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Vladimir Bonch-Bruyevich

THE DUKHOBORS IN THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES



PART I
PETROGRAD
1918

An AI-Assisted Russian to English Translation
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PREFACE

I began printing the first part of the book *Dukhobors in the Canadian Prairies* in early 1916, when the tsarist government grew increasingly reactionary, and preliminary censorship was introduced under the guise of wartime measures. Publishers and printing houses were forced to submit all manuscripts for prior review to the "military censorship," where the same old civilian acquaintances from the Union of the Russian People took the stage. These henchmen of repression, with the frenzy of seasoned executioners, tore apart and mutilated the living body of thought and speech using the familiar methods of the pre-Duma era. Red ink flowed like a river over the works of Russian writers. The stamp of reactionary actors was sealed with patriotism, in the name of which—"after all, there's a war now!" shouted and whispered the obscurantists—the united ranks of the Black Hundreds plundered and destroyed everything that fell into their hands within the military censorship office, flooded by countless knights of this dark, militaristic reaction.

To write under such conditions was unbelievably difficult. To write about a community long persecuted in Russia and exiled under the reign of Nicholas II, to write about people who fundamentally reject war and suffered cruelly for their anti-militarist views and active propagation of their beliefs, to write during years of militaristic bacchanalia and madness—this was especially arduous. Thus, compelled by necessity, I was forced to omit much and, instead of providing more or less detailed accounts of the Dukhobors' history over the past twenty-five years, could only offer "brief information on the resettlement of the Dukhobors to Canada."

In the second part of this book, now in print, I included certain ethnographic materials that, due to the same censorship constraints, could not appear in the first part. Detailed accounts of the unique peasant protest against the oppression of the autocratic regimes of Alexander III and Nicholas II—so vigorously and persistently carried out by the Dukhobors—will be presented in a separate work titled *The Dukhobor Epic*. Some

chapters from this book, heavily abridged, were published in the journal *Obrazovanie* after the censorship banned the entire work.

The February and October Revolutions, which demanded the participation of all party members in daily revolutionary work, naturally left little time for literary pursuits. Hence, the final chapters of this book, printed under the light of revolutionary freedom, were significantly delayed, explaining the long postponement of its publication.

Vladimir Bonch-Bruyevich

Moscow, May 11, 1918

Brief Information on the Resettlement of the Dukhobors to Canada

On February 24, 1898, the office of the Governor of Tiflis issued the following document (No. 154) to the Dukhobor Ivan Obrosimov:

*"In response to the petition submitted to Her Imperial Majesty Empress Maria Feodorovna by the fasting Dukhobors, exiled in 1895 from the Akhalkalaki district to other districts of Tiflis Province, requesting either to group the aforementioned fasting Dukhobors in one village with exemption from military service or to permit them all to emigrate abroad, the following directives have been issued:

1. Their exemption from military service is denied, and
2. The fasting Dukhobors, excepting those of conscription age who have not fulfilled military service, may be permitted to emigrate abroad under the conditions:
 - a) Obtaining a foreign passport through established procedures;
 - b) Departing from Russia at their own expense;
 - c) Signing a pledge upon departure never to return to the Empire, with the understanding that violation of this condition will result in exile to remote regions.

Their request to be grouped in one village is denied.

This official permission marked the beginning of the massive relocation of the Dukhobors.

The emigration of 7,000 indigenous, enterprising, hardworking, and deeply patriotic Russian people far across the ocean is nearly unprecedented in the annals of Russian

history and certainly unique due to the extraordinary circumstances preceding it, which we hope to thoroughly acquaint our readers with in a separate volume.

Upon receiving official permission to emigrate, the Dukhobors immediately turned to their friends in England for assistance in selecting a settlement location and organizing the migration. The Quakers, long interested in the Dukhobors and having aided them during previous political hardships, responded vigorously this time as well. They promptly organized the “Committee of Friends” in London and opened a fundraising campaign for a special resettlement fund designated for the Dukhobors.

Leo Tolstoy, upon receiving notification of the Dukhobors’ permission to emigrate and alarming news of their condition in the Caucasus, wrote an appeal for assistance in their resettlement. This appeal, translated into many languages and reprinted in numerous newspapers and journals, drew even greater attention from the European public to the Dukhobors. Soon, the “Committee of Friends” had amassed 20,000 rubles donated by various individuals specifically for the Dukhobors’ resettlement.

From the outset, it became clear to the “Committee of Friends” and others involved in organizing the Dukhobors’ resettlement that resolving certain issues—such as the settlement location, land selection, and migration logistics—required active participation from Dukhobor representatives. The Dukhobors in the Caucasus were informed of this, and in early July 1898, two families arrived in England, their patriarchs—Pyotr Makhortov and Ivan Ivin—having been elected as delegates by the Dukhobors.

As the committee’s funds were insufficient to relocate the entire large group (e.g., to America), it was decided to move the first party (3,200 people), who were in dire need, to the nearest British territory. The British suggested the island of Cyprus.

Meanwhile, troubling news arrived from the Dukhobors. On May 29, 1898, they wrote to a committee member: *“We are ready to leave for Cyprus immediately. Our lists have been accepted by the authorities, and we are resolved to prepare for departure as soon as possible. Dear brothers, please assist our journey and settlement, for we are at our breaking point—work is scarce and poorly paid; wheat flour costs 1 ruble 50 kopecks per pood, and we are weakened by illness. Do not abandon us in your goodwill.”*

The tension of anticipation grew among the Dukhobors. By July 16, when the destination of the first party was still uncertain, a letter arrived in England: “We have

sold our remaining property—horses and wagons—to pay for passports and rail fare to Batumi Port (2 rubles 30 kopecks per adult, half-price for children)."

Meanwhile, initial reports about Cyprus collected in England were unfavorable: the climate, soil, and prevalent diseases cast a grim shadow. The "Committee of Friends" could not take responsibility for relocating a large group to Cyprus and proposed sending a test group of 100–200 people. However, the Dukhobor delegates in England insisted their brethren could wait no longer, with many ready to "take their children and blindly march even to Turkey." "*Better to relocate them anywhere than leave them here,*" the delegates declared. After this categorical statement, it was decided to proceed with relocating the first party to Cyprus.

Immediately, the delegates, accompanied by D.A. Khilkov, were sent to Cyprus to prepare for the first group's arrival. Funds for this trip were provided by the "Pearl Colony" settlers (intellectuals who had moved to the countryside to engage in agricultural labor).

Ivin and Makhortov found Cyprus extremely unsuitable and, after three days, returned to England, telegraphing their brethren in the Caucasus: "*Cyprus is unfit.*" But it was too late. By August 3, 1898, a telegram arrived in England: "*No time to inspect land; if accepted, we depart. 1,100 souls have left for Batumi. Authorities forbid delay. Telegraph. Potapov.*" On August 4, the Dukhobors telegraphed: "*Ship chartered at 10 rubles per person. Passport deadlines expire.*" Passports were issued for only three weeks.

At this time, the British government unexpectedly demanded a massive guarantee—250 rubles per Dukhobor settler—citing concerns that the impoverished Dukhobors might become a public burden. This obstacle was swiftly overcome through the efforts of the "Committee of Friends," particularly the vigorous campaigning of V.G. Chertkov, who rallied Quakers to reduce the guarantee to 150 rubles per person. Quakers raised 100,000 rubles, combined with the committee's existing 50,000 rubles, resolving the crisis.

On August 7, 1898, the first party of 1,128 Dukhobors sailed from Batumi to Larnaca, Cyprus, aboard the *SS Duran*.

Relocating the remaining 2,000 Dukhobors was postponed due to insufficient funds—a delay that proved fortuitous, as the Cypriot settlement involved exorbitant costs, rampant disease, and high mortality. The nine-month Cypriot ordeal will be detailed

elsewhere. Here, we include an eyewitness account of the first party's departure, written by L.A. Sullerzhitsky to friends in England:

"...I arrived in Batumi on August 5. At the railway station, I met a Dukhobor woman who directed me to their temporary lodgings. Vasily Potapov, a respected Dukhobor leader, informed me 1,128 Dukhobors awaited their ship... On August 6, the SS Duran arrived, delayed by storms... Boarding began on August 7. Authorities conducted rigorous inspections, confiscating passports... At 3 PM, the ship departed. Farewells were tearful; hymns echoed from the deck as the shore faded..."

Soon after, delegates Ivin and Makhortov, alongside Englishman A. Maude and Russian D.A. Khilkov, traveled to Canada to secure land for permanent settlement. Funding was again provided by the Pearl Colony.

Maude successfully negotiated extraordinary concessions from the Canadian government: full religious freedom, exemption from military service under laws applicable to Quakers and Mennonites, reduced rail tariffs (50% off, free for children under five), and a \$35,000 grant (≈70,000 rubles). The Canadian Pacific Railway also offered free travel for Dukhobor scouts and committee members.

Meanwhile, two more Dukhobor delegates, Ivan Obrosimov and Nikolay Zibarov, arrived in England with details on their communal funds and readiness to depart. Their second party faced an 88,780-ruble deficit, resolved through Tolstoy's appeal and his decision to publish *Resurrection* internationally, dedicating proceeds to the resettlement fund.

Tolstoy wrote to V.G. Chertkov: *"I intend to sell my unfinished novel Resurrection to foreign publishers... Though written in my old style, which I now disavow, the funds will aid the Dukhobors."*

By late 1898, the second party of 2,000 Dukhobors sailed aboard the *Lake Huron*, funded by Tolstoy's royalties (≈32,360 rubles), Pearl Colony donations (9,700 rubles), and Quaker contributions (1,700 rubles).

Desperate letters from the Dukhobors in Batumi underscored their plight: *"We cannot winter here—no work, no funds. Authorities grow hostile..."* One letter described a brutal attack on Dukhobor laborers by Georgian militiamen.

On December 22, 1898, the *Lake Huron* departed Batumi, reaching Halifax on January 11, 1899. Canadian crowds greeted them with cheers and gifts

Eyewitness Diary: Semyon Rybin's Account

"...We left Russia on November 28, 1898. Authorities detained conscription-aged men, but most were released. In Batumi, we boarded the *Lake Huron* on December 10... Farewells were heartrending. The voyage was grueling—storms, seasickness, and deaths at sea... On January 8, 1899, we sighted Halifax. Canadian officials welcomed us warmly. We were dispersed to five towns: Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Yorkton, Brandon, and Dauphin..."

"...The trains were luxurious, food abundant. Canadians treated us kindly. In Dauphin, we settled into prepared lodgings. By February 2, we began moving to our land..."

Canadian Reception

The Montreal Women's Council welcomed the Dukhobors with an open letter: *"Canada is a land of labor and freedom. We extend brotherly hands, hoping you aid our nation's growth."*

Labor representative Mr. Buller praised their pacifism: *"Your refusal to bear arms ennoble Canada. May your resolve inspire peace here."*

Press Descriptions

"The Dukhobors exemplify robust Russian physique—broad-shouldered, clean-shaven with cropped hair. Their eyes radiate kindness... Their ship's cleanliness astounded officials."

Logistical Efforts

Special trains were outfitted with provisions: cheese, tea, sugar, soap, bread, and cooking tools. *"Such care reflects Canada's commitment to its new citizens,"* noted a correspondent.

Subsequent Migrations

Third Party: 1,700 Dukhobors aboard the *Lake Superior* (January 1909), quarantined in Halifax for 24 days.

Fourth Party: 2,318 Dukhobors (funded independently) arrived in 1899, accompanied by V.D. Bonch-Bruyevich and Dr. V.M. Velichkina.

By August 1899, 7,160 Dukhobors had settled in Canada's prairies, primarily in Assiniboia (5,800) and Prince Albert (1,400). They built communal shelters and dispersed for labor, laying the groundwork for their new lives.

Epilogue

This summary outlines the Dukhobors' resettlement saga. Detailed accounts of their Canadian life and preceding struggles will follow in subsequent works.

Chapter I - Departure from England

Our steamship, the *Lake Huron*, cast off from the shores of England. Onboard, along with myself, were about a hundred crew members. We set course for Constantinople and from there to Batum, where we were to pick up the final group of Doukhobors and transport them to Canada.

The bright, fresh days of May favored us, and we traveled enchanted by the indescribable beauty of the ocean... Time passed quickly. We reached Gibraltar peacefully. Then came the Mediterranean Sea—now foggy, now blindingly bright. Finally, we entered the Archipelago. Approaching the Dardanelles, our massive, well-tested ocean freighter surged ahead at full speed, and the captain, who had sailed these waters at least twenty times before, showed no intention of slowing down. "Let the Turks fuss a bit—or maybe sleep through it," he joked, stepping down from the captain's bridge...

Besides myself, two other Russians were aboard the Lake Huron: a female doctor, V. M. Velichina, and a young man named Alexander Bodyansky, who wished to settle in Canada.

Nightfall...

Before long, flashes of light gleamed in the distance near the shore, followed by the thunder of cannon fire... Our steamship did not reduce speed.

There was a palpable sense of disdain among the English crew toward the Turks, their signals, and their demands... Another puff of smoke rose... Another shot boomed...

"Ding, ding..." rang the duty officer's signal bell. The steamship slowed. The propeller began to turn lazily, churning the dark-blue seawater into foaming white...

"To hell with them! We'd better stop... After the third warning shot, they'll start firing live shells..."

"Why is that?" we asked.

"Well, the Turks go to bed with the roosters, so we have to wait here until dawn... No passage through the Dardanelles at night..."

We dropped anchor and came to a halt, drifting gently on the calm, barely rippling waves...

Early Morning

At first light, as shadows still drifted from shore to shore across the water's surface, a boat rowed up to us... Our steamship took on a pilot to guide us onward...

The pilot turned out to be Greek... After spending a moment on the bridge, he descended to our mess cabin and eagerly drank strong English tea with condensed milk. He gave the impression of a down-and-out, half-starved man. Once thoroughly refreshed, he studied us... Learning we were Russian, he suddenly clicked his tongue, gave us a sad, sympathetic look, and began speaking to us in broken but understandable Russian. It turned out he had once lived in Odessa...

We sailed nearly at full speed, yet the pilot remained in the cabin, making his presence clearly unnecessary. It was obvious the English crew knew the Dardanelles' channels well, and the notorious Turkish coastal minefields did not intimidate the captain or crew of our merchant ship...

