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ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC.

The Esthonian Review.

Founders :

A. STANLEY and R. STANLEY EDWARDS-SCOTT.

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Editor in Council.

Resignation of the Joint Editor.

R. Stanley Edwards-Scott has, with regret, to announce that, owing to ill-health, she is obliged temporarily to relinquish her position of Joint Editor of the ESTHONIAN REVIEW, which will, from the January issue, be under the sole Editorship of Mr. A. Stanley. She hopes that her friends and business acquaintances who have so loyally supported the publication with subscriptions and contributions, will continue to patronise the Review. her connection with which she hopes to resume after a brief interval. Personal letters to her should be addressed to 16, Wellington Square, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

Admiral Pitka created Knight.

Admiral Pitka has added yet another honour to his list of promotions, and we have to congratulate him warmly on having been created Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. John. Admiral Pitka has won his laurels by sheer enterprise and hard work, and our Esthonian and British readers will, we are sure, join in wishing him a long life and good health to enjoy the fruits of his labours. Admiral Pitka's son, Mr. John Pitka, who has been for the past year engaged at the Esthonian Legation in London, has relinquished his post to join the Esthonian Army.

The Editor wishes to draw his reader's attention to the first book to be published by the ESTHONIAN REVIEW, "Ruhleben Poems" by John Balfour, which has just been placed on the market, and to recommend them to order their copies before the first edition has run out.

Mr. Balfour's work is already known to ESTHONIAN REVIEW Subscribers, several of his poems having appeared from time to time in the "Causerie" section, among them "The d'Armistice." and "Fin D'Ete."

A review of the poems appears in this Review.

How the Esthonian Mouse can help the British Lion.

By PROFESSOR B. J. WILDEN-HART, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.Hist.S.

The problem of the Baltic Provinces is fast becoming one of the most crucial and important problems of the day, and yet there is great antipathy on the part of the British public to take any really great interest in the future of these small States. As a race, we Britishers are far too insular and our condescending and philanthropic attitude towards these new-born States on the Continent is not only a source of annoyance to them, but also of considerable danger to ourselves. The people of this country must be made to realize that on the independence of the North-Eastern European States depends not only the safety of our own Empire, but even the future well-being of the whole world.

The few people who have at all considered this subject are mostly labouring under the impression that the future of such States as Esthonia, Poland and Georgia is merely a question between these States and Russia, and that the only help we can possibly be expected to give them is such as will be sufficient to enable these States to ward off the menace of Bolshevism. It is true that these and other States which have lately regained their freedom and independence, formed a part of the old Russian Empire, as we knew it in the days before the war. In this connection it is interesting to notice that Bolshevism has only managed to obtain a hold on the genuinely Russian portions of the Russian Empire, and that in all the non-Russian States which had been forced into the Empire against the wishes of their peoples, Bolshevism has not been able to obtain any footing.

The solution of this phenomenon is quite simple and is explained by the fact that whilst the interior parts of the Russian Empire are some 600 or 800 years behind the rest of Europe in civilization, education and culture generally, having received their civilization from the East, the peoples living in the non-Russian parts have obtained their civilization and culture from the West, and their geographical position has kept them in constant contact with each step of the progress of Western civilization, and are, therefore, up-to-date educated peoples with a peasantry as highly educated as in any country in Europe, and with an industrial population trained in the use of machinery.

But it is not in connection with Russia that the chief importance of these Baltic States consists. If this were the case, it might be argued that Great Britain had no more than an academic interest in the future development of this part of the world ; but it is in connection with the German schemes of world conquest that we must study the problem of the Baltic States. And this German menace is no new thing. It was the Germans as typified by the Teutonic Knights of the Cross, who, at the beginning of the 13th century, after 30 years perpetual warfare, succeeded in depriving Esthonia of her freedom and independence just as it was the Prussians who in the 18th century took the leading part in bringing about the downfall and partitions of Poland. When, in the 16th century, the Swedes obtained possession of Esthonia it was the German nobility who strongly opposed Sweden's democratic tendency towards the Esthonian farmers in an endeavour to render their condition more endurable and humane. And it was with the help of German traitors in Esthonia that the Russian Czar Peter I, succeeded in wresting the country from Sweden at the beginning of the 18th century. For over 200 years, Esthonia suffered the severity of the autocratic Russian rule, and it was not until March, 1917, that the long coveted opportunity occurred, whereby the people were able to deliver themselves from Russia and elect their own Government. But it was the German Baron in Esthonia who then appealed to Germany for troops, ostensibly to protect the country against the Bolsheviks, but as the Esthonians had succeeded in overthrowing the domination of the Bolsheviks, and establishing a satisfactory state of order in the country before these German troops arrived, the reason advanced for the introduction of German troops into Esthonia did not exist. For many months Esthonia was governed by the Germans in their usual high-handed manner ; Esthonian newspapers were suppressed, many Esthonian politicians were arrested and shot, and the German language was introduced into the schools and made the official language of the country. Thanks to the pressure applied by the Allies, the German domination in Esthonia has now been broken, and the Esthonians have set up a constitution, and are busy re-organizing the whole country, and have opened once more the famous old University of Dorpat. At the present moment the only barrier between Europe and the ghastly horrors of Bolshevism is the Esthonian and Polish Army, which is holding the Bolsheviks back on a long line extending from Narva in the Gulf of Finland, down to the South-Eastern extremity of Galicia.

Thus far we have seen that the chief danger which threatens Esthonia and the other Baltic States comes, not so much from the Russians, as from the Germans. But this German menace is not confined to these countries. It is not generally known that at the present moment Germany has vast plans of world conquest in the very near future. Put into a nutshell, Germany realized that Karenski, after his genuine Socialistic Revolution, was intending to continue the fight against Germany, and therefore, as Ludendorff himself states in his "Memoirs," "we determined to send Lenin to Russia to bring about the downfall of the Russian Army ; it meant considerable risk to ourselves, but we succeeded beyond our expectations." And so it was. When the Karenski Revolution took place, not one of the present Bolshevik leaders was in Russia. Germany brought from the ends of the world two entirely distinct classes of men. She sent for the most fanatic idealists, such as Lenin and Lunacharski, and she also sent for the worst international scoundrels and criminals she could lay her hands on, and sent them all into Russia with unlimited funds to bring about the ruin of Karenski's Socialist Government. Having removed the

danger of the Russian Army, Germany is now trying to weaken and disorganize the whole of the Russian Empire, so that when the time is ripe she may be able to march into Russia and seize the whole of the country. Germany hopes, by means of the great resources, both human and material which she will discover in Russia, to be able to turn West within 10 or 15 years, and to sweep over the whole of Europe.

When we realize the greatness of this German threat to the future safety of the world, we begin to understand how important it is to the world at large that countries like Esthonia and Poland should be not only independent of German influence, but should even be as strong and as well-organized as possible. During the war the Baltic Sea was a German lake, and it is highly desirable not only in the interests of British trade, but more especially with a view to preventing this Germanization of Russia, that the States bordering the Baltic Sea should be made to form a barrier between Germany and her intended prey, Russia.

Of course, Esthonia by herself will not be expected to keep back any rush of the mighty German nation, but with Poland, a country of 38 million people, as the keystone of a tier of barrier States stretching from the Baltic down to Georgia, which closes the gap between the Black Sea and the Caspian, it should be possible to form a workable barrier to safeguard Europe, both from Bolshevik invasions and also from the menace of a Germanized-Russia. Still, it is not generally understood that territorially, Esthonia is larger than Sweden, Denmark, Holland or Belgium, and although her population only numbers 1½ millions, yet she possesses the very important ports of Reval, Pernau and Narva, and that before the war fully one-third of the Russian foreign trade passed through the Baltic ports. It is obvious, therefore, that it is most important that these doorways to the great Russian markets should be free and independent, otherwise we shall find our commerce and our goods locked out and the door to the Russian trade shut in our faces by a German tariff wall.

It is, therefore, the duty of every patriotic Britisher to do everything possible to bring about the independence of the Baltic States, protecting them from the efforts either of the Bolsheviks or of Imperialistic-Russians to re-incorporate them into the Russian Empire, and also by setting up a chain of free, strong, independent states, stretching right across Central Europe, to thwart Germany's ambitious scheme of conquering the whole of Europe, and finally the whole world, by means of millions of Russians led by German officers. It is by helping to prevent this that the little Esthonian mouse will be able most powerfully and effectually to aid and protect the Imperial British Lion.

The Baltic Confederation.

By "IGOR."

The independent and truly national policy adopted by the Esthonian Government appears to be bearing fruit already. The Bolsheviks have been only too ready to negotiate for peace, and the territorial concessions they are prepared to make, and the guarantees given against the conducting of Bolshevik propaganda in Esthonia, merely prove the importance they attach to such a peace. Nevertheless there are certain expounders of the policy of philanthropy at other people's expense, who may be disposed to quibble at Esthonia adopting such a policy. It might be well for their sakes to set forth a few of the reasons that compelled Esthonia to negotiate.

During the World War, Esthonia suffered in common with the other parts of the Russian Empire. After the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, she was completely overrun by the Germans and suffered all the hardships of territory occupied by Germany, with the added hatred of the Baltic Barons who regained, and more, all their former privileges. After

the Armistice, Esthonia was ravished and devastated by the Bolsheviks, and the names of Esthonian victims alone would fill a fairly large book.

Practically without any assistance from the Allies, Esthonia heroically freed her own borders, and rendered assistance to Lettland, who was suffering from the same scourge. In the face of almost insuperable difficulties, a regular army was organised, and the Esthonian Constituent Assembly, elected on a thoroughly democratic basis, started energetically to create proper internal administration and legislation.

Later, Esthonia afforded the North-West Russian Government the possibility of equipping and organising Yudenitch's Army. The failure of the attack on Petrograd naturally involved Esthonia in a deadly struggle with the Bolsheviks, which, owing to the complete demoralisation of the North-West Russian Army, she was obliged to face alone. To add to these difficulties, her neighbour Lettland was invaded by Goltz's Army, in violation of all the conditions of the Versailles Peace Treaty. Strange as it may appear, this gross violation of a compact, concluded by all the Allies, was regarded by them as a sort of local quarrel to be settled by the parties involved. Lettland was left to face the situation alone, but Esthonia, despite her other and almost overwhelming problems, came to her aid, and assisted to a certain extent by Allied warships, helped to expel the German filibusters.

If any proof was needed as to the utter inefficacy of the League of Nations, surely the inaction of the members of the League in the case of Germany's invasion of Lettland, supplies all the material necessary.

As a consequence of almost five-and-a-half years' war, Esthonia found her resources strained almost to the uttermost. Koltchak had absolutely failed on the Eastern Front, presenting the Bolsheviks with millions of pounds worth of munitions supplied by the Allies. The withdrawal of British troops from the Northern Front had stopped any attempt at an aggressive policy against the Bolsheviks, and things there seemed to have settled down into a "wait-till-we-have-time-to-pay-attention-to-you" attitude on the part of the Bolsheviks. The North-West Russian Army had disappeared as a fighting force, and the concentration of Red troops against Denikin had forced the Volunteer Army to abandon town after town, strategic position after strategic position. Such was Esthonia's position a year after the armistice was concluded with Germany.

