

triple space

PP 435-446

Printed paper

-14-

Nonetheless, the boldness of such an assumption had the power to torment me. When, on occasion, I find myself near the sea, it becomes difficult to believe that God is suffering any loss of His powers. As much could also be said for a fine field, a storm, or the vast retort of the heavens when lightning is followed by thunder. Or, equally, when one encounters any memorable sunset. One could even speak of such exquisite minor notes as dazzlements of light on wet grass when the dew is on the ground in early morning.

Of course, all this could have been fashioned by Him untold ages ago when He was at the peak of His Creative Powers. The sky, after all, was not

choked then with ^{factory smoke} ~~smog~~, nor the rivers with ~~poisons~~ ^{poisoned by factory excrements} put into them by His humans. Did He now brood on the possibility that His Highest Creation had become His least successful? Were we encountering a profound decision or dealing with the dithering of a divinity whose powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they were so young, they seemed so unfitted for the vast project they would encounter. If I had not been able to enter their living presence, I had certainly absorbed the tone of their love, their philosophy (such as it was!) and, over and over, their piety, their innocence. They actually believed that Nicky's diary, and their letters to each other were well protected from scrutiny when, in fact, a copy of the key to his diary—courtesy of his valet—had been in our possession for years. Ditto for the box that kept her letters, and, now that she had joined him, all of his old letters to her. Indeed, they even numbered them, back and forth—Letter 96, Letter 109, et cetera. It never occurred to them that it took no exceptional skill to make a wax impression of a key or a lock, any more than we often needed high competence to find the maid or body-servant who was ready to betray a trust.

So, I knew how they spoke to each other. I had read hundreds of their letters and looked over several thousands of pages in his diaries for each year since 1880.

If I now establish a small record, a tently no, a hundredth of all the missiles passing between them and a few close friends and relatives, it is to give a sense of how trivial were most of these responses to the enormities awaiting them. Indeed, I used to wonder all over again whether the Dammkopf was still in command of even a minimal acumen, why — the question might as well have been a given in me — why was God giving so much importance to Nick and Ali?

I will offer a better sense, however, of the grandeur in which I find myself by quoting here and there from their letters over the last couple of ^{the end of} years, yes, let me take it from ~~1894~~ ^{the middle of 1894} until the June of 1896 when I returned to Hapfeld.

~~In it said, they were not without some culture. There at that time and at On the 22nd of December 1894 in~~

Be it said, they were not without some
culture. March 1899 before they were ready
to speak their love for each other, a line
wrote on March 11, "It was so good of
you to write and it gave me great pleasure.
My mad letter amused you then - well,
I have been crushed enough to write
another. We went last night to see
the 'Rheingold' and I hope next week
to see the 'Walkure's Siegfried'." To which
he responds two weeks later, "Thank you
so much for your dear little letter which
was such an agreeable surprise to me.
We also saw Siegfried with Illa.
I like it so awfully, especially the melody
of the bird and the bird. Now the ~~bird~~
Nibelungen are all over and I think it is
a great pity."

Young Wagnerites at the edges of
love! And they write to each other in
English. He has been tutored in the
tongue since boyhood, and she has
visited so much and so often with
Queen Victoria, I don't think, or wait
be seen in English is one ~~kind of~~ ^{level} ~~letter~~
letter at least.

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didn't enter, "For ^{turkey} soup and dinner, I
had soup and ~~removing~~. I read Huggins
instead of going for a walk."

