

honorable and contented life was prolonged until February, 1806, when she died in her London lodgings on her final visit to town. She lies in the Grosvenor Chapel burial ground, where her

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epitaph describes her as being 'as much distinguished for piety and virtue, as for deep learning; and extensive knowledge.' Her cenotaph at Deal is to the same effect.

## AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN MOSCOW

BY K. MANISTRE BLAKEY

ALL through 1918 Moscow became more and more the trysting place for foreigners fleeing Russia. Living distributed all over the vast empire, they were not only entirely cut off from outside events, but from what was going on in the country, for what with civil war on the frontiers, and the postal and railway communications being cut or unreliable, Bolshevik Russia was as isolated from South Russia as any two separate enemy kingdoms, and people struggled through to the old capital hoping that once in touch with the Consulates there they might yet hear of means for getting away.

I got through to Moscow on July 11, five days after the assassination of Count Mirbach. No one knew precisely what had happened, and as we neared Moscow reports grew from bad to worse. 'Moscow is in flames.' 'A battle is raging at Moscow,' was the continual refrain. There was no turning back; I was obliged to continue my journey, though assured all foreigners were immediately arrested on arrival. I had been quite without news from England the last ten months; from Moscow news had only dribbled through by word of mouth or a chance courier, and it was difficult

to judge what was true and what exaggeration. Our arrival at the station passed unheeded, and I sent the trusted man-servant who accompanied me to get a cab. He persuaded one to take us into town for thirty rubles (three pounds sterling). I had the address of rooms to go to. The hotels were, I believe, without exception, requisitioned. The restaurants still open were either those run by the Polish Relief Committee for refugees, or a few keeping up the appearance of being so. If one asked for a cup of coffee, the following preamble ensued: 'Yes, we serve coffee; it's five rubles a cup; there's no milk or sugar. Please give the amount exact, we have no change.' And you paid your ten shillings, and swallowed the turbid decoction. Cakes were not mentioned on either side. Change was nowhere to be had, for paper had become too expensive for printing the stamps which were current as money. Those who had bread brought it with them, and such as desired sugar bought it from hawkers in the street at one ruble fifty kopecks the cube. At the 'Bear,' one of the fashionable restaurants, visitors, up to the time it was closed, were treated to the following notice: 'Cus-

tomers are requested not to insult the officiators by giving them tips. *N.B.* — Hall porters and messengers are not included; they work independently.' I next sought out the British Club for dinner. I found it temporarily established in a private house, leading a precarious existence — former quarters had been requisitioned. There were few members, as Englishmen, like most foreigners at this time, were either in prison or just coming out. Here I came upon my husband, of whose whereabouts I had been ignorant since his departure from the Ukraine on the German advance. I learned, to my relief, that an agreement had been come to by our government with the Soviet authorities, and Allied subjects were to be allowed to leave. A train was made up for this purpose, the route to be *via* Finland and Sweden. This train was no myth, but actually in the station, and we were told to hold ourselves in readiness, as it was probable we might leave that night.

The rooms I had repaired to were in close vicinity to the Kremlin, and during the first nights I could not sleep for the continual shooting. I knew by experience that this regular firing was not a street fight going on, but the execution of helpless victims. The first night I counted, roughly, two hundred reports, then covering my head 'courted sleep, but sleep courted not me.' The men condemned to the death penalty at this time were officers of the First Army, men guilty of no other crime than having, during the first three years of the war, led their men against the German onrush. I was told many of the Bolshevik soldiers disliked shooting former officers, and Chinese mercenaries had been hired for this work. One saw them about in the streets.

There was no news of our departure next day. We appeared to be hostages

kept in exchange for the Bolshevik members in England. The murder of Uritsky at Petrograd, by a young Russian who had sought refuge in the English Club, together with the attempted assassination of Lenine at a factory under British management in the outskirts of Moscow, to say the least, made things uncomfortable. Our days passed in foraging for food, calling at the Consulate for news, and registering at the American Medical Commission to obtain a health certificate. There were rumors of cholera and typhus epidemics and a quarantine might be expected on the Finnish frontier. Food was prohibitive in price. Bread cost anything from twelve rubles the pound, upward. Eggs, three rubles each, when obtainable. Tomatoes, five rubles the pound, and almost impossible to procure at that.