"Russians... Russians..." the pilot murmured thoughtfully, clicking his tongue again meaningfully.

"Will you go ashore?" he asked me.

"Yes, we will..."

Another significant glance...

"Do you have passports?"

"We do..."

The pilot looked at us again.

"If you go *that* way—" he waved vaguely into the distance, "a policeman will ask where you're from. If you go *this* way—" he gestured in the opposite direction, "another will ask where you're headed and why..."

He fell silent...

"You're Russian!... You must think carefully... The police here—ugh, the police!..."

He clearly lacked the words to express his fear and despair toward the Turkish authorities...

This occurred long ago—in 1900—when the bloody despot Sultan Abdul Hamid II was intently occupied with eradicating all dissent in Turkey...

Though we carried our own foreign passports and were officially listed in the ship's log, the Greek's exclamation—"You're Russian!"—cut sharply into our hearts... Clearly, Russians were marked here, treated differently from Europeans, with no courtesy spared...

Breakfast with the Captain

At breakfast, we mentioned this to the captain... A true freedom-loving Briton, he bristled: “Yes, we know Russians aren’t treated well here. But as long as you’re under the British flag aboard our vessel and go ashore as our official commercial representatives visiting the consulate—oh no, these Asians wouldn’t dare lay a finger on you! Our embassy isn’t here for nothing. They’ll respect British law and the British flag, mark my words...”

He spoke with such unshakable resolve that our spirits lifted.

Approaching Constantinople

By evening, we neared Constantinople... From afar, we heard the ceaseless, drawn-out barking of dogs, clashing discordantly with the sea’s quiet evening song...

We anchored... The glorious night invited conversation... No one wanted to retreat to their cabins. Clusters of sailors and officers lingered here and there... A violin began to play, wrapping everyone in a dreamy mood... Only late at night did we disperse to our quarters...

Chapter II - At the Constantinople Customs

The next morning, carrying light luggage, we boarded a rowboat and soon—accompanied by the captain, the ship’s doctor, the engineer, and two officers—headed ashore...

The Greek pilot’s warning lingered in my mind... I felt acutely Russian and thought, “*Well, what now? Will our prophet’s words come true?*”

Indeed, after circling the steamship, the boatmen rowed us in the *opposite* direction of the customs house we were supposed to approach...

Crossing the strait, we docked at a rickety pier where a Turk in a fez sat on a wooden post, eyeing us indifferently. Nearby, a few more Turks—plump, lazy, and filthy, draped in robes and turbans—perched cross-legged on the planks, blankly staring into the distance while endlessly puffing on hookahs. These were the owners of shops set further back...

Just then, someone approached the shops and shouted in a guttural voice...

The shopkeepers barely lifted their heads, apathetically glancing at the younger, slimmer Turk who was yelling and gesturing. One of them barked a monosyllabic reply, and all resumed their slumped postures, inhaling deeply before sinking back into mindless, lazy silence...

"What a people," I thought. "No wonder civilization here crashes like waves against a stone wall... What heroic measures would it take to rouse these half-asleep, indolent representatives of Turkish commerce?"

The fez-wearing official on the post—a customs officer—questioned the boatmen, then emitted a sound resembling English and asked, *"Where are you from?"* The captain answered sharply and curtly... The Turk waved a hand, and we moved to the opposite side...

Another pier, another greasy figure of a Turkish customs official. The same questions: *"Where are you going? Why?"* The same brusque replies from the captain. But this Turk, eyeing us, turned his questions to *us*. Before we could answer, the captain rose in the boat, made an authoritative gesture to silence us, and declared firmly that we were *"on the helm"*—listed in the British ship's log, performing official duties—and that the Turkish official had no business with us once the captain had stated his case... The official blinked, nodded, and we proceeded to the customs wharf.

After disembarking and bidding the boatmen farewell, we entered a grimy, soot-stained building. Behind counters scurried fez-clad clerks and porters... The captain presented the list of passengers. Suddenly, a sly, fair-bearded man in a fez—resembling an international spy—fixed his gaze on us Russians and addressed us in flawless Russian:

"You're Russian?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going? From where? Why?"

We retorted that this was none of his concern, as the captain had submitted the ship's documents, which included our names...

"But you're not British..."

"We're aware." ... "Your passports..."

The captain, intrigued, asked us to explain. When we did, he advised,

"You have passports—satisfy his curiosity."

We handed them over—a mistake, as it singled us out from others. The fair-haired spy scrutinized them, whispered to someone, then announced brazenly:

"These passports aren't visaed. I must detain you..."

Though "the smoke of the homeland is sweet," as the saying goes, and though this spy's tone echoed familiar domestic officiousness, the prospect of Turkish jail did *not* appeal...

We informed the captain...

Surrounded by officers, the captain stiffened, eyes flashing, and growled:

"What did you tell them?"

The spy squirmed, attempting to flee...

"What did you tell them?" the captain boomed more fiercely...

"Passports unvisaed... I must inquire..."

"No passports needed. My error to let you show them. They're under the British flag!" He reached for the documents...

But the spy — guardian of Turkish interests (and others') — stuffed our passports into his pocket and vanished, shooting us a threatening glare...

"I protest!" the captain declared, addressing a clerk with a raised hand... Then, softening, he told us, *"Apologies for this mess. These Asian ruffians! British authorities will arrive shortly. Stay inside the customs hall..."*

He shook our hands, saluted, and strode proudly out with his officers.

We sat on chairs, soon encircled by Turkish spies of all nationalities. Newcomers pointed openly at us... Crowds in robes, turbans, and billowing trousers streamed through the customs hall, gawking and clustering around us...

The same repulsive spy reappeared, whispering to accomplices. Soon, Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Russians approached, crooning in various languages:

"Why sit here in filth? Come stroll... Or visit a hotel..."

Then ... *"Don't move! Stay put!"* A breathless little man burst into the hall like a cannonball, elbowing through the crowd, yanking collars, cursing polyglot insults...

He broke through the ring around us and fluttered over:

"They tried luring you out, eh? Scoundrels!" He shoved spies and onlookers aside.

"Apologies! The British consul sends regards—he'll arrive shortly. Allow me—" He offered peaches, pears, and other fruits...

"Back off!" he roared at the crowd...

Once calmer, mopping sweat, we mentioned the persistent invitations to leave...

"I know their tricks!" shouted the consul's envoy—a Greek raised in Crimea, fluent in Russian. *"Under the captain's protest, you're untouchable here. But once in Turkish police claws, rescuing you'd be hell..."*

"Move along! No loitering!" he barked in Turkish, Russian, and Armenian...

The spies retreated but kept watch...

"Where's your luggage?"

"Confiscated."

"Scoundrels! Anything valuable?"

"No, but manuscripts and private letters we'd hate to lose..."

"Give me two shillings."

I obliged.

The Greek dashed to the counter where Turkish clerks and porters were snooping through our papers, books, and photos...

From afar, he began cursing, repeatedly shouting *"musha"*—a crude insult. The Turks retorted... The fair-haired spy, suspicious, watched from a distance as the Greek haggled. Two clerks cupped their hands near their pockets. The Greek slipped each a shilling, then rummaged through our suitcases like a man possessed. To block the spy's view, two Turks climbed onto the counter while the Greek swiftly pocketed all written materials...

Minutes later, he returned, grinning triumphantly... We gaped, fearing he'd risked too much for mere letters.

"What if they catch you?" I fretted.

"Nonsense!" he reassured. *"For two shillings, they'd sell their mothers! These wretches haven't been paid in eight months..."*

The spy eyed the Greek's bulging pockets enviously. The Greek, unfazed, smoothed crumpled papers, tied them with twine, and handed us the bundle:

"Here you are!"

I marveled, half-expecting someone to snatch it back—when something extraordinary happened...

A well-dressed, clean-shaven man in a straw hat entered with the captain, followed by five young aides. The customs hall fell silent. Spies retreated; clerks bowed obsequiously...

The newcomer—the British consul—greeted us warmly, apologizing for the ordeal. He led us past the gawking crowd to a small building where an obese Turk in a fez, red trousers, and green sash sat atop a platform, engulfed in hookah smoke...

The consul stormed in, flanked by the captain and translator. The Turk blinked, bewildered, as the consul thundered:

"How dare your officials detain travelers under the British flag, bound for our embassy!"

The Turk gasped, bowing like a folding knife, sweat pouring...

"I demand exemplary punishment!" the consul snapped. The dragoman echoed each word sharply in Turkish.

"Apologize!"

"Forgive... forgive..." the Turk babbled, pressing hands to heart and forehead.

"And to the captain!"

More bowing...

"And to these gentlemen!"

The Turk swiveled toward us, bowing relentlessly.

"He apologizes," the dragoman said dryly.

I pitied the wretched man...

"Remember this!" the consul warned, moderating his tone. *"Or I'll take drastic measures!"*

We exited, leaving the Turk statue-like, shrouded in smoke...

Outside, spies groveled, hauling our luggage to carriages. The Greek trotted ahead, guarding our belongings as we walked with the consul.

"They'll remember this," the captain joked.

Watching the British officials stride through Constantinople, I thought: *"This is a nation that commands respect—on every shore, every ocean..."*

Minutes later, we reached the British embassy. After parting with the consul, we retreated to our quarters...

Chapter III - In Constantinople

We had to wait in Constantinople for about ten days until our steamship returned from Batum with the Doukhobors. During this time, we needed to purchase provisions.

The British consulate warned me to be cautious—to avoid venturing into the city and even strolling outside the embassy's grounds. The Turkish police, angered by the customs incident, might cause trouble.

The heat was oppressive, and staying indoors became unbearable.

The Greek envoy who had assisted us at customs visited often, and we conversed at length about the state of affairs in Turkey, occasionally sneaking out to explore Constantinople.

Everyone—British, Greeks, and Turks employed at the embassy—spoke unanimously of the horrors of governance here, reduced to outright banditry under the decaying Turkish monarchy.

The Plague of Turkish Bureaucracy

Government officials were the regime's festering sore. Tens of thousands vied for petty posts through connections, bribes, and fraud. Salaries mattered little—they were often withheld or handed entirely to superiors. A position meant power, and power meant endless extortion. Officials, supporting one another and kicking profits up the ladder to ministers, had perfected the art of plundering the people.

Every calamity—fire, murder, scandal—lined their pockets. Murders were especially lucrative. First, they extorted the victim's family, swearing by the Quran to find the killer—for an upfront fee, followed by endless "expenses." Since officials colluded closely with criminals, tracing the murderer led to further extortion of the culprit's relatives. Sometimes rival factions formed, sparking cycles of bloodshed. A single profitable murder could enrich countless officials for life.

Specialists preyed on businesses. Entrepreneurs, after jumping through bureaucratic hoops, would suddenly be told to demolish buildings or disband workers. Trapped, they paid and paid until ruined.

Thus, foreign fronts increasingly ran Turkish enterprises—embassies protected their nationals, curbing official rapacity.

Soldiers' Misery

Soldiers, legally entitled to meager wages, rarely saw cash. Instead, they received vouchers redeemable at the Treasury. Bankers, colluding with officials, bought these vouchers for pennies, claiming full value. The system bled soldiers—mostly poor, fanaticized peasants—dry.

Such brazen robbery was normalized. Political apathy and civic void festered here like nowhere else.

The Armenian Massacre

In Constantinople, I met survivors of the infamous Armenian massacre. Its causes remain murky.

One eyewitness recounted: *"I was at my office when an agent rushed in, claiming militants had stormed the Ottoman Bank to blow it up. Thirty Armenians demanded the Sultan end their oppression. The director panicked and alerted ministers. The Armenians barricaded themselves inside. Troops surrounded the bank, firing at windows. The Armenians retaliated with devastating bombs, killing dozens. Negotiations via foreign envoys followed. Losing their leader,*

the Armenians faltered. They surrendered under guarantees of safety, exiting with bombs in hand. Escorted by diplomats and soldiers, they boarded a foreign ship and fled to America."

The act enraged Constantinople's mobs. Mullahs, police, and provocateurs incited fanatics to demand Armenian blood. Sultan Abdul Hamid, the deposed tyrant, gleefully granted 24 hours of slaughter.

Pogromists descended on Armenian homes, butchering indiscriminately — children, elders, women. Girls were raped before their families; infants' skulls smashed against doorframes. Schools were targeted: unsuspecting children were slaughtered. Only one youth group resisted, selling their lives dearly.

Workers returning to port by felucca were ambushed. River police herded boats ashore, delivering victims to the mob. Thousands perished at the docks.

By nightfall, corpses littered the streets. Dogs swarmed, tearing at the dead and dying. Carts hauled bodies to mass graves, where the wounded were buried alive. Survivors described awakening in pits, clawing through corpses. Some escaped; most suffocated.

Sultan Abdul Hamid reveled. European powers offered hypocritical protests, courting Turkish alliances. The Armenian people bled on.

"Perhaps the day nears," I thought, "when this despotic rot will fall, and Turks shackled by barbarism will join civilized humanity — where blood isn't spilled for a sultan's cruel sport or his clique's greed."

Encounter with Russian Clergy

While buying fruit, I met Russian clergy intrigued by the Doukhobor emigration. A priest long familiar with the Caucasus praised them as *"exemplary people"* but lamented their exile, blaming authorities for mishandling their weapons-burning protest.

I mentioned fanatical monks who had cursed the Doukhobors at the docks, wishing *"the sea swallow the godless!"* The clergy winced, urging me not to judge all by *"the spiritually weak."*

"Even here," one sighed, "conscience lives among us."

Their remorse eased my heart.

Chapter IV - Across the Ocean.

Early in the morning of May 13, 1899, telegrams arrived at the English consulate in Constantinople announcing that the ocean steamer *Lake Huron* had safely passed through the strait and was approaching the port. This was "our" steamer, which had gone to Batum to fetch the last group of Doukhobors, whom we were to accompany.

We immediately hired Turkish *filyugas* to deliver the already purchased provisions and to send fresh water and other supplies to the steamer.