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That was in 1889. By now, on the second
of June 1894, they are engaged, and the
after one great emotional contest, and the
to marry them, they had to give up her
with them for ~~good~~ ^{nothing} on Thursday. Her
older sister, Ella, much beloved by all,
had done just what you had committed to,
the Grand Duke Sergei Romanov, a
brother of Nicholas, Tsar Alexander
the 2nd, so it was not as if their loss was
precedent for such a leap from the
structure of nature to the ^{and sacrifices} ~~circumstances~~
the Roman Church, but it did keep
them ^{happy and} ~~happy and~~ ^{happy and} ~~happy and~~
them all for years. Felix was used to her
but then, even after Ella cut a few
theological knots, they were not all
that the two religions were not all
that different. ~~By understanding~~
under the circumstances, was an
interesting point of view, but then soon

~~that day was in 1894, they were~~
~~engaged, & profoundly engaged.~~
~~(I don't think that was a mistake)~~

in 1889, Ella had commenced her Confession.
In a letter to Nicky on June 19, she says
St. Petersburg, she writes, "I was told
that if one prayed well in a church
going to the ^{Confession} ~~Confession~~, God would
hear one's prayers. Well, in Jerusalem

Sent Via mail to Jim,
10/25/04

(A)

Sudith
all the
printed
enclosures
from (A)
to (M)

time with you and my beloved little bride. What a different impression for me this time – with my stay in London last year for Georgie's wedding. This separation from Alix has made my love for her still far stronger and deeper than it was before! Now, dearest Grandmama, I must end; with fondest thanks for your kind letter and hoping to see you very soon again believe me your most loving and devoted (future) grandson.

Nicky

Nicky to Alix – 2 June – Peterhof

1994

My own darling Alix,

I enclose a small photo of 'the monstrous cow' [Nicky himself] – the rest I bring with me! I wrote to Granny today explaining to her in detail about our plans for Walton. I hope it shall make her understand the reason why I could not come to Balmoral – but now that becomes quite impossible as she intends leaving about the same date for Windsor. So far it is all right – good!

Sweetie, you don't know how sly I can be – I coaxed Granny in the most shameful way possible – try and read it, when we are in Windsor, then you can judge and see what a creature you have been unlucky enough to be engaged to! I cannot stop reading your sweet letter over and over oh! you are the sweetest kindest angelic little girly in the whole world! And that I should possess such a treasure and be allowed to love you – no! that is *too heavenly* for words. In all my life I have never dreamt that such happiness was possible – as this now. I feel completely changed, one's life seems useful, there is an object in living for others and for oneself too! Oh! my sweet one – all that I learnt through you!

~~I hung out of the window and breathed deeply and pulled the lovely warm pure sea-air, the wind brought in gushes to me – and I thought of my sweet girly-dear, it seemed as if the air brought me your tender kisses from so far off. But though I seem cold as a stone, I love you, my own darling, as few persons can only love! *Quel est l'amour véritable? Celui qui aime et ne parle pas!* [What is true love? That which loves and does not speak!] That is so perfectly true and is so exactly my case! I love you too deeply and too strongly for me to show it; it is such a sacred feeling, I don't want to let it out in words, that seem meek and poor and vain! But now I will try and break that habit of hiding my feelings, because I think it wrong and selfish in some occasions. You also do not know, my precious one, how long my whole heart belonged to you and what sufferings it has gone through these dreary years! Darling primrosy-mine, I love you my darling!!!!~~

3 June My pet, to think that I am coming to you and if God grants, shall soon clasp you, my beloved little girly, to my heart! oh what bliss, what joy, what happiness! Though the sea passage takes two days more than going by rail, you will understand what a difference it is to me to be able to sail in Papa's lovely yacht leaving Berlin aside.

Nicky, Diary – 3 June – Polar Star

The morning was foul, with heavy showers and squalls! I was in a state of some disquiet over the departure – but I hate delaying decisions to leave, and was glad not

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1896

Because of this, the inspection of the camp and ceremony in the palace called Uncle Freddie arrived to stay with us in Petrovskoe. He stayed with us and the Connaughts. Spent a good evening with Georgie and Nicky.

8 May At 4 o'clock we went to meet dear Mamma who arrived in the palace via Petersburg. They all look very brown. Had tea and dinner and then I took the whole family, both from here and abroad, gathered to hear a service beautifully sung by 1100 members of different choral groups.