To vary a somewhat wearisome routine, I tried to explore the historical old city, and judge for myself of the damage done by the Bolshevik revolution. This is a subject on which there is much diversity of opinion. Those who regard the damage done from a mere commercial point of view maintain that, considering the whole, it is insignificant, and go on to prove this by the majority of buildings fired on being at present in use. Others, who see more than brick and mortar in the picturesque witnesses of an age barbarous but great, regard the very firing into them as sacrilege. The Kremlin excepted, shells seem to have been sent indiscriminately, and there are few streets in which one does not see either façades riddled with bullets, shells lodged in buttresses, or the cavities they have passed through, and in isolated cases, houses burned and gutted.

The Kremlin covers an area of many acres, and consists of two citadels, the outer and the inner, in each case sur-

rounded by massive turreted walls. In the inner of these is the wonderful cluster of cathedrals, belfries, and palaces, in which Italian, Byzantine, and Norse architecture has been blended to form a picture, I believe, unique in the world. In the outer citadel is the arsenal which the Junkers made a heroic but ineffectual stand to defend, and which was the direct cause of destruction, for the cannons on the 'Sparrow Hills' were placed so as to send their shells straight into the Kremlin, and the cupolas and belfries suffered accordingly. Strangers were at this time not permitted entrance to the inner citadel, as the buildings were being used in part as headquarters of the Bolshevik authorities, and the old prisons and dungeons overcrowded with prisoners.

From the outer citadel I could see that several of the gold and blue cupolas had shells lodged in their walls and were bulging heavily; others showed cavities where they had passed through. The Red Monastery appeared partly blown to pieces, and the walls injured. There were heaps of masonry being cleared away, and some scaffolding in erection. The Tverskai entrance gate, over which is the ancient picture of the wonder-working icon, passing under which men had hitherto been wont to raise their hats, was riddled with bullets. I could see no more to state with certainty from the outer citadel. It is to be hoped the damage done may be repaired, and this wonderful group of buildings preserved to future generations.

It seems a strange coincidence that on these same 'Sparrow Hills' from where the city was bombarded, two ardent Russian progressists of the eighteen-forties should have vowed to sacrifice life and fortune to their country. Touched by the beauty of Moscow at their feet in the last resplendent

rays of the setting sun, Heren and Ogarev stood hand in hand longing for the blot of serfdom to be wiped out in Russia, for her to rank side by side with the great western nations. Alas! could these men have foreseen the form freedom would take in their beloved land, it would have been harder for them to bear than any of the many limitations of unreformed Russia.

Among those retained in the Kremlin were two former ministers of the Tsar's Government, Tsheglevitoff and Belaer, awaiting trial. The room adjoining mine was occupied by a lawyer who had come from Petrograd to plead their case. One afternoon I heard violent sobbing in that room. It was Madame Tsheglevitoff. She had received permission to take food to the prison for her husband, but the last few days had been met with objections and difficulties about the acceptance. To-day, on going, she was told no more provisions were necessary; her husband and Belaer had been taken from the Kremlin to a place outside town a week ago and shot. She had come from the Kremlin to give the lawyer this information.

To anyone not familiar with Moscow previously, it might appear that there was still considerable life in the city. The shops were showing goods, and in Kitai-gorod bargains were being struck as in former days, but those knowing gay 'Little Mother Moscow' formerly were not deceived by this attempted outward show, a ghost clinging to old walls, and knew well that Moscow was following in the wake of Petrograd, and, like the country, moving toward slow extinction. The shops grouped round the 'Smith's Bridge,' which, until a short time ago, could vie in luxury with any in Europe, would not part from those goods in the windows, and asked not merely exorbitant, but fabulous prices, in order