At exactly 10 o'clock in the morning, the *Lake Huron* dropped anchor, and shortly afterward, the ship's captain, the doctor, the engineer, and one of the Doukhobor escorts—A. N. Konshin—arrived at the English consulate. The captain informed us that everything was in order on the steamer and invited us to board immediately. The three of us, who had been waiting in Constantinople for the steamer's arrival, set off under the protection of English *kavasses* to the pier and embarked on a small boat, heading across the bay toward our enormous steamer, which loomed in the distance, far from the central piers of this vast port.

Loudly hailed by customs guards, who immediately calmed down as soon as our *kavas* uttered the words, "English embassy," we moved completely out of the line of ships. With each passing moment, the side of our *Lake Huron* and the gray mass covering all its open decks became clearer. Gradually, the hum of hundreds of voices and the piercing cries of numerous food vendors, who had densely surrounded the steamer, reached us.

A peculiar feeling gripped the soul—how we longed to quickly see those whose unique story had drawn the attention of thousands upon thousands of people around the world.

We drew very close to the *Lake Huron*. The gray, shapeless mass we had noticed from afar on the decks and sides of the steamer was no longer shapeless: it came alive before our eyes, it shimmered with various costumes, it spoke and called out in all manner of ways, occasionally blending all its voices into a special, rolling hum of a human crowd, reminiscent of the crashing and splashing of coastal waves against rocks.

We approached the gangway. The current pulled our boat, but the Turkish rowers skillfully held it with poles and hooks. The *kavas* suggested we disembark, let us go ahead, and followed us up the gangway, strictly adhering to the English embassy's instructions to deliver us to the English ship *Lake Huron*.

And there, above, hundreds of heads already leaned over, curiously examining us.

"Look, new ones have arrived!" someone shouted.

"New ones, guides and the sister!..." another voice picked up, and soon the whole steamer buzzed: "New guides!" "Sister!" "Sister!" "Guides!" The hundred-mouthed rumor repeated around us as we stepped onto the upper deck. People poured out of all the hatches and holds, stirred by the news that had spread like wildfire.

This Russian speech, these crowds of simple Russian peasants welcoming us warmly and joyfully, stirred and uplifted our souls, tuning us to a special mood. Following the

simple Russian custom, we began kissing the elders who had come out to greet us. With solemn welcomes and deep bows, they invited us to share their lot, their bread and salt.

After growing somewhat accustomed to this mass of faces, movements, and sounds, we immediately set to work, of which there was no shortage. Turkish *filyugas* delivered bread, water, sugar, and everything else the Doukhobors had ordered. All of it was loaded onto the ship, distributed to storerooms, poured into barrels, tanks, and so on.

After some time, another "sister", E. D. Khiryakova—a paramedic and midwife who had selflessly made her second voyage across the ocean—joined us from somewhere in the holds. The first time, she had traveled with the second group of Doukhobors, escorted by S. L. Tolstoy. It turned out that there were sick people on the steamer, and signs of dysentery and other ailments had already appeared due to the unfamiliar conditions and overcrowding. All this required various energetic measures, and the woman doctor, V. M. Velichkina, immediately began her duties.

We set sail from Constantinople that same day.

For those accompanying the Doukhobors, the difficult task of organizing life on the steamer lay ahead: provisions, sanitation, medical aid, and so on.

Well aware of the remarkable organization that had always reigned within Doukhobor society, we decided to rely on this natural Doukhobor organization on the ship as well, merely helping it adapt to the new conditions imposed by the very fact of relocation.

The foremost task was the proper provisioning of this enormous mass of people. Before describing how this task was resolved, I will briefly introduce the units of Doukhobor organization we had to deal with.

On our steamer, the following villages were relocating:

1. *Terpeniye*—660 people;
2. *Spasovka*—616;
3. *Pokrovka*—250;
4. *Goryeloye*—265;
5. *Troitskoye*—60;
6. *Kirillovna*—398;
7. *Bashkichegsky, Elizavetpolsky*, those returned from exile, and others—69 people.

In total, there were 2,318 people. Thus, the largest unit of Doukhobor organization was the individual village. Each village elected an "elder" (*starosta*) for the duration of the journey. The elder's duties included overseeing order within their village's district, and in addition, each elder took turns serving as the "senior" (*starshii*) over the entire

steamer for five days, ensuring the fulfillment of all functions of the general shipboard organization.

We, the escorts of the Doukhobors—or, in their own terminology, their "guides" (*provodniki*)—addressed all important matters to the entire "council of elders." To convene this council or to address everyday needs, we turned to the duty "senior" on the steamer.

Particularly important matters were decided not only by the "council of elders" but by a "gathering" (*syezdka*) of all the "little elders" (*starichki*) from the villages. The council of elders determined which cases required one or the other level of authority, and more than once, after explaining a matter to the council, we received the response: "For this, we must 'buzz' the little elders." The elders dispersed to their respective villages, and within minutes, the "little elders" converged from all sides to the agreed-upon location, where the matter was subjected to general discussion.

It should be noted that each village occupied its own designated space on the steamer. The following decision had been made in this regard: the entire steamer (all its holds) was divided into six parts, and lots were drawn among the villages. Approximately half were to be accommodated in the lowest level of the steamer, where living conditions were, of course, worse than in the holds above. To equalize these conditions, the gathering had decided in advance that on the fifteenth day of the journey, those in the lower hold would move to the second level, and those in the second level would move to the lower hold.

To conclude the discussion of the internal organization of Doukhobor society, it must be said that the Doukhobors are divided among themselves into special units called *vagons*. Each *vagon* consists of thirty people (counting men, women, and children). Each *vagon* has its own representative who attends to the needs of this thirty-person unit, safeguards its interests, and acts as a kind of "elder" within it. A *vagon* typically comprises several families, mostly related by kinship or affinity. Sometimes an entire family fits exactly into one *vagon*. The elder of a *vagon* is usually chosen based on seniority in family standing—a "little elder."

For greater clarity, I will explain what the Doukhobors mean by the term "little elder." A "little elder" can be anyone who is married and lives with their own family, even very young married men, who may be entrusted by the community with highly responsible matters. Authority usually corresponds to the intelligence, experience, and resourcefulness that a Doukhobor "little elder," even a young one, has already demonstrated. As an example, I will mention the Doukhobor Grigory Konygin, who was only 25 years old at the time and held the responsible position of secretary of the Doukhobor committee on the Saskatchewan plot in Canada in 1899–1900. When I asked

why such a young man had been chosen for this role, the Doukhobors replied, "He has a very developed head."

On the other hand, elders who had passed the age of public activity—that is, over 60–65 years—were usually no longer elected to public positions, as they had already "lived, worked", "it was time for them to rest", and "they should not be disturbed," as the Doukhobors told me about them.

Such "ancient little elders" were sometimes invited to gatherings as keepers of "ancestral consciousness," as living chronicles who could recount how such-and-such a matter had been handled in the past. Moreover, they were also custodians of customary law, the communal memory for various matters, and their opinions were always highly valued in resolving misunderstandings and the like.

But such "grandfathers" (*dedy*) usually withdrew from participation in everyday affairs, and if you asked them what would be done about this or that issue, in most cases you would receive the answer: "The little elders know about this; they will decide."

All communal needs were usually first discussed in the *vagons*, then in the village, and then at the general gathering, so that the adopted decision (necessarily unanimous) represented the true communal opinion, in which not only the "little elders" but all unmarried men and women, married women, and even adolescents actively participated.

This gradualness in discussing questions is the cement that firmly binds the entire Doukhobor "world." Thanks to this gradualness, all decisions made by the Doukhobors are implemented firmly and unwaveringly, because absolutely all Doukhobors, from the youngest to the oldest, always stand in solidarity with the gathering's decision.

Needless to say, this organization greatly assisted us in arranging life on the steamer. At our suggestion, the "little elders" chose two managers for the storeroom and provisions, and each village appointed an unbroken rotation of duty shifts for the kitchens: cooks, permanent shifts of attendants at the water tank taps, the holds, passageways, latrines, a crew for daily deck washing, and so on.

All these positions were filled in turn by each village. The village on duty—the number of days of duty depended on the village's population—provided all the necessary personnel for the steamer's service. In cases of emergency work, all villages supplied additional personnel.

Representatives of the *vagons* came at designated times for drinking water, soup, porridge (generally the midday meal), boiling water for tea, crackers, bread, sugar, tea, soap, and other products, which were distributed "per soul."

These seventy-seven individuals carried all the nourishment throughout the steamer, and thanks to this relatively small number of people with whom we had to deal, the entire steamer was always supplied in a timely manner with everything necessary.

Since the kitchens were not spacious enough for such a number of passengers, tea preparation began at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the cooking of cabbage soup, porridge, and boiling water for evening tea continued literally all day until 7 o'clock in the evening, with a 45-minute break from 11:45 to 12 o'clock. In these 45 minutes, we had to manage to distribute good drinking water to the entire steamer. A large bucket of water was allotted for every thirty souls. Of course, if we had had to distribute water to each individual family, we could not have managed it not only in 45 minutes but even in half a day. This "water question," as the steamer's captain called it, was always the most challenging in the mass transport of people on steamers. When he saw the entire steamer supplied with water in 45 minutes, he was utterly delighted by the Doukhobors' organization, and the entire officer crew of the steamer came to observe the water distribution.

Ten minutes before the appointed time, the attendants at the holds notified all the Doukhobors that water distribution was about to begin. Immediately, seventy-seven people with buckets appeared, lined up in a row, two taps were opened, and seventy-seven buckets were usually filled with water in less than 45 minutes, which was then carried throughout the steamer. No sooner had we finished distributing water than the steamer's corridors filled with the next group, coming for hot food.

From the very early morning, the washing of the steamer also began, under the guidance of one of the sailors. At 4, or at the latest 5 o'clock in the morning, the duty crew of Doukhobors appeared, and all the decks were washed and scrubbed. The lower corridors were swept, and once a week, all the people from the holds were brought up to the decks, all the bunks were dismantled, and all the steamer's quarters were thoroughly washed. Thanks to all these measures, as well as constant, abundant disinfection, the danger of summer illnesses—dysentery and the like—passed us by safely, manifesting only in relatively minor cases.

Medical assistance was organized very successfully. All the steamer's quarters were inspected twice a day by the medical staff, all the sick were examined, and after some time, they were brought everything they needed. Those who could come for medicine, bandages, and so on did so at the pharmacy.

On our steamer, there were many chronic cases with long-standing illnesses and very few who fell ill on the steamer with anything other than seasickness. One of the most serious medical phenomena was the fact that the Doukhobors from one village, where, as it turned out later, smallpox had been present all winter in the Caucasus, brought it onto the steamer. Most tragically, due to their complete lack of understanding of the

danger it posed to everyone, and due to the widespread superstition among the people that treating smallpox was a "sin," they carefully concealed its appearance, and the doctors managed to discover it only in the ocean and take energetic measures to combat it.

The family in which smallpox had appeared was immediately isolated, and the Doukhobors were informed that we would be detained in quarantine regardless. Then, at the direction of the elder A. Verigin, mother of the Doukhobor leader P.V. Verigin, all those with smallpox were "handed over," and there turned out to be thirteen of them, some of the children covered entirely with horrible, confluent smallpox. All of them — children along with their mothers — were sent to the quarantine hospital, and E. D. Khiryakova went with them. Over the next few days, six more stokers fell ill and were also placed in the same hospital.

The treatment proceeded very successfully; within six weeks, all had recovered, and the Doukhobors who had endured the illness were reunited with their families.

During the journey, six people died on our steamer, only one of whom — a boy — was a victim of the relocation: he contracted pneumonia and died on the very day of arrival at the Canadian quarantine. All the others were either elderly or afflicted with long-standing, chronic illnesses (such as tuberculosis, etc.).

As soon as the news spread that there was a deceased person on the ship, everything took on a gloomy, anxious, agitated appearance. The sailors were especially affected. Their songs ceased; nowhere could jokes or quarrels be heard. They timidly approached the place where the deceased lay, looked at him, and walked away, as if sensing that this fate would not pass them by — to be sewn into sacks, with iron at their feet, and cast into the seething, all-consuming waves of the bottomless watery abyss.

Not even an hour passed after death before the decks were covered with people. Doukhobor singers arrived, dressed in clean, festive "funeral" attire, and began singing their mournful, soul-stirring psalms, standing in a circle around the deceased, who was also dressed in clean, new clothing. This singing, at first timid and uncoordinated, grew and expanded with each passing minute, becoming more solemnly ecstatic with each new "verse," and, passing from mouth to mouth, drew in more and more singers. The entire ship sang, transforming our enormous ocean steamer, speeding along at full speed, into a single living, deeply feeling body. The roar and splash of the ocean waves, interwoven with the thunder of the engine and seemingly merging with the mighty chord of the nearly thousand-voiced choir, gripped and shook every soul. People sang and wept, bidding eternal farewell to the one who had left them.

Carefully and tenderly wrapped in linen, then sewn into another layer, bound with ropes, and with a two- or three-pood weight tied to the feet, the deceased was carried to

the stern to the singing of psalms. The sailors opened the side, and after the reading of the farewell psalm, in complete, profound silence, the body was lowered slowly, slowly, in jerks. As soon as the waves touched the edge of this sea coffin, one end of the rope was pulled, and the body slowly sank into the water and disappeared.

This was in calm weather. But we had to bury a tall woman on the stormiest day of our entire journey. When the rope was pulled, an enormous wave seized this insignificant burden, lifted it, and carried it upright to the crest. The ocean refused our tribute. The wave grew, the wave surged, and above the wave, as if threatening the ship, stood the gray shroud, beneath which we had just seen the recently deceased woman. The crowd froze, petrified with horror, while the body, as if shuddering, began to sink into the water. Just as it was about to disappear beneath the weakening wave, a new terrible force of the ocean, furiously heaving the waves, seized its victim, lifted it, and carried it, and again this woman, unwilling to part with us, rose and rose from the water, reaching the crest of an even greater wave, where she paused and stood motionless for an instant.

"Nanny!" came the sobbing cry of the deceased's daughter.

Everything on the steamer froze; the wave furiously tossed the deceased even higher, and suddenly, with a crack, a whistle, and a roar, it burst open, as if rupturing from the strain, and the dead "nanny," wrapped in a shroud, instantly vanished into this roaring, seething, bottomless abyss.