In the face of the foregoing, no reasonable person could have blamed Esthonia had she concluded a complete peace with Soviet Russia. Esthonia, however, despite all inducements, territorial and otherwise, steadfastly refused to do so. As a matter of self-preservation, she was compelled to negotiate the terms of an armistice, which has now been agreed upon. For a breathing space, at any rate, she will be able to rest and re-organise. It is perfectly clear, however, that Esthonia has in no way been false to the Allies, or duped by the Bolsheviks. Esthonia recognises the fundamental principle that no true peace can be concluded with the Bolsheviks, for the latter are constitutionally unable to carry out conditions honourably.

Esthonia has insisted upon a neutral zone, and for her own sake may be trusted to prevent any spread of Bolshevik propaganda. All such accusations as the violation of the *cordon sanitaire* are futile. Dissemination of ideas can never be checked by such a *cordon*, and Bolshevism can only be defeated by sound principles of government. This the Esthonian Government have at last an opportunity of expounding.

So much for past history, however. Let us look at the future, and see what prospects lie before Esthonia, and some of the methods of attaining her aspirations.

At the present moment Esthonia may be said to have peace, but one, it cannot be gainsaid, which largely depends on the strength of Soviet Russia. Further, she has not attained recognition of her independence from the Great Powers. Esthonia's two problems would seem to be the consolidation of the one, and the acquisition of the other, or at least something tantamount to what recognition would bring.

Despite all the benefits that peace will bring, Esthonia alone could never hope to put an army in the field capable of resisting the onslaught of the entire Red Army, which at the

present moment is numerically the second in Europe. True, it is hampered by the necessity of finishing with Denikin, but alas, there seems little reason to doubt that that will soon be accomplished. And what then? If the Bolsheviki leaders desire, the entire force will be turned against the Baltic Provinces and Finland, and still later, Poland. The greatest pressure would be exercised against Esthonia as the mainstay of these States. The only solution, therefore, is a close offensive and defensive alliance between these, or certain of these States.

Esthonia's duty is, therefore, to conclude that alliance which affords her the greatest strength, and at the same time, eliminates what is most likely to involve her in a fresh war—this time one of absolute annihilation or victory. Which then is the combination most likely to produce these requirements? To my mind clearly an alliance of Esthonia together with Lettland, Lithuania and Poland, to the omission of Finland.

Before examining the merits of the proposed combination, let us look into the objections which lead me to exclude an alliance with Finland.

Despite all the lofty speeches of the Bolsheviki of their pure Internationalism and the absolute equality of all peoples in their sight, they are quite human enough to possess very strong prejudices against certain of these peoples. The most disliked nations are Germany, France and Finland. They are hostile to the Germans, because of Brest-Litovsk and German chauvinism which they know is still rampant. France they dislike because they say the only interest she has in Russia is to get her money back. But the keenest dislike is felt for Finland.

The Bolsheviki hate Finland because she alone out of all the peoples of the old Russian Empire openly allied herself with Germany, and freed herself by the aid of German troops. Soviet Russia felt a kind of sympathy for those other parts of the Russian Empire, which although anti-Bolshevik, steadfastly refused to be on friendly terms with Germany.

Another reason for the Bolsheviki's dislike of Finland is the brutal regime that was instituted by the Finnish Whites against their Red countrymen. Possibly the Bolsheviki have been just as brutal since then, but they could never hope to outdo what was done in Finland. Further, there have been constant incursions on the part of Finland into Soviet Russia, and this, so the Soviet believes, with the prime object of increasing Finland's territory.

Not a single Bolsheviki, and few others, believe in the purity of Finland's designs in Karelia. They are quite well aware of the propaganda carried on in Finland for the freeing of all peoples of Finnish origin from the rule of Russia. This incidentally would involve the absorption of Karelia, Petrograd and all the southern shores of the Finnish Gulf as far as the Lettish frontiers. There are many other reasons that could be given, but these are sufficient for my purpose. Now for the objections to be met with on the side of Esthonia.

It will be remembered the advance the Esthonians made on Petrograd last year, which culminated in the taking of Fort Krasnaia Gorka. There is very little doubt that had the Finns thrown their army into the struggle, Petrograd would have been taken, and the regime of the Bolsheviki would have been finished long since. The Finnish-Russian frontier was not particularly strongly guarded—indeed at no time, according to the reports of the Finnish Headquarter Staff, were there more than 12,000 Red troops on that front, against which the Finns could easily have placed some fifty to sixty thousand troops, well-armed and equipped.

Doubtless the Finns may assert that this was due to fear of their own army, but the reason really was that they were afraid, or pretended to be afraid, despite the Allies' guarantees, that a restored Russia would again attempt to absorb Finland.

Another opportunity was missed by Finland during General Yudenitch's recent advance on Petrograd. When one thinks of the straits the Bolsheviki were in, and the fact that Colonel Elvengreen succeeded in occupying Toxovo station on the New Ladoga line, with his small forces, one can well imagine what could have been accomplished by the well-disciplined Finnish Army and the Finnish White Guards. Finland again missed her

opportunity, because she was not offered enough, but as we have seen this might possibly include Petrograd, the capital of Russia, one can understand the impossibility of acceding to her requirements.

It is thus fairly evident that Finland in the past has not been inclined to act upon the spirit of principles, even in such a momentous case as the destruction of Bolshevism. Finland wants to be paid for what she does, and if possible beforehand. One may, therefore, be pardoned for asking what would have become of Lettland had Esthonia acted in the same manner against Bermond.

It may be objected that the reasons given for Finland's omission are more moral than political, and that circumstances compel States to make agreements which are naturally repugnant to them. It is quite true, but one may imagine that such alliances are not very substantial. If we look at the Triple Alliance, we have a very good example. Here Austria, who feared and disliked Germany, was joined with Italy, who detested Austria. Further, the Austrian Army was often more trouble than it was worth to the Germans, while Italy came boldly out on the side of the Allies.

In any case, if Esthonia feels compelled to ally herself with Finland, it is her duty to obtain such a clear agreement as would prevent her being involved in a campaign for the annexation of Karelia by the Finns. Further, there is the geographical objection as Finland is cut off from the other Baltic States and can only be reached by sea. The Bolshevik fleet is the strongest in the Baltic, and as the Allies will not police it much longer, the Russian fleet will be able to cut off all supplies and communications between Finland and Esthonia. Moreover, regarding the Finnish Army, it is very doubtful whether it can be relied upon against the Reds, too large a proportion being Red itself. The main military strength on which one would have to rely would be the civilian White Guards. From experience, we know their imperialistic and pro-German tendencies, which would hardly fit in with the sympathy which Esthonia has always displayed towards the Allies, and the loyalty always shown, even in the most trying circumstances.

Leaving the negative side of the question, let us turn to the proposed alliance between Esthonia, Lettland, Lithuania and Poland. The close alliance of the first three seem to be absolutely natural. Although these States represent three distinct nationalities, they have a tremendous amount in common. None of them have displayed any territorial greed, and their common problems nearly coincide. Their frontiers, I mean of course their natural ones, are clearly marked out, and there is little temptation to encroach on their neighbour's preserves.

These three have equally suffered from the Bolsheviks and the Germans, and they have learned from bitter experience the futility of Bolshevik doctrines. Geographically their position is excellent, running in an unbroken line. The dispatch of troops from one State to the other would be thereby greatly facilitated in case of an invasion of any one State.

The addition of Poland also seems natural. No country has suffered more from oppression in the past than she has, and no country could pass through it without acquiring a sympathy for other oppressed States. There are those who profess to believe in Poland's imperialistic designs, probably because the latter naturally required an outlet to the sea, and just as naturally considered that the old Polish seaport of Dantzic would be the most suitable one.

I do not think there is much cause to worry, but if the worst came, Esthonia, Lettland, and Lithuania would be able to render quite an excellent account of themselves. This I say, not because I distrust Poland's bona fides for one moment—I do not—but there are those who see objections to the inclusion of Poland. One thing, the real strength of the alliance will be enormously strengthened by Poland, and will lead to the more speedy recognition of the Baltic States.

Is it not rather futile to point out what Poland did some three hundred years ago, especially when every other State did the same thing at that time? Besides, Poland did

save Europe from the Tartars, and a nation of over 20,000,000, together with the three Baltic States would be a most formidable barrier either to Bolshevism or to the Germans.

There has been considerable talk of including the Ukraine in the alliance with the object of creating a barrier against Bolshevism from the Baltic to the Black Sea. This might seem at the first glance a very excellent idea, but for one or two objections. The first and principal one is that no Ukraine exists at the present time, nor indeed ever existed, no matter how far we go back in history.

Even in the early days of Kieff Russia there was no one Little Russian State, but there was rather a collection of States corresponding to our Heptarchy, in which various States were paramount at different times, and in which power eventually came into the hands of Moscow Russia. We have seen the efforts of the Germans to establish a Little Russia, but where is Skoropadsky to-day? Later Petlura tried, and was driven out by the Bolsheviks, and his army totally destroyed by Denikin. He is now a refugee in Rumania or Austria, and nothing remains. It is even very doubtful whether the Bolsheviks will ever again consent to the independent Soviet Republic of the Ukraine. The Bolshevik Party are already sounding, and preparing the ground for the inclusion of the Ukraine as a component part of Soviet Russia.

Thus, the inclusion of the name of the Ukraine—for it is nothing more—in the alliance would mean that one would have to capture it either from Denikin, or more probably from the Bolsheviks. This would, of course, be a future cause for war, and for what reason? Simply for the pleasure of adding a name, and a few delegates and officials to the alliance.

It should be clearly understood that Russia, either Bolshevik or otherwise, will never consent to the setting up of an independent Ukraine, which could join, as some propose to join it, in alliance against herself. It is not rational to make alliances the consummation of which would demand almost immediate war, especially when one realizes the absolute necessity of a prolonged peace for all the States of the Baltic Confederation. Furthermore, none of the Allies will raise a finger to assist the Confederation in any attempt to set up an independent Ukraine. It seems, therefore, reasonable that the inclusion of the Ukraine, which helps so very little, and creates so many causes for fresh wars, should be avoided.

In conclusion, let me say quite frankly that the alliance which would please me, and a great many other people, most, would be that of the three Baltic States—Esthonia, Lettland, and Lithuania. There are, however, so many weighty reasons for the inclusion of Poland, that it would seem folly to exclude a great source of strength for purely local and sentimental reasons.

Interview with Rear-Admiral Pitka.

By A. STANLEY.

I had the pleasure of interviewing the other day Rear-Admiral John Pitka, the prominent sailor who founded the Esthonian Navy, organised the naval defences and Esthonian armoured trains, and who is one of the leading men who saved Esthonia from the Red Terror. Our readers will remember his portrait, which was published in our August issue. It is difficult to find words adequate to describe the personality of this great man. His face, with its fiercely peaked beard, expresses iron will and decision, and is in harmony with his strong, square-shouldered build. Resolute quietness, kind but penetrating eyes, and a great charm of manner when conversing in fluent English, call forth the respect of everyone who has the pleasure of making his acquaintance. In his personality lies the secret of a man great in his handling of people, and there, indeed, few who have built up a career so beneficial to their country as this man. Love for Esthonia, admiration and

a desire to help England to realise the danger which still threatens her from the mutual foe Germany, prompted him to give me a long and detailed interview.