to keep them. I speak from bitter experience, having arrived in Moscow with literally only what I was wearing. Owing to the rise in cab fares, practically everyone, unlike in former days, was on foot, and among these pedestrians there was ample material for the psychologist. Even the most casual observer could note that the women selling newspapers were, despite their simple garb, of gentle birth, and new to the work. The papers on sale showed the date of the Julian Calendar, and were printed in the phonetic type recently enforced for schools and press by the Soviet commissaries. The introduction of this foreign calendar has been a controversy of many years, for it was maintained that bearing the name of a Roman Catholic Pope its introduction into orthodox Russia would in itself suffice to raise a revolution; but the Bolsheviks have introduced it, together with the phonetic type, and consulted no one. I doubt if at this time anyone cared what date or type was used! I heard one man accosted for alms, and he replied: 'I am an officer of the First Army,' and he was let pass, for it was common knowledge that these men were financially in a desperate plight. No salaries have been paid out to them since the Bolsheviks seized power. At Kharkof, in the Ukraine, a number of them were reduced to opening a garden restaurant, where they cooked and served the meals. When the Germans arrived and frequented this restaurant this sometimes led to embarrassing, not to say comical, situations. Another feature of the Moscow streets was the amount of furniture of every description left to the mercy of the elements. The majority of flats in the fourth and fifth stories had been requisitioned for the placing of machine guns with which to receive the Czecho-Slovaks on their expected arrival. The hapless owners, when turned out, had been unable to

find either horses, men, or carts to take away their belongings, and they had remained on the sidewalks. Very little, I was told, was stolen, for men had come to be more interested in a pound of bread than in the best chairs or tables.

It was not safe to visit any of the many places of interest outside the town, and only once, weary of streets, one fine Sunday morning, did we venture as far as the Virgin Convent. After leaving the tramcar the road turns to the right, and though scarcely beyond the precincts of Moscow becomes at once unpaved and unkept, just as probably it was in the days of Peter, who, anxious to rid himself of domineering Sophia, relegated her to these walls. There is little to be seen of the buildings from outside, they being mostly hidden by the high-turreted walls surrounding them, and the visitor is all the more unprepared for the picture which, as he passes under the vaulted gateway, holds him in thrall. Framed by the arch, on a background of deep blue sky, stands the cathedral, its massive white walls and gilded cupolas shining in the vivid light, dark cypresses like sentinels on guard at either side. We passed through the cloisters into the edifice where service was being conducted. Clouds of incense gave to the already subdued light an air of mysticism. From a canopy of gold hangs suspended the dove of peace, and before one is the iconostasis, gorgeous with color, but, though wrought in metal, as delicate in tracing as a pattern of rich old lace. The officiating priests move to and fro in rich vestments, and the black forms of nuns, on the stone pavement, rise, sway, and fall back again in quick rhythmic motion. The sonorous voice of the deacon vibrates through the building, and peasants with their bundles wander from icon to icon,

placing candles before them, endlessly kissing the pictures and crossing themselves; for the moment, at least, the sordid life without is forgotten.

We were now well into the second half of August without any visible hope of getting away. News came of the raid on the Petrograd Embassy, of the discovery of Mr. Lockhart's so-called plot against the Soviet Government, his arrest and imprisonment. The season, though midsummer, was exceptionally inclement, and the emaciated horses slipped and fell on the wet pavements, in most cases not to rise again. Scarcely a street corner but one of these poor creatures was to be seen breathing out its last.

The British Club was requisitioned for a *crêche*, and we did not know where next to go for dinner. On this night the house porter, on taking us up in the lift, held a bag. 'See, lady,' he said, opening it and displaying four small pieces of rye bread, 'how the Bolsheviks feed us; half pound for the four of us after having had none for eleven days.'

We found our landlady much perturbed, for the house commission had been in and claimed more rooms. We had already been reduced from two to one, and the family had suffered equally. Next day, on calling at the Consulate, a surprise awaited us. Civilians, we were told, were to leave that night! News had been received that the Bolshevik representatives had arrived at Stockholm; a sharp note requesting our release had been received by Tshitsherin from the British Government, and the Soviet authorities were undoubtedly impressed by the continued news of Allied success on the Western front. To the majority of us it was *omnia mea mecum porto*, so packing did not occupy serious thought, but provisioning for the time we should probably be on the way re-

quired much experience of what can be done in Moscow by peasants, cabbies, and Jew agents if it is made worth their while.

