

Tsar historical 6/8/04 second pass

1-4 Keep reference
Double star

Bill of Indictment, 1 March 1881 St. Petersburg

At around 2 o'clock in the afternoon, His late Imperial Majesty drove out of the Mikhailovsky Palace with his usual escort. ^(no chance) At a distance of some fifty yards from the corner of Engineer Street there was a terrible explosion, which seemed to fan out from right under the carriage.

In the same instant, the soldiers had seized a man ^[even as] on the pavement at the side of the canal. ~~but~~ His Imperial Majesty emerged from the carriage unscathed.

At the Emperor's request, he was [brought] to the place where the detained man was standing, already surrounded by a crowd of people. His

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Majesty the Emperor was pleased to remark: "Thank God I am unhurt, but look!", pointing to an injured cossack lying near the carriage, and nearby a wounded boy who was crying out in pain.

Hearing the Emperor's words, the detained man said: "Don't thank God yet."

Just as His Imperial Majesty decided to inspect the location of the explosion, another deafening explosion occurred at his very feet.

When ~~[the smoke] cleared~~ all those present, were struck by a terrifying spectacle: among those thrown down by the blast was His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor himself. The beloved monarch was half-sitting on the pavement, leaning against the railings of the canal and propping himself up with his arms, covered with blood, but still breathing. The ~~uncovered legs of~~ the August Martyr were smashed and pouring blood, the body hung in pieces, the face was bleeding. ~~(turning his face toward him)~~ His Majesty said in a feeble voice, "It's cold, cold."

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Jun. 08 2004 02:15PM P7

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Jun. 08 2004 10:42AM P6

Tsar historical

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In the same instant, the soldiers had seized a man on the pavement at the side of the canal ^[brought] and His Imperial Majesty emerged from the carriage unscathed.

At the Emperor's request, he was ^[brought] led along the pavement to the place where the detained man was standing, already surrounded by a crowd of

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people. His Majesty the Emperor was pleased to remark: "Thank God I am unhurt, but look!", pointing to an injured cossack lying near the carriage, and nearby a wounded boy who was crying out in pain.

Hearing the Emperor's words, the detained man said: "Don't thank God yet."

Just as His Imperial Majesty decided to inspect the location of the explosion ~~and had made a few steps along the canal pavement in the direction of the carriage~~, another deafening explosion occurred at his very feet, after which for a few moments the whole area was engulfed in a mass of smoke and pieces of clothing.

^[the smoke]
When ~~it cleared~~ all those present, ~~both the unscathed and those who had been injured~~, were struck by a terrifying spectacle: among those thrown down by the blast was His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor himself. The beloved monarch was half-sitting on the pavement, leaning against the railings of the canal and propping himself up with his arms, covered with blood, but still breathing. The uncovered legs of the August Martyr were smashed and pouring blood, the body hung in pieces, the face was bleeding. ~~There too lay His Majesty's coat, of which only singed and bloody fragments remained.~~
~~Colonel Dvorzhinsky, who was injured along with His Majesty the Emperor,~~
~~but was able to raise himself from the ground, heard His Majesty's hardly~~

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~~audible words~~ "Help me." Turning his face toward him, His Majesty said in a feeble voice, "It's cold, cold."

In the presence of the Grand Duke Mikhail Nikolaevich, who had hurried to the scene, they carried him to the sleigh.

In reply to the Grand Duke's inquiry as to his health, his Majesty the Emperor replied indistinctly, "Take me to the palace. . . there. . . to die. . ."

These were the last words of the dying monarch. . . .

th
Sandro, the younger brother of ^{the} Grand Duke
Sergei wrote on his memoirs:

He presented a terrible sight, his right leg torn off, his left leg shattered, innumerable wounds all over his head and face. One eye was shut, the other expressionless.

Every instant members of the imperial family came in. The room was packed. I clung to the arm of Nicky, deathly pale in his blue sailor's suit. His mother, stunned by the catastrophe, was still holding a pair of skates in her hands.