KR, Diary - 8 May

At 9 o'clock I went to Petrovskoe, where the whole family had arrived and the Emperor, together with the foreign princes and princesses, were waiting. It was performed in the courtyard of the palace by a thousand or more voices.

Every imaginable Moscow choir was there with its musicians. They carried a staff with a lantern - a sea of flickering lights; a huge number of people were crowded round the palace. We all listened from the balcony. After the first song, the Emperor said: Let's clap. A huge hurraha rang in answer to our applause; the night was quiet and softly luminous with stars in the sky.

9 May To describe today adequately would take a lot of talent. But to do it this morning we were all delighted to see that the weather, which has been such a source of anxiety, had at last improved. It was calm and clear. I was smiling joyfully as if wishing to join the Muscovites in greeting the Emperor on his first entry into his first city.

What exultation! A mass of people, the stands were crowded. The top rows taken up by thousands of *volost* [smallest administrative divisions], the chime of bells filled the air. Then the first salute sounded. The Tsar had left Petrovskoe palace: the bells rang out even more joyfully. Everyone removed their hats and crossed themselves. And the first glimpse of the gates the head of the procession came into sight - the pendame. Then came His Majesty's own escort, then the sovereign's cossacks, then the hunt the court musicians and finally the golden coaches.

The procession stretched for a long, long way. Now there was a halt. The Emperor and Empresses had stopped to pray at the Iverskaya. The procession moved on again: the court liveries, the golden coaches and carriages, the uniformed uniforms, the horses covered with golden cloths. The Emperor appeared through the Spassky gates on a white horse, holding his hat in his hand. We all gave a huge cheer. The Tsar did not manage to salute the troops; without waiting for his greeting they welcomed him with an enormous roar. Before him went the 1st Grenadier only the 3rd and 4th companies.

A coach with a golden crown drew up; in it sat the Dowager Empress. The young Tsarina rode behind her in another coach without a crown. The Emperor walked between them into the Uspensky cathedral. I saw how they knelt before the icons and the relics of the holy martyr Philip. From there they proceeded to the Archangel cathedral, and from there to the main steps from the top of which the two Tsarinas bowed three times to the people. What a wonderful day!

Start
Coronation
Ceremony

Very
happy

Do not
worry
about the
weather

to all.

Do not
worry
about the
weather
to all.

Only
the
Tsarina
and
the
Emperor
will
be
in
the
cathedral

See page 1896

The young Tsarina is the embodiment of kindness and goodness. The Empress looked as young as she did 13 years ago on the day of her own Coronation.

When the Emperor and his consort mounted their throne, the ceremony carrying their regalia and their assistants blocked my view, so that I could see anything; I could only glimpse the Emperor with difficulty, but I could hear perfectly as he recited the Credo. His assistants were Vladimir and Mishka. I begged him put on the purple mantle; at this point his large Andreyskiy cross with the diamonds broke.

I could just see as he raised the crown onto his own head, and took the orb and sceptre; but I could not see anything of the Empress kneeling before him. I was only able to catch sight of him raising her to her feet and kissing her. I could only hear the speech of the Metropolitan Palady. In the same way I hardly saw the prayer read by the Emperor as he knelt. It was only when the emperor rose to his knees and the Emperor alone remained standing, that I was able to see of him.

The Emperor embraced me; I nearly burst into tears and said 'Fare thee with you.'

Nicky, Diary - 14 May - Moscow

A great, solemn day for Alix, Mama and myself, but one full of magical quality. We were on our feet from 6 o'clock in the morning, though our procession did not move on until 9.30. Luckily the weather was heavenly.

The Grand Staircase presented a glittering sight. Everything was packed in the Uspensky cathedral, and although it seems like a dream, I will remember it all my life. At 9 o'clock we went on onto the top balcony, where Alex switched on the electric illuminations on the Ivan the Great bell tower, after which all the towers and walls of the Kremlin were lit up successively.

We went to bed early.