The catastrophe of Russia filled us all with horror and fear for our future. We are gradually realising that our policy has again been wrong—utterly wrong—and that most likely we shall have to pay this time more heavily for our unending muddling. I received a sharp reply to my question as to whether he entirely condemns our policy. “Your policy is German—consciously or unconsciously. I am sorry, but I must say it. Your men out there in Esthonia are good—some of them, at least—but you change them too often, and you do not give them a chance to get thoroughly acquainted with the prevailing circumstances. Admiral Cowan and General Gough are strong men who understand the position but apparently home officials over here imagine they know the positions better and hamper the activities of the men on the spot. At least, the result is most unsatisfactory. I said your policy is a German one—well, let me explain. You supported, and still support, Koltchak, Yudenitch, and Denikin, who are, as you know, extreme re-actionaries; but you are also in touch with the Bolsheviks—the extreme Left Party, and are thus supporting civil war in Russia. This is just what Germany is doing, and you are helping her to achieve her aim. It is in Germany’s interest to weaken Russia, for the ultimate end of making it a German colony. The Bolsheviks received support from them, and Denikin’s men now seek an alliance with Germany, at the price of sacrificed Russia, only that they may safeguard themselves. The North-Western Corps was created by the Germans, also Colonel Belmont’s forces, and those of Prince Lieven at Libau. Esthonia and the other Border States will never, never submit to German sovereignty. We want our place in the sun, but we know that we cannot trust either Germany or the Whites, who are being supported by the Germans. We also know that we cannot expect much fair treatment from the Russian Red comrades. We are between the Devil and the deep sea. We had pinned our hopes on the Allies and expected that they would understand our need, and give us the moral encouragement of recognising us as an independent State. We are worn out with warfare and cannot go on resisting the onslaught of the Red hords for ever. We are unable to let despair overcome our troops, and as, up to now, our aim for which we are fighting has apparently not been quite understood, we are compelled to take our fate in our hands. We have concluded an alliance with the other border States, Latvia, Lithuania, Ukrania, and Poland, which, most probably, Finland will join. This will give us man-power enough to establish a firm ledge between Russia and Germany. This is in our interest, but no less in yours, and to this fact it seems that you are blind, since you will not help us or let us help you—you “wait and see.” You are wondering whether to recognise Denikin and Co. or the Bolsheviks, according to which way events shall turn. Well, Denikin and Co. are played out, because, in the end, right always triumphs over wrong, and we are convinced we have given you enough proof of our ability to defend our own country, so that you will, sooner or later, remedy your mistake. We know England sympathises with us, and if a few of the men who direct your policy are still under a mis-conception, future events will convert them. Only let us hope that it won’t be too late, for we are a small nation, and, although every one of us is doing his duty, and is prepared to die on the altar of freedom, you must realise that we alone cannot settle this world-problem. If we should vanish, Germany and German Russia will unite, whether Red or White, and there will be a strong army, too strong, I fear, to be crushed by the Allies; and yet, with a little foresight, things can be averted.”

When I asked him his opinion of General Yudenitch and General Denikin, he said:—“You know Russia and you know Russians. You know the Slav character and you had ample evidence during this war that they are highly intellectual people, always ready to debate and argue, but lacking the least practical sense. They are men of an old school, who cannot, and will not, understand that things have changed. Yudenitch is no man for the battlefield. You will recollect the days when Yudenitch rushed forward towards Petrograd. I, with my fleet, in conjunction with the British, intended to take the fortress

of Kronstadt, and the first-class fortifications of Krasnaja Gorka. I had made a descent with two thousand men. We had taken up a line which linked together with Yudenitch's men at a village. We were to advance together. The next morning we found that the village to our right was occupied by the Bolsheviki. Yudenitch had abandoned his position without notifying us or the Allies. I sent messages to all the quarters asking for explanation, as our men resisting a terrific onslaught from the Bolsheviki, and not yielding an inch, were in danger of being surrounded. The reply was that Yudenitch was pushing forward further south, direct on Petrograd, stating that Kronstadt and the fortress of Krasnaja Gorka were of secondary importance, and that if Petrograd fell, these two places would fall automatically. However, Yudenitch was defeated, and when he was called to Narva, where General Keiking, General Laidoner and myself were, he was asked what he intended doing with regard to the Petrograd operation. 'I have given it up.' 'And why?' 'Because you did not take Kronstadt and Krasnaja Gorka,' was his reply. You see, it is somewhat difficult to express a favourable opinion of such a man.

If England wishes to avert the spread of the Red Terror over Europe, it is of prime importance to recognize the Independence of the Baltic States. We are friendly towards Russian people and will always remain so. A future federation with that country would, perhaps, be possible, presuming that she re-civilises herself and reaches the level of Western nations. But all talk of federation is, at present, naturally futile.

Koltchak's Democracy.

By M. UEMARIK.

Late Member of the Esthonian National Council.

During the German occupation, Mr. Uemarik left Esthonia for Russia. From there, owing to Bolshevik persecutions, he was forced to fly to Siberia, where he worked in various co-operative organisations.

A year ago, the Siberian Army, under the White and Green Standard of democratic Siberia, took the town of Perm, from the Bolsheviki. In the ranks of the army, the idea of equality of national rights was still prevalent, for the defence of which, the workmen of the Votkin and Ishev works, amongst others, resisted the Bolsheviki. Koltchak, who in these days visited the front lines, endeavoured to play up to this spirit and talked much about his democratic principles and intentions.

As a matter of fact, his Government, undertook something of a quite different nature. Nearly all persons with non-Russian names, and refugees from the Western Border States, were arrested as Bolsheviki, and either shot or put in prison, where, in accordance with the new law, they could be kept a year without trial. This period of detention could be extended at the will of the Governor for another year. For arrest and execution, an anonymous report sufficed. In the villages, sentences of flogging, amounting to 25, 50, 75 and more, birch strokes, were established, which were termed "hot ones," and were the favourite punishment for both men and women.—particularly the latter. It was recorded that 30 women teachers in Perm District had undergone this punishment for having, in accordance with Bolshevik orders, removed the ikons from the schools, and ceased instruction of the Christian religion. In the Marienberg district, whole villages were flogged. Face-lashing became a favourite amusement of the army, which grew more and more brutal as time went on.

The local and district municipal councils remained nominally in existence, but, in actual fact, they were ruled by civil servants of the old regime, who controlled the organisation and sanctioned new elections—as, for instance, in Irkutsk and Blagovenchensk. They also arrested and expelled local and district leaders of all grades, and issued instructions

for flogging to members of the local government institutions—in the Michaeloff and other districts of the Perm Government.

The farther the army advanced towards the Volga, the more persecutions of democratic organisations took place, and the stronger became the imperialistic tone of the Government and of the leading newspapers, such as the "Otechestvennys Viedomosti," in Ekaterinburg; the "Sibirskaja Reatch," in Omsk; and the "Vosrojdenie Rossie," in Perm. Liberal papers, such as the "Zarja," were closed down. Others appeared with "White Clanks." Corruption and bribery increased enormously. The Minister of Food Control—Sefirov—was committed for bribery in connection with the sale of tea. The head of the Military Transport Section—General Kasatkin—with a whole clique, who were in close touch with Koltchak, were committed for selling railway trucks and permits for transport. The representative of the Minister of Food—Jalutorovsk—took ten per cent. commission on the cost of bread exported from this region.

A military catastrophe was unavoidable. The starving armies were only compelled by force to advance in the Spring. The forests were covered with deep snow, and the unfortunate soldiers had no choice but to march on the few roads. When in the Spring the snow melted, the armies of Koltchak melted with it. On the Ufim Front, the Third and Fourth Regiments, bearing the name of Koltchak himself, revolted against the cruel treatment meted out to them. They killed their officers and went over to the Bolsheviks. A panic took place. The remaining soldiers took to flight through the forests, and at several points the front line disappeared entirely.

Only then was attention drawn to the starving soldiers, and to the absence of the officers, who were indulging themselves in drunken orgies in the rear. In May, Koltchak ordered the cessation of corporal punishment. All the ammunition, guns and machine guns supplied by the Allies fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks. In the stores at Ekaterinburg, and Tumene, there remained only 100,000 uniforms, which at that time had not yet been dispatched to the front, owing to the speculations in railway trucks then being carried on by Government agents. The Bolsheviks, up to now, had been insufficiently equipped, but the large quantity of equipment now obtained, enabled them to provision, not only this, but all their fronts.

The head of the Military Transport Section—General Kasatkin—together with his associates, was brought to trial. The newspaper, "Sibirskaja Dshisn," wrote, referring to this matter:—"But this is the price of human blood. These trucks, and these 'harmless pleasures' of General Kasatkin and his ladies—these are the price of the towns Ufa and Perm, Ekaterinburg, Tcheljabinsk; this is the price of the suffering and agony of tens of thousands of people, who fell during the battles, or who were robbed by the Bolsheviks."

Kasatkin was acquitted in consideration of having, with Koltchak accomplished the undermining of the previous Government.

The population persistently demanded the convention of the Siberian Duma and the Constitutional Assembly. The Government responded to this with a truly Stolupin formula; first, order; then reforms. All the same, by the end of May, we find in the Government Gazette a description of the situation, and of the preliminary committee elected to deal with questions in connection with the convening of the All-Russian Assembly. M. Bielorussov was elected president of this commission. All that one heard of the committee's activities was that the members were busily arguing and quarrelling as to the proper title for this institution—whether to call it the National Constitutional Assembly or the Constitutional National Assembly, or whether to call it simply the National Assembly, etc.

The representatives of the towns and Zemstvoš demanded the assembling of the Siberian Duma before that of the Constitutional Assembly. The Government, however, did not dream of consenting, but began pourparlers with the Cossack leader. Up till then, the Cossacks had not participated in any campaign against the Bolsheviks. The Cossack leaders—Semenov, of the Trans-Zabaikal Cossacks; Annenkov, of the Semirietchie

Cossacks ; Kalmuikov, of the Amurs ; and Horvat, in Manchuria—had all separate interests. When a general agreement was arrived at, the Cossacks were mobilised.

Disappointed democratic elements, in conjunction with the Czecho-Slovaks, began to work for the establishment of the Siberian Duma. The new Government was to have its seat in Vladivostock, and to be composed of the representatives of the Zemstvos and towns. This attempt was, however, subdued, and the leader, the Czecho-Slovak General—Gaida—was expelled from Siberia. To quieten the population, Koltchak, on 16th September, made it known that an official body of experienced men were to be nominated up in order to advice the Government. This was proclaimed to Europe as a Congress of the Zemstovs and representatives of towns.

Peace Pourparlers with the Bolsheviks in Tartu (Dorpat).

By E. KRAAV.

