. It is almost unbelievable.



CHAPTER XII.

The Citadel of Hope.

“Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise.”—Isaiah vx, 18.

LONDON has its Tower and Abbey, Rome its Capitol, Granada its Alhambra, Seville its Alcazar, and Moscow its Kremlin. “And the greatest of these”—is the Kremlin.

Come with me to the Kremlin, reader, and let the twentieth century take care of itself for a little while; leave the follies of this generation for a little hour and peep with me at the follies of those of former days. Follies as foolish, as wicked, as ineffectual as are our own, but which may claim a measure of extenuation in that they were the products of elemental impulse rather than the effects of a bastard culture. Come with me, then, and glimpse at the fantastic and ornate, the bewildering and sublime prospects of far-off years. We will saunter, you and I, through the streets of this tiny Bysantium, this sepulchre of despair, this necropolis of despotism, and if perchance we hear mad shrieks of pain and groans of hope abandoned, and sense the presence of human blood fresh-spilled—remember such things are but figments of the imagination conjured forth by memories which perception awakes. The heart may palpitate, the brain grow fevered, the blood turn cold and the hand clammy, but it may be that here and there the fragrance of some old time Eastern garden shall scent our nostrils, borne on such an atmosphere

as that with which the womanly wit or feminine cunning of Scheherazade bewitched her sultan. And from the clusters of iron and gold, of silver and precious stones, of paint and plaster, of jasper and agate and dead men's bones, we shall hear arise above the sound of passing souls and women's sighs and falling tear-drops, the trump of an inextinguishable renaissance. We shall walk on pathways paved with human skulls and tread the dust that once was human flesh, but a miracle of the ages shall be ours, for where others stretch both hands towards and gaze with eager eyes upon the past—we who walk the Kremlin's holy ground shall glimpse the future too.

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There are many "Kremlins" in Russia. The word is simply a Tartar word for fortress. Not one of them, however, is quite so wonderful as the Kremlin. It is triangular in shape and girdled by loopholed walls 60 feet in height, with ramparts and picturesque bastions of Russo-Italian design. These fifteenth century fortifications (for previous to this the walls of the Kremlin were of oak like the walls of the Athenian Acropolis) are breached by four magnificently towered gateways—the Troitsa, the Borovitsky, the Spasskoi, and the Nicholas.*

The most beautiful gateway of all is the glorious red and green Spasskoi Vorota or "Gate of the Saviour," which stands opposite St. Basil's

* Just within the latter is the spot where the Grand Duke Sergius was killed by the bomb on February 17, 1905.



THE GATE OF THE REDEEMER.

Church in the Red Square. This was the entrance chiefly used by the delegates, and upon the lofty tower of which is fixed the clock which chimes the "International" every hour. What a miracle is this to be sure. What an irony of fate. What a delicately tantalising piece of sarcasm. Perhaps you don't see it, reader. Let me tell you something about the Saviour Gate. To begin with, the Palladium of the Russian Empire hangs here—the "Redeemer of Smolensk," it is called, and, before the Revolution, something like ten thousand people used to visit it every twelve hours. It is only a picture, but pictures have mysterious meanings to the folk of Russia. No one, not even the Tsar, was ever permitted to pass this sacred picture without uncovering his head, for it "delivered" Russia from the Polish yoke in 1613 when it went before the victorious army of Pojarski. On the conqueror's return he entered by this gate, since when the "uncovering" law has been in force. It is miraculously invulnerable, of course, for Tartars have attempted to steal it, but every ladder they scaled broke down at the precise moment, until in fear and vexation they abandoned their nefarious designs. When the French had possession of Moscow they brought along a cannon to bombard it into bits, but the Lord sent invisible angels to damp their powder and so frustrate their dirty doings. Along came the Bolsheviks and—well, perhaps they think a thing so extraordinarily uncanny is better left alone. They haven't, therefore, interfered with it; instead, when the superstitious muzhiks come along to cross themselves before the "Saviour," the Bol-

sheviks wickedly make the big clock above them tinkle forth:

“No Saviours from on high deliver!”

—I wonder how many of them see the point.

Through this *porta sacra* we climb a cobbled incline and pass the Nunnery and the small Nickolai Palace. In front of us rises the enormous tower of Ivan the Great * with its deep-toned bell, at the foot of which the “Tsar Kolo-kol” with the great piece broken out of its side, is lying. This tremendous bell was cast in 1733 by the Empress Anne from metal which had been used previously for a similar purpose by Boris Godounov. Originally it weighed 135 tons, but when, after lying broken for one hundred years, Anne had it re-cast, she piously added something to it. It is now 19 feet high, 60 feet in circumference, and weighs 200 tons. The tongue is 18 feet long. The shed in which it was cast took fire, and the water thrown upon it to extinguish the flames cracked the over-heated bell and broke a huge piece from its side. Behind it the tower of Ivan the Great rises to a height of 318 feet. It is the grandest belfry in Russia, which is not saying much, and was erected in 1600 by Boris Godounov to commemorate the deliverance of the country from the great famine and to provide “relief work” for the famished people. Two of its bells weigh respectively 66 tons and 33 tons. Halfway up there is a balcony from which the Tsars from the time of Boris to Peter the Great made speeches to the multitude.

* Named after an Englishman John Villiers who built it. The word Villiers got corrupted into “vellky” (hence “Great John”).

Behind and beyond the belfry are the three Cathedrals of the Kremlin and the palace; while opposite, near the river, is the three-sided structure which once embraced the colossal statue of Alexander, but which the Bolsheviks have dethroned. The ceilings of the three-sided promenade are made of beautifully executed mosaics representing in effigy all the Tsars since Ivan's time.

The little river flows smoothly below the loop-holed walls, and the sun beats down upon the glorious golden-domed, white marble Church of the Redeemer, away beyond the bridge o'er which the stricken troops of Napoleon crossed on their retreat. In the distance the low Sparrow hills break the monotony of the flat-lands, and recall the anguish of the days when the Siberia-bound criminals and "politicals" were gathered upon them and formed up in marching order for the murderous march in chains.

The great open space between the wall and the belfry is weed-grown and ruinous-looking, but always has been I understand; the soldiers quartered in the barracks behind the palace use it as a recreation ground. The three cathedrals (1) The Assumption, (2) The Annunciation, (3) The Archangel Michael, are dreary and dilapidated looking in the extreme. Stucco and white-washed piles with only elaborate frescoes and faded paintings on the exterior to save them being little more than eyesores. But they teem with historical associations, and to view their half-tarnished gilt domes, golden crosses, and vividly coloured roofs from across the river on either a moonlight night or a sunny day is to

medieval Russia, and fancy creates out of every shadow a geni which startles the heart.

Where solitude reigns there reigns not always peace. The mind becomes more alert, and the pulse is quickened, as memory brings to life the famous and infamous dead. And a multitude of ghosts haunt the Kremlin. The Russian Nero, Ivan the Terrible, grins at one round every corner. His is a most intrusive ghost, an unwelcome, objectionable, nightmarish ghost. The corpse lies with the body of the son—the son whom the father slew—in the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael. An old song, a translation of which Professor Morfill gives, describes his funeral:—

“ At the Ouspenski Cathedral
Of Michael the Archangel
They beat upon the great bell—
They gave forth a sound over the whole damp mother
earth.
All the princes—the boyars—came together,
There was a new coffin made of cypress wood:
In the coffin lies the orthodox Tsar—
The orthodox Tsar— Ivan Vassilivitch the Terrible.
At his head lies the life-giving cross;
By the cross lies the imperial crown;
At his feet lies the terrible sword;
Everyone prays to the life-giving cross;
Everyone bows to the golden diadem;
Everyone looks with trembling at the terrible sword.
Around the coffin the wax lights burn;
Before the coffin stand all the priests and patriarchs.
They read and sing the farewell hymn,
They sing farewell to our orthodox Tsar—
Our terrible Tsar—Ivan Vassilivitch.”

They were evidently bent on securing his admission into paradise at all costs, but on reflection

one is surely justified in echoing the sentiments of Burns:

“If such as he in heaven may be,
Then welcome! hail! damnation.”

Yes! the “life-giving cross” at his head. At the ghastly head of the most horrible monster that ever disgraced the shape of man. The monster who once amused himself by roasting, drowning, and otherwise torturing 60,000 of the inhabitants of Novgorod over a period of three weeks. Who killed his cousin Vladimir for “fun,” and drowned his own mother Euphrosyne in the Cheksna. Who caused Seerkon, merely because he was rich, to be dragged from one side of a river to the other and back again until nearly dead and finished him off by having him torn to shreds in a bath of hot oil: Who repeatedly had Moscow citizens killed for his own amusement by either turning savage bears loose upon them or else by dressing them up in bear skins and causing his dogs to worry them to death. Who caused a woman to be placed astride of a rope naked, and drawn to and fro until she was sawn in twain. Sir Jerome Horsey was the English Ambassador at the court of this fiend and in his Diary which is in the British Museum, and has been edited for the Hakluyt Society, we have the invaluable testimony of one of our own countrymen:—

“Kaniaz Ivan Kuraken, being found drunk, as was pretended, in Weiden when besieged, being voievod thereof, was stripped naked, laid on a cart, whipped through the market with six whips of wire, which cut his back, belly and bowels to

death. Another, as I remember, Ivan Obrossimov, was hanged naked on a gibbet by the hair of his head; the skin and flesh of his body from top to toe cut off and minced with knives into small gobbets, by four palatsniks (chamberlains). The one, wearied with his long carving, thrust his knife in somewhat far the sooner to despatch him, and was presently had to another place of execution and that hand cut off; which, not being well seared, he died the next day.

“That was the valley compared to Ghenna or Tophet, where the faithless Egyptians did sacrifice their children to the hideous devils.

“Kniaz Boris Telupa was drawn upon a sharp stake, soaped to enter his body and out at his neck, upon which he languished in horrible pain for fifteen hours and spake unto his mother, the duchess, brought to behold that woeful sight. And she, a good matronly woman, given to one hundred gnauers who did her to death. Her body lying naked in the Place, Ivan commanded his huntsman to bring their hungry hounds and devour her flesh, and dragged her bones everywhere. The Tsar saying: ‘Such as I favour I have honoured, and such as be treytors will I have thus done unto.’”

It is alleged that he once compelled a courtier to nail a man’s hat to his head for not uncovering, and to the many horrors enumerated here must be added those mentioned in the last chapter and one, that was perhaps the crowning infamy of his life—the callous murder of his own child by his own hand. No doubt he is in the Christian heaven, for such deeds were per-

formed by David of old, and was not David "a man after God's own heart"? Near him lies the body, or what remains of it, of another son, Feodor, the last male of the house of Rurik; while yet another, the youngest child, Dmitry, is buried nearby.*

Dmitry was murdered, it is said, by creatures of the boyar Boris Godounov, who usurped the throne. Had he lived he would have succeeded Feodor the weakling, who was wedded to the sister of Boris. Thus the dynasty founded by Rurik came to an end, and in exactly the same manner as both Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties of France ended—by murder. Karamsin describes the murder with brutal realism:—

"On the fifteenth of May, a Saturday, at the sixth hour of the day, the Tsaritsa came back from church with her son, and was preparing for dinner. Her brothers were away from the palace, and the servants were occupied with their domestic duties. At that moment the governess Volokhoff called Dmitri to take him out for a walk in the court; the Tsaritsa wished to follow, but unfortunately her attention was called off, and she lingered. The nurse wished to prevent the Tsarevitch from going out, though from no reason which she could account for, but the governess drew him forcibly into the vestibule,

* "Within the Church of the Archangel, amidst the tombs of the Tsars, the one coffin glittering with jewels and gold is that of the young child Demetrius, whose death or martyrdom was lamented with an everlasting lamentation, as the cause of the convulsions which followed upon it."—Stanley, "Church and State."

and thence, upon the staircase, where they were met by Joseph Volokhoff, Daniel Bitiagofsky, and Katchatoff. The first of these, taking Dmitri by the hand, said, "Sire, you have a new collar on." The child, raising his head with an innocent smile, said, "No, it is an old one." At that moment the knife of the assassin struck him, but, whilst only slightly wounded in the throat, he slipped from the hands of Volokhoff. The nurse then raised piercing outcries, clasping her infant sovereign in her arms, Volokhoff took flight. But Daniel Bitiagofsky and Katchatoff snatched the Tsarevitch from his nurse, stabbed him, and threw him down the staircase, at the very moment when the Tsaritsa made her appearance, coming from the vestibule. The young martyr, of nine years old, already lay bleeding in the arms of his nurse, who had tried to defend him at the risk of her life. 'He palpitated like a dove,' and breathed his last without hearing the cries of his frantic mother."

Altogether there are between forty and fifty royal tombs in this one cathedral, some of them containing remains of princes who died before the building was erected and which were removed here by the "Terrible."

The Cathedral of the Assumption, with its frescoed walls and five golden domes, stands at the north-east end of the palace almost opposite to the building in which Lenin works. It contains the bones of many saints--St. Theognostos, who died in 1353 of the very "black death" which visited England; St. Jonah, who shook his bony hand at Napoleon when that invader looked at his mummy in the coffin to see if the body was

“uncorrupt”; Cyprian and Photius lie here as well. Many of the former patriarchs found their last long home beneath these domes. Hermogenes, Philaret, the founder of the house of Romanoff, and Philip, who, my readers will recollect, came from Solovetski. Philip is one of the few priests of Russia to whose memory I respectfully lift my hat. He was the one solitary martyr the Russian church has bred. He appears to have been, as far as men went in those days, a truly religious, gentle-hearted and fearless hero. He aspired to no greatness, countenanced no intrigue; and though he never protested against the secular authority of Ivan, yet he fearlessly denounced his enormities. “As the image of God I reverence thee,” he once said to the tyrant, “but as a man, thou art but dust and ashes.” He preached ceaselessly against the cruelties of the bloody Tsar, and questioned the virtue of offering up bloodless sacrifices to God, the while this beast was shedding Christian blood wholesale. Shade of Wycliffe, of John Ball, of Bruno, it wasn’t in the nature of things that this could continue for long. Ivan sent his bosom friend Maluta Skouratoff—the same who officiated at the massacres described in the last chapter—to Philip, to “ask his blessing” at the Tver monastery. Philip recognising the miscreant, calmly said: “Execute thy mission,” whereupon, says Mouravieff, “he was strangled in his cell.”

In this cathedral all the Tsars were crowned, and here Boris tore his coronation robe to signify that he would always be prepared to share his effects with the poor. Once upon a time one of

the nails which crucified Jesus, a seamless coat worn by him, and a piece of his mother's gown, were carefully enshrined as holy relics, in this church; and there is still a niche in the wall where Ivan peeped at the ceremony after he was excommunicated and daren't enter the building proper.

Adjoining the palace at the south-east corner, and almost dwarfed by it, is the small cathedral of the Annunciation. It has a great many golden domes. It contains the famous ikon called the "Virgin of the Don" which was carried at the Battle of Kulikova (1380) and at the battle in 1591 between Boris and the Crimean Khan. Marvellous indeed are the legends surrounding its supernatural powers. One of them is related by Kohl:—

"With the greatest goodwill in the world the French did not discover all the gold here. A rent was made with hammer and tongs in the frame of the Virgin of the Don, which is of pure gold, but they were smitten with blindness, and rejected it as copper."

These stories of the miraculous ikons, the authenticity of which is never for a moment doubted by the mass of the Russian people, give some idea of the appalling superstition in which they are submerged.

Before we enter the great Palace, reader, in the Vladimer Hall of which the delegates to the Congress of the Third Communist International are sitting, stand in the paved yard just between the Cathedrals of Annunciation and Assumption,

and you will see the "Red Staircase" or "Beautiful" staircase as it is sometimes called. It is the bloodiest gangway in universal history. In three flights it leads from near the little cathedral to the Vladimir Hall, but we do not make use of it, but enter by the main staircase facing the river.

The Red staircase has a truly gruesome history. As we approach the grand finale to the career of Ivan the Terrible in Karamsin's picturesque history, we read that Ivan came on to the Red staircase one evening in 1584 to watch a comet which had appeared in the sky, the tail of which "bore the form of a cross." After watching it for some time he turned to those who stood with him and said, "It is the warning of my death." Soon afterwards, we read, he was attacked by a severe malady and "his entrails began to putrify and his body swelled."

After the death of the pretender Boris Godounov and when another pretender, "false Dmitry," ascended the throne, a hideous crime was enacted at the house of Boris, on the persons of Feodor the young Tsar (and rightful successor to Boris) and upon his mother Marie, and his sister Xenie. Dmitry, who was a sheer impostor himself, determined to wipe the family of Boris completely out. The princes Galitsky and Masalsky with two functionaries, Moltchanoff and Scherefedinoff, and three soldiers went to the house of the late Tsar (which is still standing near the Red Square) on June 10th, 1605, where

the widow and two children were awaiting events.

“They snatched these tender children from the arms of the Tsaritsa, made them enter separate rooms, and bade the Streltsi do their work. These at once strangled the Tsaritsa Marie, but the young Feodor, endowed by nature with extraordinary strength, contended for a long time with the four assassins, who with difficulty succeeded in suffocating him at last.* Xenie was more fortunate than her brother and mother: they left her her life. The usurper had heard of her charms; he ordered Prince Massalsky to remove her to his house. It was announced in Moscow that Marie and her son had poisoned themselves. But their bodies, exposed to insult and outrage, bore certain evidence of their violent death.”—Karamsin.

This exposure to outrage and insult of the people took place upon the Red Staircase. Meanwhile the little Xenia was incarcerated, and as yet unacquainted with the form her fate was to take. An old Russian song brought from Russia in the 17th century by an English clergyman called Richard James gives a vivid picture of the little Tsarevna’s melancholia at this period:

“The little bird laments,
The little white quail,
Oh! how must I weep, young as I am—

* “The young Tsar and his unhappy mother were smothered by murderers like those who had been employed to make away with Dmitry, for the Lord sometimes visits the sins of the fathers upon the children.”—Mouravieff.