Dr. Her way of saying that they were a lot:

KR, Diary - 15 May - Moscow

The Numinations were magical – a sea of fire. We went to the palace and the Emperor was receiving congratulations from senior dignitaries and the nobility. A constant stream of costly dishes were offered along with the bread and salt they arranged several big tables in the Andreievsky hall, what a useless expense. How much gold could that amount of money have been put to.

17 May Yesterday there was a gala performance at the Bolshoi Theatre. The Empress was in a silver brocade dress.

Nicky, Diary - 17 May - Moscow

The weather was wonderful all day. For the first time the morning was free! We went to visit Xenia and Sandro and then Ernie and Ducky. We had a picnic with Mama and then at 2 o'clock gathered upstairs for the ladies' concert. All the ladies were there. Then the ladies' sewing and here the ladies o

③

Nicky, Diary – 10 October – Livadia

My God! What a joy to meet her here at home and to have her near to me – half my cares and worries have been lifted from my shoulders. I was overcome with emotion when we went in to the dear Parents. Papa was weaker today, and Alix's arrival, together with his talk with Father Ioann, have worn him out!

Type box

type

10

8

I did not dare absent myself from the house for any length of time. What a support to have dear Alix; she sat with me the whole day, while I read reports from various ministers. At about 11 o'clock there was a consultation with the doctors in Uncle Vladimir's room – it was awful! We lunched downstairs so as to make less noise. Walked a little with Alix around the house. In the evening Papa appeared a little better – but terribly weak! Our only reliance and hope is in the Mercy of the Lord: let His will be done!

~~Don't do the break hatch, the abby class~~
~~are supposed to make the~~
~~hatch itself~~

③ Goes into 18 October with Nicky's dream HVN

④ ends at bottom of p 98 with — the Mercy of the Lord. ~~His~~ but this will be done.

I could not help but note how completely the upper classes and royalty, most especially, are groomed (often by us — whom we cannot blame) to respect the Lord's will. After all, that will that they respect is so often ours, indeed almost always I would say, except for mortality itself.

They need that belief. Their lives are so peculiar, so frustrated on the one hand, so extreme on the other, so sensitive to proper conduct and so drawn to the corrupt (what with the power they are given) that they like to believe the ~~Earth~~ and events in their lives has nothing to do with them. It's just the Lord's will.

But back to the letter. Nicky's father, Cyril Alexander the II is very close to death, then dies.

⑤ ~~comes~~

All through ~~the~~ the prayers, Nicky's thought of the hour in his childhood

When a ~~people~~ individual had succeeded in putting
a ~~people~~ inside a national car, with
which ~~the~~ his father had been travelling
the ~~circumstances~~, when it went off ~~meeting~~
~~of~~ given its pleasure, it ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~
rather than others, and to prove in
the royal family was ~~quite~~ ~~different~~ but the
rest of the ~~various~~ could begin to
celebrate them. Especially under ~~the~~ IV,
a grant of a Remond was in his
and under strange, to test the
beams of the ceiling, long enough for
the family to be received, Only a series
was capable of such strange
decided in wife, a series of but
beautiful women.

scandalous woman.
So felt Hedley as well. He always
~~would like his mother and sister~~
his father. ~~But~~ all through his adolescence
Hedley had worked at building his
kitchen with respect, but he always
remained aloof and aloofist. He especially
at home wanted a point of honor to him,
he gave it ^{himself} ~~himself~~ and heard,
yet never came to look after himself.
~~to make for~~. And he would be the only.

It is clear & friend was scandalized
and thinking in his own manner for
Celia too, the date of Alameda III is clear,

19 October In the morning dear Papa slept for four hours in a row and sat up in a chair during the afternoon. Our disquiet returned towards evening, when Papa returned to his room and lay down in bed: he again felt terribly weak! Everyone was wandering around in the garden - Alix and I had been down to the sea and I was afraid for her legs, lest she got tired climbing back up: there was no carriage. After tea and in the evening read reports. Sat with my beloved Alix!

D, E, + F on this page

Nicky, Diary - 20 October - Livadia

My God, my God, what a day! The Lord has called unto Him our adored, dearly beloved Papa.