This struggle of the deceased with the waves left a shattering impression on the Doukhobors; they stood in gloomy crowds on the decks, standing and not dispersing.

"She didn't want to go," said an old man, evidently expressing the general thought.

Heads lifted. The crowd sighed.

"Yes, it's hard in the water... If only the Lord had let her finish on land..." another began and broke off.

A woman stepped out of the crowd and hastily began to read the psalm that is to be recited after the deceased is lowered into the grave. Everyone listened intently. The woman read with deep feeling, and involuntary tears rolled down her cheeks.

"If anyone desires to know himself, let him set his mind to seek; if anyone quickly rises from sleep—let him glorify the Lord, the health of soul and body for all life. Good youth, learn from childhood, pray to the Lord in every deed..."

And so went the enumeration of all manner of instructions on how to live well and die worthily.

The psalm ended.

"Glory to our God," said the Doukhobor woman, bowing.

"Save us, O Lord!" the crowd replied, sighing with some relief, and at that very moment, a timid but resonant, sobbing woman's voice began "intoning" a psalm. Another joined her, then a third, then the second voices came in, and then the men's voices joined, and louder and louder the singing spread, drawing in absolutely everyone. This singing was powerful, commanding, as if in it, those remaining alive, awaiting their own end, reconciled with death while continuing to live.

The entire crowd moved from the stern toward the holds; slowly advancing and dispersing with bared heads, they continued to sing in the holds, on the stairways, and on the decks. They sang the psalm that is always sung when returning home from the cemetery.

"Look with the approach of death, mortal man, how your age passes—death is not far. Your guardian angel will announce you, showing your short life in passing. Fear at every hour, weep with tears, soon the sun moves from east to west. Times and years flow by with a benevolent eye; fear this power, repent here—great evil will visit you, but do not be terrified, hold the sword without vengeance in your right hand always. Thus go, my people, enter the holy temple meekly, humbly; send fervent prayer to God, look tenderly upon this writing; read it earnestly, shed many tears, humble your heart from all zeal. With God there is a most cruel death, it takes a man, transports him from the world to eternal life."

Thus ended the burial rite on the steamer *Lake Huron* in the open, raging ocean, and the Doukhobors sat down to the memorial meal.

Without further incident, we drew ever closer to the "other shore," to the American coast. Thus we reached the Newfoundland shallows.

The bright weather gave way to impenetrable fog. We proceeded at the slowest speed; the steamer's whistle roared every minute, announcing our presence to other ships. We constantly heard similar whistles from all sides. Clearly, maritime life was bustling around us. We continued this way for a full day. The captain did not leave the bridge day or night. Even his meals were brought to him there. He was deeply concerned about our situation.

Another morning arrived. We, the Doukhobor escorts, sat in the mess hall, having breakfast. The officers joined us. Of course, the conversation revolved entirely around the fog, the "slow speed," and so on.

Suddenly, an alarmingly urgent whistle sounded, one, then another, the engine stopped; we all rushed onto the deck just as the captain gave the order, "All hands on deck!" Stokers, sailors, mechanics, carpenters, and others came pouring out of the

hatches. At the same moment, we turned "hard to port" and went full speed astern. All this happened in a single minute, which seemed very long to us.

The Doukhobors, sensing something unexpected was happening, also jumped up from their places and looked bewilderedly toward the captain's bridge. Then came the deafening roar of an undoubtedly enormous steamer, somewhere very close, right beside us, and immediately afterward, in the foggy nearness, the barely noticeable silhouette of a sea giant glided slowly and smoothly past.

Our steamer sounded a series of urgent, overlapping whistles and continued to reverse, moving away from the danger.

Several more minutes passed; the whistle of the steamer we had encountered grew fainter—clearly, we had moved far from it. We stopped and proceeded forward.

The officers returned to the mess hall.

"Well, the Doukhobor God is lucky," said one of them. "We almost had a collision. We passed very close, and only because our captain reversed in time, while over there it was as if they didn't hear our whistles at all, just kept coming and coming at us..."

I couldn't help but think that indeed, "the Doukhobor God is lucky." What would have happened if we had suffered a shipwreck? It was terrifying even to imagine... I knew perfectly well that we had life-saving equipment for no more than five hundred people; thus, the vast majority would have been doomed to certain death in a shipwreck...

We continued to move slowly, but around six o'clock, we stopped and dropped anchor. The fog grew even thicker, the sea was very calm, but it was still dangerous to proceed. All night long, our steamer sounded its whistle without pause, and only in the morning, at sunrise, did the tormenting veil tear; the fog quickly lifted and vanished completely, revealing before us a vast, tranquil expanse of ocean bathed in sunlight. In the distance, the masses of floating icebergs were visible, while closer by, here and there, whales surfaced, sending up beautiful fountain-like spouts; dolphins and other sea creatures constantly leaped from the water, playing, spinning, and racing our steamer. The fresh air invigorated the people, and the multitude of birds flying over the ocean and alighting on our ship gave the Doukhobors hope that the shore was near, that soon we would see land, if not of America, then of some islands...

Two more days of travel passed before we saw the shore of Canada for the first time. We were entering the delta of the St. Lawrence River.

"Land!.. Shore!.. Land!.." spread through the steamer, and crowds of people poured onto the decks. The weak and elderly were carried out in arms, and the sight of the land cheered and moved them. Many wept. We drew closer and closer to the shore and

finally came so near that we could distinguish buildings, plowed fields, and gardens on land. Fishermen constantly met us on the river, greeting us with waves of their hats.

Our steamer truly came alive. Everyone awaited a safe arrival; the only sorrow was that we would have to stop in quarantine.

On June 6, we stopped not far from Grosse Isle. Our half-lowered yellow flag signaled to those meeting us that all was not well, that we needed quarantine.

A small steamer detached from the shore and quickly approached us. On board were the quarantine doctors, led by Dr. Montizambert, the head of all quarantines in Canada. After boarding and examining the sick, the doctors confirmed that there was smallpox on the ship, and we were ordered to stop in quarantine. The entire crew, starting with the captain, was immediately vaccinated, the sick were sent to the hospital, and the boy who had just died was taken in a coffin to the quarantine cemetery.

The next day, the unloading of the steamer was scheduled. The Doukhobors were deeply saddened by this turn of events, but there was nothing else to do but fully submit to the entirely reasonable demands of the quarantine authorities.

Our ship tried to approach the shore at high tide but failed, so we began unloading with the help of the quarantine steamer. The unloading took four days.

First, all the people were transported to the shore of the quarantine island with their hand luggage, bedding, fur coats, etc. Flour and crackers were also unloaded.

The Doukhobors were extremely alarmed by this entire affair. However, there were those who claimed, "The smallpox is in our pocket; if we give a thousand rubles, they'll let us through."

The Doukhobors themselves, like most of the Russian people, due to their lack of culture, naturally did not attach much importance to contagion; they believed it was all a deception, that illnesses came from God, and that one had to die regardless. Some viewed smallpox and other dangerous diseases simply as God's punishment.

Even on the steamer, the Doukhobors knew perfectly well that we disagreed with them, and so they decided among themselves not only not to tell us about the smallpox but to actively conceal and deny its appearance. As they later admitted, they wrapped the sick in scarves, buried them in featherbeds and rags, and placed them in the most remote, dark corners, making it utterly impossible to find the sick under such conditions. This explains the very late detection of the illness.

The Doukhobors' astonishment knew no bounds when they sent a delegation to the senior quarantine doctor and, through an interpreter, conveyed the request of the "little elders" of all the villages to let them proceed immediately. They received a perfectly precise reply:

"In Canada, there are specific laws regarding contagious diseases; we act in accordance with these laws," Dr. Montizambert answered them curtly.

This reply simply stunned the Doukhobors. They could not comprehend what kind of country this was, where a civilian gentleman, kind and courteous, halted an entire steamer by his own authority and had no desire to accommodate the Doukhobor "little elders" themselves, who were ready to open their purses and offer "a thousand." But no, there was no hint of that from him, and they themselves did not dare resort to the usual Russian method of resolving the issue. Bribery clearly did not work here, and the Doukhobors were utterly bewildered: some new, unknown law was coming into play, unsettling them.

At last, everything was finished, and we found ourselves in quarantine.

Chapter V - In Quarantine

The quarantine on Grosse Isle was excellently organized. The entire vast island was divided into three parts. One side was occupied by barracks for passengers; the opposite side housed hospitals, a pharmacy, and a cemetery. In the center, within a two-mile-wide neutral forested zone, stood the quarantine director's residence, along with lodgings for the quarantine staff and their families.

In the section where we—along with all the Doukhobors—settled, everything was arranged sensibly and methodically. All Doukhobors were accommodated in seven large barracks built on stilts, allowing thorough cleaning beneath the floors. Each barrack had two tiers of iron beds, washrooms, storage rooms, and more. Everything was freshly painted, clean, and well-equipped. A separate building housed twelve baths, though the Doukhobors did not use them. The quarantine also had its own bakery, pantry, and a well-equipped kitchen. A dedicated hotel with all amenities was built for the ship's crew.

This section of the quarantine also included a pharmacy, disinfection chambers, disinfection showers, and the residences of the chief police officer and the resident physician.

Upon arriving on the island, the Doukhobors immediately began constructing their own stoves and bathhouses. This surprised the Canadians, but within two or three days, about ten stoves had been built into the cliffs and hillsides. The Doukhobor women used these not only to cook meals but even to bake bread. The Canadians were even more astonished by the four bathhouses the Doukhobors built along the St. Lawrence River. Doctors specially came to inspect them and deemed the baths highly beneficial for health. The Doukhobors eagerly invited old Montazanber to join their

steam sessions, but he flatly refused, claiming he would surely die in that “inferno.” The Canadians were further amazed when they saw young Doukhobors, after steaming in the hot baths, leap directly from the slopes into the river—still quite cold—and joyfully swim and splash in its waves. “A strange people,” they said of the Doukhobors, “but so robust!”

Soon, mass smallpox vaccinations began. In Canada, the procedure was rather painful: a coin-sized area on the arm was scratched with the edge of a bone plate coated with infected lymph, then smeared again with the flat side of the plate. Two such vaccinations were administered per arm, repeated if the first attempt failed.

The vaccination process went relatively smoothly. The first to set an example was Verigin’s mother. She came for vaccination with her maidservants and brought all her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. As a highly authoritative figure among the Doukhobors, others followed her lead without protest. Of course, there were some peculiar incidents. One middle-aged Doukhobor, a Mordvin by origin, watched others being vaccinated but hesitated to approach. When finally urged, he stubbornly demanded:

“Tell me, how is a person meant to live in God’s world?” He answered himself:

“By God’s will, as commanded by Christ.”

“What does that mean?”

“To live as our Lord Jesus Christ instructed—the Gospel must always guide our minds...”

“Then tell me, where in the Gospel does it say to torment a person like this—scratching their arm bloody, smearing it, and so forth?”

He glared triumphantly at everyone present. The translator relayed this soliloquy to the English officials, who listened with interest.

“So, you cannot point to such a passage...” he concluded, preparing to leave with a proud air.

They explained that his beliefs were not under scrutiny, but the laws of the country required vaccination for public safety. Refusal would bar him from entering Canada and result in deportation.

This disheartened the vaccination opponent. He shrunk into himself and reluctantly declared:

“So, you’ll torment me?”

“We will vaccinate you.”

“Very well, torment me in the name of Jesus Christ!” he snapped angrily, rolling up the wide sleeve of his blue shirt. “The Lord endured suffering and commanded us to do the same...” He offered his arm and turned away, refusing to watch the doctor’s work.

“They tormented the Lord, the merciful one, with Pharisees and Jewish archbishops—now you torment us, faithful Christians who follow Christ’s own words...”

“Go on, torment me!” he muttered, wincing as the doctor made deep cuts. “We’ll endure it! We’ve suffered worse for our Christian faith...”

“All done!” someone announced.

Sullenly drying his arm, he pulled his cap low and hurried out without a word or glance.

We stayed in quarantine for 25 days instead of the mandated three weeks. This delay occurred because our departure coincided with Canada’s unification celebrations, and the railway—overwhelmed transporting festival-goers—could not immediately provide six emergency trains. We endured four extra days of restless waiting. The Doukhobors, eager to settle on their new lands, lamented the loss of prime farming time. To pass the hours, they carved wooden spoons, rolling pins, washboards, salt cellars, and other utensils.

Observing their new environment, the Doukhobors found much to marvel at. They were first astonished by the absence of police in quarantine. Upon learning that the “police” consisted of four kindly old men eager to assist them, they refused to believe it. Eventually, they accepted that these “elders” were indeed the law here.

Our time in quarantine passed without major incident: seven Doukhobors died during this period. Five were frail elders, one was a toddler (1½ years old), and only one was a middle-aged man. All were buried in a row at the quarantine cemetery, with wooden and stone markers crafted by the Doukhobors themselves.

The Doukhobors were continually surprised by Canada’s civic order. Yet nature, too, had wonders in store.

One evening in late July, a group of Doukhobors gathered on a hillside for a quiet discussion with their guides about Canada and their future. Dusk fell. Small clouds drifted across the sky, occasionally pierced by moonlight shimmering on the St. Lawrence’s gentle waves. The air was hushed, serene, almost reverent.

Suddenly, a peculiar light glowed over the river, as if lightning had split the clouds. Moments later, luminous streaks unfurled across the sky—rippling, merging, and soaring until the entire heavens blazed with undulating ribbons of gold and green.

The Doukhobors stood transfixed, removing their hats in silent awe.

“The Lord sends a sign,” someone whispered.

As the lights faded, they dispersed quietly to their barracks.

The next morning, talk of the “heavenly sign” filled the air. When the Northern Lights reappeared nightly, the Doukhobors quipped: “We thought God sent us a sign, but here, it seems, they light lanterns in the sky!”

They marveled at this strange new land, destined to become their second homeland.

Footnotes:

- *Grosse Isle: An island in Quebec, Canada, historically used as a quarantine station for immigrants.*
- *St. Lawrence River: A major river in North America, flowing through Quebec and into the Atlantic Ocean.*

Chapter VI - Moving On

At long last, the awaited day arrived. In groups of 400 to 500 people, we departed quarantine, crossing by steamboat from Grosse Isle to Quebec City. At the Quebec docks, immigration officials and translators greeted each group and directed them to the immigrant house—a large, station-like building.