They are going to destroy the vigorous oak,
 To destroy my little nest,
 To kill my little fledgelings,
 And to capture me, the quail.
 The Tsarevna weeps in Moscow,
 Alas! I, the youthful, must mourn
 Because the traitor is coming to Moscow,
 Who wishes to take me prisoner,
 And having imprisoned me, to make me a nun,
 And to put me among those who wear black robes;

Thus the Tsarevna weeps in Moscow,
 The daughter of Boris Godounov—
 O God, merciful Saviour,
 It is for the sins of my father,
 For my mother's lack of prayer."

The ambitious and unhappy Boris, who, to give him his due, was morally, intellectually, and humanely superior to any Tsar which preceded him, and most certainly superior to any which have filled the throne since he died, was devoted to his wife and children, but this horrible fate was his only heritage to them. However, the day came when the murderer—the false Dmitry—whose real name was Gregory Otrepieff* was overthrown himself. The Tsaritsa Marpha, who had been forced to swear that he was her son, now exposed him. The crowd shot him and then hacked him to pieces on the Red Staircase, hurling the mangled corpse down the steps on to the body of Basmanoff, his friend, with the

*"Thou hast sent us, O God, the deceiver,
 The wicked, unfrocked priest Grishka Otrepiev,
 He called himself the lawful Tsar,
 The Tsar Dmitri Ivanovitch of Uglich."

cry, "You were friends in this world, be equally inseparable in hell."

In the year 1682, after the death of Feodor Alexievitch, another horror occurred on this staircase. The right to the throne was claimed by two factions—representatives of the two wives of the Emperor Alexis, Maria Miloslavski (mother of Feodor) and Natalia Nariskyn (mother of Peter the Great). After a great deal of intrigue and barefaced lying, the soldiery accompanied by a huge multitude stormed the Kremlin. Natalia came out to the staircase with her two children, Ivan and Peter, but the Prince Dolgorouki spoilt the dramatic effect and turned it into tragedy by abusing the soldiery (*streltsi*) from a window. The infuriated soldiers rushed into the palace, and catching the prince they dragged him out and threw him down the staircase on to the spears of their companions below.

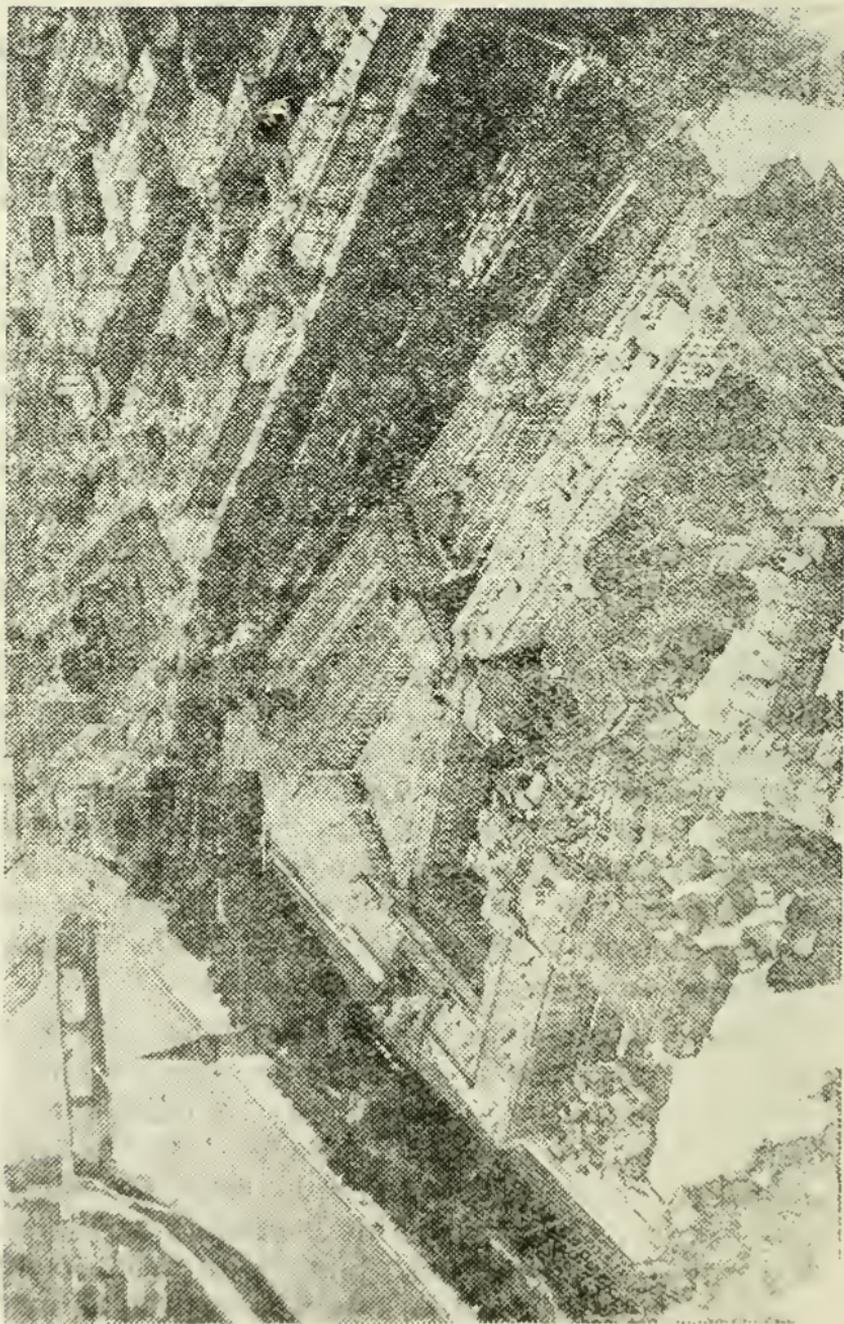
The first time I visited the Red Staircase I stood at the foot pondering—"wool-gathering" some people call it—when I heard sharp foot-falls, and a crisp voice said: "Do you know this place, do you know it?" I turned round and faced—Vladimir Ilytch Oulianoff. Together we walked past the little cathedral, turned the corner and entered the place. Lenin—to use his more familiarly-known name—talked of the war with Poland and the threatened entry of Great Britain into the fighting arena. (Great Britain had been the inspirer of it and the sleeping partner of treacherous Poland since the beginning of it.) On this particular day, which, strange to say, was August 4th, the anniversary of the

first day of the great war and Shelley's birthday, there was every prospect of war being declared on Russia by Britain. The Red Army was within fifty miles of Warsaw; Germany was proclaiming strict neutrality, and forbidding the Poles to seek refuge across her frontiers; France was preparing a number of divisions to join the British Expeditionary Force to Poland; and all sorts of international complications were arising. I paid keen and particular attention to the Chairman of the Council of People's Commisars as I walked along, but there appeared no black clouds on the brow, no forehead was knit with heavy thought, no lines of responsibility or fear of impending danger disturbed the placid peasant face. He chuckled, laughed, and hinted that I might be able to journey home via Paris in a short time; trotted light of foot up the staircase, and on reaching the Hall began to hum a tune. I am perfectly sure there was not a man or woman in all that gathering of international delegates that did not love Lenin. In spite of the heavy pressure of work which he, in common with everyone, had to face at that trying time, he always had a cheery word, a happy smile, and patient ear to lend to all. He was highly pleased at Gallacher's performance on the platform, and laughed at his vehemence; for when Gallacher was not vehement in Russia he was over-vehement. But it was a joyous laugh, for in spite of the philosophy of the "Infantile Sickness of Leftism," Lenin much prefers an over-zealous character to one which is never quite certain as to what constitutes "right" and what "left," and there were plenty of specimens

of this latter type at the Congress. I was fortunate enough to hear Lenin make three long speeches, in German and French. He does not orate, he speaks with perfect articulation, very few gestures and most of them facial, and emphasises his ironical points with a metallic but not displeasing laugh

He apologised to me for not being able "to speak the English language very well," yet every word he uttered in English was beautifully articulated, much better so, for instance, than Balabanoff seemed capable of, though nothing like so fluently. I had many conversations with him at the palace, and paid one visit to his office. A visit to the office is a purely formal affair. It is not so much Comrade Lenin you go to see as the "Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, of the Russian Socialist Federation of Soviet Republics." Consequently one has to negotiate several corridors, rooms, and inquisitors before access to Lenin is obtained, even though one has just left him five minutes previously at the entrance. I mention this in order to remove the false impression likely to be gathered from a perusal of H. G. Wells' chapter on Lenin in "Russia in the Shadows."

Armed sentinels stand at the door, and it is utterly impossible to reach Lenin unless he himself has made the appointment. Usually two or three healthily mucky children are playing chuckle-stones on the doorstep, with the sentry looking on. Apart from this necessary safeguard to protect an extremely busy man from being intruded upon too often, Lenin is as free as anyone else. He frequently goes out of the Spasskoi



THE KREMLIN (FROM THE AIR).

Gate, walks briskly right around the Red Square and returns to his work. Out of his office he is just Comrade Lenin, the kindly soul we all found him, without a scrap of self-superiority or "stand-offishness," which, to all appearances, is a very pronounced failing of the British puppet-maker who visited Lenin, on his own confession, out of "mere curiosity," and who details a worthless conversation he held with the little "dreamer," who "shuts one eye" and has "short legs." Mr Wells approaches Lenin with the patronising air of a superior person who imagines his august presence will convert the acknowledged leader of the World Revolution into a popular lecturer on Sovietism. But a fiasco is the result. To the queries, "What are you doing and what are you going to do?" Lenin puts the counter question—"We have done it, but when are you going to do it?"—and Mr Wells is too conceited to recognise the snub.

Accordingly, Marxism, which he "abhors," and which, to use his own words, he "is frightfully ignorant of," comes in for some severe man-handling at the hands of this middle-class "writer of Jules Verne stories," as Harry Quelch described him years ago.

But neither Marxian philosophy nor economics are abhorred, mind you, because of any fallacies they contain. No! the hostility to the old "bore" Marx on the part of Mr Wells is due solely to irritation excited by the overplus of whiskers worn by him:—

"In Russia I must confess my passive objection (due to self-confessed ignorance. J. S. C.) to Marx has changed to a very active hostility.

Wherever we went we encountered busts, statues, and portraits of Marx. About two-thirds of the face of Marx is a beard that must have made all normal exercise impossible. It is not the sort of beard that happens to a man; it is a beard cultivated, cherished, and thrust patriarchally upon the world. . . . A gnawing desire grew upon me to see Karl Marx shaved. Some day if I am spared I will take up shears and a razor against "Das Kapital"; I will write "The Shaving of Karl Marx."

What a terrifying threat! It would be a much more intelligent occupation to take up the spectacles and read Karl Marx, of course; but to a man capable of penning the above puerility the theories and facts of Marxism would be equally unpalatable, even had their discoverer been the present writer, who is not only destitute of facial hair, but possess damned little on his head.

As for shaving the philosophy of Marx, far cleverer thinkers—though Wells is more of a philanderer than a thinker—than H. G. Wells have tried it. Such illustrious economist-tensorialists, for example, as Boehm-Bawerk, Nicholson, and Seligman, besides scores of smaller fry, and they didn't assist the Autocrat of all the Russias very materially, did they? And a new Marx-slayer arises in each generation to slaughter a corpse already slain over and over again by his predecessors, but after the "death" there is no "rigor mortis," no wake, and each little killer scratches his head like the alleged Irishman and mutters, "He doesn't seem as dead as I thought he was, and I knew he wouldn't be!"

CHAPTER XIV.

“When Arms Are Fair.”

“The arms are fair when the intent of bearing them is just.”—Shakespeare.

“Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”
—Shakespeare.

ONE of the humours of the capitalist propaganda, if people could only see it, is the confident manner in which the glass-house propagandists throw stones at their opponents. Our Coalition hack-writers and some of our “most eminent” authors and artists, in this regard, meet on common ground. The British pharisee is, without exception, the most sanctimonious humbug on earth. The Russian’s word is not his bond. He does not keep faith. He repudiates his contracts. These malpractices are entirely alien to the British character. But we haven’t hanged the Kaiser yet, and it has recently been disclosed that our statesmen never had any intention to hang him. We haven’t given Ireland, as a small nation, that self-determination we fought the war to preserve. Instead, we hush up the damning report of the atrocities perpetrated by the hired thugs called “Black-and-Tans,” and issue blue papers on the atrocities committed or alleged to have been

committed by the Soviet Extraordinary Commission. Our writers seldom mention Trotsky's name without prefixing "the one-time pacifist" to it as a sneer, yet the leader of the Allies' armies against the Germans, and the leader of the German armies against the Allies, if our priests and clergymen can be relied on, was the one-time pacifist Jesus Christ.

Pacifism is something that depends on time, place, and motive. Under certain circumstances everyone is pacifist. Under others most ordinary people with healthy minds will be bellicose. There was one celebrated occasion when even Jesus acted in a decidedly pugnacious manner—when he scourged the money-changers and kicked their tables over. A great deal depends on what one has to fight for, and under capitalism, where hatred of an enemy is admittedly "organised," where the basest lying is indulged in, and most sordid subterfuges are resorted to in order to inveigle men who have no quarrel into fighting each other for someone else's benefit, pacifism is the correct attitude. This was the pacifism of Trotsky and of all genuine Communists during the Great War.

Moreover, we are all pacifists in the sense that we thoroughly believe that warfare, the systematic and calculated slaughter of human beings, is a wicked way of settling disputes. It is one of the reasons, in fact, of our being Communists. We desire a system, an international system, of Communal ownership of property, wherein profit-making, surplus-producing, labour-exploitation, which are the economic bases of most wars, will be totally extinguished. We fully re-

cognise, however, with Hosea Biglow that under past conditions—

"Civilisation has got forr'd
Sometimes upon a powder-cart,"

and that the "powder-cart" will be a very necessary institution during the transition from the old system to the one we are anxious to bring to birth. During that transition, a period through which Russia is now passing, our pacifism is shelved for active militancy. Such is the period of the dictatorship exercised by the new class which is "getting forr'd." It amounts to this. A gang of burglars have been forcibly occupying your house for many years. They have ate your best food, worn your best clothes, slept in your best beds, and monopolised your leisure time for their own entertainment. They have never moved a finger to produce anything, to clean up, or to share your own good things with you. They have watched your children starve, grow bloodless, and die for lack of nourishment in sight of a table which groaned with the good things of life and which you produced. They quarrelled among themselves over the loot, and persuaded you and yours to fight for them instead of fighting for themselves. All this they were able to do because they lied to you, debauched your mind, and threatened you with firearms if you raised a protest.

Suppose you awoke rather suddenly, and, during one of their periodical quarrels, snatched at a firearm and refused any longer to act the host to a crowd of parasites. Suppose further you insisted on them doing their share of the wealth-

production and on receiving no more than an equitable share of the product, and suppose again that they were as equally determined to continue their vicious practice of living on you as you were determined to end it—what would you, a peaceful, inoffensive mortal do? In the name and for the sake of every ethic that ever came on earth you would have to fire. You would have to kill. You would have to terrorise this gang of bandits into accepting a higher morality even if it necessitated wiping half of them out of existence. Such in concrete form is "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" and why the mighty Red Army of Soviet Russia obeys the commands of the "one-time pacifist" Trotsky. Russia has been clearing the aristocratic, plutocratic, and alien parasitic brigands out of her house, and doing it many instances with their own firearms.

But the Army! The Red Army! Is it not militarism as naked and unashamed as the militarism of the brigands? No, reader, it is not. I have already in a previous chapter pointed out the essential difference. Let me relate an episode which will accentuate the point.

With nothing particular to do one Sunday morning, a small company of us left the hotel, walked through Kitaigorod, crossed the Moskva, and visited the Tretyakovsky Art Gallery, which stands in a narrow grass-grown and ancient-looking street. It is as spick and span in appearance as any gallery in this country, and the glorious collection is as intact and well-cared for as ever it was. Room after room is filled from floor to ceiling with the creations of Russia's

master artists, with many of the works of the great foreigners hanging conspicuously in places of honour. Oil paintings and water-colours, etchings and engravings, chalk and pencil drawings, wood carvings and marble and bronze statuary are there in abundance. A great many of the pictures serve useful propaganda purposes. Here is an enormous canvas depicting Peter the Great's massacre of the Streltsi outside of St. Basil's. Here is one that literally curdles the blood in one's veins. It is an incident in the life of Ivan the Terrible. The Tsar is kneeling upon a gorgeous Persian rug holding in his arms a dying young man; the iron-pointed staff which the Tsar always walked with is lying on the floor beside him. The face of the Tsar is haggard and colourless; the lower jaw with its fringe of beard has dropped, showing the pallid lips which appear to move; the eyes are bloodshot and protrude from the sockets, and a glare of fear and rage flashes from them as from the eyes of a wild beast. The face of the young man is hideous! frightful!! horrible!!! The portrayal of pain is ghastly; the pallor is accentuated, the eyes are closed, and across the left temple there is a rugged crack through which a stream of rich red blood trickles down the cheek further intensifying the death pallor of the face. The delicate hands hang limply down to the rug upon which a pool of crimson is forming from the young man's ebbling life stream. The background is dark.

One shudders but is held fascinated by the almost living figure of Ivan, whose remorse for the murder of his beloved child tempers the

savagery of those glaring eyeballs. One sees the escape of a human soul, and the soul of a human chained in the body of a jungle beast. The human part of the monstrous Tsar peeps pathetically from the bloodshot eyes, as, one might imagine, the soul of Jekyll sometimes wistfully peered from the orbits of Mr. Hyde. The lips tremble, one can almost see them tremble, as they mutter an incoherent prayer for forgiveness, as the terror-stricken father clutches his dying child. The atmosphere is maddening in its intensity; one wants to shut one's eyes and scream, but cannot. Those fearful eyes! They pierce the brain and linger there for days.