My head is going round, I cannot believe it - it seems inconceivable, a terrible reality. We spent the whole morning upstairs with him! His breathing was laboured, he had to be given oxygen the whole time. At about 3.20 he took communion; then he started to have light convulsions - and the end came quickly! Father Ioann stood by him for over an hour, holding his head.

It was the death of a Saint! Lord, help us in these terrible days! Poor, dear Mama! In the evening, at 9.30 we held Prayers for the Dead - in the same bedroom! I felt as if I were dead also. The pains in Alix's legs have returned! In the evening I went to confession.

was held up the rest of the day - only came out at night.

Sandro, Memoirs - 20 October

Nicky and I stood on the veranda of the beautiful palace in Livadia armed with bags of oxygen and watching the end of the Colossus. He died as he lived, a bitter enemy of resounding phrases, a confirmed hater of melodrama. Just muttered a short prayer and kissed his wife.

Everyone in the crowd of relatives, physicians, courtiers, and servants gathered around his now lifeless body realized that our country had lost the only support which kept it from falling down a precipice. Nobody understood it clearer than Nicky. For the first and last time in my life I saw tears in his blue eyes. He took me by the arm and led me downstairs into his room. We embraced and cried and cried together.

He could not collect his thoughts. He knew he was the Emperor now, and the weight of this terrifying fact crushed him.

'Sandro, what am I going to do,' he exclaimed pathetically. 'What is going to happen to me, to you, to Xenia, to Alix, to mother, to all of Russia? I am not prepared to be a Tsar. I never wanted to become one. I know nothing of the business of ruling. I have no idea of even how to talk to the ministers.'

Nicky, Diary - 21 October - Livadia

In the midst of our deep sorrow, the Lord has sent us a quiet and radiant joy: at 10 o'clock in the presence of the family my dear darling Alix was anointed with the holy oils and after the service we took communion together, with dear Mama and Ella. Alix repeated her responses and prayers wonderfully well and distinctly!

After luncheon we held Prayers for the Dead and again at 9 o'clock in the

evening. The expression on Papa's face was wonderful, smiling as if he were about to laugh! Spent the whole day answering telegrams with Alix, and attending to the papers brought by the last courier. Even the weather has changed: it was cold with a gale blowing at sea!

22 October Last night we had to carry dear Papa's body downstairs, as unfortunately it has rapidly begun to decompose. For this reason morning and evening prayers were held in the little church. Thank God, dear Mama is completely calm and is bearing her sorrow in a truly heroic way. I did nothing but answer the pile of telegrams.

There was a good deal of mental ferment about the question of where to arrange my wedding; Mama, myself and a few others considered it would be best to hold it quietly here while dear Papa is still under the same roof; but all the uncles are against this, saying I should be married in Petersburg after the funeral. To me this seems quite unfitting! In the afternoon we went down to the sea – the swell was enormous.

24 October The day was grey – as it was in our hearts! In the morning I talked a little with dear Alix, then did some reading and writing. I still cannot bring myself to go into the corner room where dear Papa's body is lying – he is so changed since being embalmed, I cannot bear to dispel the wonderful impression of the first day!

27 October Luckily the weather was good and the sea calm. At 8.30 we left our house, which stood sad and abandoned, and went to the church. The service was just ending. The coffin was carried out and entrusted to the cossacks, who took turns with the gunners and oarsmen from His Majesty's cutter to carry it to the pier at Yalta. Mama and all of us followed the coffin on foot. After the service we boarded the *Memory of Mercury* where the coffin was laid out on the quarter-deck under a canopy. A full guard stood around it. A wonderful, beautiful but tragic sight. As we approached Sebastopol it got rough.