In the flat all was again confusion, and the supper table was set for us in our landlady's apartment. If we had not been leaving that night I know of no place where we could have put up except the aforesaid lift. All who left that night will remember the drive to the station in the heavy downpour of rain, the repeated sickening sight of horses dying on the pavements, their various narrow escapes of getting off. 'Where are you driving to with that big box?' called two bold scions of the Red Guard to one young lady. She explained she was English, that the box contained all she possessed, and that she, being a teacher, was a member of the proletariat. The usual squabbling ensued, passers-by stopped, interfered, and rated the soldiers. Miss C., profiting by this, got into her cab and drove off unobserved.

The train was made up of second-class, mostly large open compartments, with accommodation quite inadequate to the number of passengers, but the drenched figures toiled in with their luggage, and in the semi-darkness took whatever seats were available, and when at midnight we steamed out of the station, we went to sleep, despite discomforts, content to be off at all. We were to go straight through to Bielo-Ostrov, the Finnish frontier station, without stopping at Petrograd, the conditions there, from all accounts, being deplorable.

There is a legend that as long as Falconnet's statue of Peter on his charger stands looking forth over the Neva no harm shall come to the city; its origin is as follows: After the sack of Moscow, it was feared that the French might turn northward, and Alexander had many art treasures moved from St.

Petersburg, and how best to act in regard to the great statue of Peter was the subject of many a discussion. After one of these, Alexander heard the clatter of heavy hoofs in the courtyard and a loud voice calling him. It was Peter on his horse, and he said: 'Do not have me removed from the square, for as long as I guard my city no harm shall come to St. Petersburg, and, if danger threatens, I will warn my people.'

Alexander awoke to find he had been in dreamland for his message, but ever inclined to the mystic he accepted the message as final and the rider on his horse was not removed. Peter still looks forth over the dark waters of the Neva, but neither rider nor horse have come down from their pedestal to help the town in its present tribulation.

We awoke to find ourselves at Bielo-Ostrov, where we were to remain in the train until the date of our departure should be fixed. We had roughly counted four hundred Italian soldiers with us for repatriation, and their presence, we were told, might necessitate a quarantine. It was a fine morning, and a few energetic spirits strolled through the village street out on to the open moor. Summer comes late in these regions and is of short duration, but just at present the otherwise sombre moor had donned a purple garb and was beautiful with heather-bloom. Swarms of flies buzzed over the peat pools, and bog myrtle and wild rosemary gave to the air a pleasant, pungent scent. Here a solitary birch or stunted fir tree still form landmarks on the horizon, but little by little, toward Sweden and Lapland, even these disappear, and the peat bog stretches an endless waste of treacherous ground on which only ground berries and mosses subsist. A vast no-man's-land, but, if opened up, an inexhaustible store of fuel for future coming generations.

It was pleasant scrambling over the treacherous ground gathering grasses and mosses, but our absence had caused suspicion, and on our return we were forbidden again to leave the station yard on pain of arrest. The reason for this was the near bridge and little stream cutting the frontier line. Though guarded on either side, the Soviet commissaries had come to hear of more than one Englishman, who, guided across the marshes at night, had braved the murky waters of that stream and got safely away into Sweden or Norway.

The stay at this station was not luxurious. Bielo-Ostrov has not any toilet or dressing rooms — in fact, no accommodation at all, and the restaurant had, black coffee excepted, no refreshments to offer, nor did it provide any means for cooking them. We were a very quiet party, and during the evenings drew together, and men and women alike talked of the many good things they should have to eat when they got to 'Blighty.' On the third day, the commissary softened toward us, and said a hot mid-day meal would be served at a little inn to anyone willing to pay for it. The Italians were provided alternately with a calf, a goat, and a pig, and when we filed into the inn we saw their cooks happily busy preparing the meat at an open fire.