That iron-tipped staff! Look at this canvas! Ivan stands on the Red Staircase of the Palace. A courier has arrived and stands before him with a dispatch. The courier is reading; Ivan, surrounded by his suite and guard, is listening with apparent interest. The courier's face is perfectly placid, but the corners of the mouth are drawn and the lips are thin. There is more than interest depicted on Ivan's face; there is a malevolent glint in those sinister eyes. One wonders why the artist has laboured to produce so ordinary a scene, and with such indefatigable pains to ensure fidelity to detail. Every tassel and button, seal and ribbon, and every ornament of apparel is perfectly executed. Why the malicious look of glee in Ivan's eyes? Why the stiff lips of the courier? Look closely, reader, and you will observe something to chill your spine. That iron-pointed staff. Ivan leans his heavy body upon it. The point of it has "accidentally" pierced the boot of the courier and is



SALCO AND IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

pinning his foot to the ground. Ivan pretends that he is unaware of the fact. The courier is reading as though nothing were disturbing him—erect, enduring the excruciating pain, too proud to wince. It is a wonderful but gruesome picture.

I am privileged to give my readers a black and white reproduction of one of the numerous paintings which illustrate incidents in the amazing life of that amazing madman. Ivan with his inseparable staff is standing at the entrance of a dismal cavern. Before him an unkempt hermit garbed in rags and hideously dirty is holding out a handful of flesh. After a great deal of worry and trouble I succeeded in running the story, which the picture expresses, to earth. After the enormities which the mad Tsar inflicted at Novgorod, mentioned in a previous chapter, the inhabitants of Pskof heard that Ivan was approaching their city to inflict like enormities upon them. A great fear seized the poor creatures, and much time was spent in prayer and lamentation. Now at the very gate of Pskof was the cave of a hermit called Salco, another Basil, but with a somewhat grim sense of humour combined with daring irony which was destined to save Pskof from an appalling massacre.

Ivan, being devoutly pious, was superstitiously afraid of hermits, and when he arrived at Pskof presented a gift to the hermit Salco. Salco returned the salute of his monarch, and in return for the gift grimly offered him a fistful of raw and bloody meat. It was in Lent, and Ivan recoiled with horror at the sight of the flesh, say-

ing, “Why givest thou me meat? Thou knowest I am a religious man. Would'st thou have me break the law of Christ's Church?”

“Evasko! Evasko!” (Jack! Jack!) replied the ironical Salco, “dost thou think it unlawful to eat a piece of beast's flesh in Lent and yet lawful to devour the flesh of thine own kind as thou hast been doing of late?”

Then, pointing to the sky, Salco threatened in the name of God that if one child was injured at Pskof the entire army of Ivan, including its Tsar, would be destroyed. Ivan, trembling at the audacious words of the hermit, abandoned his designs and withdrew from the city without harming a soul.

There are many paintings of prison life, and of the raids, arrests, and farewells of the revolutionaries of the past. The little dungeons, the Siberian boundaries, the “etapes” and the dying convicts are all here, and all have their propaganda uses.

The appalling misery of proletarian and peasant life is contrasted with the affluence, gaiety, and prodigality of the upper classes. There are hawking parties setting forth elaborately arrayed on sleek horses; banquet scenes, and palace interiors at festive seasons. And there are paintings of the great frozen Siberian “trackt” with litters upon which the exhausted are dying; prisoners breaking their meagre ration of black bread impatient to devour it; prisoners drawing themselves up to the barred window six inches square to catch one glimpse of the sweet sunshine; prisoners recumbent, with

hope abandoned, despair freezing the heart, and tears falling upon the paved floor.

There are effigies of all the Tsars, and a half-dozen or more of Leo Tolstoi alone.

There are huge canvasses executed by the greatest of all modern Russian painters Verestchagin. They convey the one message—the utter rottenness of war. Battlefields are depicted in all their ghastliness and shame. Battles are painted with every horror that accompanies them. The desolateness and misery of military bivouacs and camping-grounds are faithfully reproduced. “The Spoils of War” is but a huge pyramid of human skulls upon which a number of carrion crows are perched pecking whatever morsels of decayed flesh remain. Had I been an artist myself, a great artist, there is one painting I would have liked to execute. It would represent the scene I witnessed in this very hall where the Verestchagin pictures are hung.

Let me describe the subject, reader, then marvel at the depth, the profundity, and the honour of the Russian Communist spirit. We stood in the great gallery devoted to the artistic creations of Verestchagin, the greatest anti-militarist genius of last century, if not of all time. It is divided into three chambers by means of permanent partitions. A bronze bust of the great painter occupies a pedestal near the main wall. Opposite the large windows hang his tremendous canvasses, his protesting works of art, where the light may give them every advantage. In front of them in each of the three chambers stands a group of soldiers, men of the

Red Army of Soviet Russia. They are without officers and number, perhaps about fifty all told.

They stare with lively and intelligent interest at the anti-war paintings in all their horror, while an art instructor (there were two men and one woman instructors) delivers to them a graphic lecture upon the message the picture is intended to convey, together with details concerning its achievement. Each instructor is an enthusiast, for enthusiasm is writ on the brow and the voice vibrates with it. He points with delicate finger to the wealth of detail or lack of it, he explains atmosphere, movement, suggestion, perspective, and every fine point of consummate artistry. Then he takes the ensemble, and his gestures, facial and bodily, change, his voice alters, his eyes flash, the pink leaps to his cheek, he becomes twice as animated and twice as vehement, and his audience of Red soldiers is moved to the quick as the orator points out to it the savagery and futility of war.

That is the difference between the Russian Communist “militarism” and the class-made, war-glorifying, hatred-organising, truth-distorting, murder-sanctifying brigandage of Imperialist militarism. The latter teaches with calculating cunning that war is a noble calling and “brings out the best in human nature.” In Russia they teach abhorrence of war, that it is cruel, bloody, vicarious and futile, and brings out the worst in human nature. Imperialism deliberately propagates its false doctrines, and elevates the ignoble trade of murder into the “noble profession” of warfare, because its whole existence is based upon mean and sordid theft,

graft, spoilation, and slavery. Its protagonists dare not tell the truth; they must lie and equivocate or their rule would not last a week. Communism does not lie to its people, to its soldiers. Communism teaches its soldiers how to use the weapons of Imperialist militarism, teaches them militarist tactics and discipline in order that they may the more successfully resist their would-be enslavers and preserve their freedom intact. And because the soldier of Communism knows the truth about the causes of war he fights the better. His determination is that no servile army of Imperialist "hired assassins" shall ever succeed in imposing their system of banditry upon him and his fellows if fighting will prevent it and his strength, to use Tennyson's expression, "is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." The world has witnessed the coming of a military phenomenon in less than three short years. That amazing army, the creation of the "one-time pacifist," has beaten invader after invader to pulp. Every army sent against it has gone forth a "conquering host" and returned a starving, ragged rabble. Churchill of the far north, Koltchak of the far east, Dennikin of the south, Judenitch of the north-east, Wrangel of the Crimea, Balakovich and the Poles—one and all have danced their dance macabre to the music of the International. Is not that a sufficient justification for having trained men in an art which they are studiously taught to abhor?

CHAPTER XV.

A Minstrelsy of Sorrow.

“ We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought.

—Shelley.

A DELEGATION composed of members of the more important Trade Unions of Russia foregathered in the smoke-room of the Vladimir Hall, and requested the presence of the British Shop Stewards. John Reed, the inseparable companion of the Britishers, accompanied us there, and a long discussion ensued on industrial organisation. One result of it was that I was told to prepare to leave Moscow within thirty hours.

I left the Congress immediately, to take one farewell tour of the Moscow I had grown to love—the Kremlin and the Kitaigorod—the Moscow of poetry and romance. Lingeringly I gazed at the sturdy walls, and hesitantly I strolled through every familiar highway and narrow wynd. For a few brief hours I rioted again in the intoxication of fancy, conjuring up scenes of ages past and gone. I stared over the escarpment upon the steep and narrow streets leading down to the gentle Moskva, and wondered if one of those old houses sheltered my fortunate namesake who dwelt in Miscow when the

Mongols burnt it in 1571. Thus the quaint Hakluyt:

“The Mosco is burnt euery sticke by the crimme of 24, day of May last, and an innumerable number of people: and in the English house was smothered Thomas Southam, Tosild, Wauerley Greene’s wife and children, two children of Rafe, and more to the number of 25 persons were stifeled in oure Beere-seller. And yet in the same seller . . . was John Clark preserved, which was wonderful.”

The ubiquity of the Clarkes and Clarks in romantic history is very striking. A Clarke was hanged, drawn, and quartered for participation in the “Pilgrimage of Grace” in Henry Eighth’s time; Robert Kett’s lieutenant on Mousehold Heath during the Norfolk Rising was John Clarke; Richard Carlile’s publishing partner, who suffered imprisonment with him during the press struggle, was William Clarke; a Clarke has taken a prominent place in every Irish rebellion since 1798 from Rory Clarke of Arklow fame to Tom Clarke, executed with Pearse and Connolly in 1916, and a namesake of the latter is living with us yet, an untiring rebel whose life has been spent in the service of the working class, and who suffered deportation at the very time of the other’s execution. From the orthodox point of view we have been a thoroughly bad lot, but it may be, nevertheless, that the world is better for the Clarkes having lived—and died—in it.

Down on the sun-kissed river I saw the merry ripples caused by happy girls and boys, who plunged into it mother-naked and unashamed. Some of them were re-attiring themselves

beneath the shelter of the bridge's buttressed arch. Two bridges span the Moskva at this point, one on either side of the Kremlin, and one of them, I know not which, would have this tale to unfold could it but speak. One of the Tartar princes in 1484 was seized with a violent complaint, and a German surgeon was called upon to treat him at Court. An old Moscow Chronicle relates what happened in these words: "A German physician, Anthony, came to the Grand Duke; the Grand Duke treated him with much honour. He practised upon Prince Karakach, the son of Daniel, but with such results that he killed him by giving him a mess of deadly herbs. Whereupon the Grand Duke gave him up to the son of Karakach. He put him to the torture and wished to let him go, on payment of a ransom. This the Grand Duke would not permit . . . so they took him to the river Moskva under the bridge, and cut him to little pieces with a knife like a sheep."

If this sort of thing happened to-day at every medico's failure, I wonder what the average life of a doctor would be !

My wanderings led me through the Red Square past the Iberian Madonna, round by the Opera House and back through the Kremlin Moat, now a small park. To describe all these things, and many more, such as the old Romanoff house, would delight me but might not be of interest to the reader, so I refrain. It was a very fagged and very hungry dreamer that crawled back to the "Delavaye Dvor" that evening.

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The delegation of Russian industrial unionists,

which I have previously referred to, was preparing to leave Moscow with the intention of visiting, if at all possible, Norway, Britain, Germany, France, and, if not too belated, Italy. The delegates were drawn from the Unions of Metal Workers, Railwaymen, Textile Workers, Warehousemen and Clerks (Employees' Union), and Miners. Losovsky was literary head; Sergieff, President; and Anzelovitch, Secretary of the expedition, which also included Joe Fineberg, who, with the exception of the first few and last few years of his life, had always resided in England.

A Britisher and a Norwegian were required to accompany the delegates, to act in an editorial capacity and to "prepare the way" by entering their respective countries first and securing legal permission for the delegation to enter. Olaf Schefflo, editor of "Social Demokraten," Christiania, and myself were selected for this purpose, which necessitated us leaving Moscow for Petersburg the day previous to the closing of the Congress. We would have left even three days before, as a matter of fact, had not war been declared against Russia by Britain. This delayed us somewhat, and might indeed have necessitated the complete abandonment of the mission, had it not been for the keen foresight of Radek. I had some talk with him in company with Lenin, and suggested that if the Blockade was to be made more stringent, it might be advisable for the delegation to get out of Russia into Norway at once, as Britain might not think it of great moment to take immediate drastic measures in the Arctic. After some discussion

of the situation with the Executive, it was agreed that we leave Moscow at once and get to Murmansk as quickly as the state of the railroad organisation would permit, and from thence go to Norway and remain there pending negotiations. We hurried off that very night.

There was a deal of hustling during the day, and we whirled from one Government department to another, collecting documents and food stuffs and filling the automobile with such in higgledy-piggledy confusion. The bad state of the streets jolted the car in a terrifying manner, and obliged me, in one instance, to flop plumply down upon a delightfully soft cushion consisting of about four pounds of pure butter. For the remainder of the journey I was a somewhat slippery customer. By six o'clock everything necessary for our exit from the Capital had been accomplished, and I sat in the car outside of the hotel waiting for Fineberg to bring down his luggage, when I was joined by John Reed. He handed me some letters to post in Norway, and expressed grave concern about his wife. She was en route for Russia, he believed, and might be in England. He appeared to be very agitated and worried, and gnawed at his finger nails, but little did I think that soon he was to leave his beloved Republic for the greater Republic of the dead. I took two photographs of him standing at the street corner, one for his wife and one for myself; mine is very lifelike, but I hear that the negative I gave to Mrs. Reed, whom I met in Norway, was spoilt.

To return to the delegation. The members—all members of the Communist Party—were

anxious to meet bodies representing both official and unofficial trade and industrial organisations throughout Europe, for the purpose of studying first-hand the foreign methods of combination and organisation, and with a view to extending the influence of the newly-born Red International of Trade and Industrial Unions, formed to oppose the opportunistic leaders and defeat the reactionary, apathetic policy of the Amsterdam International. The re-creation of the Industrial International is the first step towards the re-constitution of the various Trade Unions and Industrial alliances upon strictly revolutionary lines. Such a step is as necessary to industrial solidarity for fighting purposes as the creation of the Third International was as a rallying centre of the revolutionary political parties. The first Manifesto to the Labour Unions of the world was drawn up on August 1, 1920, in Moscow, and a copy given to me by Losovsky, who requested me not to publish it until the machinery was fully ready for the smooth working of the organisation. That machinery is now in complete working order. The Red International is a vigorous infant making its cries resound through every country in the world, and destined to become the International Jack which will slaughter the International Giant, Capitalism. The Manifesto reads:

To the Trade Unions of All Countries.

Comrades,—The growth of the Trade Union movement of all countries, caused as a result of the incredible disaster imposed upon the international proletariat by the war, raises the question of establishing an international

general staff of Trade Unions. The very facts of the class struggle show that outside of the international struggle there is no salvation. Class stands against class as never before. All the strength of the international bourgeoisie, all its means and resources, are accumulated in one international class organisation. The bourgeoisie has its general staff in the League of Nations, and has in its possession the whole of the colossal apparatus of the modern capitalist state, so that at the first social danger it may throw in the whole of its strength and resources. The degree of class consciousness and organisation which international capitalists have attained can be seen from the events in Soviet Russia. Soviet Hungary was crushed by the triumph of the exploiters of all countries, and if Soviet Russia has up till now not been crushed, it is not the fault of international capital, but its misfortune. But the bourgeoisie is strong not merely because of its class consciousness, organisation, and complete understanding of the unfolding international struggle; it is still stronger as a result of the lack of class experience of the masses, and above all because it RELIES UPON THE WORKERS' ORGANISATIONS IN ITS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE WORKERS. THIS IS STRANGE BUT TRUE.

What indeed have the Trade Unions of the large and small countries done during the years of the war? How did they carry out the traditions of international class solidarity and proletarian fraternity? The Trade Unions in the large majority of cases were the main supporters of the military policy of their governments; they co-operated with the bourgeois nationalist scum of their countries, and roused the lowest chauvinist instincts among the workers. If the war was prolonged for such a long period, if we miss millions of our brothers from our ranks, if Europe has been converted into an enormous graveyard and the masses driven to desperation, then a large share of the blame falls upon those leaders of the Labour movement who betrayed the masses, and instead of hurling forth the battle-cry, "Proletarians of all countries unite," they shouted: "Proletarians of all countries, murder and strangle each other."

And so the very people who, during the course of many

years, were the servants of their governments, and who employed their energy for the mutual extermination of the peoples, these people have commenced to reconstruct the Trade Union International which they destroyed by their treachery. The experienced fighters for the interests of the bourgeoisie, Messrs. Legien, Oderquest, Jehaux, Appleton, Gompers, and others gathered in Berne and Amsterdam; and after long nationalist quarrels and chauvinistic accusation, set up an International Federation of Trade Unions. What is the basis of this Federation? What is its programme? How does this international organisation regard the epoch of acute social conflicts through which we are living? How does it propose to extricate humanity out of the cul-de-sac into which it has been led by the imperialist bourgeoisie? We can find the answers to these questions in the fact that the inspirers and leaders of this Federation of Trade Unions in Amsterdam are at the same time the most active participators in the notorious Labour Bureau of the piratical League of Nations, which is composed of representatives of organised employers, Trade Unions, and neutral bourgeois governments. As is known, the chief function of this bureau is to continue and strengthen the co-operation of classes which lies at the basis of the imperialist countries for the further exploitation of the workers by international capital.

From this it is perfectly clear that the Amsterdam Federation is simply a screen to conceal the "yellow" leaders of the Trade Union movement, who, having definitely gone over to the side of the imperialists, now as during the war, strive to use the organised power of the workers' unions in the interest of capitalist society. The natural results of such an unnatural union of interests of two completely opposite classes, is the complete fruitlessness and inability of both, the Amsterdam Federation and the Paris Labour Bureau of the League of Nations, to the slightest degree to defend the interests of the working class, because these organisations defend the interests of the bourgeoisie.

A striking example of this fruitlessness is the relation of the International Federation to Soviet Hungary and Soviet Russia. It allowed the first to be crushed without

the slightest protest; and if now they make weak attempts by organising a boycott to bring Horthy (whose policy of White terror unceremoniously compromises the whole idea of class co-operation) to his senses, then it is done only in order to enter into compromises with this very execution. The attitude of the Amsterdam Federation is exactly the same, and up till now it has not even attempted definitely and resolutely to express itself against intervention in Russia, although it knows perfectly well that such indefiniteness is especially important and desirable for the Entente.

This conduct of the Amsterdam Federation is the logical outcome of its policy and the composition of its national sections. An organisation composed of social patriots and betrayers of the interests of the workers of various countries cannot create anything else but an international union of deceit and treachery.