The two-story structure adjoined the railway station. The ground floor featured a spacious, bright hall accommodating up to 1,500 people, resembling a train station. Here, the Doukhobors settled. This floor also housed the emigration office, staff rooms, and a restaurant. The upper floor contained two additional halls for immigrants and fifteen private rooms for the elderly, sick, and frail. The facilities, far superior to Russia’s migrant barracks, were impeccably designed. Electric lights illuminated every room, long tables lined the walls, and the asphalt floors were swept and washed multiple times daily. Despite housing over a thousand people, the building remained spotless and airy.

A shop inside the hall sold food, haberdashery, and other goods at wholesale prices. A government exchange office operated daily, while postal, telegraph, and telephone services ran nonstop. Writing desks stocked with stationery allowed immigrants to draft letters or inquire about tariffs, train schedules, and prices.

Our steamboat, carrying 600 passengers, docked in Quebec at 6 p.m. We were met by Mr. P. Doyle, the government emigration agent—a kind, perpetually busy old man responsible for settling newcomers. Doyle worked tirelessly from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m., even dining at the immigrant house.

After disembarking, the Doukhobors toured the facility while workers unloaded baggage. Men retrieved their hand luggage, but women and children were barred from lifting even small items. The English insisted, “Doukhobor ladies and children might strain themselves.” Amused, the women joked, “They want to turn us into fine ladies! We’re not used to this.” Yet they gladly obliged.

The immigrant house was managed by Mrs. Cornell, a spry 70-year-old who doted on the children day and night. The Doukhobors, charmed by her and Mr. Doyle, gifted them hand-carved spoons, lace, and embroideries “for their families.”

From Quebec, the Doukhobors continued westward by rail. Each train, carrying 400 settlers, included eight sleeper cars with amenities for long journeys. Every four cars had a stove for cooking borscht, tea, or potatoes. A baggage car held fresh water, milk, bread, cheese, utensils, and cleaning supplies.

In our final group, 178 people lacked bread or money. Upon learning this, the government allocated them daily rations: 2 pounds of bread, half a pound of cheese, tea, sugar, and salt. The poor were deeply moved, especially as their wealthier “brethren” opposed distributing aid solely to the needy, insisting instead on equal shares for all. This hypocrisy revealed stark economic divides, despite their frequent proclamations of “love and brotherhood.”

While preparing the third group for departure, a Doukhobor rushed in, whispering, “The minister has arrived! He asks for the sister...” We hurried to the immigrant house, where the president of Quebec’s parliament, accompanied by secretaries, city officials, and translators, awaited.

The Doukhobors swiftly organized a reception. Gathering in an upper hall, they formed a vibrant semicircle with children at the front. As the president entered, a choir greeted him with a psalm. After the hymn, a Doukhobor recited the psalm aloud, and all bowed deeply. Pavel Vasilyevich Planidin, their leader, stepped forward. He emphasized their desire to live peacefully with Canada’s people, whom they regarded as “brothers.” “In the labor of farming, we find our joy and glorify God,” he concluded.

The president, visibly moved, praised their resilience and expressed pride in welcoming them during his tenure. His humble demeanor—devoid of ornate buttons or braid—astonished the Doukhobors.

“Dressed just like everyone else!” they remarked, shaking their heads. “No fancy trimmings here. What a country!”

Footnotes:

- *Quebec Parliament: Refers to the provincial legislative body of Quebec, distinct from the federal government.*
- *Borscht: A traditional Eastern European soup, often made with beetroot.*

Chapter VII - On the Journey

Two days after the president's visit, all Doukhobor groups had left Quebec. Our final party—the sixth—boarded the train and embarked on the long journey westward, into regions where settlers were just beginning to establish roots.

At every station, crowds greeted our train with waving hats and cheers. We traveled through a well-cultivated land where fertile fields alternated with floodplain meadows, intersected by forests, streams, hills, and ravines. Wealthy herds grazed in the distance, and the sight of prosperous farms delighted the Doukhobors. Yet as we moved farther west, the landscape grew monotonous: fewer homesteads, charred forests, and marshes flashed by the windows, casting a somber mood over the travelers.

The Doukhobors grew quieter, their spirits dampened by the bleak scenery.

"Where are they taking us?" they asked anxiously.

"These are sorrowful lands," explained the government agent accompanying us. "A place of eternal tears and melancholy for all settlers heading west. We're nearing the Great Lakes belt. Here, nature is wild, harsh, and empty—but beyond this, meadows will green again, and forests will thrive."

We relayed this to the Doukhobors. They listened intently but remained uneasy.

"So many stones piled up... as if giants tossed them here!"

"What a country..." they sighed, baffled by Canada's untamed wilderness.

Conversations ceased. No songs were sung. The Doukhobors stared listlessly at the barren, gloomy desert rushing past.

Then, suddenly, a silver streak of water glinted ahead. A sharp turn, a deep embankment cut, a tunnel—and we emerged at the foot of a towering cliff. Before us stretched the vast blue expanse of a great lake, its surface rippling under the midday sun. Beyond, coniferous forests edged mossy shores, merging into the open prairies.

The train wound like a serpent through tunnels and over embankments, fighting to break free from the desolate wilderness. The Doukhobors revived, pressed to the windows, marveling at the lakes that seemed to surround them. Narrow tracks carried them onward, as if guiding them into a new world.

The lakes vanished, replaced once more by cultivated fields, farms, and herds. Hope rekindled in the Doukhobors' hearts as they glimpsed the "promised lands" ahead.

After three days, we arrived at East Selkirk station, near Winnipeg—the capital of northwestern Canada. Here, we would wait while scouts from our group sought suitable land in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Footnotes:

- *Great Lakes: A series of interconnected freshwater lakes in North America, forming part of the Canada–United States border.*
- *Winnipeg: A city in Manitoba, historically a major hub for settlers and trade in western Canada.*
- *Prince Albert: A region in Saskatchewan named after Queen Victoria's husband, known for its agricultural potential during westward expansion.*
- *Saskatchewan: A Canadian prairie province, part of the traditional territories of Indigenous peoples and later a destination for European settlers.*

Chapter VIII - In Selkirk

We settled in a vast railway building in Selkirk, repurposed for immigrants. Formerly a depot, it became our temporary home. Our first task was to send men to work. Offers were plentiful but poor. Some took up logging.

"This is good work!" the Doukhobors rejoiced. "Close by, and we know the trade. Back in the Caucasus, we did similar jobs..."

They divided the forest into plots by village and set to work. Men, women, and children chopped through dense undergrowth. Swarms of mosquitoes besieged them. They worked in nets, lit fires, and stacked felled trees into pyres—clearing land for future crops. The estate manager praised their strength and diligence but grew sullen as payday neared. He nitpicked, measured stumps, and accused them of shoddy work. When confronted, he sneered, "Are you planning a strike?"

Suspicious, I investigated. If the Doukhobors quit, the manager could legally withhold wages. They reluctantly accepted two-thirds of their earnings after he doubled tool deductions. Protesting, he jeered, "Sue me!" Knowing litigation would drag on, they swallowed the injustice.

Local authorities shrugged or advised lawsuits, cynically remarking, "Who else to exploit but immigrants?"

“Canada fleeces us too,” the Doukhobors lamented. “Just like Russia...”

The manager, hands in his plaid pockets, laughed mockingly as they left. By refusing to bid farewell, the Doukhobors delivered their gravest insult: “They did not acknowledge him as a human.”

Conflict Over Bathing

Children discovered a river five versts away and joyfully bathed together, boys and girls alike. Catholic priests, scandalized by their nudity, accused them of corrupting morals. Authorities threatened fines and parental responsibility.

We defended the children’s innocence, calling the priests hypocrites. A judge sympathized but enforced the law, waiving penalties this time. The Doukhobors were baffled:

“Why must they wear pants to swim?”

“They fear their own lust,” an elder woman scoffed. “Their minds are rotten!”

Another shared a story of a priest harassing girls picking berries. The Doukhobors, disgusted, yearned to escape Selkirk.

Sunday Laws and Hypocrisy

Canada’s Sunday rest law, influenced by clergy, forbade even gardening or berry-picking. The Doukhobors, accustomed to productive Sundays, faced fines or jail.

“This tyranny!” they protested. Priests, meanwhile, visited Galician settlers, exploiting absent husbands. The Doukhobors resolved to flee to the prairies, free from priests.

Preparing for Prince Albert

Scouts returned with news of fertile lands in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. The Doukhobors eagerly organized:

- **Livestock and Tools Purchased (July 20, 1899):**
 - 153 horses (1 per 9.5 people)
 - 42 wagons (1 per 36 people)
 - 81 plows (1 per 19 people)
 - 50 scythes, 100 pitchforks

Wealthier families planned independent farms. The poor formed temporary communes, pooling resources. One woman from Goreloe village boasted of their frugal success:

“Back home, Tatars laughed at us—until we bought their lands and herds! Here, we’ll show these *Germans* what we’re made of.”

Yet economic divides emerged. Poor laborers, lacking tools, agreed to plow others' fields in exchange for horse use, surrendering half their children's wages.

Communal Experiments

Two communes formed:

1. **Shared Livestock:** Animals distributed by lot, remaining communal property. Members could use neighbors' horses in need.
2. **Collective Farming:** Land worked jointly; harvests divided per capita. Tools bought communally but stored individually.

While production was collective, households managed their own needs. Risks of wealth stratification loomed.

Departures and Drifters

Most left for Saskatchewan's plains. A few craftsmen stayed in Winnipeg, earning well as tanners. Ten adventurers vanished into the wilderness with rifles, seeking beaver traps.

"They love roaming," others mused. "Like in the Caucasus."

Winter brought word of their success as skilled hunters—free spirits in a new land.

Footnotes:

- *Selkirk: A town near Winnipeg, Manitoba, key to early Canadian settlement.*
- *Prince Albert: A region in Saskatchewan where Doukhobors established colonies.*
- *Tatars: Turkic ethnic groups the Doukhobors had interacted with in the Caucasus.*

Chapter IX - The City of Yorkton

In August 1899, I departed Selkirk with the intention of reaching the Doukhobor settlements in the Yorkton district. Arriving in Yorkton, I was accompanied by Dr. V. M. Velichkina, a Russian physician, and L. L. Sullerzhitsky.

Sullerzhitsky, who had previously assisted the first and third groups of Doukhobors, was now deeply involved in helping them establish their new lives. He had just returned from Winnipeg, where he had purchased supplies for the Doukhobors, and voiced his anxieties during the journey:

"Mark my words—half the flour won't reach Thunder Mountain¹. The southerners will pilfer it all..."

“Why do you say that?”

“Because they’re hungry, and there’s no order...”

Indeed, no sooner had we stepped off the train and stored our luggage than we were surrounded by Doukhobors. After exchanging customary greetings—“Welcome! Did you sleep well? How was the journey?”—they cut to their urgent concerns:

“Lev Antonovich,” one addressed Sulerzhitsky, “there’s no flour!”

“What do you mean?”

“Just that—it’s gone.”

“Where is it?”

“The Elisavetpol and Orel groups took it...”

“You see?” Sulerzhitsky muttered to me irritably. “Why didn’t you stop them?” he snapped at the northerners.

“If only we could! We dragged ourselves here for six days—look at that ox, half-dead! How will we even get back?”

“You had horses! Why didn’t you act?”

“We arrived yesterday—the flour was already gone. Arthur Karlovich² said your own people took it...”

The issue was soon resolved, and such incidents ceased once an economic committee of Doukhobors began overseeing fair distribution.

A Russian Outpost in Yorkton

The next morning, near the immigrant house, I saw a small encampment. A large tent stood on the station grounds, filled with Doukhobor baggage. Nearby were dugouts, stoves, and a bathhouse—remnants of their spring stay. A dozen Doukhobor wagons clustered farther off, their owners discussing Canada’s ways, livestock, land, and the looming winter.

Yorkton, a town of barely 800, had begun thriving with the Doukhobors’ arrival. Streets buzzed with settlers fetching supplies or returning from work. Local English merchants, recognizing the Doukhobors’ honesty, extended credit freely. Shopkeepers even learned Russian—labels and prices appeared in Cyrillic, with dollars renamed “rubles” and cents “kopecks.” A German-Mennonite clerk, fluent in Russian, was hired. Yorkton’s commerce had been Russified.

By winter, a “Russian quarter” emerged. Each village bought land for guesthouses, stables, and storage. A communal stable for twenty horses served northern settlers and transient Doukhobors.

- *Thunder Mountain: A northern settlement area pivotal to Doukhobor farming efforts.*
- *Arthur Karlovich Sinjon: An Englishman and retired captain of the Indian Army. He had aided Doukhobors on Cyprus and in the Caucasus, later assisting in Canada with land surveys and logistics.*

Chapter X - On the Prairies

After settling matters in Yorkton, we set out in a sturdy, lightweight cart, well-suited for the rough prairie roads. A pair of Indian ponies—Dji and Joy—trotted briskly along the worn trail.

A few versts beyond Yorkton, past suburban farms and bourgeois summer homes, we entered the prairies. The change was immediate. The wind blew sharper at our backs, the sun shone brighter, and an immense silence enveloped us, broken only by the whisper of grasses swaying like waves on a green sea.

Before us stretched an endless plain, dotted with small groves and ravines. The trail grew fainter, its ruts choked with tall grass. At times, the path vanished entirely behind wire fences—new settlers marking their claims. We detoured, forging fresh tracks across the open land, uncertain if they too would soon be fenced or plowed.

Rarely did we pass a homestead: a hastily built shack for transient herders or a fledgling farm. Cultivated fields, with their rows of barley, wheat, or potatoes, clashed starkly against the wild prairie. The land fought back, sending weeds, pests, and gophers to reclaim these human intrusions. Settlers retaliated by burning the grasses, though such fires, now outlawed, had once claimed lives, livestock, and entire farms. Those caught igniting even a careless campfire faced years in prison—or vigilante justice.

A Song in the Wilderness

By evening, we reached a nameless lake bordered by an English farm. Two Doukhobor boys worked there, and on this Sunday, their friends rowed across to visit. Four teenagers, dressed in holiday clothes, laughed and sang a Russian folk tune. Their voices—clear and bright—carried over the water, mingling with the rustle of reeds.

