**(5)** [**Alexandra Fyodorovna**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSalexandra.htm)**, letter to** [**Nicholas II**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/FWWtsar.htm) **(26th February, 1917)**

The whole trouble comes from these idlers, well-dressed people, wounded soldiers, high-school girls, etc. who are inciting others. Lily spoke to some cab-drivers to find out things. They told her that the students came to them and told them if they appeared in the streets in the morning, they should be shot to death. What corrupt minds! Of course the cabdrivers and the motormen are now on strike. But they say that it is all different from 1905, because they all worship you and only want bread.

**(4)** [**Alexandra Fyodorovna**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSalexandra.htm)**, letter to** [**Nicholas II**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/FWWtsar.htm) **(25th February, 1917)**

The strikers and rioters in the city are now in a more defiant mood than ever. The disturbances are created by hoodlums. Youngsters and girls are running around shouting they have no bread; they do this just to create some excitement. If the weather were cold they would all probably be staying at home. But the thing will pass and quiet down, providing the Duma behaves. The worst of the speeches are not reported in the papers, but I think that for speaking against the dynasty there should be immediate and severe punishment.

**(3)** [**Alexander Kerensky**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSkerensky.htm)**, speech in the** [**Duma**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSduma.htm) **(13th February, 1917)**

There are people who assert that the Ministers are at fault. Not so. The country now realizes that the Ministers are but fleeting shadows. The country can clearly see who sends them here. To prevent a catastrophe the Tsar himself must be removed, by force if there is no other way.

**(21)** [**Nicholas II**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/FWWtsar.htm)**, abdication statement (7th March, 1917)**

Today, I am addressing you for the last time, my dearly loved armies. I have abdicated for myself and for my son, and I am leaving the throne of the Emperors of Russia. Much blood has been shed, many efforts have been made, and the hour of victory is approaching when Russia and her Allies will crush, in the common effort, the last attempts of the enemy. The unprecedented war must be conducted to the final victory. Those who think of peace and wish it now are twice traitors to their country. Every honest soldier must think that way. I urge you to fulfill your duty and to valiantly defend your Russia. Obey the Provisional Government!

**(7)** [**Alexandra Kollontai**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSkollontai.htm) **was one of those who witnessed Bloody Sunday.**

Bloody Sunday, 1905, found me in the street. I was going with the demonstrators to the Winter Palace, and the picture of the massacre of unarmed, working folk is for ever imprinted on my memory. The unusual bright January sunshine, trusting, expectant faces, the fateful signal from the troops drawn up round the palace, pools of blood on the white snow, the whips, the whooping of the gendarmes, the dead, the injured, children shot.

RASPUTIN DOCUMENTS:

**(7)** [**Stanislaus de Lazovert**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSlazovert.htm)**, testimony (undated)**

The shot that ended the career of the blackest devil in Russian history was fired by my close and beloved friend, Vladimir Purishkevich, Reactionary Deputy of the Duma.

Five of us had been arranging for this event for many months. On the night of the killing, after all details had been arranged, I drove to the Imperial Palace in an automobile and persuaded this black devil to accompany me to the home of Prince Yusupov, in Petrograd.

Later that night M. Purishkevich followed him into the gardens adjoining Yusupov's house and shot him to death with an automatic revolver. We then carried his riddled body in a sheet to the River Neva, broke the ice and cast him in.

The story of Rasputin and his clique is well known. They sent the army to the trenches without food or arms, they left them there to be slaughtered, they betrayed Rumania and deceived the Allies, they almost succeeded in delivering Russia bodily to the Germans.

Rasputin, as a secret member of the Austrian Green Hand, had absolute power in Court. The Tsar was a nonentity, a kind of Hamlet, his only desire being to abdicate and escape the whole vile business.

Rasputin continued his life of vice, carousing and passion. The Grand Duchess reported these things to the Tsarina and was banished from Court for her pains.

This was the condition of affairs when we decided to kill this monster. Only five men participated in it. They were the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, Prince Yusupov, Vladimir Purishkevich, Captain Sukhotin and myself.

**RUSSIAN REVOLUTION DOCUMENTS**

**Gregory Rasputin, in conversation with** [**Felix Yusupov**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSyusupov.htm) **(29th December, 1916)**

The aristocrats can't get used to the idea that a humble peasant should be welcome at the Imperial Palace. They are consumed with envy and fury. But I'm not afraid of them. They can't do anything to me. I'm protected against ill fortune. There have been several attempts on my life but the Lord has always frustrated these plots. Disaster will come to anyone who lifts a finger against me.