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky⁴⁰ – 27 October – Neues Palais, Potsdam

My dear Nicky

The heavy and responsible task for which Providence had destined you has come upon you with the suddenness of a surprise, through the so unexpected and untimely death of your dear lamented father. These lines are to express my fullest and warmest sympathy with you and your Alix and your poor distressed mother. I can well understand the feelings which must have agitated your heart in witnessing the ebbing away of the life of your father, as his illness and sudden passing away was so very like my own dear Papa's, with whose character and kind geniality the late Tsar had so many likenesses. My prayers to God for you and your happiness are unceasing. May Heaven comfort you in your grief and give you strength for your heavy duties, and may a long and peaceful reign give you the opportunity of looking after the welfare of your subjects. The sympathy and real grief at the so untimely end of your lamented father in my country will have shown you how strong the monarchical instinct is and how Germany feels for you and your subjects. As for me you will always find me the same in undiminished friendship and love to you.

⁴⁰ They wrote to each other in English.

It would be 20 years before they went to war

I + I

at 10 o'clock. A bitter reunion with the remaining relatives. The procession from the station to the fort took four hours. After a requiem service we arrived at the Anichkov. How empty it seems! This was the moment I feared most for dear Mama. Aunt Alix and Uncle Bertie are downstairs. My Alix is for the moment with Ella. Dear Alix spent part of the evening with me - how strange to see her here - it reminds me of 1889.

KR, Diary - 1 November - St Petersburg

Yesterday I saw Nicky for the first time since he ascended the throne. This was at Nikolaevsky station at 10 o'clock in the morning, where we met the funeral train bearing the coffin of the late Emperor. The Empress came by the same train with her children, as well as Alexei, Sandro, the Waleses and Olia. Sergei arrived a short time before with Ella and Uncle Misha.

After greeting me, he [Nicky] gave me a deep expressive look with his lovely, thoughtful and now sad eyes, and kissed me. The funeral procession moved off. We walked behind the coffin along the Nevsky and Admiralty Prospects, past the Synod and the Senate, along the English embankment, over the Nikolaevsky Bridge, along the embankment of Vassilievsky Island over Mitninski Bridge and through Alexander Park. Prayers were said by the Metropolitan in front of Kazan Cathedral.

The Emperor went in to kiss the icon. The day was warm, sombre and cloudy. Inside the fortress, when they opened the coffin I saw the face of the late Emperor in death; the familiar features were little changed; they looked peaceful, as if he were asleep.

*D.T. and this apparently was an emotion
free of him influence
+ the boy*

Nicky, Diary - 2 November - St Petersburg

Slept well: but the moment I came to myself the memory of what has happened and the terrible feeling of oppression invaded of my soul with renewed vigour! Poor Mama again felt unwell and during the afternoon she fainted.

At 12 o'clock I received the full Council of State - I again had to make a speech! My dear Alix came to luncheon - it's sad to see her only at intervals! Alix, Uncle Bertie, Georgie [Duke of York] and I dined together at 9 o'clock. She sat with me in the evening.

KR, Diary - 2 November - St Petersburg

The young Tsar is the admiration of everyone, wherever His words are heard, either directly or in writing. I hear that the short speech He made in the Kremlin palace to the Moscow nobility was delivered in a loud, clear, assured voice. Yesterday, when receiving the Council of State, He addressed them most beautifully. I watched Him during the requiem service: the calm kind face, the thoughtful, deeply sad eyes, often half-closed. He is weighed down by his exalted rank. His modesty suffers from having to be everywhere and always the first.

~~The Empress was not at the requiem, she is not well, she has lumbago and faints; this happens to her, her heart is not strong.~~

¹ KR's sister Olga, Queen of Greece

*\$2 and it
we could get near
discussions of objective reality
as opposed to devil's works*

*D.T. I have the feeling that
I am not getting any
more of the same old
world*

*D.T. accepts
the coronation
but a blue
hue
has
come
over
of his
inability
to serve
+ prevent
disaster.*

*the boy
+ the boy*

Nicky, Diary - 3 November - St Petersburg

It's a bore to see so little of Alix - I can't wait to be married - then there will be no more goodbyes!