The Trade Union movement of the world together cannot satisfy itself simply by asserting this fact. The social struggle is becoming more acute. Civil war has long ago broken through national frontiers. In this bitter struggle of two hostile worlds of two systems, the revolutionary-class unions take their place, and can do nothing else but take their place side by side with the Communist Parties of the various countries. It is self-evident that the Amsterdam Federation of Trade Unions playing this subordinate role to the League of Nations, cannot serve as the guiding centre of the revolutionary-class Trade Union movement. It is necessary to set up such a centre, such a general staff, as a counter-balance to and in spite of the Amsterdam centre. This centre was formed on the 15th July in Moscow by the Trade Unions of Russia, Italy, Spain, Jugo-Slavia, Bulgaria, France and Georgia under the title of "The International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions." The new general staff already uniting nearly eight million members, commences its activity by appealing to the Unions of all the world to break away from those who are conducting the criminal policy of compromise with the bourgeoisie, and to stand under the banner of a ruthless class war for the emancipation of oppressed humanity.

The International Council of Trade and Industrial

Unions carries not peace but a sword to the bourgeoisie of all countries. This defines the essence of our activity. Our programme is the violent overthrow of the bourgeoisie, the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat, a ruthless class war on an international and national scale, and a close unseverable alliance with the Communist International.

Those who think that the working class may solve the social question by means of negotiations and agreements with the bourgeoisie, those who think that the bourgeoisie will voluntarily surrender the means of production to the proletariat and that it is only necessary to secure a parliamentary majority, those who suppose that in the period of the break-up of all the relations and the fate of the world is being decided, that the Unions can remain "neutral," those who in a period of civil war through which we are living preach civil peace,—let them know that we regard them as OUR CLASS ENEMIES, and that we will conduct ruthless war against them and against the organisation which they have set up.

The International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions and the Amsterdam Federation of Trade Unions are on opposite sides of the barricades. On the one side of the barricade there is social revolution; on the other—social reaction. A proletarian, an honest revolutionary, can make the choice without difficulty.

Long live the world revolution!

Long live the dictatorship of the proletariat!

Long live the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions!

Long live the Third International!

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF TRADE AND INDUSTRIAL UNIONS.

Since the foregoing was drawn up, Manifestoes have been issued in every country in the world, bureaux established, and the First Congress held at Moscow, July, 1921.

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Besides our sleeping coaches, a small saloon

carriage was placed at our disposal by the railway officials, wherein we could all talk and have our food together. Our journey from Moscow to Petersburg lasted fifteen hours. Between Moscow and Tver we had tea, then our table was cleared and telescoped, and a concert was organised, the two stars being Anzelovitch and Losovsky. Anzelovitch is Secretary of the Petersburg Soviet, and one of the most popular little men in Petersburg. His energy is boundless, and is chiefly consumed in pursuing what appears to be his favourite recreation—calling people up on the telephone. He is a gifted speaker, an untiring organiser, and an incorrigible comedian. His temperament, however, is of a rather too excitable kind to ensure success at war-like dancing, as the following incident shows. His contribution to the programme, apart from joining in the chorus, was the Cossack dances, and in a thoroughly conscientious manner he tucked his trousers into his boots and armed himself with two ferocious-looking daggers. The third movement began with a slither around the floor, during which eccentric little stabs were aimed at members of the company, including myself. Involuntarily I shifted my seat further back, which was unnecessary, for Anzelovitch was a greater menace to himself than he was to his audience. Suddenly the shuffle stopped, and after a series of gyrations the two daggers were raised, brought down, and clashed together under the thighs which were alternately lifted to permit it. So long as our entertainer kept a grip upon his emotions, all went well, but Losovsky got excited and trans-

mitted his fire to Anzelovitch by raising his voice, accelerating the time of the singing, and increasing the number of beats with his hands and feet. Alas! down swooped those two knives and Anzelovitch rushed out of the saloon leaving a trail of blood behind him. One of his thumbs was laid open to the bone. I had a small first-aid outfit handy and bandaged the damaged member, its owner meanwhile grinning with delight at the realistic exhibition he had given.

After this mishap singing became the order of the night, and Losovsky, who possesses a rich bass voice, sang fully ten of the sad but beautiful folk-songs and revolutionary lyrics of Russia. Losovsky is a particularly handsome man of elusive age. His bushy beard gives him a more aged appearance than his years warrant. He was imprisoned first in 1904, and exiled to Siberia for life in 1905. He escaped from Irkutsk and reached Paris, working there as chauffeur, garage manager, and journalist, successively. He returned to Russia in 1917, and is now the Vice-Chairman of the All-Russian Council of Trade Unions.

I cannot remember the names of all the songs he sang—not only on this occasion but every night for two weeks—but the Volga boat songs, “The Flowing Tide,” “Glorious Waters,” and the “Stenka Razin” ballads were the ones which pleased me most. Of the last-named one has a spiritedly plaintive melody and immortalises the immolation of the famous Cossack’s mistress to the Volga. The song was explained to me by

Sergieff, and I wrote the following English version for the Russian melody while travelling:—

The Song of the Cossack ! *

Silver sheen when dawn is breaking:
 Gold and crimson glow at noon:
 Azure depth when twilight cometh,
 Freedom! Freedom! in thy croon!
 Azure depth when twilight cometh:
 Freedom! Freedom! in thy croon!

Freedom in thy song of quiet,
 Freedom when thy flood is low,
 Freedom when the angry billows
 Battle with the winds ablow!
 Freedom when the angry billows
 Battle with the winds ablow!

* The plaintive melody to which I have written these English words is a great favourite with the Russian peasantry. They revere, perhaps above all others, the name of Stenka Razin whose magnificent efforts for the liberation of the peasantry culminated in the uprising of 1688. The movement was crushed and the hero was tortured to death at Moscow, June, 1670. Pushkin said of him, "Stenka Razin is the only poetic character in Russian history." One blot on his career is the killing of his mistress, a Persian princess, whose father he had slain in battle. Though he adored her, he adored still more the Volga river, the scene of his happiest days and greatest moments. The story goes that his followers reproached him for paying more attention to the princess than to the cause, so during a pleasure trip on the Volga he stood up and extolled the river with endearing language; then bestowing a last kiss and embrace upon his princess, said: "Volga, dear Volga, thou hast lavished on me gold, silver and honour, but I have not given thee anything in return. But wait—I will offer thee that which is dearest to me!" He then threw his mistress into the waters.

Volga! Volga! mighty Volga!
 Beautiful as thou art strong,
 List oh! list thou now to Razin,
 Hearken to the Cossack's song.
 List oh! list thou now to Razin,
 Hearken to the Cossack's song.

In this world of blood and sorrow,
 Earthly things I love but three—
 Thou my river, she my mistress,
 Thy great cause O Liberty!
 Thou my river, she my mistress,
 Thy great cause O Liberty!

I have fought and bled for Freedom,
 And in homage bent the knee
 To my loved one, but O Volga,
 Nought have I bestowed on thee.
 Nought unless it be my teardrops.
 Nought have I bestowed on thee.

Here into thy hallowed keeping,
 So his selfless love may burn,
 Razin casts his gift of beauty,
 One that thou canst ne'er return!
 Razin casts his gift of beauty,
 One that thou canst ne'er return!

Take the life of her, his cherished,
 Melt it softly in thy tide.
 She is thine, and Freedom only
 Shall henceforth be Razin's bride.
 She is thine, and Freedom only
 Shall henceforth be Razin's bride.

Silver sheen when dawn is breaking:
 Gold and crimson glow at noon:
 Azure depth when twilight cometh,
 Freedom, Freedom in thy croon!
 Azure depth when twilight cometh,
 Freedom, Freedom in thy croon!

Another favourite, which has been a favourite with Russian revolutionaries for ages and which was strictly prohibited by the governments of the-past, is the very beautiful ballad, also telling of Stenka (or Stepan) Razin, called "On the Volga there is a Cliff." Losovsky began it, and the whole company sang it in unison. There is a translation in free verse of this beautiful song but I do not know the author of it:—

There is a rock on the Volga,
 All clad in wild moss
 From the top to the base,
 For ages it stood there
 Callous to pain or to care;
 Bare its crown, swept by wind and storm;
 Only the mighty eagle
 His nest thereon has built,
 There his prey devouring.

Only one man that rock has scaled,
 His footsteps on its summit impressing;
 And ever since the rock is hallowed,
 The name of the great Stenka recalling,
 And though the churches of holy Russia
 Year by year that man are cursing;
 The Volga folk, in hymns of prayer and praise
 His memory adore and deeply cherish.

Once, in the darkness of the night,
That man the rock ascended,
And on its top he lonely lingered
Till daybreak, with its golden crown.
Sad thoughts into his bosom crowded:
Great deeds that night were born
Amidst the weird and gloomy stillness,
And the murmurs of the waves below.

Pensive and grave that morn he descended
With resolve in his heart great and daring—
Mother Moscow, the white walled, to save,
Too long held in the tyrant's embrace.
Alas! vain were his sacred longings,
Vain his prayers to heartless fate,
Though rivers of blood were flowing,
The people's tears and woe continued,
Their cries and moans remained unheeded.

Not like a mighty sovereign,
Nor as a welcome honoured guest,
Or warrior lord with steed and sword,
The white Kremlin gates did he enter;
But as a captive chained, by hangman led,
His noble head he there laid down.

So down the ages the Rock will stand
Witness and guardian of Stepan's soul,
With the Volga alone from time to time
In silent reverence to recall
Bygone deeds of the hero-ataman.

Breathes there a man in our native land
Who from lust and selfishness free
Never the Muzhik sorely oppressed,

Who Freedom, like his mother, loves
 And in her name his life-path wends ?
 That man alone the Rock may bold ascend,
 Only to him will the giant stone
 The true tale of Stepan unfold.

I heard this song on eight occasions within fifteen days, which testifies somewhat to its popularity. The first singing of it, in my presence, was inspired by the sight of the lean Volga, winding to the north-east, from our saloon windows; the last was when I was preparing to escape from my captivity at Vardo.

I had heard of Siberian exile songs, and after Sergieff had sung a familiar ballad, "When the King went forth to War," which I had previously heard rendered in English by Robert Radford, I asked him to sing an exile song. After some conversation with Losovsky, that worthy comrade suddenly broke into the most mournful wailing I have ever heard in my life. A dirge wasn't in it. Soon half-a-dozen of my companions, everyone of them former exiles, joined in, accompanying the vocal sounds with the rattle of divers utensils to imitate the clanking of leg chains. A more appallingly, miserable chant was surely never wailed to heaven. Every face expressed the hopeless dejection of a condemned and abandoned human creature, so perfectly did they act a part which once was a living reality to them. It was the "Exile's Begging Song," and from the explanation I received it would read in English something like this:—

Pity us! pity us! O our fathers!
 We unwillingly our journey make:

Long in dungeons have we lain;
 Pity us! feed us! O our fathers!
 Have compassion on the lowly!
 Feed the poor, and help the ailing!
 Have compassion, O our mothers!
 On the gaoled ones—the shut-up ones!
 We have been behind the padlocks!
 We have been where oaken doors are!
 Where the bars of iron mock us,
 Drive us crazy with their strength!
 Our own mothers know no longer
 Where we are or what we do.
 We from all our kin are parted!
 Prisoners now for evermore:
 Pity us! pity us! O have mercy!

At the termination of each verse the clanking sound would accompany the curious little shriek which emphasised the last word. It is well nigh impossible to describe the weird melancholy produced by these actions.

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Thus with song, dance, recitation and reminiscence, we wiled away the hours. At length we arrived at Petersburg, and a number of motors conveyed us to the Neva palace of Princess Naryskin, which was to be our home for four days. It is a very typical Russian aristocratic home—one of those which suffered a great deal during the early days of the Revolution. Its balcony overlooks the Neva, and is exactly opposite the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul. Here lived a kept woman of one of the Tsars, amidst splendour and magnificence, the while honest and industrious citizens starved to death

on the callous streets of Petersburg. At the Revolution the fair owner fled, and the angry proletariat sacked the palace, leaving nothing



Losovsky.

but the walls and roof standing. Thus it stood until the British Labour Delegation visited Russia, when the Petersburg Commune decided

to refurnish it as a "guest house" for the British investigators. In the short space of two days the windows were repaired, carpets were laid, pictures hung, and odd but elaborate furniture and fittings were installed to make the palace as habitable as possible. The bedrooms were all equipped with single or double hospital ward bedsteads and bedding; and a small staff of attendants, cooks, waitresses, housemaids and a *dvornick* or doorkeeper were employed to look after our comfort. One of the paintings came out of the Winter Palace; the piano was once the property of Prince Lvoff; and the huge bronze ornament upon the mantelpiece was a presentation to Trepoff, the police prefect, from the members of the Petersburg *okhrana*.

Knowing the scratch origin of the various plenishings of the Naryskin Palace, it is most amusing to read Mrs. Snowden's maudlin drivel upon them in her "Through Bolshevik Russia":

. "On entering the room after the intense fatigue and excitement of the long journey one felt its beauty comforting and refreshing. The fine linen sheets, the soft silk hangings, the eiderdown bedcovers, the thick velvety carpet, the quaint carved and gilded furniture, spoke of gentle living, utterly unlooked for by us, and, to do ourselves justice, undesired by us in a country full of people slowly dying for lack of the barest necessaries. It was the most exaggerated kindness on the part of our hosts, so anxious to make us comfortable and happy, to give us the very best they possessed.

"But there, for me, was the trouble. They gave us all this luxury and beauty, but was it theirs to give, or ours to receive? . . .

"I slipped quickly into my bed that first night in Petrograd and tried to sleep and forget the ghost my self-questioning had raised; but sleep refused to come.

... I felt like a guilty thing, lying uninvited by its owner in that soft, white bed, whilst the poor creature who once occupied it might be sleeping on straw. I dozed; and inevitably cold, sad eyes in a thin, hungry-looking face would gaze at me with the look of any woman whose house had been entered by intruders she was powerless to put outside."

"The poor creature who once occupied it." It didn't seem to matter a damn to Mrs Snowden about the poor creatures who once produced it and into whose possession it had come at last! Oh, no! all the lady's sympathies are for the parasitic strumpet who, she mistakenly believes, once made use of it as one of her "instruments of production."

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That afternoon we motored to the offices and hall of the Petersburg Soviet to receive a welcome. The building, like Smolny, was once a large boarding school, and the hall in which the Soviet meets was once the riding academy.

At the main entrance a colossal statue of Labour has been erected, whilst the interior is liberally decorated with white busts of Marx, Engels, Lasalle, Lenin, Trotsky, and Ourritsky. Here I delivered my first platform speech in Soviet Russia, as an honorary member of the Petersburg Council.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Darkness Before Dawn.

"Given a great leader—neither a Lenin nor a Trotsky—but such a one as a Peter or a Catherine, who loved the people and strove for their advancement, Russia may emerge once more and take her rightful place among the nations:"—From review of A. R. Ephimenko's "Short History of Russia" in January issue of "Contemporary Reviews" (p. 143).

ONCE again I was privileged to walk abroad in Petersburg. Petersburg, the "city of dreadful night"—and radiant day; the city that owes its origin to Peter and Catherine, who, in the words of the Contemporary Reviewer, "loved the people and strove for their advancement."

Who would dream when gazing upon its pink and white vistas; green-mottled and golden-spired fanes; stately river, beautiful-isled and palace-banked; and the sculptural wonders of its bridges, streets and prospects, that little more than two centuries ago its site was the boggy haunt of marsh fowl and jungle beast? Scarlet Petersburg—**Red Petrograd**; well is it named red. The soil on which it stands, the stones of its streets and buildings are red with blood—the blood of the countless victims of sadistic Tsars and libidinous Empresses. But where Tyranny reigns there shall the imperishable spirit of Liberty brood, and it was so in Petersburg. That which once was a capital of iniquity has become a metropolis of justice.

Ere human wolves sought prey upon this spot the wolves of the Finnish forests claimed it as their own.

In time came Peter the "Great," and he, battling with Swedes who wished to own the Neva territory as their ancestors had wished before them in the days of Alexander Nevski, decided to build a fortified city, which would not only keep such enemies at a distance, but be "a window looking into Europe" out of dark and barbarous Russia. How this fiendish despot satisfied his whim may be told in few words. He selected the small island of Yanni Saari, or "Hare Island," as the Finns contemptuously called it (because the Russians were alleged to run away like hares in battle), and began the building of the fortress called Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Around this the city arose, and by means of a worse slavery than ever was known to ancient Egypt. Men were driven to the Neva marshes from every part of Russia, and forced to labour for the autocrat by every cruel form of coercion known to the wit of man. Digging implements were unknown there. The soil was dug by thousands upon thousands of finger nails and carried in the hands in pieces of matting, and, in some instances, the tails of shirts.

Frightful diseases arose from the stagnant swamps, and the slaves and criminals who toiled dropped dead by the thousand (over 100,000 slaves died in the course of operations). Others afflicted simply fell down, and, in the words of the historian, "obstinately refused to accept any assistance from the others, preferring to die."

We learn that the one or two open routes

through the bogs and fens to the embryo city were strewn with thousands of rotting carcasses of oxen, horses, dogs, and men—trapped by a rise in the floods which turned the pathways into treacherous bogs. Peter called it his “paradise.”

Soldiers who deserted were no longer killed. They were knouted and sentenced to “assist in the building of the Tsar’s city.” In 1710 Peter enacted a law to the effect that the Provinces must provide 40,000 workmen per year for three years to hasten the building of his city, and that so long as it was building no stone houses were to be erected in any part of Russia. This latter clause simply meant that skilled artisans (masons, etc) were compelled to journey to Petersburg for work—to avoid death from hunger—the same form of coercion which to-day compels a “free man” to work for the enrichment of another. In 1714 the authorities in distant Archangel were ordered to contribute 3,000 slaves to work upon the fortress at Cronstadt. Think of the hideous march of these poor devils from Archangel to Petersburg!

Decrees were issued compelling people of the higher classes to build stone houses and dwell in them at the new city, and one part of the city was marked off as an artisans’ quarter wherein “free” craftsmen were compelled to live whether they liked it or not. This is how Peter “loved his people”; how he “strove for their advancement.”

Even after the city was “completed” the wild beasts (few of them more savage than the city’s founder) still frequented their invaded territory.

In 1714 wolves tore two sentries to pieces and devoured them, and a woman was dragged down in the streets at mid-day by wolves opposite Prince Mentchikoff's house.