“Hello, lads!”

The singing stopped. “Lev Antonych!” they cried, scrambling through the brush to greet us. Dressed in wide trousers, colorful shirts, and caps with red-trimmed brims¹, they chattered about their lives. After watering the horses and sharing a snack, we pressed on toward Efremovka.

The sun dipped low, casting long shadows over marshes, thickets, and rocky outcrops. Dji and Joy navigated rickety causeways and gullies until, cresting a hill, we glimpsed the prairie merging with the horizon under a star-strewn sky. The Northern Lights flickered, painting the heavens in rippling ribbons of green.

Arrival in Efremovka

By midnight, we clattered into Efremovka—the first Doukhobor village I saw in Canada. Tents and huts loomed in the dark. Our arrival stirred the quiet: lanterns flickered awake as villagers emerged, drowsy but welcoming.

“Annushka! Annushka, dear—I must see you!” shouted Sullerzhitsky, leaping from the cart.

“Just a moment... Let me dress!” came a voice from a tent. Out stepped Anna Rabets, a Russian medic who had tended the Doukhobors even on Cyprus. Inside, over tea, radishes, and dates sent by a courteous Englishman, stories flowed. Dawn tinged the east before we finally slept on hay piles, wrapped in Caucasian cloaks and Doukhobor quilts.

Footnotes:

- *Doukhobor attire: Influenced by Don Cossack traditions, featuring distinctive caps and embroidered shirts.*
- *Lynch law: Refers to extralegal vigilante justice, often violent, practiced in frontier regions.*

Chapter XI - Among the Yorkton Doukhobors

Upon arriving in Efremovka that evening, I was struck by the exhausted faces and frail frames of the Doukhobors who gathered in our tent. These were survivors of Cyprus—1126 individuals who had fled the Caucasus in 1898, only to endure ten months on that fever-ridden island, where 108 perished. Those who reached Canada arrived emaciated and broken.

The next morning, I saw eight clay-plastered huts roofed with sod, giving them an eerie, grass-covered appearance. Villagers congregated around our tent. Anna Rabets, the medic, informed me that nearly every household had gravely ill members. Years of deprivation in the Caucasus, compounded by disease on Cyprus and the grueling voyage, had left them ravaged by tuberculosis, rheumatism, anemia, and scurvy.

Many shivered in threadbare coats despite the mild weather. “The fever grips me one day, eases the next, then returns worse,” one man sighed. Conversations revealed their dire state:

- **Food scarcity:** Flour was their sole sustenance. Gardens yielded little—late planting, pests, and frost ruined crops.
- **Clothing poverty:** Once-woolen garments, a mark of their past prosperity, were reduced to patched rags. Some wore trousers stitched from flour sacks; women fashioned aprons and foot wraps from the same material.
- **Impending winter:** With roads soon buried under snow and temperatures plunging to -20°C, the Doukhobors faced starvation and exposure. Apathy had set in; even marking trails with stakes seemed futile.

A Well-Meaning but Naive Visitor

As we prepared to depart for Tambovka, a Toronto journalist arrived. She doled out advice with colonial condescension:

- Urged decorating children’s aprons with lace.
- Suggested *porridge for breakfast* while they starved.
- Lamented the lack of Canadian culinary mentors to teach vegetable cooking.
- Distributed two lemons per village and cans of condensed milk as charity.

Her trivial gestures contrasted starkly with their suffering.

The Search for the Lost

En route to Tambovka, we met two Doukhobors searching for a woman and child lost in the woods. Such disappearances were common. One woman recounted her ordeal:

“I wandered for days, besieged by mosquitoes. At night, prairie dogs surrounded me, chirping mockingly. I prayed until dawn, then stumbled upon a wagon train.”

Tambovka and the Community Assembly

Tambovka, a rough-hewn village, hosted a gathering of representatives from 27 settlements. The agenda: addressing economic inequality.

Key issues raised:

- **Livestock shortage:** 1,000 people shared two communal cows.
- **Exploitation by the wealthy:** A wealthy faction seized the last horse from poor families, demanding a share of their meager flour in exchange for transport.

Elder Ivan Makhortov¹, a Crimean War veteran and Doukhobor stalwart, chaired the meeting. His presence commanded respect, though he mourned the community's moral decline: "Need and sickness corrode our spirit."

The assembly ended with pledges from neighboring villages to aid the impoverished.

The Journalist's Farce

The Toronto correspondent and a Quaker representative observed the proceedings, baffled by the Doukhobors' orderly resolve. Their shrill interjections and "advice" were met with polite bewilderment.

Footnotes:

- *Ivan Makhortov: A former sailor under Admiral Nakhimov, persecuted for his Doukhobor faith. Exiled to Canada, he became a moral anchor for his community.*
- *Galicians: Eastern European migrants, often from Galicia (modern Ukraine/Poland), who faced similar struggles in Canada.*
- *Quakers: A pacifist Christian group that aided Doukhobor resettlement, though their efforts sometimes clashed with Doukhobor self-sufficiency.*

Chapter XII - the "Terpeniye" or "Patience" Community

When we entered the territory of the Terpeniye Community, we were struck by the united and vigorous labor that had left its mark everywhere. Nowhere had we seen so much cultivated land: black patches of freshly plowed soil stood out vividly against the green steppe. For a moment, we doubted whose land this was. Our skepticism grew when we recalled that most of the community had only recently arrived in America — on March 4th — with no horses. Of the four they had barely managed to purchase, three had escaped and vanished for three critical weeks during the busiest season. Two were eventually found; one remained lost. We also knew that most working-age men had left to earn wages elsewhere to feed the rest and scrape together funds for horses. Yet, astonishingly, all this land belonged to the Terpeniye settlers.

As we traveled further, we saw plowed fields fenced with wattle — a crucial safeguard for future crops. Local laws held farmers liable if livestock gorged on crops and died. The Doukhobors, initially incredulous, learned this the hard way after herds trampled their gardens and fields. The Terpeniye Community, quicker than others, had built more fences.

Farther on, sturdy bridges spanned ravines and streams, roads were cleared, and everywhere we saw the marks of diligent care.

Soon, huts came into view. Moments later, we arrived in Patience.

No sooner had we greeted the gathered crowd than the Doukhobor women, nearly in unison, began to weep and lament:

“Oh, dear ones, we’ve suffered such misfortune! What will we do now? How will we live?...”

“What happened?” we asked, bewildered.

“Hail destroyed us... Wiped everything clean... Nothing’s left.”

That morning, at four o’clock, a fierce hailstorm—with stones “the size of chicken eggs,” as the villagers described—had flattened their crops.

When the women calmed slightly, one recounted:

“We’d just risen when the storm hit. The hail hammered so hard, we feared it would smash the roof! We froze in terror, but the children woke and huddled together, wailing, ‘Nannies! What will we eat? We’ll starve without bread or cucumbers!’”

The cucumbers were already this big!—a practical-minded woman interjected, holding up her thumb.

“We told the children, ‘God gave, God took—it’s His holy will...’ But they kept crying. Children don’t understand yet.”

Doukhobor children call their mother “nanny” and their father “old man” or simply by his first name—Vanya, Nikolasha, Petrunya. —Note by V. B.

“God’s will?!” A gaunt, exhausted woman in her twenties pushed forward, her nerves frayed. “You weren’t here, grandmother! But I know how we lived this spring... What a life!”

“Don’t complain, girl!” an elder chided.

“No, let me speak! Let me pour out my soul! We had no horses. Eight or twelve of us women harnessed ourselves to the plow. You pull and pull till your strength’s gone, till your body feels torn apart. Your throat burns, your lips crack... Men were all away working. Just us sisters here. Your heart sinks, your chest tightens—you think you’ll collapse. But you keep pulling. At mealtime, you sip hot water instead of borscht and gnaw unsalted bread... Three weeks without salt! No money to buy any, no way to travel... Then the roads turned to mud. *Lord, we’d think, why such torment? Haven’t we suffered enough?*

“But we plowed. We sowed. The crops sprouted, branched, spread—so beautiful! We’d kiss the barley or oats and pray, *‘Thank You, Lord, for blessing our labor. Such wealth You’ve granted us!’* Our hearts swelled! All the pain faded... We even forgot the salt. But now—” Her voice broke. “The hail crushed everything. All our hopes... Our reward for inhuman toil—gone!”

“Vanko”—a pest mercilessly devouring Doukhobor gardens. I didn’t see it myself; by my arrival, its season had passed. The Doukhobors described it: “Black pants, black boots, a little red shirt—like our Vanya’s. It eats all vegetables and ‘fruit’ (melons, watermelons, pumpkins). Hence the name ‘Vanko in the Red Shirt.’ In other villages, they call it Kuzka.”

Chapter XIII - To the Northern Settlement

We set out on our journey. After traveling three miles through untouched land, we reached the Fort Pelly Trail leading to the small settlement of Fort Pelly, which I had mentioned earlier. Passing Fort Pelly, we entered a nearly uninhabited twenty-five-mile stretch separating the northern and southern districts. The farther north we traveled, the harsher and more monotonous the landscape became. The earlier variety of vegetation gave way to almost uninterrupted aspen groves, though occasional small spruce trees still dotted the terrain.

Descending into a swamp, we followed a muddy road. Rounding a bend, we nearly collided with a group of Doukhobors, so absorbed in their labor that they didn’t notice us. Their task was grueling: harnessed to a homemade cart, they strained against straps, heads bowed, legs braced, struggling to free the wheels from the mire. The cart was rudimentary—two thick wooden axles connecting pairs of half-yard-wide logs. On this makeshift transport lay three freshly cut and stripped trees. The Doukhobors were hauling lumber from miles away to build homes. With all able-bodied men away working, the burden fell to the elderly, children, the sick, and women.

When they noticed us and paused, I saw five individuals:

- A gaunt, sallow man of about thirty, drenched in sweat, his legs trembling from exertion. He had battled recurring “Caucasian fever” but joined the work today during a brief respite. *“Tomorrow, the shaking will start again,”* he added.
- A frail 65-year-old man, recently bedridden by rheumatism. *“My breath catches, my legs swell, and my heart flutters like it’ll leap out,”* he confessed.
- A teenage boy, a girl of fifteen, and a weary woman, who watched us silently.

Resuming their labor, they heaved against the straps and trudged onward.

Struggle in Stradaevka

Straying from the path, we stumbled upon the village of Stradaevka—a name meaning "Suffering," which it lived up to. A towering Doukhobor, reminiscent of a Zaporozhian Cossack but pallid and feverish, greeted us:

"How are you faring?"

"By spring, God willing, we'll all die..." he replied, pulling his sheepskin coat tighter.

Every hut held the sick. Frost that morning had ravaged their gardens, deepening the despair of a community already crippled by poverty and illness.

We spent two hours in Stradaevka, hearing countless sorrows. How could we console them? These exhausted settlers, lacking money, livestock, or even basic tools, had built homes, barns, roads, bridges, and harvested hay—thousands of pounds per village. Yet their sacrifices—working through starvation to buy draft animals—left them malnourished, plagued by scurvy, and dying in droves.

The Canadian government's negligence appalled us. They had dumped these unprepared immigrants onto the wild prairie without medical aid or support.

The Final Stretch

Approaching our destination, we met a group of Doukhobors returning from railway work. They limped, their legs ruined by waist-deep swamp labor. Many had relapsed into fever. Now, they trudged home to rest, knowing others from their village would soon replace them.

We spread word across settlements: tomorrow, all northern communities would gather in Mikhailovka.

Chapter XIV - Meeting of the Northern Settlement

We soon arrived in Mikhailovka, a village nestled near Thunder Hill on the Swan. This was where a group of Doukhobors from the first steamship had wintered. Upon their arrival in Canada, 100 Doukhobor laborers were dispatched here to build a temporary settlement named "Karakhan," a nod to their Caucasian heritage. This "town" comprised forty massive sheds, hastily constructed and adapted for housing. In early spring, they sheltered 1,400 settlers. From this central hub, the Doukhobors dispersed to establish villages across chosen plots.

Now, Karakhan stood mostly abandoned, save for seven sheds repurposed as shelters for a female doctor, a nurse, visiting guests, and Doukhobors passing through on their way to work or the nearby town of Kavan, (Cowan) fifty miles from Mikhailovka.

Above the remnants of Karakhan, the village of Mikhailovka had grown, home to around 150 souls.

As the logistical heart of the northern colony, Mikhailovka hosted meetings to address communal affairs. The day after our arrival, representatives from thirteen northern villages gathered. Discussions mirrored those of the southern colony's assembly, focusing on shared challenges. A survey revealed the economic state of the northern settlements, summarized in a table (not included here).

Economic Strains and Exploitation

The northern colony's economic condition mirrored the southern region's, barring the prosperous Elizavetpol Doukhobor farms in the south. While extreme poverty was less rampant here, grievances echoed: oxen lost, horses collapsing from exhaustion, and families rationing flour by the handful.

Exploitation persisted, albeit on a smaller scale. A man named L., for instance, charged desperate travelers half a log cabin's worth of labor to transport their belongings and sick relatives twenty miles.

Unusual Visitors

During the meeting, a correspondent from Toronto arrived with a Quaker companion. The Quaker woman, for reasons unknown, buzzed about, squealing and patting everyone she encountered on the chest, shoulders, or back. One might assume she imagined herself among "exotic savages," using frantic gestures and incoherent sounds to express camaraderie with her "spiritual brothers" — as Quakers termed the Doukhobors.

To the relief of all, these "civilized" visitors departed at dawn, leaving behind a bemused community.

Return to Freedom

As the meeting concluded, we rejoiced at the vast, open prairie surrounding Mikhailovka—a symbol of the Doukhobors' hard-won liberty. Here, among their own, they forged resilience in a land as untamed as their spirits.

Chapter XV - The Sentiments of the Doukhobors

After settling in Mikhailovka, I began visiting nearby villages with the female doctor and a nurse, speaking to the Doukhobors about their land, their settlements, and their overall satisfaction.

Most agreed the land was good, if a bit cold. *"Back in the Caucasus, it was colder,"* they said, *"but once we broke the soil, it warmed and yielded crops. Here, the soil's even better!"* Their discontent lay with the local English and Irish populations, the Canadian bourgeoisie, and the government, all of whom had harassed them with exploitation, nitpicking, and economic injustices since their arrival.