KR, Diary - 3 November - St Petersburg

I have not yet talked to the Emperor's bride; but she smiles so sweetly whenever you greet her.

In the evening they covered the Emperor's body in the coffin with a pall up to his chest, in order to hide the hands which are beginning to turn black. The head is already looking quite black.

Nicky, Diary - 4 November - St Petersburg

My dear Alix came at four o'clock. It's the only time, before and after tea, that I can see her alone!

KR, Diary - 5 November - St Petersburg

At 11 o'clock the Danish king arrived with his son Valdemar and we were ordered to send a guard of honour to Warsaw Station. Before the train arrived the Emperor went out to greet the guard; he walked along the line of soldiers like a real Tsar. Olia told us that she asked the Emperor if he intended to retain the rank of colonel, bestowed on him by the late Emperor. The Emperor replied that was correct.⁴² Splendid. At His command, Vladimir went to the station to meet the French extraordinary mission.

Nicky, Diary - 6 November - St Petersburg

At 11 o'clock we went to a service at the fortress. The King of Serbia arrived straight from the station. We lunched at home at one. Then I had to receive a mass of deputations: four German ones, two Austrian, a Danish and a Belgian - I had to talk to all of them! Went for a short walk in the garden - my head was spinning. The King of Serbia paid me a visit, then Ferdinand of Romania - they deprived me of those few free moments in the day when I am able to see Alix.

She came to tea with Ernie. At 7.30 I went to the Winter Palace to fetch Xenia for a requiem service. My dear darling Alix sat with me.

7 November We again had to relive those hours of grief and woe which were our lot on October 20th. At 10.30 the episcopal service began, then the funeral service and burial of our dear unforgettable Papa! It is painful and sad to write these words - it still seems as if we are living in a dream and that suddenly he will appear among us again!

On returning to the Anichkov, I lunched upstairs with dear Mama, she has remarkable self-control, and keeps her spirits up. Sat with my Alix.

⁴² Nicky remained a colonel till the end.

~~(E)~~

P443

(E)

He knew talk to the ministers.

(F)

Nichy's Diary - 21 Oct - Leningrad

↳ a gale blowing
at sea

(G)

Nichy's Diary - 24 Oct - The day was grey

↳ being embanked.

(H)

Kauer Wilhelm II etc → in undiminished
bravado and love to you

It would, of course, be years
before they went to war.

In all of this, I was rarely certain
of where any of our agents might be,
although there was one ^{entry} in Nichy's
diary on Nov 2 in St. Petersburg that
came to my attention.

(I)

Sept well afternoon she fainted.

¶ Here, I must introduce another (444)
diary. This is by a nobleman I will call
KR. He is ^{as} ~~old enough to be~~ on the
Grand Duke (the dead czar's brother)
and so on, too, could be an uncle to
Nicky, he certainly loves him as much,
or more than any of the uncles who are
a big powerful lot all four (CK)
of them, and ~~in fact~~ not, I would
say, unavailable to us ~~in~~ in normal
circumstances, but I have yet to
refer to such specific matters. Even
if KR loves Nicky, KR is, after all,
a closet homosexual which is the
honor and delight of his existence.
He also writes well to offer me some
pleasure when I can quote him.

(J)

KR Diary - 2 November → and always
the first

(K)

¶ KR Diary - 2 November

I have not yet → quite black.

¶ On the seventh of November, one of
our English agents had intercepted
a communication from Lord Carrington
to Queen Victoria, a detailed communication

Lord Carrington to Queen Victoria - 7 November - St Petersburg

The Lord Chamberlain presents his most humble duty to Your Majesty and he very much regrets that owing to the dislocation of the Post Office arrangements no letter can be sent off today. The funeral is just over, and it passed off well. The Lord Chamberlain at once sent off a telegram which he despatched himself and which he trusts has reached Your Majesty safely.