In certain quarters, the action of the Esthonians in connection with the peace pourparlers with the Bolsheviks is being described as a "Capitulation," or even as "an act of treason." Fortunately, however, the actual reasons which led to these pourparlers are well understood in the Western countries. The "Daily Chronicle," of 3rd January, 1920, writes as follows :—

No fault can justly be found with the Esthonians in this matter. Their orderly and homogenous little State needs peace above everything. Attacked by the Bolsheviks, they valiantly repulsed them with Allied aid ; and have ever since shewn the utmost consideration for the wishes of the Allies. They went to the limit in allowing Yudenitch to make a varied use of their territory at a time when neither he nor Koltchak nor Denikin would recognise their independence. Now that the Yudenitch adventure is liquidated and the Allies have no intention of sending soldiers of their own to the Baltic, what motive or warrant should we have to ask the Esthonians to bear the burden of continued hostilities ? Certainly they could not be asked to fight on behalf of a Russian party, which refuses them recognition, against the Bolsheviks, who concede it.

Up to the present time, only an outlined report of the negotiations is to hand. The crux of which is the question of the Esthonian frontiers. Although the Bolsheviks have verbally recognised the Esthonian right of self-determination, they demanded under the cover of military guarantees, half of the Wesenburg district with the town of Narva, as far as the Port-Kunda line, the station of Sonda, Pungern, the north-west corner of the Peipus Lake and the whole of the Pecora district, which is populated by the orthodox Esthonians (Setu Esthonians). These demands were supported by fierce attacks, especially on the Narva Front. More than 60,000 soldiers with a powerful artillery support, were directed to that part, and with lavish supplies of ammunition they did their uttermost to break through into Esthonia. Their soldiers, drugged with cocaine, were incessantly driven forward, in close formation, with machine-guns behind them. These were the most embittered combats of the Russian civil war. Over the piled corpses of their comrades, the Bolsheviks sometimes succeeded in passing the Esthonian first line. They even succeeded in twice crossing the frozen River Narva, only to be repulsed. Narva became the Esthonian Verdun. Under a ceaseless hail of bullets, the Esthonians held out during the whole of December, determined never to let the enemy over-run their native soil.

During this time, the Bolshevik delegation interrupted twice the peace delegation at Dorpat, in order to consult their Government in Moscow. It now appears that not only the left wing of the Bolsheviks was opposed to the Esthonian demands, but also the High Command of the Red Army, which consisted to a great extent of generals of the old regime, who, with the help of the Red Army, intend to establish an old "United and Inseparable

Great Russia." These generals, in new and pompous uniforms decorated with " Socialist " Orders, are gaining more and more influence in Russia.

The climax came just before Christmas. It was obvious that, unless the Bolsheviks could raise fresh reserves, no hope of a break-through into Esthonia could be entertained. The Red Army showed daily less desire to be driven to their slaughter. Some of the more riotous corps had to be removed to the rear ; others could only be driven to battle after the leaders of insubordination had been executed. It sometimes happened that certain sections of the Red Army, whose only thought was to escape the Esthonian fire, had to be driven from the shelter by their own machine guns, only to be mown down by the Esthonians.

It can truthfully be said that the Tartu peace negotiations were decided at Narva. On 31st December, a seven days' armistice was signed, and on 2nd January, it came into force. The integrity of Esthonia was recognised, in accordance with ethnographical principles, with a military zone stretching from ten kilometres east of Narva across the Lake Peipus, along the south-eastern borders of the Picora district.

Further pourparlers are continuing, but Esthonia's views are well-known. Their ultimate aim is cessation of hostilities but having always reference to the wishes of the Allies.

Political Review.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1919.

- Nov. 25-28.—Fierce attacks by the Bolsheviks on the Gulf of Finland and on Jamburg.
 „ 26.—Russian North-West Government announces the cessation of its activities.
 „ 30.—Whole of Courland is freed from Colonel Bermont's troops.
 Dec. 1.—The re-opening of the University in Tartu (Dorpat).
 Declaration of the Government regarding the renewal of peace pourparlers with the Bolsheviks.
 „ 4.—Exchange of hostages between the Bolsheviks and Esthonians.
 „ 5.—Commencement of Peace negotiations between the Bolsheviks and Esthonians in Tartu.
 „ 6.—The Bolsheviks demand in Dorpat annexation of half the Wesenburg district, including the town of Narva, and of the Pechora district.
 On the Narva front the Bolsheviks renew their sanguinary attacks.
 Dec. 6-7.—Near the station of Kriushi, the Bolsheviks cross the river Narova, but are being thrown back.
 „ 8-10.—Continued attacks by the Bolsheviks on the Gulf of Finland and Jamburg.
 „ 11.—The Chairman of the Bolshevik delegation, Comrade Krasin, leaves Tartu (Dorpat) for Moscow, in order to report to his Government.
 Renewed attacks by the Bolsheviks on the Gulf of Finland.
 „ 11-21.—Infuriated attack by the Bolsheviks on the Narva and Pskoff Fronts.
 „ 17.—The Bolshevik General, Kostiajeff, arrives in Dorpat with fresh proposals regarding the frontiers of Esthonia, which are, however, not yet in accordance with the principles of self-determination.
 „ 19.—The Bolsheviks cross the Lake of Peipus near Webis, but are being thrown back.
 „ 24.—The Soviet delegation once more break off negotiations and approach their Government for freer power of negotiation.
 „ 25-30.—Renewed fierce attacks on the part of the Bolsheviks on the Narva Front continue unsuccessful.
 „ 30.—An agreement is arrived in Dorpat, regarding the ethnographical frontiers of Esthonia.
 „ 31.—Seven days' armistice signed in Dorpat.
 Jan. 2 (1920).—The Armistice comes into force.

Barrier States.

By E. CHARLES VIVIAN.

One line of Bishop Berkeley's work survives by reason of its truth—"Westward the course of empire takes its way"—and the rest has been consigned to an almost total oblivion by reason of its banality. The history of Europe shows a westward sweeping movement from the days when the Aryan race came out of a great Nowhere of the east to form Greece, Etruria, and the foundations on which all Latin civilisation has been built. But the "course of empire" was not all that came westward, for throughout the centuries for which history exists there has been a series of barbarian incursions, sweeping toward the west coast of Europe like waves, and like waves spending their force before reaching the line of the Atlantic. The whole sweep of European civilisation in every way, is toward the west.

But, in the course of the centuries, the "course of empire" has become a more or less stable thing, steadied by the development of civilisation and the growth of democratic ideals. Not so the westward sweep of the barbarian, which thrusts out, at this point in the world's history, from the evil growth called Prussia, and aims at domination of the west as a key to the rule of the whole world. Beaten in the great conflict of 1914-18, Prussia seeks fresh means to overpower the west, and sees the means waiting on her eastern frontiers. We can count Prussia the centre of modern barbarism, for though Prussia is permeated with the scientific knowledge Latin civilisation has acquired, yet the root instinct that should direct knowledge is missing. Prussia will never stand on the side of civilisation so long as the Prussian psychology persists, but will remain a scientific and educated barbarism. The instinct that drives the true civilisation deriving from the Roman Empire is missing from the Prussian composition.

To-day, still dreaming of world-conquest in the future, Prussia turns east for the means of conquest. The illimitable wealth of the Urals attracts, the oil and coal supplies of the east attract, and the iron without which no nation can make modern war pulls Prussian eyes eastward, now that the iron fields of Lorraine are no longer under Prussian control. Hence, fearing anti-Prussian influences in Russia and the states that have separated from Russia, Germany favoured Bolshevism as a means of reducing Russia to such a chaos as would make favourable ground on which missionaries of Prussianism could work. Moreover, Prussia's chief aim at this present time is the gaining of footholds in what may be termed the barrier states between Prussia and Russia. Finland, Esthonia, Lettland, and Poland are all barrier states between Prussia and the means to make war on Europe again; for the sake of European peace they must all be rendered fully independent of Prussia, equal with Prussia in council, free in commerce, and able to stand free of any suspicion of Prussian dictation.

It is this necessity for complete freedom and self-government in all the barrier states which renders the British evacuation of Archangel and the Murman coast such a ghastly error, an error of which the fruits may not ripen fully for a decade or two, though ripen and fall they surely will. It is this same necessity which dictates the handing over of Danzig to Poland, a step toward bare justice for which the nationality of Danzig, as well as its necessity as a port for Poland, calls. Danzig is Polish; the island of Prussianism known as East Prussia, a middle ages settlement of Prussian brigands in a land not theirs, is no justification for separating Danzig from the rest of Poland, any more than the existence of a German colony in, say, Madrid, would justify the Germanising of all the country between Spain and the west German frontier. The valley of the Vistula is all Polish by nationality and instinct, from the Carpathians to Danzig, and nothing short of the reconstitution of Poland in full, entirely independent of Prussia in every way, can complete the barrier that is necessary between Prussia and the riches lying undeveloped in mineral form to the east of Poland.

Similarly, and equally vitally for the peace of Europe, the northern barrier states need complete freedom from all things Prussian, not only for their own sakes, but equally for the sake of that west which is so singularly apathetic to the continuing existence of the Prussian peril. Nominal freedom is the portion of the northern barrier states already, but, with sufficient force behind them to crush any Prussian military force at the present time, the western Allies let such robber bands as that of Von der Goltz tyrannise and oppress on Russia's north-western frontier, just as in the middle ages the robber barons tyrannised and oppressed a people till the land of that people became East Prussia. History is repeating itself; by the grace of western apathy, Prussia is planting a firm foot among the barrier states, so that when recovery from the effects of the last war is a little more advanced, she may begin preparations for the next with a few vital preliminary things already accomplished, among them, through dominance over or influence in the barrier states, being a certain amount of control in the Baltic.

We need not assume that the military adventure in the northern barrier states is designed to ensure complete Prussian conquest; such a premature showing of the Prussian hand, at this juncture, would be very nearly fatal to any plans for the future, if not quite fatal. But such an organisation can expel adverse influences, implant favourable ones, and in a measure colonise in anticipation of the day of complete rule. Supposing, to take the converse case, the British expeditions to Murmansk and Archangel had hung on until the aim for which they were sent out had been accomplished; there would have been in the minds of the people among whom these expeditions were set, an understanding of things British, a belief in the strength, if no more, of the British people, and a tendency to see in Britain something on which to rely for support. So, for as long as the Prussian brigandage in the north is permitted to continue, whatever may be its methods, the people among whom the Prussian troops are set will see in them strength, and use will bring familiarity with the Prussian method of thought and action. It is missionary work directed from Berlin, on the Prussian model. However much it may underrate or mistake the psychology of the people among whom it acts, it accomplishes some positive result, while Allied and especially British supineness accomplishes a purely negative result, after the disappointment and disgust at the British evacuation of the north has worn off.

The nations of the west may—and do—say that they cannot afford to give active support to the northern barrier states at this juncture. Similarly a fisherman out of sight of land might say that he could not afford to mend a leak in his boat, being too busy hauling in fish. The two things are almost identical. For an effort made now toward the destruction of Prussian influence in the barrier states—all influence, that is, except that of fair commercial dealing—would be similar to the fisherman stopping his leak before the boat sinks. Prussia knows well that every step taken now toward control, indirect though that control may be, of the barrier states, is worth a dozen steps a decade hence. A minute's reflection, unbiassed by the wrangles incidental to the policy of any international alliance, would show this to any statesman of the western Allies, would show him that the salvation of Europe lies in the real and not merely nominal independence of Esthonia, of Lettland, of Courland, and of Finland, without which the Baltic once more passes under Prussian control, primarily through financial dealings, in which the Prussian holds world's first place in chicane and underhand advantage.