This wariness was understandable. On the steamship to Canada, crew members had treated the Doukhobors as "Asiatic" outsiders, a "colored race." Arrogant Britons refused to see these humble, sometimes awkward people as equals. Yet as time passed, even the ship's most prejudiced doctor softened.

A Doctor's Transformation

One dying Doukhobor woman, unaware of the doctor's disdain, stroked his hand and murmured, *"Good man... good man..."* When the Russian doctor translated her final words—a plea for forgiveness and blessings for all—the man froze. He rushed to fetch jam, condensed milk, and biscuits, tending to her with uncharacteristic gentleness.

A hunter who once relished shooting mother monkeys to hear their orphans weep, he now stood solemnly as her shrouded body sank into the sea. He locked himself in his cabin for days, drinking heavily.

Bridging Divides

In Canada, the Doukhobors sought peaceful relations with neighbors. Indigenous families nearby, living in wigwams, sensed their kindness. Once, an Indigenous man struggled to ford the swollen Swan River with his wagon. Doukhobor children raced to the village for help. A dozen men and women lifted the wagon, carrying it up the steep bank.

"Come for tea! Dinner!" they gestured, though the family declined, still fearful of white settlers. The women slipped a loaf of bread, potatoes, pie, and salt into their wagon. *"Eat in good health,"* they said, bowing deeply. The Indigenous man laughed, pointing at the Doukhobors' grass-roofed huts as he departed.

Clashes and Compassion

Relations with Irish farmers were thornier. One summer, Doukhobor children played with a farmer's son, accidentally injuring him. The boy ran home, while a ten-year-old Doukhobor, uninvolved, sat nearby. The farmer stormed out and kicked the child to death.

The Doukhobors wrote to authorities:

"We ask that the killer not be punished. He suffers enough in his heart. We sympathize, for we too have lost peace and borne sorrow. One life is lost; let there not be another."

The shaken farmer later sought reconciliation.

Another farmer stole plowshares. Tracking him down, the Doukhobors found his farm in disarray. Instead of confronting him, they plowed his fields. Terrified of lynching—common in Canada’s harsh northeast—he gaped as they returned that evening: *“We plowed your land. Need more?”* He became their staunchest ally.

When a hostile farmer denied water to a Doukhobor suffering a heart attack, fate reversed. The farmer fell ill at harvest time. The Doukhobors reaped his wheat, stacked it, and left bread and salt. His wife wept. Upon recovery, he brought milk to their children, forever changed.

A Growing Respect

Word of the Doukhobors’ morals spread. Once met with scorn, they earned deepening reverence—a testament to resilience and radical forgiveness in a harsh new world.

Chapter XVI - The Doukhobors’ Attitude Toward Their Settled Lands

During my time among the Doukhobors, I read many private letters written by those already settled on their plots to relatives, friends, and acquaintances working in nearby towns or other regions. I excerpted passages describing their farming conditions, as these letters—free from embellishment or omission—offer invaluable insight into their genuine sentiments about their new homeland. Below are key excerpts that capture their perspective on life in the Goriton colonies.

“Dear brothers,” one letter reads, “if you plan to come buy horses, don’t fear winter shortages. We’ve mowed hay for two weeks already, and there’s so much we’ll barely finish half by winter. We’ve settled near a river and a small lake with good drinking water and fish. The plot has ample timber and fruit—strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and cherries beyond count!”

Another letter brims with optimism:

“Our plot is excellent. A large river, the Assiniboine, flows through it. The grasses are lush, the forests rich with pine and aspen. Though we don’t yet know the grain yield, the crops look promising. The wheat is sprouting, and the potatoes thrive!”

These excerpts were collected in early June 1900, while the fourth group of Doukhobors remained in Selkirk. By mid-September, frost had damaged gardens in the northern plots. Yet the settlers were unshaken, acknowledging they had sown too late and should have harvested earlier.

In their first year in Canada, the Doukhobors planted cautiously — “*testing the land*,” as they put it. The northern colony sowed roughly 45 acres across its villages. The southern colony, more established, cultivated approximately 350 acres, though precise records for the first year are scarce. By the second year, expanded plowing — aided by the warm autumn of 1899 — prepared far more land for sowing.

Chapter XVII - Pressure from Canadian Authorities

The Canadian government, particularly through its main immigration agency in Winnipeg led by Mr. McCreary, soon targeted us — the Russian intellectuals living among the Doukhobors. Their hostility stemmed from our role in exposing the authorities’ exploitation and neglect. McCreary, a man of dubious ethics, launched a campaign to expel us, sending agents to Doukhobor villages to spread lies. They claimed we drained the community’s funds, despite none of us taking a penny from them.

The Doctor’s Letter

The crisis escalated when Dr. V.M. Velichkina’s letter, detailing the Doukhobors’ dire health conditions, was published. She wrote:

“The Doukhobors are inherently robust, but years of exile, malnutrition, and harsh labor have left them vulnerable. Scurvy, tuberculosis, and malaria are rampant. Without medicine, I can only watch as they suffer. Their diet — cold and hot kvass, day after day — is inadequate. Frostbitten gardens and overwork compound their plight.”

Her letter sparked outrage. Newspapers debated its validity, donations poured in, and the public demanded action. McCreary retaliated by cutting off medical supplies, worsening the crisis.

Agents and Resistance

McCreary dispatched agents to turn the Doukhobors against us. One agent, Leonard, accused the medical staff of embezzlement. But the Doukhobors, wise to the deception, defended us fiercely. A young girl recounted how agents offered her money to slander us: “*They said you ‘drank our blood.’ We refused and warned the sisters!*”

When agents pressured the Doukhobors to expel us, community leader Nikolai Zabarov retorted: “*If you deport one of our friends, we’ll invite two more!*”

Government Intervention

Public pressure forced Agriculture Minister Saunders to visit. Horrified by the conditions, he overruled McCreary, authorizing urgent medical aid — fish oil,

condensed milk, vegetables for scurvy patients—and tripling the requested supplies. McCreary, humiliated, delivered the goods himself and ceased his public denials.

Resolution

The Doukhobors' unity and the public's outcry thwarted the government's smear campaign. Villages drafted resolutions affirming their trust in the Russian helpers and pleading for them to stay. Though distrust of Canadian authorities lingered, the Doukhobors' resilience and solidarity prevailed.

Chapter XVIII - The First Harvest

October 1899 proved to be the most economically bleak and anxious month in the Canadian life of the Doukhobors. After harvesting their first crop, they calculated its results, tallied their debts and earnings, and fell into deep despair. Hunger and cold loomed unmistakably over their settlements, already weakened by five years of hardship, compounded by their journey and hasty establishment in new lands.

To assess the situation, I proposed that one of the respected Doukhobor elders visit all villages in the northern district and compile communal resolutions. These documents detailed each settlement's harvest outcomes, winter needs, and overall economic condition. Below, we present numerical data consolidated into tables based on written testimonies from northern villages. We also include excerpts from these resolutions, which vividly reflect the tense and anxious state of the Doukhobors throughout that autumn.

From the village of Voznesenie:

"...We do not know how we will survive this winter if there is no work or loans available. We are strangers here, uncertain of where to turn..."

From Novotroitskoye:

"...If we could secure a loan, we would gladly focus on farming to provide ourselves with daily bread. In time, we would repay the debt and recover... But we do not know where to find help. We do not speak English, nor understand local customs... May God's will be done."

From Vyorovo:

"...Workers need winter boots, pants, socks, mittens, shirts, etc., as temperatures here drop to -50°C. We have very few of these. If we cannot earn money or secure a loan, it will be a disgrace—we see no way to equip ourselves..."

From Lyubomirovka:

“...We will pay our debts, but nothing remains for winter. We are strangers here, unfamiliar with English, government rules, or where to seek loans. A loan would help us stand on our feet again...”

From Mikhailovka:

“...We lack winter clothing for workers. Without work or money, we do not know how to survive here. We do not know the language or customs...”

As these excerpts show, the Doukhobors were preoccupied with two pressing concerns: surviving the winter and obtaining loans to rebuild their lives. It was clear that years would pass before they could fully return to their traditional agricultural work and abandon the hated migrant labor.

In a letter to P.V. Verigin, the northern Doukhobors described their situation:

“...We survive on daily wages, but such work is unprofitable. Companies hire laborers for road construction but delay payments. The land here is beautiful, and the climate is good. Upon arrival, we plowed and sowed barley, oats, rye, wheat, potatoes, cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, cabbage, radishes, carrots, and more. Frost destroyed most crops—barley partially survived, but rye, oats, and wheat were lost. Potatoes fared better, but pests ravaged cabbage and radishes. Summer here is pleasant, but spring brings swarms of mosquitoes and midges that harm people and livestock. Locals say the land must be cultivated for three years before frosts subside...”

Statistical data (see Table 1, pp. 162–163) corroborates the near-total failure of the Doukhobors’ first Canadian harvest. Frost and pests ruined nearly all they had sown. Yet despair was unwarranted. Nearby farmers thrived, proving that adaptation was possible. Their success stemmed from well-prepared land and knowledge of climate-suited crops. The Doukhobors, observing this, remained hopeful.

Elders often reminded me:

“We remember settling in the Caucasus’ Wet Mountains. That was true hardship! For years, we saw no grain or vegetables—everything was bought. Only after tilling the soil did barley, potatoes, and wheat grow. Here, in our first year, we already have barley as large as peas, potatoes that astonish, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, and cabbage. If not for pests, there would be abundance...”

The first year was undeniably harsh. Many villages could not sustain themselves past Christmas, even with meager rations. A few fortunate communities, whose men found better-paying jobs, secured enough funds for winter. But most faced prolonged hunger, especially southern and northern exiles, along with parts of the Elizavetpol, Kars, and Prince Albert groups.

Fortunately, the winter of 1899–1900 arrived late, allowing some Doukhobors to find railroad work until late October. Their resolutions listed winter necessities, summarized in Table 2 (p. 167). The figures revealed staggering needs far beyond their means. Debts nearly equaled expected earnings from a month and a half of railroad work. After repaying urgent debts, they spent remaining funds on Yuft leather, salt, and flour.

Aid campaigns in Canada and Russia swiftly alleviated the crisis. Philadelphia Quaker Elkington spearheaded donations: 52 cows, 8 ox pairs, wagons, 85 blankets, used clothing, linseed oil, and wool. Later shipments included tea, sugar, biscuits, soap, and more. However, shipping costs were exorbitant—\$700 for 3.5 railcars of goods. The Doukhobors rightly noted that cash donations would have been more practical than costly shipments of second-hand items.

Elkington revisited the colonies, promising mountains of flour, potatoes, wool, kerosene, and spinning wheels. Soon, cornmeal, potatoes, onions, peas, and beans arrived. Additional aid came from Russia (537), England (537), England (217), Switzerland (500), and smaller North American donations. A.N.Konshin donated 2,000 to establish cooperative stores, ensuring winter provisions exceeded expectations. Yet charity, while vital, did not address systemic issues. The Doukhobor economy remained fragile, needing long-term loans (“займообраз,” as they called it) rather than handouts, which bred dependency, envy, and rumors.

The Canadian government sought winter employment for the Doukhobors, securing a contract for 500 workers at \$1.75 daily (3 rubles, 50 kopecks), including meals. However, after an initial group of 60 departed, delays and rumors caused missed deadlines, leading to canceled contracts. As donations poured in, the Doukhobors’ motivation waned.

By spring 1900, renewed hardship struck. Ivan Fominov of Novotroitskoye wrote: *“March 7, 1900. For God’s sake, send 10 rubles. I am ill, and we have no bread or salt. With 7 family members and only three lame horses for 100 souls, we face starvation by spring.”*

Similar pleas came from the south. The Prince Albert settlers, mostly wealthy, had pledged to support the poor but reneged. Abandoned, the poor wrote desperate letters. Semyon Chernov described relentless rain ruining their start, while Nikolai Vyshlov lamented:

“Oh, dear friends, it is hard to live here without money. Others have sons earning wages, but I can only watch. No one helps us. May God’s will prevail.”

Vasily Vereshchagin highlighted the plight of Nikolai Postnikov, a sick father of seven, whose family ate twice daily on others’ charity. Appeals reached English philanthropist Mrs. Osborne in Winnipeg, who published them in the *Globe* (Toronto). Donors sent

\$235, funding five cows—four to Prince Albert and one for veteran Doukhobor Makhortov in Petrovka, whose health faltered from malnutrition.

California's Russian Quaker Aid Committee, spurred by A.N. Konshin's lectures, sent dried fruit and clothing. By summer 1900, another \$1,000 arrived, easing the crisis. Though malnutrition had spiked mortality in 1899, the hardiest survived. Many weaker Doukhobors had perished earlier in Caucasian exile or Cyprus, where 20% died within six months.

By 1900, acute need diminished as spring brought jobs. Canadian officials, previously threatening expulsion, grew supportive after Agriculture Minister Saunders inspected the colonies. Impressed by Doukhobor industriousness—women plowing without oxen, built homes, and cleared land—he pledged free seeds for spring planting. Quakers and the government supplied flax seeds, urging its cultivation for cash crops. Experimental fields tested climate-adapted grain and vegetable varieties, astonishing Doukhobors unaware of oats' 50 or wheat's 75 strains.

In November, Dr. V.M. Velichkina received official notice: Canada would provision Prince Albert's poor Doukhobors through winter. The Postnikov family received tea, sugar, flour, and potatoes; others awaited a railcar of provisions.

Thus, Doukhobor life surged forward, marked by rapid adaptation and relentless challenges. New experiences—government aid, experimental farming, and shifting policies—kept their minds in constant flux, as they carved a tenuous foothold in their new homeland.

Footnotes:

- *Yuft: A type of durable leather.*
- *Zaimoobraz: A loan or credit system.*
- *Prince Albert: A settlement in present-day Saskatchewan.*
- *Quakers: A Christian group known for philanthropy and social activism.*
- *Flax cultivation: Valued for linen production and seeds.*

Chapter XIX - Comparing the Prosperity of Doukhobor Households in the Southern and Northern Districts

Our visits to the southern district's village of Tambovka and the northern district's village of Mikhailovka provided substantial material to compare not only the prosperity of the two districts but also to identify areas within each with the most impoverished

populations. This was crucial as we prepared for winter, aware of widespread shortages. We repeatedly appealed for aid across Canada, the United States, England, Switzerland, and Russia to private individuals, organizations, and institutions. To do this effectively, we needed precise, verified, and well-organized data to substantiate our claims.

