

future gleaming in purple and gold. Every man you met might be a terrorist or his tool. Men regarded one another with suspicion; it was as though all the inhabitants of the town went in expectation of something extraordinary, something terrible, which would suddenly put an end to the injustice of the old time. In the countenances of the Caucasians of higher rank—mostly Georgians in fur caps and long, close-fitting coats with two rows of cartridge cases on the breast—could be read an expression of satisfaction. They were unmistakably delighted that the Russian authorities had such serious difficulties to contend with; they hoped for and expected the cessation of Russian supremacy over the formerly free Caucasus, and longed for a renewal of the immortal Schamil's glorious but hopeless fight for freedom.

The Governor issued an order that no one was to show himself outside after six o'clock—the pleasure was also doubtful, for on the pitch-dark streets one might be shot down anywhere. No civilian could go armed. If the terrorists suspected the possession of a revolver, they immediately came forward and confiscated the weapon for their own use; by this means they acquired a considerable supply of arms. Cossacks and soldiers had orders to seize all firearms which did not belong to the military. On October 31 eight people were murdered in Batum, including five soldiers, and a gendarme and fifteen persons were wounded. A police inspector on duty was attacked by a mob and was shot in the forehead, but was saved by the peak of his cap. He had sufficient presence of mind to fall off his horse and lie as though dead, or he would have received one or two more bullets. A hand-to-hand fight arose, which cost the lives of three of the combatants, while several were wounded. This occurred at noon. After a day or two one did not pay much heed to gunshots, though they made an uncomfortable impression when they were heard in the silence of night.

In the evening there was a terrible uproar in the Turkish bazaar. Some hundred Cossacks were firing under my window. One volley followed another, but mostly aimed in the air, so that only few persons were