Year after year terrific floods came and destroyed not only the greater part of the city, but thousands of lives of the inhabitants. Even in our time the Winter Palace has been half destroyed by the wild waters of the turbulent Neva. Of one of these floods I shall write later. While Petersburg was being built on a foundation of human skulls and its buildings cemented by human blood and Neva slime, the peasantry were sinking into the vilest slavery ever known to Russia. Kennard tells us that Peter "brought a curse (bureaucracy) that bred nothing but corruption and reaction" in the country. Just before Peter's reign serfdom became slavery, and the serfs were bought and sold like beasts of burden. "Many ran away, but Peter had them severely flogged and sent to the mines, and the proprietors received the right to send them to the mines for ever." This is how he evidenced his regard for the people—making even the slave's lot harder to bear. Read any Ukase issued in this monster's reign, and the penalties of the knout and death will be found on every page.

But if Peter was bad in this respect, Catherine was worse. It was illegal in the reign of Peter to sell slaves separately who were members of a family. Not so in Catherine's time. Besides the incredible tortures to which serfs had to submit, a father or mother could now be sold by proprietors who wished to retain the children.

In short, serfs were looked upon by the laws of Catherine as mere animals and treated as such. Writes Professor Ross: "They were among the merchandise offered at fairs." And again: "During the eighteenth century (Peter and Catherine's time) the trend was all in the direction of emphasising the power of the master." Even in Little Russia, where serfdom had been hitherto unknown, we find it flourishing under Catherine. Kovalevsky writes in "Ancient Laws," p. 82: "Social distinctions remained almost unknown among the Little Russians down to the end of the eighteenth century, when Catherine the Second introduced among them the notions of a feudal nobility and serfdom." That this eighteenth century Zenobia (or Sirmiramis), who murdered her own husband was incapable of feeling any of the higher instincts might be gauged from one of her letters to Grimm, the German writer. It was written on the occasion of the most disastrous flood in the history of Petersburg—September, 1777. A three-masted ship was hurled into the streets, and the waves washed the staircase of the Palace. In somewhat the literary style of Mrs. Snowden, Catherine writes:—

"How many broken window panes! How many pots have been upset with flowers! This morning not a single hairdresser will visit a lady. . . The big window has fallen to the ground alongside the table where the dessert is standing. My wine cellar is full of water, and God knows what will happen to it."

Think of it! With hundreds of poor creatures drowned in the neighbourhood, their bodies

floating past the Palace windows, this "people-lover" could lament only over her window panes, flower-pots, wine cellar, and the fact that her ladies wouldn't be able to get their lousy heads attended to.

In one respect I am prone to admit that both Peter and Catherine "loved the people." When it came to satisfying the animal passions, anything in skirts would do for Peter and anything in trousers pleased Catherine. Byron stigmatised the Empress by calling her "the royal whore," and in view of the fact that no less than £80,000,000 (eighty millions) was spent by her on securing lovers to occupy her bed, the reader will surely appreciate Byron's phrase. The various historians of Russia are fairly unanimous on the point of Catherine's complete abandonment to sexual excess. The Church grew very rich during her reign, for "every time she sinned she made a costly gift to her confessor." One historian writes: "It was but natural that a ruler who spent such a vast proportion of her time in dissipation and pleasure should not be able to attend to serious affairs as she ought to have done. As a result of her extravagance a large portion of Russia was scourged by terrible famines, which caused the death of many thousands of people of the peasant class. Sedition and rebellion showed their heads all over the Empire. . . . She died at a ripe age beloved by many kindred spirits and hated by millions of Orthodox Russians, who regarded her as Anti-christ or the "Scarlet Woman."

Again we read:

"The provinces were terribly neglected, and

many of her subjects heaved a sigh of relief when she went to her last account. . . . In return for their support Catherine erected costly palaces for each of her lovers in turn, and in addition to the palace she usually gave the courtier a grant of several million roubles and several thousand serfs, so that he should better be able to uphold the dignity of his position.”*

The lady would have liked to have numbered the celebrated Voltaire among her numerous stallions, but the wily Francois eluded her as cleverly as he eluded the Inquisition. So much for the nymphomaniac Catherine. A vivid little picture of Peter's amorous proclivities and their result will be found in the "Memoirs of Princess Wilhelmina" (daughter of King Frederick of Prussia). Peter and his family were journeying home from Holland when the Tsarina had a miscarriage which necessitated her remaining at Cleve. Peter asked Frederick to permit them to live in the summer villa at Berlin, known as Mon Bijou. Permission was granted after the Queen of Prussia had taken precautions to "remove all the most costly things." (How they trusted one another, these "great leaders.") A few days later the Tsar, his consort, and retinue arrived, and were met by the Prussian royal family at the quay. The Princess Wilhelmina amusingly describes the scene:

*One of these costly palaces, named Tauride Palace, was presented by the Empress to her favourite lover and minister, Potemkin. It became the "Hall of the Duma" under the late Tsar. It is now called Ouritsky Palace, and here opened the Second Congress of the Third International. It is not far from the Smolny Institute.

“The Empress kissed the Queen’s hand several times, and afterwards was also introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg. The Queen was also introduced to four hundred ladies, who formed the suite, chiefly young women, who



PRINCE YUSSOPOFF.

served as ladies at court, chambermaids, cooks, and laundry-women. **Most of them** carried a gaudily dressed infant in their arms, and when anyone inquired if the child was hers, the girl

curtsied according to the custom and replied: 'I have received this child by the favour of the Tsar!' "

Peter was evidently "great" at some things, and undoubtedly was not inaptly named "the father of his people."

During the visit Peter is alleged to have behaved no better than a disgusting hog and a sexual pervert combined. We quote again from the same source:

"On the next day the guests were shown the sights of Berlin, among them a collection of coins and antique statues. One of the latter, I afterwards heard, represented a heathen divinity posed in a very immodest attitude—a rarity, a kind of symbol used by the Romans to adorn bridal chambers (probably a statue of Priapus). It roused the Tsar's especial admiration, and he ordered the Empress to kiss it; when she objected, he grew very angry, and in broken German exclaimed, 'If you do not obey I will take your head off!' The Empress was so terrified that she immediately obeyed. He begged the statue from the King with several others, without any shame, and the King could not say no." . . . Two days after this barbaric court departed. The Queen immediately hastened to Mon Bijou; it reminded one of the destruction of Jerusalem. Everything was so spoiled that the whole place had to be restored from top to bottom." A pig in a palace; our reviewer's "great leader." The above paragraphs were written by aristocrats upon super-aristocrats. Here are some paragraphs written upon Lenin by his avowed enemies:

"Englishmen may have all sorts of opinions about Lenin; few have heard much beyond rumour of him. . . . Yet there is that flavour of vitality, of greatness about him that is lacking in many who have caused misery to none and even in some of the most potent benefactors of mankind."—The "Spectator," November, 1919.

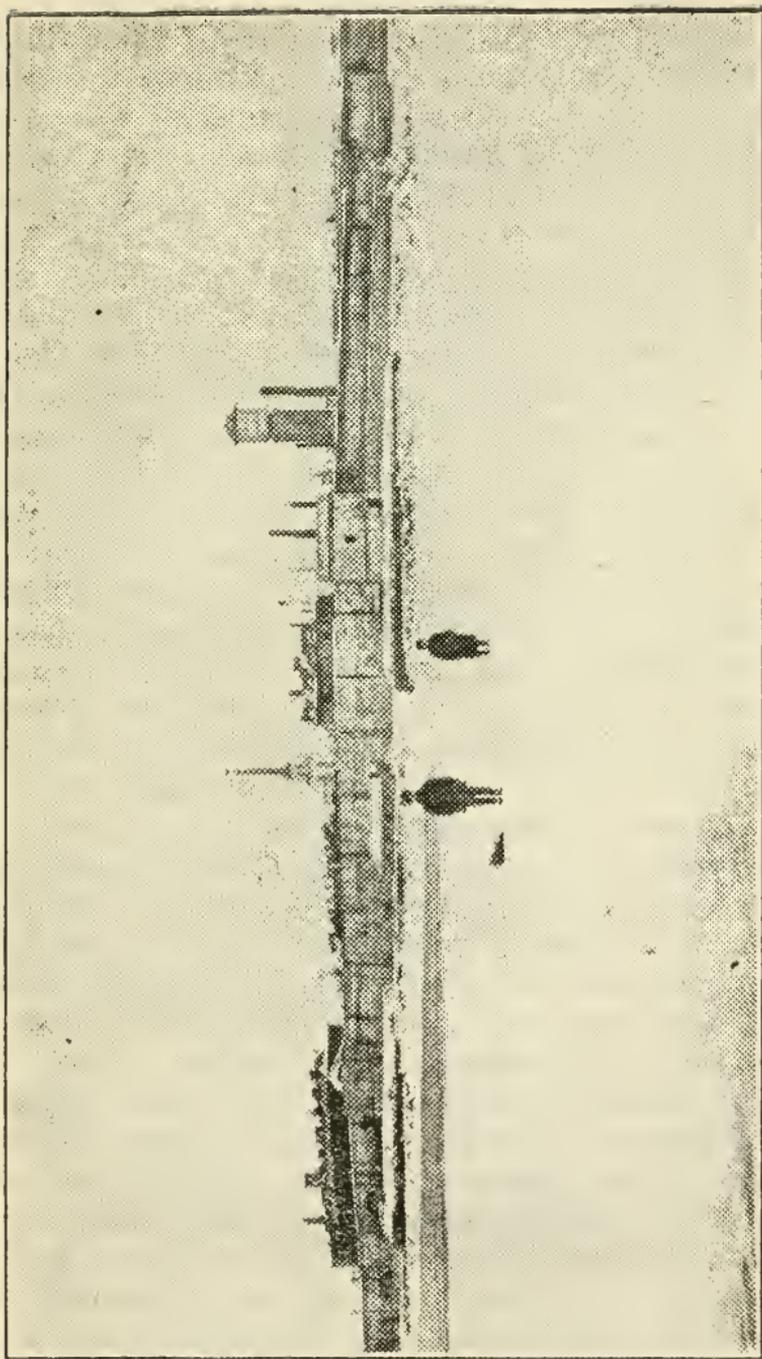
"Yet as an individual he is not without certain virtues. In the many attacks, both justified and unjustified, which have been made against him, no breath of scandal has touched his private life. He is married—according to all accounts singularly happily married—and, in a country where corruption has now reached its apogee he stands out head and shoulders above all his colleagues as the one man who is above suspicion. To Lenin the stories of Bolshevist orgies and carousals have no relation. His own worldly needs are more than frugal, and his personal budget is probably the most modest of all the Bolshevist Commissaries.—Northcliffe's "Times." 25/3/1919.

And now, reader, return to the top of this chapter and carefully read our extract from the "Contemporary Review" again. The writer of it is either a cultured liar or a pitiable ignoramus; he may make his own choice.

There were many palaces in and around Petersburg I was anxious to visit, and the happy company I had fortunately become attached to were only too eager to show me round. The Nevsky Prospect is full of interesting objects despite its bleak, shopless appearance. The beautiful horse-group bronzes upon the canal

bridge are almost worth a visit to Russia themselves. Near the Square opposite to them is the spot where the Countess Lapoukyn was publicly punished for the dreadful crime of speaking too lightly of the amours of another sexual connoisseur, the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of a wealthy father, Peter the Great. Carr's description of the public spectacle is horrible:

“The beautiful culprit mounted the scaffold in an elegant undress, which increased the beauty of her charms and the interest of her situation. Distinguished by the captivation of her mind and person, she had been the idol of the Court, and wherever she moved she was environed by admirers; she was now surrounded by executioners, upon whom she gazed with astonishment, and seemed to doubt that she was the object of such cruel preparations. One of the executioners pulled off a cloak which covered her bosom, at which her modesty took alarm; she started back, turned pale, and burst into tears. Her clothes were soon stripped off, and she was naked to the waist, before the eager eyes of an immense concourse of people profoundly silent. One of the executioners then took her by both hands, and, turning half round, raised her a little from the ground; upon which the other executioner laid hold of her delicate limbs with his rough hands and adjusted her on the back of his coadjutor. He then retreated a few steps, and leaping backwards, gave a stroke with his whip, so as to carry away a strip of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back; then striking his feet against the ground,



SCHLUSELBERG.

he made a second blow parallel to the former, and in a few minutes all the skin of the back was cut away in small strips, most of which remained hanging to her chemise. Her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was banished to Siberia."

Nearby is the Anitchkoff Palace where the callous rulers of Russia preferred to live—every wall literally pock-marked with bullet-holes from the Bolshevik gun-fire. Beyond is the Fontanka Canal, and on the other side, nearer the Admiralty buildings, flows the Moika Canal. A great yellow palace stands upon its bank, once the home of Prince Yussupoff, quite a celebrated young aristocrat, whom I possess a sneaking regard for. At anyrate I paid his home a visit and found food for meditation. In the basement there is a dark room with a narrow spiral staircase. In this room on December 29, 1916, the Prince received a guest whom he had gone out of his way several times to invite to dinner. It was Gregory Rasputin. The Grand Duke Dmitry was also there. The treacherous priest had been lured here by men who hated him, and who were determined to end his rotten life. They first tried to poison him by poisoning his coffee, but the giant seemed proof against poison. In a dilemma the conspirators went upstairs leaving Rasputin to glut his enormous appetite below. They decided to try the bullet. But one bullet was not enough. The Prince came downstairs holding a revolver behind his back, and in order to secure a good aim he requested the priest to examine a crystal crucifix on the wall. As soon as Rasputin turned his back Yussupoff

fired at his heart and the giant fell screaming, but far from dead. Foaming at the mouth and with eyes still open the gigantic figure struggled upward, launched itself upon the Prince, and hurling him aside rushed through the door into the garden. He was actually half over the railings when the conspirators reached the door, and was only prevented from reaching the public thoroughfare by Purushkevitch, who fired at him again and dropped him dead. Later they pushed his body through a hole in the ice of the Neva, but it was discovered and buried by the Empress at Tsarkoe Selo. It was afterwards removed and burnt.

Most of the other places directly and remotely associated with the Revolution were pointed out to me by my equally interested companions. With glee they pointed out the green and yellow building, bullet-torn and shattered, which was once the dreaded offices of the secret police, the villainous ochrana, wherein the lives of countless men and women of the past had been sworn away by the servile creatures of tyrants. On the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution every secret service man; indeed, all police officials higher than and including sergeants, were shot dead on sight. What infamies those rooms would narrate could they speak. How many unfortunate wretches have left that building to find a dreary death or an everlasting exile in Siberia, or what, strange to say, was accounted infinitely worse—a living tomb in the horrible fortress—prison of Schlüsselburg.

Schlüsselburg is a little village thirty-five miles from Petersburg on the shores of Lake

Ladoga. Some of the peasants continue to live under the ancient "joint family" system, and to wander among them on a bright day is to taste medievalism in actuality. Over on the lake stands the hideous fortress, perhaps the most hateful spot in Russia. Horrors unspeakable have been perpetrated here, and screams have risen to heaven from tortured beings which have never penetrated to the mainland. The prison was built in the grounds of the fortress in 1883 by the late Tsar's father, Alexander III., and between that year and 1905 sixty-seven political prisoners, including Vera Figner and Michael Gershuni, were imprisoned therein. Of these thirteen were executed, and three—Sophie Ginsburg, Klimenko, and Gratshevsky—committed suicide; the first cut her throat with rusty scissors, and the latter burned himself to death. The low bastions, drab coloured and unromantic, fill one with despair to look upon. Even before the prison already mentioned was built, Schlüsselburg fortress was a tragic spot. In 1711 the Emperor Ivan VI. (grandson of Ivan V.) was imprisoned after the intrigues which made Elizabeth the Empress. In Tooke's "Life of Catherine II." we find an account of the miserable captive's fate:

"The wretched captive, lately the envied emperor of a quarter of the globe, was lodged (for sixteen years) in a casemate of the fortress, the very loophole of which was immediately bricked up. He was never brought out into the open air, and no ray of heaven ever visited his eyes. In this subterranean vault it was necessary to keep a lamp always burning; and as no clock

was either to be seen or heard, Ivan knew no difference between day or night. His interior guard, a captain and a lieutenant, were shut up with him; and there was a time when they did not dare to speak to him, not so much as to answer the simplest question."

From 1741 until 1762 the poor wretch suffered these horrors without a spark of hope in his breast. In 1762 Catherine ascended the throne, and an attempt was made to rescue Ivan from his living grave by Vassili Mirovitch, an officer of the garrison. This, however, resulted in disaster, if death to a tortured man can be spoken of as a disaster:

"At the noise of the firing Ivan awoke; and, hearing the cries and the threats of his guards, he conjured them to spare his miserable life. But, on seeing these barbarians had no regard to his prayers, he found new force in his despair; and, though naked, defended himself for a considerable time. Having his right hand pierced through and his body covered with wounds, he seized the sword from one of the monsters, and broke it; but, while he was struggling to get the piece out of his hand, the other stabbed him from behind, and threw him down. He who had lost his sword now plunged his bayonet into his body, and, several times repeating his blow, under these strokes the unhappy prince expired.

They then opened the door, and showed Mirovitch at once the bleeding body of the murdered prince, and the order by which they were authorised to put him to death if any attempt should be made to convey him away."