Given influence, let alone control, of the barrier states, and many things become available to Prussia. The timber of North Russia, for the making of aeroplanes and half a hundred other uses of war; the iron of Silesia; the platinum of the Urals, the coal of the Russian seams, the oil of Roumania, the forage and provisions of agricultural Russia and Siberia. All that is wanted at this juncture is the assurance of free passage for these and many other commodities, the actual if not apparent, control of means of transport through the barrier states, which, if fully independent and alive to the continuing Prussian menace, might stop war altogether by stopping transport of the things without which no nation can make war—things which Prussia cannot produce internally in

sufficient quantities for another world war. For this assurance of transport, by any means that may suggest themselves, has the Von der Goltz adventure been started and kept alive ; to the same end has Bolshevism been favoured and supported by Prussia, not only to the east of the barrier states, but also in every Allied country, in order that the Alliance may be weakened, if possible, to such an extent as to prevent the enforcing of the terms on which the last peace was made.

These things are plain to any seeing eye, and for the sake of them it is necessary that the west should support the barrier states in every way now. Such errors as have been made cannot be fully rectified, but they can be atoned in part by prompt and full support for all, and especially the most important of all the northern barrier states, Esthonia. Most important, since Reval and Narva are controlling factors of the way to Kronstadt, which in turn is the gateway to that east toward which Prussia is turning for the means of conquering the civilised west.

The Origin and Development of Political Life in Esthonia.

Reprinted from the REVAL ESTHONIAN REVIEW.

Nationality has always been, even up to the present day, the burning question in our political life. After the so-called "national insurrection," when simultaneous with the growth of the Esthonian intelligenzia and the economic liberation of the Esthonian people, there began the movement for Esthonian national self-determination. Our efforts were directed against the privileged position of the Baltic-German nobility. The policy of the Russian Government which aimed at the russification of the Baltic Provinces called forth a stout resistance on the part of the Esthonian people. The period extending from the seventies of the past century and our own days contains many instances of resistance against this policy on the side of the Esthonian people, and reflects the moral toughness and the unquenchable striving towards social betterment which are characteristic of the small Esthonian nation and which endowed our nation with the force requisite to attain its independence. In resisting the German designs of stamping out their nationalistic feelings and later in making a stand against the simultaneous oppression of both Germans and Russians, the small Esthonian nation in its struggle to maintain its national individuality never used other than civilized methods. Although during this period of oppression it was strictly forbidden to "faire la politique," national progress in the domains of political economy, education and general cultural development went steadily forward, in the silent hope that times would change. Dating from the beginning of the twentieth century, the co-operative movement spread over the whole country, and we find to-day a network of various cultural organizations such as dramatic and artistic societies, as well as co-operative farming associations, fire-brigades and temperance unions. These achievements bear witness to the methods which our small nation employed during the past two decades in its national struggle for existence, methods by which we have not lowered, but on the contrary, greatly raised our cultural level. Agricultural, educational and temperance congresses, which our people had succeeded with great difficulty in getting permission to hold, did much to excite national self-consciousness and to unite the forces working against the disintegrating influences. The foreign yoke brought about the spiritual union of every section of society and gave a political colouring to their aims and determined their tactics in their corporate life. Following the lead of Charles Jacobson, our first important politician, our political chiefs concentrated their activity on the interests of the peasantry. This is quite comprehensible, as the comparative absence of industry and consequent non-existence of a town proletariat did not permit a definite social move-

ment. The sole aim and hope of the united nation was to throw off the political and economic shackles laid on it by the foreign oppressors and thereby to attain its national liberty. The supporters of this ideology were aided in their struggles by the daily newspaper, "Postimees," the politics of which were inspired by our well-known statesman, Jaan Tonisson, who still continues to direct its fortunes. The revolution of 1905 brought forward a labour movement, which resulted in the establishment of definite political currents. The Esthonian intelligenzia allied themselves with the Russian revolutionaries, who were aiming to develop the feeling of class-consciousness among the ranks of the workers with the object of attaining economic and political liberty. All contemporary political movements were more or less revolutionary, the main aim being the overthrow of the czaristic regime and the political liberation of the people. At this time, the leading movements were the Esthonian Democratic, with Jaan Tonisson, the Radical of which Konstantin Pats was the chief, and finally the socialist led by Peter Speek (who later emigrated to America, where he is resident at present). These ideas formed the basis for the future Esthonian Political Parties, the majority of the nation adhering to a moderate political creed, as is proved by the fact that bourgeois representatives were elected to the Russian Duma.

The question of Esthonia's autonomy was first raised by one of our delegates, Jaan Tonisson, in the first Russian Duma, who pleaded Esthonia's right to self-determination, a step, which in the great and indivisible Russia was regarded as a most radical one. In spite of the existence of the Russian Duma, the reactionary policy in Esthonia was carried on as before. The limitation of the special privileges was constantly delayed, the people waited in vain for the land which had been promised, the power of the Russian "tchinovniki" stretched over the whole country and the struggle for public rights in Esthonia grew still more ardent and bitter. The people look back with scorn and contempt on the events of the year 1906, "the time of chastisement," as they called it, when Esthonian villages were ransacked and burnt down by the cossacks, who planted "order and justice" under the leadership of the Berman-Baltic nobility. All manner of oppression was practiced, and even the permission to hold temperance congresses was granted charily. This condition of strife between the local population and the government circles continued until the outbreak of the Great War. The gigantic campaign of all civilized nations against militaristic Germany inspired the Esthonian young men to enlist as volunteers in the Russian army, thinking by doing so to show their sympathy towards those nations who had taken up arms against the militaristic tendencies of the invading Germans, and who hoped to assure a better future for the human race. The Esthonian youth realised clearly that the great war gave a promise of brighter days, when the lawless government of the Baltic states had come to an end. The Entente confirmed this hope of the Esthonian people by promising to defend the principal of national liberty, and since the days of the Russian revolution this hope has acquired a solid basis, for the change in the Russian political order has destroyed the German-Baltic suzerainty in Esthonia and freed the native population from the German-Baltic economic oppression. Every political party in Esthonia had as an item in its programme political autonomy for Esthonia, which would enable her people to settle their own burning questions, and at the same time to have a voice in the government of a Russian Federative State. In a Russian federation they saw the possibility of attaining the development which was due to it as a civilized national unity. The watchword of all political parties from now on, was an Esthonian federate state in union with a democratic Russia possessing complete interior autonomy in all domestic affairs, and especially in regard to the land reform. They considered the solution of the land problem as a matter pertaining only to the Esthonian people, and felt that an Esthonian parliament was the only competent body capable of deciding this burning question. When, however, the state of affairs in Russia became more and more anarchical, the Esthonian people rapidly realised that it was not in their interest to pursue the same

ruinous policy and that they would have to pull themselves together in order to emerge from the general chaotic condition.

The different political currents at that time were as follows :—

The moderate national view which was held principally by large land owners and the well-to-do classes, the so-called " Esthonian country-people's league," with the politicians K. Pats, F. Raamot, J. Temant at its head. The Esthonian democratic party under the leadership of J. Tonnisson, J. Poska and others of the educated classes. This party based itself on the small landowners, on the educated town classes, on the owners of private undertakings and on petit bourgeois circles. The radical democrats under the leadership of A. Birk, round whom were gathered the north Esthonian landowners and such other circles, which had democratic ideas. The Esthonian " radical-socialist " party, which had, as leaders, Juri Wilms and O. Strandmann, who had the support of the artisan classes, commercial and government employees, as well as a section of the country intelligenzia and a certain proportion of the working classes. The " Esthonian social democratic labour party," under the leadership of M. Martna, and finally the " social revolutionary " party, under the leadership of several young men belonging to the intelligenzia. These two latter groups were supported by the town and country proletariat.

At this moment, the struggle with the Bolshevistic movement commenced, which had taken a firm foothold among the Russian soldiers and sailors and was due in part to the agitation carried out by the Letts in the various Esthonian towns. In the Esthonian Temporary Diet, which was called together at the beginning of the Kerensky regime, all the above-mentioned political groups were represented. The Esthonian Diet, however, was of short duration. In the autumn of the year 1917, soon after it had proclaimed itself as the " Supreme Power " in Esthonia, the Bolshevists dispersed it by force of arms, before it was able to organize the elections for the Esthonian Constituent Assembly, the power being usurped by the Russian, Esthonian and Lettish Bolshevists. All the above mentioned political parties raised a unanimous protest against the dispersal of the Temporary Diet and commenced to organize themselves secretly. During this period, the Standing Committee, which was established through the authority of the Esthonian Diet and its presiding body, was empowered to form an Esthonian Temporary Government. The elections for the Esthonian Constituent Assembly, which should have taken place at the commencement of the year 1918, were cancelled by the Bolshevists. This reign of terror continued till the 24th of February, when shortly before the arrival of the German army of occupation, the Bolshevik power was overthrown by the joint efforts of the Esthonian self-defence detachments and a part of its regular military force and Esthonia was proclaimed an independent democratic Republic. The Esthonian Standing Committee together with the Provisional Government, again take over the reins of Government, and intended to commence in collaboration with all political parties a common work or organization. The invasion of the German troops, however, put an end to these hopes, as their very first procedure was to abolish every governmental institution which they thought might imperil their aims or those of the Baltic-Germans, who took their cue from their nobility. Now commenced the saddest period in Esthonian history. Never before had the national feelings been so derided, nor such shackles laid on the national liberty as during this period of German occupation. The Esthonian Government was obliged to carry on its activities in secret, but nevertheless succeeded in sending properly qualified delegates to foreign countries, who were charged with the duty of acquainting the outside world with the difficulties of the Esthonian state and nation, and to beg the friendly states for aid. The Germans threw the leaders of the political parties into prison, the newspapers were either inhibited or induced to publish pro-German articles. Public meetings were forbidden, the expropriation of private property was a frequent proceeding. The Esthonian self-defence troops were disbanded and their military stores requisitioned. Any manifestation of freedom in economic and political life was immediately suppressed. The people however, still lived in hope and the opposition was as firm as a rock. The

so-called National Diet, which met at Riga and made the ridiculous claim to represent the nation and to which the Esthonians were compelled to delegate village elders, the intention being to proclaim incorporation with Germany, as being the "will of the nation," was never recognised by the nation as a whole, and even those delegates who were elected by the Barons for this purpose refused to be led by the nose. Signatures indicating agreement to the incorporation with Germany were unobtainable, with the exception of those of some few individuals given under pressure or owing to their ignorance of the facts and the text of the document, which was held before them by the pastor or the baron. In the columns of the two or three newspapers which continued to appear, the people searched for, and found sparks of hope, reading as they did between the lines, and cherished in their hearts the dream of Esthonia's independence. In spite of all the difficulties of intercourse, the relations with the "outside world" were kept up, and news regarding the development of the ideas of an independent Esthonia were passed on from mouth to mouth. The *de facto* acknowledgement by England, France and Italy was a source of joy and comfort during these days of oppression, when the foreign invader was endeavouring by every means in its power to stifle the nationalistic feeling which lived in the hearts of the people.

Book Reviews.

By GLADYS DAVIES.

