

**THE CITY OF
TROUBLE, PP. 1-241**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649550081

The City of Trouble, pp. 1-241 by Meriel Buchanan & Hugh Walpole

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MERIEL BUCHANAN & HUGH WALPOLE

**THE CITY OF
TROUBLE, PP. 1-241**

THE CITY OF TROUBLE

THE CITY OF TROUBLE

BY
MERIEL BUCHANAN

WITH A FOREWORD
BY
HUGH WALPOLE

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1918

GRAD
DK
265
.B923

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published October, 1918



7545532
6LH15
10.25.92
ADD

A FOREWORD

It has been one of the characteristics of the Russian Revolution—perhaps of every revolution—that the spectators of its evolution have named every fresh development a climax. Looking back now through the events in Russia during 1917, one sees the abdication of the Tsar, the revolt of Korniloff, the Bolshevik *coup d'état* as successive climaxes; but none of them as, in any sense, an ultimate climax. Although one is now a year and a half from that first wonderful day in March when the Cossacks lined the Nevsky and reassured the people who pressed against their horses that they would not shoot on their "brothers," the perspective is still not clear, and the day is still too soon for the authority of history.

There is, however, one thing that may be done, and I believe that I am speaking without any exaggeration when I say that this book of Miss Buchanan's is the first attempt of any writer in any language to give to the world a sense of the *atmosphere* of Russia under the shock and terror of those world-shaking events. By atmosphere I mean the summoning of big and little things

to form a mosaic—coloured, intricate, unique—that may lie behind and beneath the outside obvious events. We have read now in many books accounts of the policy of the Tsar, the first magnificence of Kerensky and his later weakness, the disintegration in the army, the speeches and opinions of Lenin, Trotzky, and the rest, but what we have not read as yet are the things that the man who sells pies in Ellisseieff's, the provision-shop in the Nevsky, thought of it, how the ladies who collected tickets on the trams looked at the changing manners and customs of their passengers, what the boys who ran up and down the switchback railway on the farther side of the Neva said when they saw a famous general shovelling the snow for a rouble an hour. I do not say that Miss Buchanan has actually informed us of those particular things, but I do say that she has given us a picture of human, private life under the pressure of vast historical events that is precious and permanent in its value. She has given us this not only because she was herself an actual observer of them, but also because she has the gift of imagination, the gift of colour, and a philosophy that is more than petulant.

I would not suggest that she has not also given us her view of the larger, more historical, events. Her picture of the Russian court is of the greatest

A FOREWORD

vii

interest, and her account of the weeks immediately preceding the Bolshevik rising are of political value; but it is for the smaller, more important, things that her book is unique. No one having read it can deny that it is true, vivid, personal, and moving.

Miss Buchanan has placed us all under a very real and serious debt. She has also done Russia a noble service.

HUGH WALPOLE.

August 12, 1918.