Escape from the island fortress was next to

impossible, so small wonder it is that the people-loving Tsars selected it as the ideal spot on which to build their "stone bags," as the prison is called. All the "dangerous" politicals were sent to Schlüsselburg, for the terrors of its "casemates," its knouts and gibbets, were expected to tame the wildest spirit. Tier after tier of hideous stone cupboards, barred with iron exactly like the front of a wild-beast cage in a zoo, now happily torn and twisted to scrap and ruin, meet the eye on entering. In these iniquitous dens in 1883 were incarcerated Messrs. Gellis, Voloshenko, Butsinki, Orlof, Malaveski, Propof, Shehedrin, and Kobylanski—all politicals who had served a term in irons at Kara and were removed here because they were considered "dangerous." Their subsequent fate is unknown. Muishkin, who escaped from Kara in 1882, was sent to Schlüsselburg when recaptured, and sentenced to solitary confinement. Fearing that the torture would drive him insane, he decided to die. His method was one he had previously tried unsuccessfully. He succeeded this time. Waiting for the visit of an official, he jumped up and struck him, and was immediately court-martialled and shot. This occurred in 1885 after two years of solitary confinement. Muishkin has been described as "a born orator who only made two speeches in his life; one of them cost him ten years' penal servitude, and the other fifteen." Scores of the Tsarist victims went insane. Among the celebrated prisoners of Schlüsselburg, Vera Figner suffered twenty years' detention here, and wrote many poems during her living death; Madame Wolkenstein

spent thirteen years, and left it only to be shot during a revolt; Polianov entered it a young man of twenty-four and came forth an old man of forty-five—to commit suicide in France (1903). The most celebrated prisoner, perhaps, that Schlüsselburg ever held was Hermann Lopatin, the translator of “Das Kapital” into Russian. His career is well known. He was born in 1845, and entered the Petersburg University after studying at the grammar school of Stavropol. In 1870 he came to London and met Marx and Engels. He returned home and later was captured at Irkutsk, whither he had gone to try and arrange the escape of Chernichevsky, the famous exile. For three years he remained in prison, and then succeeded in effecting a marvellous escape. He was caught by secret police in 1883 and again he escaped. In 1884 he returned once more to Russia, and was immediately arrested, serving three years before his trial. In 1887 he was condemned to death with several of his comrades, but the sentence was commuted to “penal servitude for a time to be followed by solitary confinement in the fortress of Schlüsselburg.” During the 1905 Revolution Lopatin was released.

What spirits were these! What modern European country has produced such spirits in such profusion? One thinks of those whose names are known, and rightly revered, but one thinks too of the thousands who suffered and died unknown. Of those

“Whose names on earth are dark,

But whose transmitted effluence cannot die.”

One remembers also the priggish A. S. Rappo-

port's sneer at the "feminine mind" of the Russian, and involuntarily the mind conjures up the picture of the cages of Schlüsselburg—and the heroes and heroines once immured within them for others' sake. No poem, no drama, no painting ever more vividly or more accurately depicted the absolutely mastery of the higher mind over its weaker self and body than the little, suppressed vision called "The Threshold," written by Ivan Turgenieff on the spirit of Russia's revolutionaries:—

The Threshold.

"I see a huge building, in the front wall a narrow door, which is wide open; beyond it stretches a dismal darkness. Before the high threshold stands a girl—a Russian girl.

The impenetrable darkness is breathing frost, and with the icy breeze from the depth of the building a slow, hollow voice is coming.

'O you! wanting to cross this threshold, do you know what awaits you?'

'I know it,' answers the girl.

'Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, suffering, even death?'

'I know it. I am ready. I will bear all sorrow and miseries.'

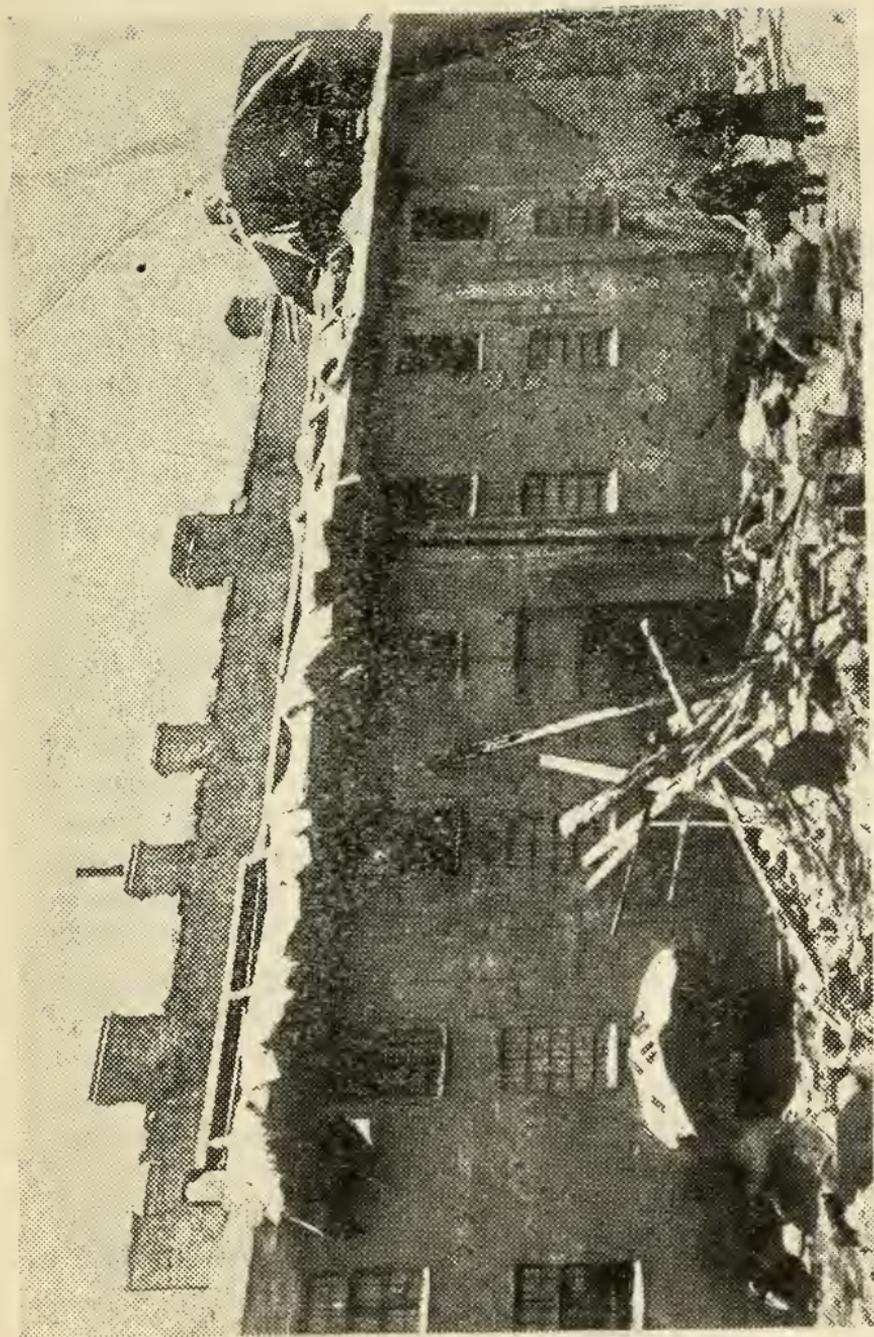
'Not only if inflicted by enemies, but by kindred and friends?'

'Yes, even by them.'

'Well, are you ready for self-sacrifice?'

'Yes.'

'For an anonymous self-sacrifice? You shall die, and nobody, nobody shall know even whose memory is to be honoured.'



DESTRUCTION OF SCHUSELBERG.

'I want neither gratitude nor pity. I want no name.'

'Are you ready—for a crime?'

The girl bent her head. 'I am ready even for a crime'

'Do you know,' persisted the voice, 'that you may lose your faith in what you believe now; that you might come to feel that you were mistaken, and have lost in vain your young life?'

'I know that also. Nevertheless I will enter.'

'Enter then!'

The girl crossed the threshold, and a heavy curtain fell behind her.

'A fool!' gnashed some one outside.

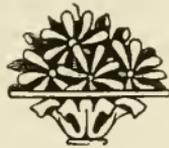
'A saint!' answered a voice from somewhere."

"Without 1905," says Lenin, "1917 would have been impossible." Without that long line of martyrs whose natures were purged of vainglory and whose lives were Christ-like in the practice of self-abnegation and devotion to the ideal; without this illustrious line of pathfinders who blazed the trail and wrought in the darkness before the dawn—that dawn, 1905 or 1917, would have been impossible. My companion Sergieff was sent to Schlüsselburg before being despatched to Siberia. I shall not readily forget the expression on his face when he vehemently exclaimed, "Of all the bloody places on earth, that is the bloodiest!"

At any rate it certainly had the appearance of being one of the most revolting torture-buildings erected since—

"Men first penned their fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den."

It is a bloody place no longer. The Revolution has destroyed its unholy casemates and "stone bags" as effectively as the French proletariat destroyed the Bastille. The cages have been smashed to pieces, the buildings gutted, and the instruments of torture housed in the Revolutionary Museum of Petersburg. May a similar fate soon overtake Princetown, Portland, Pentonville, Wandsworth, Wormwood Scrubs, and —Barlinnie.



CHAPTER XVII.

A Petersburg Arcadia.

“There’s music in the sighing of a reed;
There’s music in the gushing of a rill;
There’s music in all things if men had ears.”

—Byron.

THERE are something like forty islands between Petersburg and the Finnish Gulf, breaking the Neva up into a delta of delight. One of the most beautiful is called Kammeny Ostrov, immortalised in the music of Tchaikovsky, a dream-island of green foliage, flowing water, and white palaces. Before the Revolution the quiet of Kammeny Ostrov was only disturbed by the whirr of the aristocratic and bourgeois automobiles, or by the boom of the solitary one o’clock gun fired from the battery of Peter-Paul. As a residential reservation it was more inaccessible to the working class than the interior of a Park Lane mansion is. Now it belongs to the workers, and the cream and white palaces, winter gardens, flower and vegetable beds, orchards, and recreation grounds are cared for in the interests of the toilers of Petersburg. This was Zorin’s idea. To make the island into a “Home of Rest” whereon at least three of four hundred workers, men and women, are privileged to enjoy a month’s, or at the very least a fortnight’s, holiday every year.

We drove there by road, returned by steamboat, went back by boat and returned again by road. This in order to visit the fortress of Saint Peter and Saint Paul which stands upon “Hare” Island, and because our food was already prepared for us at our home in Petersburg.

Kerensky's war minister, Savinkoff I believe, had a large imposing white palace on the island. This we were shown over. The walls decorated with tapestry of heroic design, the statuary, library, and paintings all spoke too eloquently of the reason for the feverish desire of its owner to crush the proletarian movement. How anyone can imagine for one moment that such luxuries will be relinquished to the people without their possessors showing determined fight, is a problem I have never been able to solve. Here every fortnight during the summer months 74 workers are housed, nursed, fed, waited upon, and entertained. The food, under present conditions, is superior to the everyday food of the city. It is also well varied. I asked the keeper of the palace how the guests behaved themselves, unaccustomed as they were to living under such luxurious circumstances. "At first," he said, "they forgot to exercise care, they spat on the floors and damaged one or two articles; then I arranged to give each visiting group a short address on their social obligation to protect the property of the people, so that their comrades could participate in the pleasures they were presently enjoying: it worked wonders."

Members of the cultured aristocracy could not be more scrupulous in the care of the palace and its grounds than these humble Petersburg holiday-makers. They cultivate the ground in spring time, weed and water the growing crops, and collect the harvests in their order. There are spacious winter gardens housing all kinds of tropical plants, ferns, and palm trees, some among the scarcest obtainable. Five minutes'

walk from the palace takes one to the theatre—the gigantic open-air theatre copied from the Greek model. The stage stands at the edge of a wood on the very shore of a lake. On the other side of the lake opposite the stage a huge wooden amphitheatre gives seating accommodation to 12,000 spectators. The orchestra sits upon a platform below the level of the stage and almost level with the waters of the lake, and as the performers enrich the woodland air with sweet sounds, the swans and ducks austere swim back and forth not the least interested members of the audience. The opera was "Pagliacci" on this particular Sunday evening—much to my sorrow, for I had seen it so often. However, I had never seen it produced in natural setting, and before many minutes were over, what I imagined promised to be a ridiculous fiasco was chaining me to my seat with enchantment.

Here before our eyes began to unfold that rural tragedy of love-intrigue and jealousy just as it might have occurred in the Calabrian village before Leoncavallo dramatised it. Out of the woods crawled a donkey dragging a cart filled with "props." Some very ordinary men in perfectly natural manner began to erect a "penny gaff." While they were at it one of them disappeared, to reappear in a few minutes up a tree. Standing upright on the bough, holding the trunk with one hand, he burst forth with a deep rich voice, which reverberated through the wood and across the lake, the story of the "Prologue." In a clearing at the side of the forest, and beyond the trees, amorous young

couples strolled and sat, children skipped, and old folks trudged unconcernedly. Tonio came down from his tree and began to bang his drum most peremptorily. Out of the fields and woods ran the people to find out what the pother was about. Before them appeared Canio, the boss showman, with a hammer in his hand, who broke forth with his melodious little song, "This evening at seven, at seven this evening."

When Canio and his party went off, Tonio, bent on treachery, insisted on staying behind to "groom the donkey." He groomed a real donkey, and while busy at it Nedda chose an opportune moment to sing the glorious "Balatelle" — opportune because during the meditative pause preceding it the real birds in the trees above her began an opera of their own. She looked up to them, and sent forth her beautiful melody of desire, while Tonio led his donkey back to the field. He returned to interrupt her singing at its most ecstatic point with his obnoxious love-making. It was all so wonderfully real.

When Canio chased his wife's lover it was a genuine cross-country sprint, which Beppo won through his agility in leaping hedges and ditches. Poor old Canio crawled back and sang "On with the Motley," but, unlike our Canios, he dressed himself in his motley as he sang. Usually our Canios have it already on before they sing "on with it."

Then Tonio went off to beat his noisy drum again among the trees, and the crowd gathered. Real peasants. Not dressed up as Italians, but just everyday Russian peasants, workers, and Red soldiers. They strolled from different

directions and squatted down before the little tent. The play within a play commenced—by Tonio, now attired as a clown, making Catherine wheels and turning somersaults with the basket of viands in his hands. At the climax of the play, when Canio killed the lovers, the horror-stricken peasants jumped to their feet and carried the bodies out of sight.

The singing was superb, for the artistes were in the open air and quite fifty yards from their auditors, and had to do their very utmost to ensure success. Fully 12,000 people saw this performance--Sunday evening--yet within fifteen minutes the vast audience had melted away.

Besides Kammeny Ostrov there are other four islands in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, named Krestovsky, Petrovsky, Yelaginsky, and Apothecary Island. Almost every kind of architecture may be studied on these one-time secluded haunts of the aristocracy—Greek of all orders, Italian, Gothic, Saracenic and ancient Russian. Primeval-looking woods, scattered in green meadows through which little streamlets rush into the wide reaches of the river, and clumps of stunted willows on the water's edge, give the islands a jungle-like appearance. It is an almost unique experience to stand on the deck of a little fuel boat and look down upon the imposing city from mid-stream, and then in the twinkling of an eye disappear into a jungle backwater with scarce a sign of civilisation around or about. Returning by boat we arrived at the terrible Bastille of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the first sod was dug in the building of

Petersburg. The bastions are six in number and the the gateways four. The church from which the golden spire—the “needle”—arises was the burial place of the Romanoffs, as St. Michael’s in the Kremlin was of the former Tsars. The “casemates” of the prison are horrifying dungeons, with slots two or three inches wide for windows, and far below the level of the water.

The first victim claimed by the dungeons of Peter-Paul was Alexis, the son and heir of Peter the Great. Detesting his father, he swore to undo his work when he became Tsar, and actually led one revolt against his father. The actual manner of his death is uncertain, but every historian is agreed that his father, Peter the Great, caused him to be tortured to death—thereby proving himself a more brutal monster than Ivan the Fourth who also killed his eldest son, but in anger and suddenly. Later, Peter’s grand-daughter, the very unfortunate Princess Tarakanoffa, was trapped by the rising waters of the Neva in her dungeon and drowned. She was there because she stood in the path of the ambitious and lecherous Catherine II.

Prior to 1879 all political prisoners of the “dangerous” category were incarcerated in this foul prison—in the portion known as the Troubetsky Bastion or “Ravelin of Alexis,” already grim with the tragedies of Alexis and Tarakanoffa. There are nineteen forbidding cells, and most of them are flooded by the river whenever it rises a trifle higher than usual. The gallery where the executions took place is so constructed that volley after volley of rifle-fire can be discharged without the slightest noise

being heard without the fortress. One woman imprisoned in this bastion went insane through loss of sleep occasioned by the constant protection she had to bestow upon her baby to save it from being killed and eaten by the vicious rats which abound in the dungeons. In this part of the fortress both Bakunin and Kropotkin were entombed. Everyone appears to harbour the belief that Kropotkin escaped from the Peter-Paul fortress, but it is quite false. His celebrated escape took place after he was removed from the fortress and taken to the Nicholas Hospital. In the narrative of his escape he writes:—

“The firm determination to escape at all hazards never left me from the first day of my arrest. But if there is anything impossible in the world, it is to escape from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.”

When removed to the Nicholas Hospital, Kropotkin's chance arrived:—

“The doctor ordered me daily exercise, and about one o'clock I was taken into the large courtyard of the hospital. A sentinel, musket in hand, was always by my side.

“I began to take close note of everything, so as to draw up my plans.