John Balfour's "Ruhleben Poems," published by the Esthonian Review, and obtainable at the principal bookshops and libraries, or direct from the publishers, Price 3/8½ nett, post free, to any part of the world.

A noteworthy feature of this young poet's book is that, although the poems were written while their author was living through the horrors of captivity in Ruhleben, but few of them deal with the subject of war, and morbidity is remarkable by its absence. He writes of love, of nature, and of fantasy—of all things vital beyond the walls of the prison. The book would appear to be a safety-valve and a friend, through whose medium the author was kept in touch with the outside world, and so retained his sanity. He has evidently carried the dictates of his first title into practise, "Ever let the fancy roam," and so, in a soil of horror, despair and captivity, has sown the flower of fantasy with which this little work is perfumed. This, apart from the beauty of the poems themselves, is an achievement which speaks well for his plucky spirit.

As is natural in consequence of the conditions under which they were written, the poems vary considerably in literary merit, as the mood of the author changed with varying circumstance. Among the most delightful we place "Aide-toi at Dieu t'aidera," the opening lines of which are :

" Can beauty be found when the soul of man sleeps ?
Can life build life out of matter unbending,
Strike gold out of iron, give purpose unending
To creatures that strive in a temporal clay ? "

" When we are parted, Jelaine," and the " Wind swept Autumn."

Several composers have remarked on the suitability of the poems for setting, and it is to be hoped that soon some of them may appear in song form.

Riot at the Cairo Hotel.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Up to this, a few of the principal streets of Cairo, such as the Sharia Kasr-el-Nil, in which the *Savoy Hotel*, and practically the *Semiramis*, are situated, and the Sharia Kamel, in which Cook's and the *Cairo Hotel* and *Shepherd's* and the *Continental* are situated, had been safe while daylight lasted: though it was considered unwise for ladies to go out without the protection of a gentleman, since some had been grossly insulted.

Between eleven and one tourists took their walks in these pleasant streets, and did their little shoppings. The outing was enjoyable, and, indeed, necessary, as the European population was practically besieged.

This morning the tourists walking in the Sharia Kamel heard the cymbals and pipes and hand-drums of native music approaching, but they did not pay much attention to it, unless they had Kodaks; the pilgrims from Mecca had now been returning for some days, and each pilgrim of means was escorted from the railway station to his home with a procession and a band.

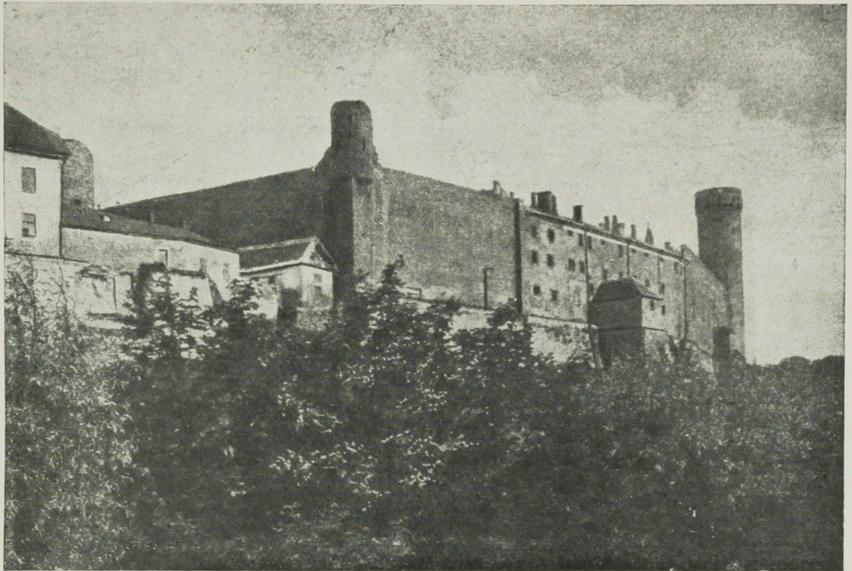
It was a fortunate thing that, either because they wished to keep out of the crush, at a time when native insolence was outrageous, or because they wished to be above the crowd for taking photographs, nearly all the Europeans had taken the advice of the old Copt, Girgis—who usually stands on the steps of Thomas Cook and Son, to run the messages of the firm—and gone up on the garden terrace which, on either side, the steps leading to the *Cairo Hotel*.

Among the people who were taking photographs was an American woman, who had brought out her "Tom Thumb" cinematograph camera, and was winding the handle with no little satisfaction, for this was much the best procession she had seen. The shield-shaped banners, made of mirror in inlaid frames of red and gold, were unusually splendid; the band of six performers, headed by a Sheikh, who stood up on his saddle, balancing a battle-axe, was the band which accompanies the Holy Carpet, on camels with spangled scarlet housings; the troop of jesters and mummers, gaily apparelled and wearing Guy Fawkes' masks, was unusually large. Instead of one or two there were at least half-a-dozen of the gorgeous ivory palanquins inlaid with silver and ebony, which are supposed to convey the ladies of the harem in their lord's possession, and which are slung between two fine camels, one before, and one behind, with his head fastened under the palanquin. The scarlet housings of these camels were richly encrusted with shells and pieces of mirror. They were preceded by a crowd of standard-bearers, carrying the queer banners which look like turbans on staves; and strangely attired musicians, playing on Scotch bagpipes, still adorned with streamers of Scottish plaids. Lastly, surrounded by a swarm of sheikhs riding on white asses, in an *arabeah* covered with spangled cloths and leopard-skins, was the Pilgrim, a man of particular sanctity. All the Kodaks were at once focussed on him.

The Egyptian Mohammedan, as a rule, only objects to being photographed in the street, as a European of the same class would object to it, on the score of rudeness. The poor Mohammedans—the women often, as well as the men—regard it as an easy way of earning a small *piastre*. The well-off condone the act of photography, if it is done unobtrusively. With police precautions, even the Holy Carpet and its *entourage* can be photographed openly.

Most of those on the terrace had already taken photographs of pilgrims' processions in the preceding days, and did not give the matter a thought: nor did the incident occur until the cameras were focussed on the Pilgrim himself. Then the crowd, which was enormous, spreading past Cook's and the square beyond, into the road from the railway station, grew ugly.

A youngish man, masked and disguised as a jester, made his way to the hotel-porter, who was standing on the steps, and demanded that the cameras should be given up.



VIEWS OF REVAL.



The *Cairo* was practically defenceless. Thanks to Lord Clapham, there was no organization for defence among the men staying in the hotel, and its numerous servants; and there was no hose arrangement for driving away a mob with jets of steam, like that of the *Savoy*. Kennedy was in the hotel at this very minute, with a mission from the General, to urge the necessity for some such arrangement upon the manager.

The porter went round and collected the cameras, while the crowd surged below the hotel terrace. The thousand or two who had already passed, turned back and ran towards the hotel. The porter did not reveal what he wanted the cameras for; he only said: "Ladies, there must be no more photographing! Give me the cameras, please."

Seeing the threatening nature of the crowd outside, they all complied, imagining that he was going to take them into the hotel and put them out of sight. They grew as furious as the mob when they saw him carry them down the steps and hand them to the man disguised as a jester, who flung them on the ground to be stamped to pieces by the crowd. There was a rush of the owners, frantic at seeing the imminent destruction of their valuable instruments, and the valuable exposures which they had contained. But when they saw the aspect of the mob, none of them descended the steps. They turned on the porter. How had he dared to do this? The mob would never have ventured to force its way on to the terrace!

"But yes!" he cried. "But yes!" He was a German by extraction, and his meals left very little room for heart inside his large body.

Orientalists read gestures almost as easily as words. They saw the fury of the visitors, whose cameras had been destroyed, and as the porter had acted as their interpreter in demanding the instruments, they imagined that he was receiving denunciations for them, not scoldings for himself. Their temper grew higher and wickered: a tide set in towards the steps.

The porter had already sent a boy for the manager.

The manager, who was not English, was at that moment arguing that the contingency of an attack was too remote to need the precautions which the General had sent Kennedy to urge. He looked as if he had been thunder-struck: he neither spoke nor moved.

Not so Kennedy, a Highland officer, who was there by chance. Judging that the hotel passage would be blocked by frightened people running in from the terrace, he went to the manager's room, and, jumping out of the window, strode straight to the steps. He was in uniform, as all officers in Egypt are in the morning.

He drew his sword.

A rush could have beaten it down as easily as a blade of grass, but it counted for much. The pure Arabs, fanatics, ready to spring like a leopard, are not politicians: if they had been numerous in the mob, the massacre would have begun. The Nationalist seditious-monger—the slum-Egyptian, Arab by religion, but not by race—has a great respect for his skin, though he is as ready to murder and pillage as a fox in a poultry-yard, when there is no chance of his victim turning. The sturdy *fellahin*, who made such good soldiers against the Madhists, are slow to anger, and were still minding their own business.

This was a city mob, not a leopard, but a treacherous dog, making ready to spring.

To them the sword spoke. They were not yet airing the fire-arms supplied to them by the Bolsheviks; they were not armed, except with the walking-stick which is as neutral to the Egyptian as a cigarette. Someone would have to taste the edge of that sword before it was beaten down; and the Highlander stood waving them back with his blade. Though his imperfect Arab fell on deaf ears, by sheer force of will he made them evacuate the steps and a yard or two behind. Then the wave stopped ebbing, and began to flow again with gathered strength. But the officer pointed imperiously to the foot of the steps with his sword, and there it stopped.

The mob and its enemy faced each other squarely, and began a battle of eyes.

Meanwhile the servants and most of the ladies had retreated to the hotel, but the Englishmen, and the young Americans, and a few of other nations, took up their places

behind the Highlander, though they could hope to do little, unarmed. The woman with the cinema-camera stood upon the terrace, as if she had been spell-bound. She was in as grave peril as if she had been the wife of the most unpopular Englishman. The Highlander had not seen her.

The servants flew to close the shutters of the lower windows. They even began to close the door, but the Swiss manager kicked them away. He was a brave man, though he had been slow to act. He stood a little outside the door himself, so as to see round the gentleman who were guarding the top of the steps. The first floor windows were lined with the white faces of the women, whose husbands and sons and brothers were waiting to stem the onslaught of the mob below.

The jester who had originally caused the trouble, wriggled his way to the front and began to incite the mob to rush the hotel. He had his back to the steps, his face to the crowd.

The Highlander drew his revolver and walked down the steps. A cry from the crowd made the man turn round. He lowered his revolver so that it covered the centre of the firebrand's stomach. He knew enough Arabic to say: "I shall have time to shoot you, and if the crowd tries to enter, I'll shoot you and a few of them. Tell them to go back."

The jester saw his peril, and cried out in agony to the mob: "Back, back, or we shall be shot!"

But there were some sterner spirits in the mob; and those behind ran no danger in pressing those in front forward. A few of the front rank might be shot—what of it? It was each for himself—and then there would be glorious revenge and loot. But the front rank saw their danger from the grim Scot, as he noticed the pressure from behind.

He kept his presence of mind. "Walk up these steps," he said to the jester, keeping him covered with his revolver. The man hesitated, and cried for help to the crowd. But the men round him saw death for themselves. In a few minutes the pressure from behind would throw them on the officer, and two or three of them, it might be only two or three, would pay the penalty. So they forced their leader, now their scapegoat, to go up with this grim man.