On the fifth day it was decided we might proceed on our journey. Before leaving we rewarded our commissary handsomely for the safety we had enjoyed in his charge. We were handed our passports, and were told a train would be in waiting at the Finnish station about two versts over the frontier. My husband was not passed as civilian, and had to remain behind. Our long-suffering committee undertook to get the luggage across on little trolleys by line; on the fateful bridge our pass-



ports once more underwent muster; then one by one we passed out of Russia on to Finnish soil. I turned as I got over, and from a little eminence watched our party coming up. Could they be English, these weary-looking people, straggling in groups through the sand, moving slowly, each carrying as much as their arms could hold?

We arrived at the Finnish station at three o'clock, and were at once told off to have the Finnish notes we had by us inspected. The bulk of them proved to be false and were confiscated. No train was visible, but in the clean refreshment room a limited amount of coffee with milk was being served! It commenced to rain dismally, and as our bundles arrived on the little trolleys, we sorted them out as best we could in the growing darkness, and for the next *seven* hours sat waiting and watching for the train which was to take us away. The wildest rumors circulated. The Bolsheviki had destroyed the carriages; we were all to travel in horse trucks, or, worst of all, we were to be returned and not go on. However, about 10 P.M. a small local train

with wooden seats and light coupling ran in. Horse boxes were added for the Italian soldiers. No one cared any more how they went, if they could but get in, and a wretched scramble ensued. At midnight we moved off, and for the next forty-eight hours traveled, cramped like herrings in a box.

I do not care to remember those two days; yet there was much to be thankful for, and we sent the Finnish authorities a telegram of thanks for having passed us safely through. The telegram announcing our arrival was not received, so we took the little place by surprise. After passing the many ordeals at Torneo, we got through to Harparanda, where everyone did their best to feed and house us, and pretty Swedish girls ministered to our wants. Next day our party split up, some hurrying to Christiania, others to Stockholm, from which town it was hoped news could be sent and received from friends in England.

From these beautiful clean cities we went down to Voss on the Bergen Railway, and awaited our turn to be conveniently taken across.

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# THE FUTURE OF THE EX-OFFICER

BY H. B. C. POLLARD

THE British people have fought this war to a finish with the most praiseworthy single-mindedness. Just as before the war they said 'Do not bother about war,' so during the war they have not been interested in post-war conditions. To the declaration, 'We must anticipate peace,' the public replied, 'Get on with the war first, we will deal with these matters later.' In spite of this we have had small groups of far-sighted men thinking ahead, and what is far more to the point, we have the framework or skeleton of the big machinery of peace, the engines of demobilization and resettlement, ready to start work as soon as the condition of European politics permits.

But to this statement of conditions we must add something that we had not got in 1914, and that is a national facility for swift appreciation of the needs of the nation. The great issues of four years of war, the constant vigorous propaganda, the swift changes from normal humdrum conditions to the amazing times we now live in, have produced a national mental alacrity that we never had before. An idea that required six months intensive advertising before it could be got into people's heads can now be set before the nation and will be accepted by them in less than a third of the time. There is now far more public interest in national issues, and the average individual is much more wide-awake and receptive of what one may call large scale ideas.

The problem of the reemployment and reeducation of the officer and the

non-commissioned officer or man of similar educational standing is not a mere matter of the disposal of surplus war stores, not simply a business of finding a job for the boy; it is the very much more important matter of putting back into civil life the bulk of the best brain power of the two younger generations.

Into our vast army we have absorbed the best brains and the best physique of all classes. The officering of that army has been achieved on democratic lines. There has been a process of selective appointment that has brought about a new type of officer, commissioned because he had brains and capacity, irrespective of his pre-war civil or social standard. The University graduate, the bootblack, and the clerk, so far as the army is concerned, are all captains of equivalent value and standing. They receive the same pay and they take the same risks, but the moment they leave the army they can only be classified according to their civil qualifications.

Everyone recognizes that the warehouse clerk who has shown himself fit to be a colonel should not have to go back to his old job, because it is such obvious waste of a man of higher capacity. Public opinion unhesitatingly admits this in the case of all such rather extravagant special examples, but the nation is not yet awake to the need for dealing with the situation as a whole. It is prepared to turn off a leaking tap, but it has no conception of damming the vast river of brain power and capacity that will otherwise run to