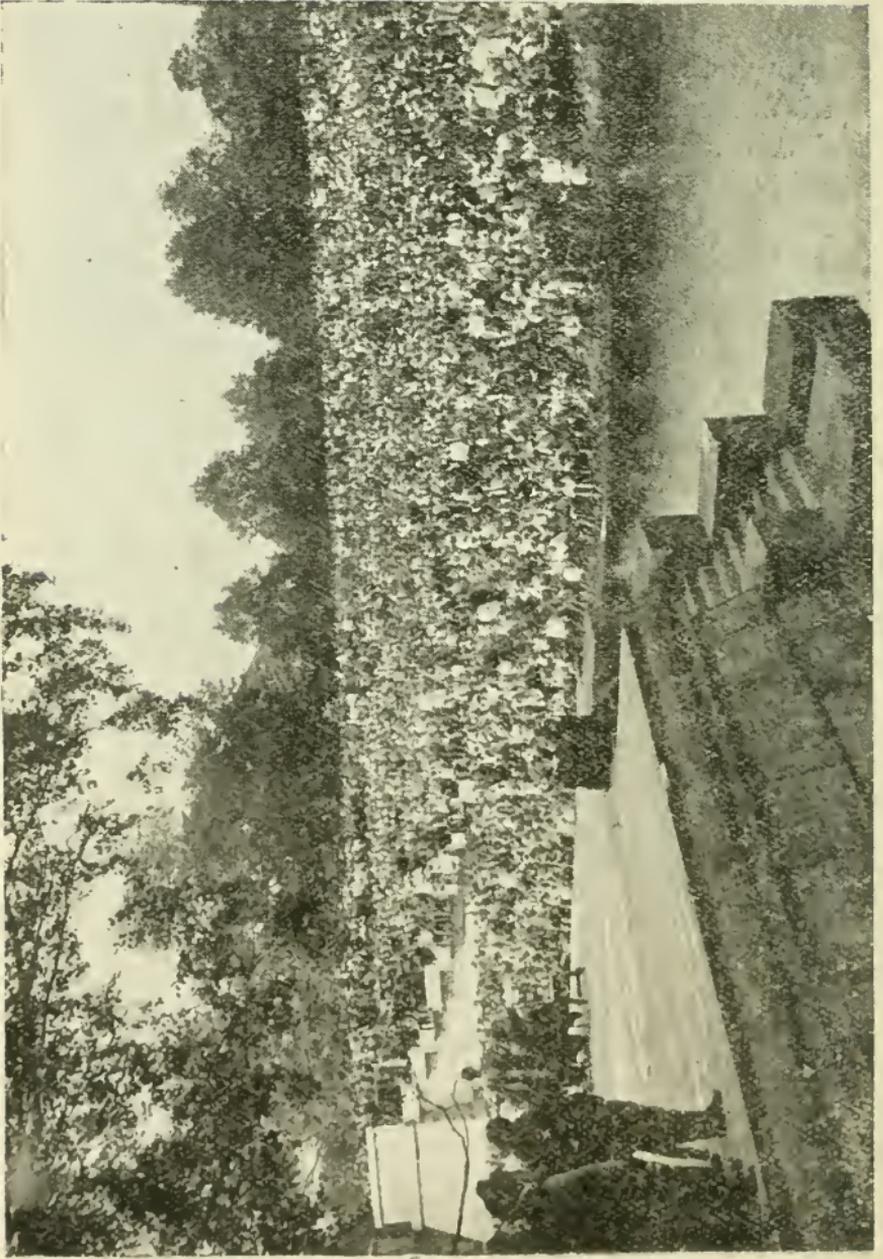
“The courtyard was large. The gate, ordinarily shut, was then open; for at that period of the year (it was July) the hospital was taking in its supplies of wood for the winter. As this, however, would last only a few weeks, no sentinel had been placed at the gate. It was a great advantage.

“I walked up and down at the bottom of the courtyard, exactly opposite the gate. The sen-

tinel was always near, between me and the gate. As, however, I walked more slowly than a tortoise, which, as is well known, wearies a vigorous man more than he would be wearied by leaps and bounds, the soldier had recourse to the following stratagem: he followed a line parallel to mine, but five paces nearer the gate. He was thus able to make his walk ten paces longer than mine, for at each extremity of his line he was always at the same distance from the gate as I was at the extremity of my line.

This calculation, which the sentinel evidently made with his eye, was absolutely correct theoretically. I, however, had thought that if once we both began to run the soldier, by a natural instinct, would endeavour to seize me as quickly as possible, and would therefore rush upon me, instead of running directly to the gate to cut off my retreat. He would thus describe two sides of the triangle, of which I should describe the third alone. Upon this point thus I had an advantage. I might hope to reach the gate before the sentinel running at the same speed. I hoped, however, to run faster, but was not certain of it, being much weakened by illness.

“When I was about to send a letter to my friends containing the outlines of my plan, I received another from them on the same subject. I began a correspondence. I need not relate the various plans and projects proposed and abandoned, there were so many. Several questions had to be settled; whether my friends should enter the courtyard as they proposed, and engage in some way or other the attention of the sentinel; whether the vehicle should await



THE THEATRE.

me at the gate, or at the corner of the hospital, where it would not be so much in sight; whether one of our party should post himself there, or the driver should remain alone.

"I proposed the most simple and natural plan, which was finally adopted. The vehicle should await me at the gate, because I felt too weak to run as far as the corner. An intimate friend proposed to post himself there to assist me, if necessary, in getting in more quickly, and especially in dressing me directly afterwards, as I should be compelled to escape with scarcely anything on except my trousers and shirt.

"All we had to cover us in the hospital was an invalid's dressing-gown. It was so large, so inconvenient, and so long, that in walking I was obliged to carry my train upon my arm. To run in such a garb was absolutely impossible. It must be thrown off at all hazards before I could take to my heels. But this must be done with the rapidity of lightning, for a single moment lost might ruin all. For many days in succession I practised this performance in the cell. I found that, to do it with the utmost possible celerity, the operation must be divided into three elementary movements, like the musketry exercise of soldiers—one, two, three.

"The greatest difficulty remained: the selection of the moment. This depended upon the condition of the streets through which we had to pass. A string of wood carts, a detachment of passing soldiers, a mounted Cossack, might upset the attempt, especially as the streets through which we had to pass were very narrow and winding. They must therefore be watched, and

I must be informed when they were free from all obstacles. For this purpose sentinels had to be placed at four different points. The fifth sentinel, receiving information from the four others, had to give me the decisive signal at the proper moment. The signal was to be an air-ball, which would ascend at a given spot behind the high wall of the courtyard in which I took exercise.

“I had also proposed to place a sixth sentinel at the corner of a lane a little beyond, because, according to my calculations, this very narrow lane was so long, that a vehicle being in it at the moment of our departure would infallibly have stopped our progress. It could not reach the end while we were passing from the gate of the hospital to the entrance of this lane. As men were few, however, we did without this sixth sentinel.

“On the day fixed I went to take my exercise, full of hope and excitement. I looked again and again towards that part of the wall where the red air-ball was to ascend. Nothing was to be seen. My time was drawing to an end; still nothing. It ended, and with it my hopes. With the impressionable imagination of a prisoner, I gave way to the gloomiest conjectures. I felt convinced that everything had broken down.

“Nothing much, however, had happened. By a singular chance a red air-ball could not be found anywhere in the Gostini Dvor. or in any of the toy-shops, though a whole morning had been spent in looking for one. Only white and blue balls could be had, which my friends would not take, and with good reason; for no change

whatever, however insignificant it may appear, is ever permitted in signals. They hurriedly purchased a red india-rubber ball in a gutta-percha shop, and filled it with gas of their own manufacture. But the ball turned out so badly, that at the proper moment when the sentinel let go the string, instead of rising high into the air it went up only a few yards and fell to the ground before reaching the top of the courtyard wall. The sentinel frenziedly endeavoured to throw it up with his hands, but this was even less successful.

“Another interval followed for the necessary correspondence in order to arrange the modifications, which were indispensable. Another sentinel was posted, naturally, at the entrance of the lane. But this required a modification of the entire plan, as there were no means of combining the signals of all the five sentinels outside the wall of the courtyard so as to give me the decisive signal. Either additional sentinels would have to be introduced, for the mere transmission of the signals, or the decisive signal would have to be changed.

“The latter expedient was chosen.

“One of our party hired a room on the third storey directly opposite the hospital. From the window could be seen not only all the five sentinels, but the courtyard also, where I took exercise. The signal was to be given to me by means of a violin, which my friend was to play whenever all the signals were favourable, and the music was to cease when any of them became unfavourable. This mode also presented the great advantage of indicating to me re-

peatedly the favourable time for flight, leaving to me the selection of the proper moment.

"The first day, when everything was ready and the vehicle already awaited me at the gate, it was I who caused my friends some cruel moments; my illness increased, and I felt so weak that I did not dare to make the attempt. I did not even go down, therefore, into the courtyard, and they thought that the suspicions of the police had been aroused, and that I was no longer to be allowed to take exercise.

"I recovered in two days and resolved to profit by the interval which my illness had given me.

"I went to take my exercise. No sooner had I entered the courtyard than I heard the violin. The music lasted for five minutes, but I did not care to profit by it immediately, for at first the surveillance instinctively is always somewhat greater. But lo! the violin stopped. Two minutes afterwards some carts with wood entered the courtyard. The violin recommenced.

"This time I was determined to turn it to account. I looked at the sentinel; he was walking along his usual line, some five paces distant, between me and the gate. I looked at his musket. It was loaded. I knew it. Would he fire or not? Probably not, because I, being so near, he would rather wish to seize hold of me. His bayonet was more dangerous, in case, during this long run, my strength failed me. I had, however, already made my calculations even upon this point. If I remained in prison I was certain to die. 'Now or never,' I said to myself. I seized my dressing-gown. . . . One! . . .

"But lo! the violin ceased.

"I felt as though I should drop.

"A moment afterwards, however, the music recommenced; a patrol at that very moment had passed through one of the lanes.

"Directly the sentinel reached the extremity of his line, without a moment's pause I threw off my dressing-gown with three well-practised movements, and—I was off like an arrow. The sentinel, with a howl, rushed at me to seize me, instead of running straight to the gate to prevent my escape, and thus described his two sides of the triangle, as I foresaw. I was so weak, however, that those who saw our desperate race from above said that the soldier was within three paces of me, and that his bayonet, which he thrust forward, was within an ace of touching me. This, however, I did not see. I only heard his howling and that of the carters who were unloading the wood at the bottom of the courtyard.

"On reaching the gate I saw a vehicle; but for a moment I was in doubt whether it was ours, for I could not recognise my friend in the officer who was on the alert in the street. To make him turn round I clapped my hands, to the surprise of the friends who were observing the scene. It was taken as a sign of joy. The officer turned round. I recognised him, and in less time than it takes to say these words I was inside the vehicle, which went off like a flash of lightning, and I was wrapped in a military cloak which my friend had in readiness, as well as an officer's cap."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Russland, Farewell!

“Lettest now thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”—Nunc Dimittis.

“To those whose lives are feast and talking,
To those whose hands are steeped in blood,
I wander from the camp of those
Who perish for the Cause of Love.”

—Nekrasoff (slightly altered).

ON Saturday, March 13, 1881, Tsar Alexander II. went to Mass with his family in the private chapel, breakfasted afterwards with his relatives and friends, visited hismorganatic wife for some time, and then drove to the military review. He left home about one o'clock, by two o'clock the hard day's labour of the “serf-emancipator” was over, and by three o'clock his life's work was ended abruptly and completely by a bomb. This latter part of the day's programme was carried out by the “Terrorists” under the directions of the glorious martyr, Sophia Perovskaya. Sophia had planned it all from the beginning. Two attempts had already been made to execute the Tsar, but both were unsuccessful. The third, it was determined, would succeed, and succeed it did.

It was believed that Alexander's carriage and its Cossack convoy would return via Malo-Sadovaia Street, and the plan was to lay a mine beneath the street and fire it the moment the carriage rolled directly over it. The tunnel was made from the cellers of a little shop rented on purpose, but the Tsar's escort for some reason or other did not enter the street. Instead they

turned down the little thoroughfare which runs immediately behind the Naryskin Palace (our dwelling in Petersburg), and which is bounded on one side by the wall of the Field of Mars, and down which the Catherine Canal runs to the Moika. But Sophia was watching, and had prepared for every contingency. She had her friends and comrades posted at different points of approach, and no matter what route the Tsar was to take that day he was destined not to escape the sentence an outraged people had passed upon him. Down by the railed canal swept the royal carriage followed by the two sledges containing Colonel Dvoritsky, the chief of police, and Capt. Kock. Comrade Ryssakoff stepped into the road and hurled his bomb. The carriage was smashed and a Cossack wounded, but the Tsar was unhurt. He stepped into the snow and turned to Ryssakoff, whom Kock had "captured" (Ryssakoff had never tried to escape) when another of Sophia's comrades, Grinevetsky, ran forward, close to the Tsar, and hurled the second bomb, which not only killed Alexander but the thrower himself, besides wounding several others. A cloud of snow and dust, blood and flesh, rose in the air, and the Tsar, with the lower part of his body mangled to a shapeless mass, was carried to the Winter Palace in time to receive the last sacraments before he died. Sophia's little handkerchief had been waved to some purpose this day. A week later Sophia was arrested, and, after another week's cruel torture, she, together with Ryssakoff, Micaïloff, Kilbalkik, and Geliaboff, was executed. "She appeared before the court tran-

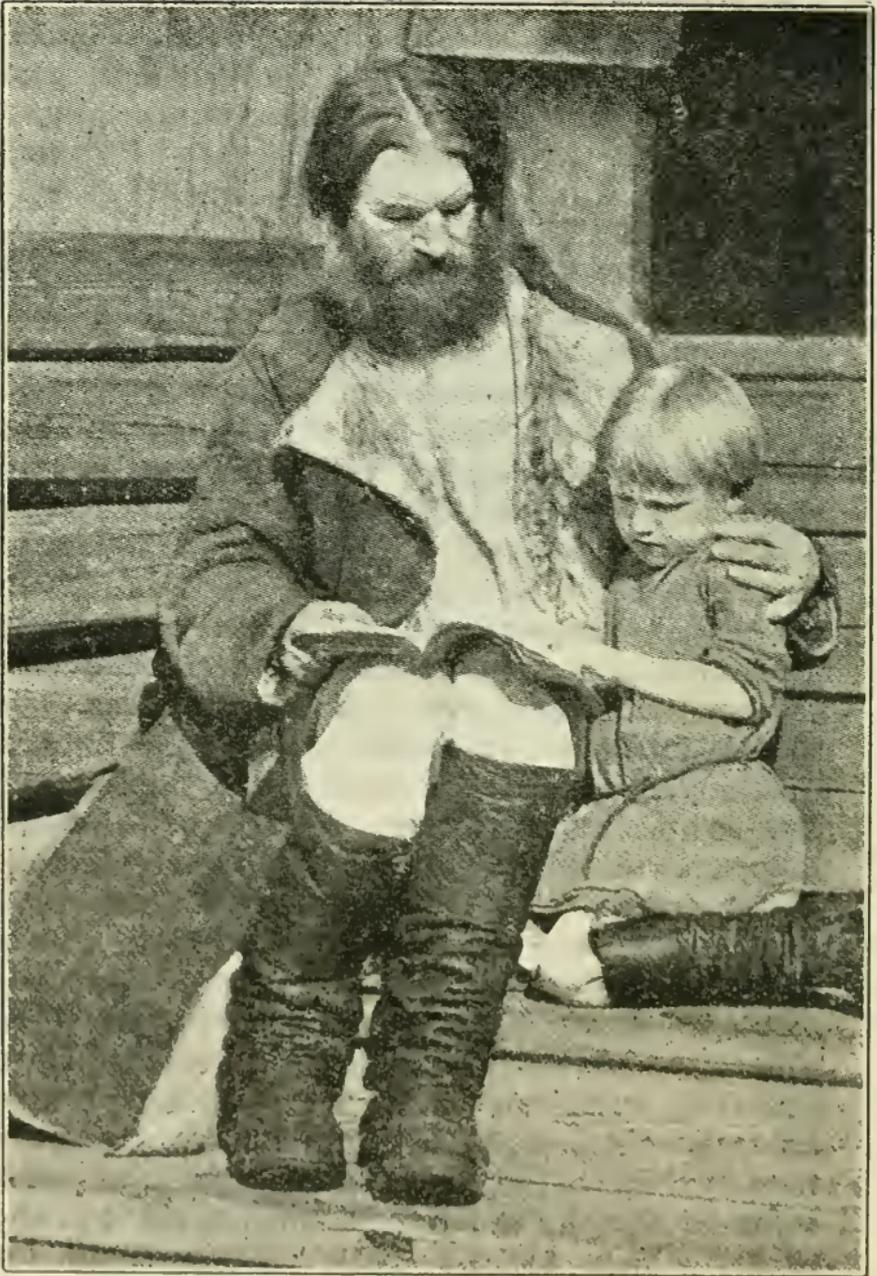
quil and serious, without the slightest trace of parade or ostentation, endeavouring neither to justify, nor to glorify herself, simple and modest as she had lived," writes Stepniak. The correspondent of the anti-revolutionary paper "Kolnische Zeitung" was present at the execution. In that paper on April 16, 1881, he wrote: "Perovskaya displayed extraordinary moral strength. Her cheeks even preserved their rosy colour, while her face, always serious, was full of courage and endless abnegation. I have been present at a dozen executions in the East, but I have never seen such a butchery as this."

I left my comrades one morning and visited every scene associated with this particular drama. On the very spot where the Tsar's bleeding body fell in the snow, and on which the superstitious muzhiks dabbed their handkerchiefs to collect the bloodstains, a magnificent church now stands--the Church of the Resurrection. It is one of the most fascinating buildings I have ever seen, although one of ostentation and with a somewhat garish display of wealth. This is the church, rich in costly trimmings—gems, mosaics of perfect artistry, gold, silver, bronze, lapislazuli, malachite, syenite, granite and marble—which was alleged to have been sacked by the Bolsheviki.

Not one blade of the straggling grass that peeps from the interstices of the cobbled pathways has been interfered with. The Mensheviki deliberately propagated the story of its violation in order to discredit their political antagonists. Within the church, railed off, has been preserved untouched the identical piece of the street upon

which the dying Tsar fell. Its wardens are the same who officiated when Nicholas II. reigned.

The neighbourhood is quiet. The pink and yellow buildings line the banks of the canal behind; and above, the wide Nevsky Prospect and its crowds give the only sign of life in this haunt of solitude and sad memories. Sad—when one thinks of the heroism and sacrifice of the men and women whose deed in 1881 has sanctified the spot. They will be honoured and glorified when every rotten Tsar is forgotten. Even in our time the balance of opinion has been on the side of the heroic girl-martyr and her colleagues who killed the “Serf-Emancipator—the Tsar-Liberator.” Pah! Alexander has to be “honoured” for abolishing serfdom which his brutal forerunners had inflicted upon the peasantry of Russia. History, since the Act of Emancipation, is a more ghastly matter than the history previous to it. Baron Graevinitz, a Tsarist lick-spittle and supporter of autocracy, explains the mechanism of serf-liberation as follows:—“It would not have been satisfactory to set the peasants free, and to tell them that they might go wherever they wished. They would have been compelled to work for their masters. It was therefore decided to give them a certain amount of land round their villages, and they were made to pay the State for this land by instalments. The landlords, who were thus forced to part with their serfs, and with some of the land, were compensated by the State, which AMPLY REWARDED them for their loss and which would have enabled them to hire the necessary labour.”