We came closer to the couch. The expressionless eye was still staring fixedly. The chief court surgeon, who was feeling the Tsar's pulse, ~~nodded~~ and let the blood-covered hand drop.

Tear historical

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"The Emperor is dead," he announced loudly. Princess Yurevskaya
~~gave one shriek and dropped to the floor like a full tree. Her pink and~~
~~white negligee was soaked in blood.~~

We all knelt and prayed.

~~At the time, Tsar Nicholas II~~
~~the manifesto of Alexander III,~~
~~the news of which was proclaimed.~~

#

Manifesto of Alexander III

The voice of God commands Us to place Ourselves with assurance at the head of the absolute power. Confident in the Divine Providence and His supreme wisdom, full of faith in the justice and strength of the autocracy which We are called to maintain, We shall preside serenely over the destinies of Our empire, which henceforward will be discussed between God and Ourselves alone.

Majesty the Emperor was pleased to remark: "Thank God I am robust, but look!", pointing to an injured woman lying near the carriage, and nearby a wounded boy who was crying out in pain.

Hearing the Emperor's words, the detained man said: "Don't thank God yet."

Just as His Imperial Majesty decided to inspect the location of the explosion, another deafening explosion occurred at his very feet.

When this shock[?] cleared – all those present, were struck by a terrifying spectacle – among those thrown down by the blast was the Imperial

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When [the smoke] cleared—all those present, were struck by a terrifying spectacle: among those thrown down by the blast was His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor himself. The beloved monarch was half-sitting on the pavement, leaning against the railings of the canal and propping himself up with his arms, covered with blood, but still breathing. The uncovered legs of the August Martyr were smashed and pouring blood, the body hung in pieces, the face was bleeding. Turning his face toward him, His Majesty said in a feeble voice, "It's cold, cold."

Sandro, the younger brother of the Grand Duke Sergei, wrote in his memoirs:

He presented a terrible sight, his right leg torn off, his left leg shattered, innumerable wounds all over his head and face. One eye was shut, the other expressionless.

Every instant members of the imperial family came in. The room was packed. I clung to the arm of Nicky, deathly pale in his blue sailor's suit. His mother, stunned by the catastrophe, was still holding a pair of skates in her hands.

We came closer to the couch. The expressionless eye was still staring fixedly. The chief court surgeon, who was feeling the Tsar's pulse, let the blood-covered hand drop.

"The Emperor is dead," he announced loudly.

We all knelt and prayed.

The manifesto of Nicky's father, Alexander III, was proclaimed:

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*A fourteen year old Sandro,
two years older than Nicky, was
Sandro, the younger brother of the Grand Duke Sergei, wrote in his
memoirs; he was later to write:*

" He presented a terrible sight, his right leg torn off, his left leg shattered, innumerable wounds all over his head and face. One eye was shut, the other expressionless.

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" The Emperor is dead," he announced loudly.

" We all knelt and prayed. "

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⊗ He published a manifesto almost immediately

~~The manifesto of Nicky's father, Alexander III, ^{who never was} was proclaimed the Tsar after the assassination of Alexander II. It gave a perceived ~~message~~~~

†

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⊗ I could see that this implicitly was a rebuke to his father, Alexander II, who had not only liberated the serfs, but twenty years earlier had been killed on the same day that he would sign a constitution for Russia. It would have confirmed the liberalization of his regime, been his last as his second was back to liberation. The constitution papers for the Tsar were a ~~hand~~ on his desk, ~~ready~~ for his signature. ~~He~~ got into his carriage the son, Alexander III, was not about to ~~continue~~ continue in the same direction.

His 2nd comes second

This 2nd comes first

people. His Majesty the Emperor was pleased to remark: "Thank God I am
well, but look!" pointing to an injured woman lying near the carriage, and
nearly a wounded boy who was crying out in pain.

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