When the jester reached the top, one of the young Englishmen came forward, and seized him by the collar, and gave him a shake which almost broke his neck. "I'll kill him if they come on," he said. "You keep your eye on them, Kennedy."

The jester, on his knees, with the Englishman's strong hand on his collar, wept and whined for mercy, and turned hideous colours, for he saw the crowd, which he had set in motion, pressed forward from behind, and knew that his last minute could only be delayed a span.

The crowd, with the movement of a gathering wave, kept their eyes on Kennedy, the only man who was showing a weapon, the master who was holding them in leash. They had missed the prime moment for a rush, while he was ascending the steps with the jester, and that steely eye was half distracted from them. Now they met its full force again; the wild beast and its tamer were having a battle of will, but the end could not be far off;

At that intense moment came an incongruous interruption, such as has sometimes saved a situation of this kind, the merry music of a cake-walk:

"Tarum, titummity, tum-ti-tum;
Tarum, titummity, tum-ti-tum;
Tarum, titum,
Tarum, titum,
Tarum, titum, tarum titum.

Tarum, titummity, tum-ti-tum went the music.

Many heads turned involuntarily towards the sound. Who could be playing the "Mosquito Parade" in this jaunty fashion at such a moment? Kennedy's eyes never moved: he was wrapped in his task: so much depended on him.

Suddenly there was a new movement in the crowd. But it was lateral, towards the station, instead of towards the steps. And this movement grew till it began to sweep the street like the turn of the tide at the Severn's mouth.

At first it moved slowly.

Tarum, titummity, tum-ti-tum brayed the music, drawing nearer and nearer.

As it approached, the tide flowed faster and faster, and began to swirl. And then came a cheer, which was half weeping, from the white-faced women, who had just seen the flicker of steel in the sunshine.

Tarum, titummity, tum-ti-tum, blared the bugles with all the breath that can go into brass. The tide raced so strongly that the Holy Man, and the white asses with the sheikhs, and the camels with the ivory litters, and the band of bagpipes, and the bearers of the turban standards, and the mountebanks, and the camel band, and the bearers of the mirrors, were all pushed tumbling over each other up a side street.

Tarum, titummity, tum-ti-tum, blew the bugles from where they had halted a little up the road—and those on the steps could now hear the tramp, tramp, tramp

Tramp, tremp ! tramp, tremp !

And the head of a horseman in khaki appeared, and bayonets in fours, moving at a quick Rifle time. That was all which the women at the windows could see, above the terrace, of the dashing Irishmen. As soon as the first bayonets had reached Cook's offices, just beyond the hotel, the Colonel gave the order : " Halt, front, stand at ease, stand easy," and rode back to the hotel steps.

The merry Rifle tune came dancing up the street, and the mob paused like a stag on the mountains of Ross-shire, which has scented its enemy, man. It listened till the tramp, *tremp, tramp, tremp* of disciplined feet fell on its ears, and it realised that the soldiers were upon it, and broke and fled. It knew nothing about the delays of reading Riot Acts, and the lack of martial law, only that it was transgressing, and that force had come. In its panic, it crumpled up the procession, and almost trampled under its feet the man who was too holy to be photographed.

The Stair.

By JOHN BALFOUR.

In one last fitful flare
 The dying log-fire shone,
 I woke with a start in my chair
 And remembered my friends were gone.
 But to-night I could sit no more
 In the hush of the empty hall,
 So I crossed the smooth oak-floor
 To the doorway set in the wall ;
 Pushed the bar from its rusty ring
 And stepped through on to the stone
 Of the stair beyond—there, listening,
 I stood in the dark—alone.
 When a sudden gust of air
 Slammed too the door behind,
 And a mad voice said : " This stair
 Is the stair of the lonely mind,
 Its steps in spirals wind
 Up to a tower, and the foolish find
 No platform ends the stair
 Lit by the stars—but air.
 Go back to the hall and keep on the level
 If you venture up there you will go to the devil."

The Road o' Hesteryear.

By IVAN ALAN SEYMOUR.

Full many go up 'long the puckered road
That leads to the empty farm ;
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
But 'tis seldom they know its charm.

Full many go up 'long the wrinkled road,
All rutted and scarred and steep —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
But 'tis seldom their pulses leap.

Full many go up 'long the rutted road,
And muse on its rents and scars —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
But 'tis few who know eyes like stars.

Full many go up 'long the wizened road,
And hark to the bleating sheep —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
But ne'er sense an emotion's sweep.

Full many go up 'long the rambling road,
Who never behold the sky —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
'Tis few heed the beauties on high.

Full many go up 'long the rugged road,
Ne'er feeling the soft winds breathe —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
These know not how the Heavens seethe.

Full many go up 'long the wheel-marked road,
In th'wake of a farmer's cart —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
But ne'er one has a bursting heart.

Full many go up 'long the unkempt road,
Nor pulse as the shadows move —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —
As I, when I walked with my love.

Full many go up 'long the broken road,
But few whose poor hearts have bled —
Up the hill, by the rill,
That winds round past the mill —,
Ah, 'tis long since my dear was dead.

* * * * *

Full many have passed 'long the puckered road
That leads to the vacant farm ;
Up the rise, 'neath soft skies,
As the daylight dies——
But for them it has held no charm.

A Day in the Bolsheviki Inquisition.

By E. H. C. LOUDON.

Early one morning in November, 1918, about 4.30 a.m., a knock came to my door, and was repeated again and again until it seemed the door would be broken open. I got up, slipped on some things, went to the door, and asked who was there. I received the reply, "From Gorochovaia 2." I opened the door and in marched a sailor and four other men, including the head yardsman and the chairman of the House Committee of the Poor.

Though aware of what was coming, I asked them what their business was, and was informed that they had come to make a search. So I settled down while they looked all over the flat, opened the cupboards and wardrobes, inspected the supply of provisions, and tried to read my correspondence, which was mostly in English. I cannot say my conscience was particularly easy, for I knew there was some correspondence hidden away which depicted the Bolsheviki in no favourable manner.

When the search was concluded, the sailor whose name was Demianff told us to get dressed, as he had orders to arrest us. While we were getting ready, he made out a minute of the proceedings which was signed by the Chairman of the Committee of the Poor. The servant prepared breakfast, and we were given plenty of time to take it in comfort. As we were waiting, we started a conversation on the subject of the Bolsheviki and their policy. Demianff discussed matters very fairly; he even admitted that Extraordinary Comissions were wrong, and that the time would come when they would be abolished. The subject he was most keen upon, however, was a visit he had once paid to England in a Russian warship. He was astonished and delighted with the relations between our officers and men. Really the things he told us about some of his officers were quite enough to account for a great deal.

After breakfast, we started off for Gorochovaia 2, which was just across the road. We had a good supply of food and a rug each. I had learned the necessity of taking the latter from the bitter experience of sleeping on a stone floor for a week without one.

On entering, the sailor showed his pass to one of the guards, and conducted us upstairs to a large hall, with a counter dividing it in two. He gave up his order to one of the clerks and received a receipt for our bodies. The clerk asked us a few questions—our names, addresses, professions, and ages, which details he entered in a book. He also inquired how much money we had. As we had less than a hundred roubles, we were allowed to keep it. Larger sums are taken away, as are gold watches and other such valuables.

We were told to take a seat, and in a few minutes a guard came along and conducted us to a waiting room downstairs, in the section of Counter-Revolution.

The waiting room was small, the only furniture being three wooden benches running round the walls. The door, which was kept closed, but not locked, had a small square hole cut in it, through which the people gazed at intervals.

We made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the vacant seat, and then made the acquaintance of the other occupants. They were two: a youngish man, and one who might be described as a "lidy." The former did not seem in very good spirits, but the latter told us her story without any ado. She was a great personal friend of a certain millionaire, whom the Bolsheviki were seeking. Unable to find him at his own flat, they had come round to the lady's and arranged a "mouse trap." When they arrived, the lady was out at the theatre, where she made the acquaintance of the young man. They returned home in high spirits after the play to find the Red Guards waiting for them. They were arrested and brought here. No wonder the young man looked aggrieved. A mere friendly visit threatened to develop into a long stay. After hearing this sad tale, we curled up on the bench and went to sleep.

When we woke up, we found that another prisoner had been brought in, curiously enough, a friend of the lady's also. But never was any man so unfriendly. He turned his back like a flash when he recognised her, sat down in the farthest corner of the room, waved one hand behind him in a spasmodic fashion, as if to say, "don't tell anyone you know me," and gave himself up to his unhappy thoughts.

A few minutes later another prisoner was brought in—also a Jew, and an acquaintance of the former man. The look of tragedy that passed over the first man's face was really comic. He buried his face in his hands and retired from public life.

I may say that this room was very convenient, as the majority of the examinations took place in the next room. In case, two were concerned in the same case, the second man knew what to say. After a few minutes, the examining magistrate sent for the second Jew. The first one clapped his ear to the door to hear the proceedings. It was amusing to watch the various expressions passing over his face when he discovered that the charge against them was playing cards for money.

In a few minutes the second man returned, and with what joy was he greeted by his friend. "O! Isaac Moiseievitch! What have we been arrested for? Shall we be released soon?" The other stated the crime, adding that they would be discharged in a few minutes. "And what did you say about me, Issy?" A still friendlier tone. "O! I said you had lost three roubles." The friend with a look on his face as if would gladly have lost six roubles, took the other's arm and they walked up and down the room in friendly communion till the guard brought in the coveted "Green Order," and they disappeared.

The next arrivals were a young girl of 18, weeping bitterly, and a middle-aged man. The latter must have had great latent possibilities, as he had hardly entered the room before he began to ask for cigarettes. His statements were so mixed that for a time it was impossible to find out their case, especially as it was punctuated by the from the maiden. However, we made it out at last, much as follows:

He was Head of a room in the Commissariat of War, and she was employed as typewriter there. A love affair had sprung up between a girl in the Commissariat and one of the commissars. This did not add to the girl's popularity, as she was supposed to have obtained sundry rises of salary and other privileges. Somehow or other, a batch of love letters had found their way into the department. One of the other girls had typed them out, and distributed them in the Department. One copy was found in the portfolio belonging to the Head of the room. So he was arrested to explain how it came there. The girl's name had been mentioned in one of the letters. So she was arrested to explain how that had happened.

I must say that in this case, our sympathies were entirely on the side of the injured Commissar. It is bad enough to have to write love-letters, but to have one's endearments bandied about a Department. Why, it was Counter-Revolution!

In a comparatively short time a Commissar appeared from the War Commissariat, and informing the weeping maiden that the real culprit had been discovered, and told her that she would be released in a short time. The unfortunate Head falteringly enquired as to whether that applied to him also. He was quickly disillusioned, as the Commissar replied, "Certainly not. It is the devil knows what." The poor Head evidently agreed with him, as he walked up and down the room, repeating, "It's the devil knows what," in tones ranging from stupefaction to the deepest melancholy.

Eventually the Commissar returned with the "Green Order," and they were both released. The Head of the Room took a beaming farewell of us, incidentally borrowing a cigarette. But the maiden walked out with a sniff, as if to say, "Just wait till I get hold of that cat."

