

wounded, and then the place was cleared with whips. The same evening twenty cannon-shots were discharged from the squadron, thundering so that the windows rattled in their frames, a reminder of the power of Russia, and a threat of bombardment in case of bloody disturbances. The searchlights of the war vessels swept all night over the houses of the town; the façades turned towards the harbour were brilliantly illuminated; here and there a Turkish minaret glistened dazzling white above indistinct outlines. In horizontal rays these bluish-white shafts of light shot defiantly and searchingly over Batum—it was the armoured vessels fixing their spying eyes of fire and iron on the seething town. And thus the darkness in the dismal town of Batum was partly dispersed, at least in the streets parallel to the beams of light. A whistle broke on the stillness of the night; it was answered from a distance, and again, scarcely audible, from still farther off. Probably the officers in command were communicating with one another.

A shot cracked under my window, the sound of horses' hoofs died away, and all was again quiet. Had another man's life been lost? A peaceful Turk came hither from Trebizond on November 1, visited the Turkish bazaar, and was on his way to his night quarter. Two patrolling Cossacks rode past him in the twilight and called out *Stoi* (stop). The man quickened his steps, perhaps supposing that the word was an intimation to hurry on. A second and third summons had no effect. If a man did not obey after the third warning, the Cossacks had orders to shoot. Pierced by two bullets, the Turk fell dead in the street.

In the company of the Colonel and Consul I made the most of the days, and sometimes, out of pure curiosity, we took late strolls through the dark streets. With a Colonel in uniform it was not so dangerous. On the evening of November 1 we stayed longer than usual on a bench on the strand promenade, where a bed of coarse rounded pebbles slopes gently to the white margin of the surf. The sea elsewhere was calm, and some children were playing unconcernedly on the beach, in strong contrast to the state of siege in the disturbed city. The boulevard