[**Stanislaus de Lazovert**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSlazovert.htm)**, testimony (undated)…**

Prince Yusupov's palace is a magnificent place on the Nevska. The great hall has six equal sides and in each hall is a heavy oaken door. One leads out into the gardens, the one opposite leads down a broad flight of marble stairs to the huge dining room, one to the library, etc.

At midnight the associates of the Prince concealed themselves while I entered the car and drove to the home of the monk. He admitted me in person.

Rasputin was in a gay mood. We drove rapidly to the home of the Prince and descended to the library, lighted only by a blazing log in the huge chimney-place. A small table was spread with cakes and rare wines - three kinds of the wine were poisoned and so were the cakes.

The monk threw himself into a chair, his humour expanding with the warmth of the room. He told of his successes, his plots, of the imminent success of the German arms and that the Kaiser would soon be seen in Petrograd.

At a proper moment he was offered the wine and the cakes. He drank the wine and devoured the cakes. Hours slipped by, but there was no sign that the poison had taken effect. The monk was even merrier than before.

We were seized with an insane dread that this man was inviolable, that he was superhuman, that he couldn't be killed. It was a frightful sensation. He glared at us with his black, black eyes as though he read our minds and would fool us.

And then after a time he rose and walked to the door. We were afraid that our work had been in vain. Suddenly, as he turned at the door, some one shot at him quickly.

With a frightful scream Rasputin whirled and fell, face down, on the floor. The others came bounding over to him and stood over his prostrate, writhing body.

It was suggested that two more shots be fired to make certain of his death, but one of those present said, "No, no; it is his last agony now." We left the room to let him die alone, and to plan for his removal and obliteration.

Suddenly we heard a strange and unearthly sound behind the huge door that led into the library. The door was slowly pushed open, and there was Rasputin on his hands and knees, the bloody froth gushing from his mouth, his terrible eyes bulging from their sockets. With an amazing strength he sprang toward the door that led into the gardens, wrenched it open and passed out.

As he seemed to be disappearing in the darkness, F. Purishkevich, who had been standing by, reached over and picked up an American-made automatic revolver and fired two shots swiftly into his retreating figure. We heard him fall with a groan, and later when we approached the body he was very still and cold and - dead.

We bundled him up in a sheet and carried him to the river's edge. Ice had formed, but we broke it and threw him in. The next day search was made for Rasputin, but no trace was found. Urged on by the Tsarina, the police made frantic efforts, and finally a rubber was found which was identified as his. The river was dragged and the body recovered.

[**Stanislaus de Lazovert**](http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/RUSlazovert.htm)**, testimony (undated)…**

I escaped from the country. Purishkevich also escaped. But Prince Yusupov was arrested and confined to the boundaries of his estate. He was later released because of the popular approval of our act.

Russia had been freed from the vilest tyrant in her history; and that is all.

**Evidence 18: Miliukov's Speech to the Duma, November 14, 1916**

On the 23rd of February, 1916, I concluded my speech with the statement that we no longer dared to address our appeal to the "political wisdom of the Government" and that I did not expect any answer from the existing Cabinet to the questions which agitated us. At that time, my words appeared to some people too pessimistic. But now we go further, and perhaps those words will sound clearer and more hopeful. We are telling this Government, as we told it in the declaration of the Bloc: "We shall fight you; we shall fight with all legitimate means until you go!" (Cries on the left: "Right! Correct!")

It is said that a member of the Council of Ministers, – and this was correctly heard by Duma Member Chkheidze – on being told that the State Duma would on this occasion speak of treason, exclaimed excitedly: "I may, perhaps, be a fool, but I am not a traitor." (Laughter) Gentlemen, the predecessor of that Minister was undoubtedly a clever Minister, just as the predecessor of our Minister of Foreign Affairs was an honest Minister. But they are no longer in Cabinet. And, does it matter, gentlemen, as a practical question, whether we are, in the present case, dealing with stupidity or treason? When the Duma keeps everlastingly insisting that the rear must be organized for a successful struggle, the Government persists in claiming that organizing the country means organizing a revolution, and deliberately prefers chaos and disorganization. What is it, stupidity or treason?