Another case threatening the welfare of the Republic was a thick-set, pale-faced pimply youth, with a large hand-bag. He had been walking along the quay when he was accosted by two Red Guards, who brought him to the Gorochovaia for an explanation.

A pimply-faced youth. Walking along the Quay. With a mysterious black bag. Why, there was enough here for William Le Queuz to write a novel about.

Unfortunately, the youth's tale was absolutely commonplace. He was employed as junior clerk in one of the Swedish Missions, and the bag contained nothing more exciting than two pounds of butter, which he had bought somewhere or other. In a few minutes he was called into the next room, but without the bag. He came back for it in double quick time. Rather a smile went up when he opened the bag. Still, for a time things looked serious. It was no small offence to have two pounds of butter in one's possession in the month of November, 1918, but the Diplomatic Service saved him, and obtained his release.

While waiting for the order, he did a very kindly thing. Somewhat shamefacedly he addressed the company, saying that he knew some of them would have a bad time, and so he would like to leave the butter as a present. It was astonishing how touched one can be by a piece of butter, without even taking into account that it then cost about 59 to 60 roubles a pound. The one who made most use of it was the Room Chief. He borrowed a knife from one and a piece of bread from another, and ate at least half a pound of it without stopping.

While these examinations were going on, a party of gentlewomen had been brought in from one of the prisons. They were only left for a short time and were taken to the rooms upstairs, so one had not much chance of talking to them. They were obviously well-educated women, and in spite of two and a half months' imprisonment were in good spirits.

But their condition was pitiable. They had walked for miles through slush and were wet up to the knees. They had carried all their belongings on their backs. They had not had a bath during their imprisonment, their boots were full of holes, their linen and clothes were filthy. Still they were cheerful. I asked one of the ladies what she had done to merit such a punishment. She told me it had transpired during her examination that a servant they had in a country town where they lived, a young girl of fourteen, had reported them to the local Soviet for some petty spite or other. And that was sufficient for these gently-bred women to be confined with the scum of the earth—thieves, pick-pockets, prostitutes—for two and a half months.

Think of it, you gentle English friends of the Bolsheviki, living in England comfortably, and pouring out your platitudes about the "Revolution taking its course." You would not go out and risk your lives as the Bolsheviki, to give them their due, are not afraid to. You do far more to aid the Bolsheviki than any paid agitators. People think if persons of your stamp speak gently about the Bolsheviki, things cannot be so bad as they are depicted; that the Bolshevik atrocities are greatly exaggerated. Why were our English women shut up with the scouring of humanity, while Mesdames Litvinoff and Peters can walk down Regent Street any day they please, and live in Garden Suburbs. Gentle women, kindly and bright, of the middle classes, and covered and crawling with vermin. And such was their courage, they could actually laugh.

Another case that made us rather sad was that of an old Esthonian clergyman. Judging from the assaults the Bolsheviki had made against the churches, we were afraid he had been arrested on a charge of Counter-Revolution. But what took place exceeded all our surmises. The poor old man had actually been arrested at the instigation of one of his congregation, on the charge of neglecting his duty by seldom visiting his parishioners. It was really too much for us, and we were hardened to a great deal. We could quite understand his having been arrested for preaching against the Soviets—but for failing to fulfil his duties!

The examination was a great source of pleasure to the magistrates. The clergyman spoke Russian very badly and an interpreter was employed. Every question brought out the same brutal guffaws. What an opportunity to bait the priest of a rival god. It was too good to be missed. The Bolsheviki have a brand new god now. They have

set up Karl Max as their divinity, with Lenin as his prophet, and Trotsky as his high priest. And a very numerous band of Levites.

The questions: "Why do you not visit your parishioners oftener? What do they pay you money for? Do you pray God to bless the Bolsheviks? And always the same hellish laughter. We literally writhed as we listened.

The Commission, however, was in a good humour that day, so he was shortly released and disappeared.

There were no other cases of interest excepting, maybe, that of two Red Guards, the one a Finn trying to cross the frontier back into Finland; the other, a young Russian Red Guard, who had been in a Finnish prison for some months and had managed to get back into Russia. One did not know which to be most sorry for. They had been arrested at the frontier, and brought to the Gorochovaia. After a short examination, they were released, and the Finn was given the necessary documents to cross into Finland, doubtless to do Bolshevik propaganda there.

The atrocities of the Bolsheviks were appalling. That I knew from what I had witnessed. But if half the Russian Red Guard said was true about the conduct of the Finns to their Bolsheviks—and a great deal of it was—the Finns had nothing to learn, to express it mildly, in the art of murder from the Bolsheviks. Any way, I should not like to be the White Finn this Russian hopes to meet one day.

The events I have described lasted from 7.30 a.m. till 10 p.m., when my friend was called. He was examined upstairs, so I could not hear what went on. After half an hour, he was brought back by the examining magistrate, who gave us no chance of talking, but took me straight up to his room. I must say I was given a very fair examination, enlivened only by the entry of one gentlemen, who exclaimed, "An Englishman! Oh, all that scum should be shot." I was questioned for quite an hour, during which time the magistrate was not left to himself. From time to time a face peeped through a hole cut in the door of the neighbouring room. So the magistrates know their actions are being controlled, and are accordingly discreet.

Many of my answers were checked by reference to a dossier. Finally he asked me whether I was acquainted with a young Englishman who had been arrested a day or two before. On my replying in the affirmative, I was questioned very fully regarding him and his habits. I answered very carefully, doing my best to make him out as great a fool as possible—for which may I be forgiven—and one quite incapable of undertaking anything against the Councils. This concluded the examination, and the magistrate conducted me to the waiting room. On the way down, I asked whether there was any charge made against me, but was informed there was not. Still, I was warned I might be detained as being an Englishman.

While waiting for the decision, my friend and I compared notes, and came to the conclusion that we had been arrested in connection with the young Englishman. In a few minutes the magistrate appeared, and took us up again to his room. The first thing I saw was the "Green order," so I felt the worst was over. We were told that "we had held our own, and would be let out."

Till our papers were brought to us, we had a pleasant little chat with the magistrate and got an insight into the inner workings of the Commission. His last words were a warning that, although he had found us innocent, another magistrate might re-open the case and have us re-arrested. In spite of this we wished him a hearty good-night, and made our way along corridors, with hidden Red Guards and concealed Maxims, and finally emerged into the street.

Although I had only a few steps to go to my house, I remember feeling how good the air was, and thinking of the poor folk in those upper rooms, a hundred often in a room for twenty, and I thanked God for another experience with a successful ending.

In our Village.

By WILLOW FIELD.

Unctions, washing his hands
 —Without soap—
 In a sable suit with elastic sided boots,
 He proceeds
 With sideward glances.
 An argant crucifix rebounds
 Upon his waistcoat
 (For his boots are elastic).
 He is a younger son,
 And is thinking
 Of the tasty sins he might be perpetrating,
 Were he his brother Henry
 But he is not,
 He is "county"
 Which consoles him somewhat.
 And thirty years ago he was wily at tennis
 Thanks to his gutta-percha soles.
 Now, however, he is only capable
 Of afternoon tea,
 With seed cake.
 To these exciting debauches
 He repairs
 On the balls of his indiarubber feet,
 For, as Shave pointed out,
 He is only the Reverend John,
 Not Henry.

Two Poems.

By ROBERT LUTYENS.

I.

Long, long ago, when this small universe
 Was just begun and in its infancy,
 Behind it there still stretched unending years,
 Before time gave our future prophecy.
 Babylon has fallen now, and Ilium,
 Thebes is no longer great and Rome extinct,
 And all brave men and good have now become
 Together with their virtue derelict.
 The songs of birds, the promise in the sky,
 That filled mens' hearts with longing long before,
 Shall be as sweet to far posterity,
 And then they too will pass and be no more.
 But there shall ever be new happening,
 And violets mark the coming of the Spring.

II.

There, on some evening, seen as in a dream,
 Wan and phantasmal, awful as the dead,
 Like to the day of all its colour bled,
 The sun displaced by the soft moon's cold gleam ;
 When the pale light the dim blurred hedges bleach,
 And seas of mist hang o'er the dripping fields,
 When healthy breath of day to fancy yields,
 And far off waters lap a frozen beach ;
 A death-pall lowering, where a vivid sky
 Held sway, to death last offices fulfil,
 The night-birds waft their flight mysteriously,
 And spectral figures every shadow fill—
 There, in ghast terror, am I waiting still,
 Waiting I know not what, I know not why ?

League of Esthonians, Letts, Lithuanians and Ukrainians of America.

The Editor has much pleasure in reprinting this Memorandum, which he has received from America.

To further the cause of complete independence for Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Ukraine, the League of Esthonians, Letts, Lithuanians and Ukrainians of America is busily engaged at the present time in a number of projects, which should produce very valuable results. Here are some of the things upon which the League is working.

1—A further hearing before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relation at Washington, D.C.

2—A debate on the floor of the Senate, one day being devoted to each nationality which is a member of the League.

3—A public hearing on Congressman La Guardia's bill in the House of Representatives, to establish American legations and consulates in Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Ukraine.

4—An audience with President Wilson.

5—A concert to provide funds to pay the League's expenses.

6—The extension of the League's activity to include all the republics of Eastern Europe.

7—The formation of an advisory Council of distinguished Americans.

8—The establishment of intimate relations with the Representatives in Paris.

9—The establishment of trade and commerce relations between the United States and the Republics of Eastern Europe.

The League has been progressing steadily since it was organized on 16th May, 1919, following a Mass Meeting in Carnegie Hall, of Esthonians, Letts, Lithuanians and Ukrainians. Its officers are as follows :—

VINCENT F. JANKOVSKI, President.

Representative of the Lithuanian National Council of America.

HANS L. PYMSON, Vice-President.

Representative of the American Esthonian League.

VLADIMIR B. LOTOTSKY, Secretary.

Representing the Ukrainian National Committee of the United States.

JOHN J. KALNIN, Treasurer.

Representing the Lettish National League of America.

After the Mass Meeting in Carnegie Hall, which brought the league into being, the first big activity of the League was the presentation on 29th August, of the joint case of the four nations before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. This hearing was procured with the assistance of Mr. Robert J. Caldwell, President of the American Mid-European Association.

Lieutenant Commander Geo. Beall, U.S.N. presented the case of Esthonia, Reverend Carl Podin, of Latvia, John Lopatto for Lithuania, and Emil Revyuk for Ukraine.

George Gordon Battle, Council for the League, made a strong plea for a bill recommending that the State Department recognise the four republics.

On 16th and 17th September, a Congress representative of various organizations which compose the League was held in the hotel Pennsylvania, in New York City. About one hundred delegates from various parts of the country took part. President Jankovski presided. Various addresses were made, reporting the actual conditions in Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Ukraine, resolutions were adopted and sent to American officials and foreign governments, and ways and means were devised to assist the four republics in establishing themselves and protecting themselves against foreign invasion.

The Executive Committee of the League meets every Monday evening, at No. 30, East Seventh Street, New York City, to transact the mass of business involved in furthering the cause of the four republics. The Committee consists of twenty members, five for each nationality. Plans are now being devised to provide a permanent office and an office staff to handle the volume of detailed work in connection with the subjects taken up by the League.

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