AN EDUCATED PEASANT.

And what happened, of course, was that the poor devils who were "liberated" had to suffer the loss of their land because they couldn't pay the instalments and taxes; the landlords squandered their "compensation," and in a short time the peasant was a worse "serf" under "liberation" than he was before it. In Kellogg Durland's "Red Reign" we read that "since 1861 (the year of emancipation) the population of many villages has doubled or trebled, but the aggregate landholdings have remained what they were at the beginning. A tract of land that was barely enough for the maintenance of two thousand souls in 1861 is entirely inadequate in 1907 for four or five thousand." Durland wrote that in Tsaritsin in 1907. Since then the population has increased enormously and with it the misery of the peasants. The immediate effects of the emancipation were pretty similar to those experienced by the American negroes after the Abolition Act—the serfs were, like the blacks, longing for "slavery" again. Dr. A. S. Rappoport, no revolutionary, depicts the period in these words:—"The great day, 19th February, 1861, arrived. On this historical day serfdom was abolished in Russia by Imperial decree. . . . The peasants did not receive the land they had been cultivating, for the greater part of the soil remained in the hands of the proprietors. Moreover, the peasants did not receive what land was allotted to them free of expense: they had to pay heavy rents and taxes, in many cases indeed the taxes came to more than the peasant could earn by the cultivation of his land. Therefore, the liberated slaves were economically much

worse off than before. Hence the strange phenomenon of men and women, nominally free and their own masters, sighing miserably for the happy halcyon days of serfdom. After having celebrated the feast of freedom the Russian peasant wept for the fleshpots of slavery."

Stepniak is equally emphatic: "The famous emancipation of the serfs only changed their material condition for the worse, the terms of redemption fixed for the scrap of land bestowed upon them being onerous beyond measure."

The peasant, a stupid, illiterate creature at best, could not manage his own affairs, could not understand why he had to pay taxes, could not understand why he had to pay for land which his own forefathers owned, and which, he thought, a good Tsar had restored to him. This state of things resulted in a terrific increase in the ranks of the "tchinovniks" as the bureaucrats of Russia are called, who were as all-powerful in their brutalities toward the ignorant muzhik as the proprietary class had been before them.*

*"...The Home Secretary devised a class of guardians (*Zemskye Natchalniki* or district chiefs) to shield them, whose sole qualification was nobility of birth, officials who were answerable only to the minister, and to these power was given over the bodies and souls of nine-tenths of the population. It was within the discretion of the new chiefs to rob and flog and persecute their wards; many of them used the power without ruth, and went so far as to deliberately and arbitrarily to hinder even agricultural development, the spread of instruction, and liberty of religious thought and creed. This new order of bureaucrats was in the nature of a final touch to a policy which drove the country out of its natural course and set it moving towards the abyss."—E. J. Dillon.

One could go on quoting till the end of time to prove that the much vaunted reform of Alexander II. was merely productive of trouble—an increase of misery to the peasant, an intensification of the hatred of the landlord, an accession to the army of accursed bureaucrats, and an era of famine made more pitiable by official corruption. The good that sprang from this so-called “epoch of reforms” was the added strength it brought to the revolutionary parties. A peasant revolutionary party became active, terrorism came into existence as a political weapon and was carried to fine art, and methods of organisation began to be studied. There was, moreover, a vast field opened up for satiric literature, and the harvest has been rich—Tolstoy, Dostoieffsky, Turgeniev,* Stepniak, Gorki, Schedrin, Lavroff, are but a few among many who laboured more or less in this field.

One might enquire of the Tsar’s motives. Was not the Tsar *desirous*, if not genuinely anxious, to ameliorate the conditions of the serfs, even though his efforts failed? Alas! even this moth-eaten excuse, which has served for the white-washing of every scoundrel in history, will not do duty in this case. Following the Peace of Paris, the peasant militia was demobilised, and on returning to their homes created endless trouble. My authority is Maxim Kovalevsky,

* Turgeniev astounded the reading public of Russia by his statement in “Memoirs of a Sportsman” that serfs had souls just the same as other people.—Professor Leo Weiner, “The Russian People.”

one time professor of jurisprudence at Moscow, who writes:—

“The years 1845 and 1855 are notorious for a series of local rebellions. These insurrections took place partly on the shores of the Volga, which had already felt, in the time of Catherine II., the horrors of a jacquerie, and partly in some Central and South-Western Governments, such as Vladimir, Riasan, Pensa, Voronej, and Kiev. These produced a great impression upon the Tsar Alexander.”*

Accordingly, a few days after the Manifesto of Peace was published in 1856 (five years before the Emancipation Act) we find the Tsar still brooding over this fear of a wholesale peasant rebellion. To the Marshals and Noblesse of Russia, gathered in the city of Moscow, he addressed the historic words which demonstrate beyond question that so far from being an act of grace, the “Emancipation” was born of sheer funk:—

“I have not at the present moment the intention of annihilating serfage; but certainly as you yourselves know, the existing method of possessing serfs cannot remain unchanged. It is BETTER TO ABOLISH SERFAGE FROM ABOVE THAN TO AWAIT THE TIME WHEN IT WILL BEGIN TO ABOLISH ITSELF FROM

* According to M. de Custine, the rebellion at Chebok-sari was accomplished by horrors similar to the horrors of the Jacquerie. Masters and their families were spitted and roasted like fowls.—J. S. C.

BELOW."—Quoted from official records by Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace.

And because a Tsar, an autocratic upstart, made a virtue of necessity by throwing a few crumbs of alleged freedom to the enslaved beggars of Russia, and giving back a few acres of earth out of the many thousands of acres he and his kind had filched from them—their own property—we are expected to revere his memory as a martyr and inscribe his name upon our calendar of saints. We can only deplore the sacrifice of so many of the world's best and noblest spirits who have suffered death, and worse than death, for obeying the inspiration to remove such obscene things from the earth. There has not been one man or woman, of the many thousands launched into eternity or scarred with the wounds of torture for serving the revolutionary movement, from Stenka Razin to Nicolai Lenin, but was a better, purer, and nobler spirit than any monarch a deluded people ever permitted to encumber the earth! Did dead or living, bloated or anæmic Tsar ever inspire such exalted minstrelsy as Joaquin Miller's beautiful poem on Sophia Perovskaya, and which he addressed to Alexander III. ?—

SOPHIA PEROVSKAYA.

To the Tsar.

Down from her high estate she stept,

A maiden, gently born,

And by the icy Volga kept

Sad watch, and waited morn;

And peasants say that where she slept

The new moon dipped her horn.

Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
 Far tow'rd the bleak north pole,
 The foulest wrong the good God knows
 Rolled as dark rivers roll;
 While never once for all these woes
 Upspake one human soul.

She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
 The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
 Illumined with her lofty thought,
 Rose up and sought to be,
 What God at the creation wrought,
 A man—god-like and free.

Yet still before him yawned the black
 Siberian mines! And oh,
 The knout upon the bare white back!
 The blood upon the snow!
 The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
 Fought o'er the fallen so!

And this that one might wear a crown
 Snatched from a strangled sire!
 And this that two might mock or frown
 From high thrones climbing higher,—
 To where the Parricide looks down
 With harlot in desire!

Yet on, beneath the great north star,
 Like some lost, living thing,
 That long dread line stretched black and far
 Till buried by death's wing!
 And great men praised the goodly Tsar—
 But God sat pitying.

A storm burst forth! From out the storm
 The clean, red lightning leapt!

And lo! a prostrate royal form . . .

And Alexander slept!

Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
Like any blood, his crept.

Yea, one lay dead, for millions dead!

One red spot in the snow

For one long damning line of red:

While endless exiles go—

The babe at breast, the mother's head

Bowed down, and dying so!

And did a woman do this deed?

Then build her scaffold high,

That all may on her forehead read

The martyr's right to die!

Ring Cossack round on royal steed!

Now lift her to the sky!

But see! From out the black hood shines

A light few look upon!

Lorn exiles, see, from dark deep mines,

A star at burst of dawn! . . .

A thud—a creak of hangman's lines—

A frail shape jerked and drawn!

The Tsar is dead; the woman dead,

About her neck a cord.

In God's house rests his royal head—

Hers in a place abhorr'd;

Yet I had rather have her bed

Than thine, most royal lord!

Yea, rather be that woman dead

Than thee, dead-living Tsar,

To hide in dread, with both hands red,

Behind great bolt and bar—

You may control to the North Pole,

But God still guides his star.

An old Russian proverb reads: "Koll khud knyas—Tak y gryas" (If the prince is bad, into the mud with him). My paper weight in Petersburg was a heavy, distorted piece of iron, once a part of the bombed carriage of Alexander II.

Preparations were made for our journey to the north, and we took advantage of the remaining hours of the last evening to have a bath.

Together we visited the baths of the Petersburg Soviet Hall and revelled like schoolboys in the delights of a Russian bath. I eschewed the steam-chambers, so did several of my companions. Little tubs stand along wooden benches—the hot and cold water taps are plentiful—and you may fling the water about just as you like. Accordingly Losovsky and myself decided to fight a duel. We soaped each other very thoroughly, and after some vigorous massaging we grabbed each a bucket and commenced hostilities. The warfare consisted in pelting bucketfuls of warm water at one another, each exhibiting a new front for attack at every onslaught. One beautifully timed shot of Losovsky's caught me fairly in the face, and I went spluttering down on the concrete, but not out. I got my own back by an act of unspeakable treachery. Losovsky got some soap in his eyes and "downed tools" in order to rub them. I stood with a nicely filled pail of soft tepid water which I was loth to waste. I gave a small howl, he raised his head and I got him—and the soap too. After dressing we were shaved, our hair was trimmed (mine did not create any labour unrest in the establishment) and we were escorted to

the ante-rooms of the hall and presented with gifts from the Soviet members. We all received a dressing-case filled with necessities — cigarettes, matches, candles, note-books, safety razor, comb, mirror, etc.,—and, if requiring them, a new blouse, cap, overcoat, and boots. Very few availed themselves of this opportunity. The dressing-cases were specially selected gifts, however, and we all accepted them. Next morning we were at the station again. A special okhran of four Red soldiers with fixed bayonets guarded our saloon, now piled high with hampers and bales of—literature. Literature in seven or eight different languages and all varieties — books, pamphlets, leaflets, posters, art-reproductions, maps. A huge crowd assembled to see us off, and many cameras were in evidence upon the platform. Soon the train moved and shortly afterwards the golden cross of St. Isaac's began to disappear as Petersburg, the accursed and blessed, dropped further and further behind.

That night we organised another concert, but dancing was absent from the programme—the floor being littered with piles of literature. Propaganda? Some of it, much of it—but by no means all of it. There were scores of volumes of Scott, Dickens and Dumas in Russian, and hundreds of copies of the finest works of Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Gorky, Pushkin, Lermontoff, Kryloff, A. K. Tolstoy, Anton Tchekoff, Gogol, and of several poets whose names I have forgotten. These books were all well printed, but bound in paper covers owing to scarcity of binding cloth and other materials.

Much has been made in our press of an

alleged Act of the Soviet government suppressing all books. The news paragraph, liberally supplemented with editorial comment, appeared in almost every paper in this country, including the organs of Co-operative Societies. It reads:

“Nationalisation of Books.—The Bolshevik Press announces that the Soviet Government has decided to abolish the right of individuals to possess books. In consequence of this, all existing libraries in Russia have been requisitioned by the State. Any person retaining a book in his possession or who in future attempts to procure one, is liable to condemnation.”

To anyone who has spent any length of time in Russia the above paragraph is utterly meaningless—indeed, senseless. If the Government, since my return, has abolished the right of individuals to selfishly own certain rarities, so much beloved by the bibliomaniac and unprocurable in ordinary libraries, then one is prepared to justify the Government's action. Henceforth this will be a “rarity” no longer, or at least only so far as its own individual peculiarities are concerned (as an “association book” once owned by Peter the Great, etc., an incunabula specimen, or as a “first edition”). If the contents are worth the undertaking it will be multiplied on the Soviet presses and scattered broadcast to the multitude.

Notice how the paragraph explicitly states that the “right to possess books” has been abolished, and then add to this legend the wail of Mr. Stephen Graham, who certainly ought to have more sense, in “John o' London's Weekly” for January 22, 1921:—

“Literature fares badly under the proletarian dictator-

ship which we call Bolshevism. It is a pitiful picture which Mr. H. G. Wells lately drew of the plight of literary men now in Russia. . . . The printing presses have been seized and the publishers' offices closed. The great Russian firms and their imprints are no more. The classics are not reprinted, the new is not printed. For the Communist Government does all the printing, and prints propaganda. Literature has given way to propaganda, and whatever the economic merits of the Communist regime, we ought to bear in mind, we literary partisans for or against Bolshevik Russia, that a working-man's revolution, a dictatorship of the proletariat as to the taste of the community as a whole, means the thinnest of all possible times for the creative artist and the independent thinker. Nothing of any literary value, excepting the interpretative reminiscences of Tolstoi by Gorky, has come out of Russia since the revolution."

The reader must remember that Mr Graham's ideas of what constitutes "creative art" have not necessarily been universally accepted, nor is his pronouncement on literary values necessarily the final word on the question. It is as well also to remember that—

"Arts that thrive at number five
Don't take at number one."

And when the treacherous sabotage practised by Mr. Graham's kinsmen against Russia has collapsed, and examples of the "Prolet-cult"—the greatest experiment in creative art ever made—are permitted into this country, Mr. Graham might pipe another tune. An entire department of government activity is now, and has been for some time, devoted to the service of inspiring and fostering creative art in the young and in the rural and urban proletariat. Not only are their literary creations printed and distributed, but their efforts in every branch of

art, music, painting, etching, sculpture, wood-carving, dancing and singing receive the greatest encouragement — immediate recognition. This while British and French artists and scientists are starving like rats in a garret.

That "the classics are not reprinted" is untrue, because I handled them myself, that is, if the men I have named will be considered "classics" by Mr Graham. And the value of the rest of his remarks will be apparent if we follow the writings of his own authority, Mr. H. G. Wells: "The bulk of the writers and artists have been found employment upon a grandiose scheme for the publication of a sort of Russian 'encyclopedia of the literature of the world. In this strange Russia of conflict, cold, famine, and pitiful privations there is actually going on now a literary task that would be inconceivable in the rich England and rich America of to-day. In England and America the publication of good literature at popular prices has practically ceased now 'because of the price of paper.' The mental food of the English and American masses dwindles and deteriorates and nobody in authority cares a rap. The Bolshevik government is at least a shade above that level. In starving Russia hundreds of people are working upon translations, and the books they translate are being set up and printed—work which may presently give a new Russia such a knowledge of world thought as no other people will possess. . . . How this world literature is to be distributed to the Russian people I do not know."—"Russia in the Shadows."

There, reader, are two pictures on the literary

situation of Soviet Russia, both from avowed enemies of Bolshevism. One completely negates the other, but the facts given by Wells are the more accurate. Where, then, comes in the wisdom of setting hundreds of translators, composers and printers, to say nothing of binders, at work to produce a world literature in Russian if the "right to own books" has been abolished?

The whole tale is simply another malicious fabrication like the "nationalisation of women" canard!

Mr. Wells says he is at a loss to know how this literature will be distributed. I can enlighten him, because I helped to distribute some of it. Day after day our saloon was in a state of indescribable confusion through our efforts to select from the mass of literature the kind most adapted to the districts we were traversing.

Reading-matter suitable for the inhabitants of the villages bordering the semi-frozen tundras of Karelia and Lapland was not necessarily the correct kind to deliver to the populace of towns like Petrosavodsk. The common-sense method was to sort it out with discretion, bundle it up and place each bundle in a certain category. This occupied us during most of the day time, and at every one of the thirty-odd villages and towns we passed through a selection of literature—romance, poetry, criticism, belles lettres, drama, economics, history, politics, and propaganda matter—was duly handed out to the deputation who awaited with positively ravenously outstretched hands to receive it. I have seen a group of four or five men literally drop their bundle of books and execute a dance of

glee around it, so delighted were they at receiving it. This was our ordinary rail journey to the port of Murmansk, but Mr Wells ought to know that specially painted trains are employed by the Government to distribute literature to all the centres of the country, from which it is again distributed to those places inaccessible to the railway train. In the engagement of this delightful task, the diffusion of the work of genius for the uplifting of a soul-famished people, our train journey of six and a half days was filled with interest. Some of the incidents occurred during our progress I have described already in the preceding chapters.

Petrosavodsk, Maselskaya the "bloody," Kem, Kandalaksa, Imandra — seemed as familiar as British hamlets in spite of their wild, inhospitable setting and primitive structural arrangements. The everlasting steppes, the tree-tufted tundras, the hazy White Sea and foam-flecked azure lakes, the snow-domed hills, bordered by the ghostly pines and firs where lurked the tundra wolves and bears, and the eternal glow of the Arctic skies, depressed or charmed us according to our moods, until we reached, once more, the chilly roof of our little planet of stupidity, greed and heroism. I left my companions at Murmansk, for one day only, and sailed from the harbour in the little fishing vessel already described. The gulf of Kola was choppy, the red sun gleamed upon the outlands like the poets' sun which "rose on freedom, rose in blood." To the north, over the wide Arctic, slumbered the mountains of eternal ice; to the east the long line of the Murman cliffs disap-

peared in the grey mist; and the islands, awesome in their desolateness, broke into white foam and scintillant spindrift the waves of the troubled sea; southwards stretched the dreary tundras o'er which crept the whispers of a new-born race and the songs of great endeavour and of hearts rejoicing;—westward, whither our tiny argosy drifted, the skies were heaped with clouds which a boisterous wind drove before it with many a mournful shriek and bitter wail—augury of the life to which I was returning. O'erhead the unmusical grey-backed gulls circled impetuously as the shacks of Vaida Gubba sank lower and lower; and “I blest them unaware,” for it was not without a lump in the throat, and with moist eyes, that I watched the farewell hand-signals of friends I had grown to love, grow fainter and fainter with the retreating cliffs of Bolsheviki Land.

THE END.

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