The service began at 10.40 a.m. when the Emperor and the Imperial and Royal Families entered; and it lasted till 1 p.m. The crush was tremendous, the corps diplomatique (Your Majesty's ambassador being conspicuous) stood on the right. The Emperor, Empress, and the Princess of Wales in the centre with the Kings of Greece and Denmark and the Prince of Wales: surrounded by the Archdukes, and Duchesses, and other Royal Guests - the future Empress looking remarkably handsome. The Ladies of the Court stood behind with the suites of the Royal Visitors.

The crowd was so great that Prince Dolgoruki, master of the ceremonies, who carried a long staff draped with black could hardly get a passage for the Empress to enter - 3 ladies fainted, one of them being Mlle. Fabrice who was in attendance on Princess Alix at Windsor.

The service was choral without organ, the Empress and Princesses standing or kneeling the whole time. The mass continued for an hour and a half, plaintive and monotonous and then the usual daily funeral service was gone through. Tapers were lighted and handed round but in consequence of the crowd no ladies took any and so accident from fire was averted. At 12.30 the terrible ceremony of paying the last farewell took place. The Empress with heroic courage walked up steadily, knelt, and then took a last look at the late Emperor and kissed the sacred picture on His Majesty's breast, and then kissed his lips. The Emperor supported and took great care of Her Majesty and all the Royal Personages present kissed the sacred picture.

The crowd on the catafalque at this moment was very great. The gilt coffin lid was borne up the steps and placed on the bier and then the late Emperor was carried by the Emperor and his royal relatives to his last resting place - close to the altar - the vault being 10 ft. long 4 ft wide and 5 feet deep. The Emperor then retired.

The Lord Chamberlain went up with the general company, to the raised dais - the diamond Crown of the Empire with the sceptre, orb and sword all in diamonds, the buckler and the standard were on the right of where the Emperor's head lay. On the left were the 6 crowns of the Principalities and at his feet were Your Majesty's wreath and one of lilies of the valley from the Empress. These were the only wreaths on the raised dais, all the others several hundred in number were hung on the walls of the Church. The French wreath of silver (nailed on to an enormous board covered with black velvet which was placed on an easel) was on the floor of the Church and was given no special prominence.

As there is only one exit down the difficulty of getting out was tremendous: and the Lord Chamberlain met M. de Staal whose arrival was delayed in consequence of an attack of lumbago. Footmen pushing to give their masters greatcoats added to the confusion which must have been dreadful for Ladies.

A mounted Guard of Honour of the Cuirassiers a Cheval though big men on large horses, did not strike the Lord Chamberlain as being as fine or as smart as Your Majesty's own Life Guards. After the ceremony the regiments were taken back to the Winter Palace in coaches and four 27 horses being in the procession.

Carrington

(445)

concerning ^{Cyrus} Alexander III's funeral. Like
most English diplomats, it was
obvious that ~~he was~~ ^{he took} considerable pleasure in
his literary style. I had the impression
that he was too pompous to offer
any entry to the English or our people.
Often, such people are the worst for
other humans to deal with. A little
saintliness or a bit of the satanic does
flavor the ~~other~~ dish.

(L)

followed us after... by (M)

~~with Smith & Co. (M)~~

A mounted ^{Caroles} ~~Guard~~ ^{a Cheval} Guard of Honor
of the Caroles a Cheval ~~thick~~
big men on large horses, did not
strike the Lord Chamberlain as
being as fine or smart as Your
Majesty's own Life Guards.

~~Caroles~~

¶ On Nov 14, still ^{Your} Majesty's
most loyal servant, he added a fine
~~which had to be~~ to the monarch's taste.
"Most of the saloons ^{being} were so full

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that ~~thrilling~~ through them was
not easy. All the ladies in Russian
Court were some with fine diamonds,
but hardly any pretty faces; indeed
the absence of beauty as compared
with that seen at one of ~~the~~ Your
Majesty's drawing rooms struck
the hard Chamberlain very much."

He went on. The occasion was the
wedding of Nicholas Alex which had
to be brought off port-haul since
it would hardly do for the Tsar of all
Russia to be an unmarried man.