Pages 122 and 123 of this book include consolidated tables from the August survey of the southern district, while page 136 contains a similar table for the northern district's August survey. Data on the Prince Albert Doukhobors will be found in the next chapter (pp. 187–191).

In addition to these surveys, we conducted a detailed written survey on January 1, 1900. The results are compiled into separate tables. By comparing this data, we could determine not only the degree of need among different Doukhobor groups but also the growth or decline in their living and material wealth.

The numerical data from the January 1, 1900, survey for the southern colonies are summarized in the following table:

Southern District (January 1, 1900):

All villages belonging to the Kars and Elizavetpol Doukhobors had horses, whereas among the 13 settlements of the Cypriot and Kholodny (exiled) Doukhobors, two villages had no horses at all. The highest number of horses in these exiled villages was a modest four per 112 and 120 souls (Rodionovka and Terpeniye). In contrast, 13 of the 21 Elizavetpol villages had four or more horses, with the highest being 15 horses for 170 souls (Smirenovka).

All exiled villages had one plow each, while Elizavetpol and Kars villages showed greater diversity: one village had four plows, seven had three, eight had two, and four had one. The prosperous village of Novospasovka (105 souls) reported no plows, likely due to oversight or pending purchase, as it already owned six horses, four oxen, one cow, and two wagons.

Average figures further highlight the economic disparity:

Item Exiles (per capita) Elizavetpol/Kars (per capita)

Horses	1 per 58.4	1 per 27.9
Oxen	1 per 66.1	1 per 51.7
Cows	1 per 107.3	1 per 58.1
Wagons	1 per 103.2	1 per 87.2

Exiles prioritized oxen over horses due to lower costs, though oxen were less efficient for labor. Comparing August 1899 and January 1900 surveys, Elizavetpol/Kars Doukhobors added 14 horses, 19 oxen, 31 cows, 3 wagons, and 3 plows. Exiles, despite autumn's favorable prices and returning workers' earnings, could only add 4 horses, 6 oxen, 19 cows, and 1 wagon—all donated by Quakers.

Northern District (December 1899 Survey):

The northern district's averages placed it between the exiles and the more prosperous Elizavetpol/Kars groups:

Item Northern District (per capita)

Horses 1 per 27.9

Oxen 1 per 51.7

Cows 1 per 58.1

Wagons 1 per 87.2

Plows 1 per 107.3

Northern Doukhobors improved their inventory significantly from August to December 1899, adding 30 horses, 6 oxen, 20 cows, and 3 wagons. Much of this growth stemmed from a loan of 36 semi-wild horses (though a dozen died) and discounted purchases from a nearby Jewish farm liquidating its assets. Quakers donated 13 cows, but three escaped during transport, leaving only ten.

Financially, the northern district struggled. By November 1, 1899, their total debt (3,780) nearly equaled their income (3,780). Some villages owed triple their earnings (e.g., Osvobozhdeniye). Only Pokrovka and Spasovka earned substantially more than their debts.

Conclusion:

The poorest Doukhobors were the Cypriot exiles, followed by northern exiles (unaffected by Cyprus), while the most prosperous were the non-exiled Elizavetpol/Kars settlers. Northerners' temporary gains relied heavily on loans and opportunistic purchases, masking underlying vulnerabilities. Without credit or luck, their plight mirrored the southern exiles', evident in the scarcity of plows (1 per 107.3 people).

Footnotes:

- *Jewish Farm: A small Jewish agricultural colony near the northern Doukhobors. Many settlers had lived in Russia's Pale of Settlement and spoke Russian. The Doukhobors criticized their farming methods but purchased their discounted equipment when the colony disbanded in winter 1899–1900.*
- *Quaker Donations: Vital but insufficient to address systemic poverty.*
- *Plow Scarcity: Highlighted the exiles' inability to invest in essential tools.*

Chapter XX - The Prince Albert Doukhobors

I did not personally visit the Doukhobor settlements in Prince Albert, so to characterize their economic situation, I will quote letters from A.N. Konshin, a fellow organizer of the migration, who traveled there in October 1899. These Doukhobors were part of the fourth group I accompanied to Canada, and their material well-being prior to relocation was well known to me.

These settlers represented the wealthiest segment of the Kars Doukhobors. They brought with them many carpets, clothing, footwear, tools, and even wagons from the Caucasus, though the latter were poorly suited to Canadian dirt roads. During their stay at the East Selkirk railway station barracks, they exchanged roughly 70,000 rubles with a Winnipeg banker, purchasing numerous horses, oxen, wagons, and other supplies.

Unfortunately, several dozen impoverished families accompanied this affluent group. These poor "brothers" endured severe hardship during the autumn and winter of 1899–1900, as the wealthy turned a blind eye to their plight.

A.N. Konshin compiled detailed data on the Prince Albert Doukhobors' economic conditions into a table (see Table on p. 189). A brief analysis reveals their remarkable prosperity. In terms of population, their settlement was nearly equal to the northern district, yet their agricultural inventory vastly surpassed it. For example, they owned twice as many horses, nearly three times as many oxen, exactly three times as many cows, over three times as many wagons, and nearly three times as many plows.

Average Figures (Prince Albert Doukhobors):

- 1 horse per 14.6 people
- 1 ox per 23.4 people
- 1 cow per 20.4 people
- 1 wagon per 30 people
- 1 plow per 36.1 people

Compared to the southern district, the Prince Albert Doukhobors' prosperity was nearly double that of the Kars and Elizavetpol settlers and quadruple that of the southern exiles. Consolidated averages across all three districts starkly illustrate this disparity (see Table on p. 190).

Thus, the Kars Doukhobors who arrived on the fourth ship were the most financially secure and agriculturally robust, their wealth growing rapidly in Canada.

Land and Climate:

In their first year, the Prince Albert Doukhobors plowed 123½ *dessiatinas*¹. A.N. Konshin wrote: *"The areas occupied by the Doukhobors in Saskatchewan Territory are even more steppe-like than the southern colonies in Assiniboia. Here, only shrub clusters dot the landscape, with occasional slender trees but no timber suitable for construction, except along the Saskatchewan River, where thicker aspens grow. An island opposite one village boasts fine spruce trees. The soil appears redder than in Assiniboia, yet locals claim red soil is the most fertile. The climate, though a degree farther north, is milder westward. The Doukhobors believe it warmer here, but this year's frost-damaged wheat suggests otherwise. However, such frost rarely ruins wheat entirely—it merely darkens the flour, rendering it unmarketable. For now, this matters little to the Doukhobors, who do not yet produce for commercial sale."*

Footnotes:

- *Dessiatina*: A traditional Russian unit of land area, approximately 1.09 hectares (2.7 acres).
- Tables referenced (pp. 189–190) compare livestock, tools, and land use across districts.
- *Assiniboia*: A historic district in present-day Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Chapter XXI - Types of Doukhobor Households

If you were to ask even an ordinary Doukhobor how one should live—whether through private households or communally—you would always receive the same answer: "We must live together." This desire to "live communally" and "in a Christian manner," stemming from the religious and social views of the Doukhobors, serves as an ideal for each of them. Hence, those Doukhobors who live in communes and practice communal farming are held in special esteem by all their brethren.

Various life circumstances and, most importantly, the trajectory of economic development in both Russia and Canada have distanced many Doukhobors from their ideal of communal living. Often, the dissolution of communes forces their members to adopt private households. This occurred in Crimea, the Caucasus, and later in Canada.

In Canada, Doukhobor households have taken three forms: 1) private households, 2) temporary communes, and 3) communes. Let us examine each of these forms separately.

Private Households

Private households were primarily established by the Elisavetpol and Kars Doukhobors, both in the southern settlements of the Yorkton district and especially in the Prince Albert region. A tendency toward private farming was also observed among the "exiled" Doukhobors of the northern and southern colonies.

In Canada, Doukhobors initially settled in villages. Only ten families in the Prince Albert region began farming on individual plots immediately upon arrival. Generally, the wealthier Doukhobors opted for private households. However, even they retained some communal practices. For instance, most villages with private households maintained collective plowing. In the Caucasus, Doukhobors were accustomed to plowing entire village fields or sections thereof. As they explained, this was due to the arduous conditions of farming in the Wet Mountains and other regions they inhabited. Clearing fields of stones took years, and the heavy soil required up to nine pairs of oxen to plow. These harsh conditions fostered unity, leading to collective plowing in the Caucasus.

Despite the dissolution of communes, this tradition persisted in Canada. Even those who chose private households often plowed village fields collectively, dividing the harvest per capita. However, we must not overstate tradition's influence. The challenging conditions in Canada—despite good wages and harvests—required communal efforts to establish economic stability.

Yet, alongside communal plowing, private cultivation also emerged. In the first year of settlement, some Doukhobors in Canada plowed individual plots. This occurred in villages like Petrovka (Prince Albert), Blagosklonovka, Novospasovka, Poziraevka, and Vozvyshenie (Lake of the Good Spirit, southern district). Additionally, ten families in Prince Albert began fully independent farming by autumn 1899.

According to the second-year survey, private farming had significantly expanded. Villages fragmented, and the number of fully independent households grew. For example, three villages in the northern district—Novotroitskoye, Lyubomirovka, and Stradaevka—split into two or three parts. The number of private households in the northern district rose from two in the first year to thirteen in the second. Similar trends occurred in the southern Yorkton district, where entire regions transitioned to private farming. By 1900, all villages around Lake of the Good Spirit had adopted private households, with four completely separating into individual farms.

In contrast, Prince Albert Doukhobor villages avoided fragmentation, as they had already transitioned to private farming by late 1900. The dissolution of communes there led to households relocating to isolated farms. However, this trend remained limited, as Doukhobors strongly favored village life.

This fragmentation and shift toward private farming are not accidental. They are rooted in the social fabric of Doukhobor communes and the clash between their traditions and Canadian norms. Despite efforts by influential Doukhobors, the process of individualization will likely continue. Yet, certain communal practices—such as collective purchasing of livestock, shared agricultural machinery, and communal infrastructure projects—may persist until households achieve full self-sufficiency.

Still, disparities emerged. Wealthy Prince Albert Doukhobors hired impoverished brethren as laborers, imposing harsh terms for lending tools or livestock. A elderly Doukhobor woman once contrasted her modest community with the "frivolous" Cold Lake Doukhobors, who prioritized appearances over thrift.

By January 1, 1900, 2,215 Doukhobors (about one-third of all Canadian settlers, including women, children, and elders) practiced private farming.

Temporary Communes

Most members of "temporary communes" arrived in Canada determined to live communally forever, striving to fulfill their moral duty of brotherly life. However, declining religious fervor and external pressures gradually eroded their unity. Many realized their communes were doomed, surviving only out of necessity.

Initially, temporary communes formed due to extreme poverty. With no tools, housing, or livestock, collective labor was essential. For example, a village of 100–180 people might share a single pair of horses or oxen. Early cooperation gave way to discord as households accumulated private property. Additionally, some stayed in communes to receive donations from Quakers and others who favored communal groups.

Representatives of temporary communes often hindered decision-making at assemblies, siding with factions. By summer 1899, many still adhered to communal practices. The "Cyprus" Doukhobors of the southern district, whose communes collapsed by spring 1900, proposed organizing a shared treasury, granaries, and collective purchasing. The assembly endorsed this, but the northerners opted for separate communes due to distance, pledging mutual aid.

The northerners' attempt at a shared treasury failed. Workers shirked duties or pilfered supplies, prompting a return to village-based labor. Productivity surged with inter-village competition, quadrupling output.

Temporary communes differed little from private households in practice. Wealthier private households were more self-sufficient, while temporary communes maintained ambiguous relations. Inquiries about their structure often elicited evasive answers: "We live communally... as the law commands." Internal strife erupted over unequal resource distribution, as seen in disputes about clothing purchases.

Vasily Potapov, a Doukhobor leader, lamented in 1899: "Some villages work orderly, others do not. Each feels this error but cannot correct it." Harsh Canadian conditions, unfamiliar civil rights, and obligations disrupted their harmony.

Temporary communes purchased grain collectively, dividing it per capita or per worker. Some appointed communal roles (e.g., drivers, delegates), while others rotated livestock care—often leading to neglect. An elder's parable about shared horse neglect ("seven nannies, no caretaker") illustrated the problem.

By January 1, 1900, 3,574 Doukhobors (half of all settlers) lived in 30 temporary communes.

Communes

Only a minority of Doukhobors practiced full communal living. By January 1, 1900, 1,605 (about a quarter) lived in communes, divided into two types:

1. **Collective Production Communes:** Shared tools and labor, with harvests divided per capita.
2. **Full Communism Communes:** All resources held collectively, distributed by need.

a) Terpeniye Commune (Prince Albert)

Terpeniye residents built separate homes but shared livestock, allocated by lottery. Offspring remained communal. Tools were purchased collectively but stored individually. A communal fund (≈2,000 rubles) covered expenses approved by assembly. Members could pursue personal trades, retaining earnings. New families received equal housing and resources. Annual fees funded public works.

b) Blagodarenie Commune (Southern District)

Blagodarenie, with 200 members in 1900, practiced strict communism. All property—livestock, tools, harvests—was communal. Granaries supplied needs, overseen by elected stewards. Earnings went to a shared treasury managed by married elders. The commune aimed for self-sufficiency but engaged in limited trade. Clothing was distributed by need.

However, Blagodarenie's atmosphere was oppressive, marked by sectarian intolerance. Adherence to leader Pyotr Verigin's vegetarianism and rituals was enforced rigidly. A visitor from the northern district was shunned for eating fish.

c) Voznesenie Commune (Northern District)

Led by the energetic Nikolai Zibarov, Voznesenie initially thrived. However, calls to divide grain individually by 1900 signaled disintegration. Zibarov threatened secession, delaying collapse. By 1902, he led a pilgrimage movement, abandoning communal ideals.

d) Uspenie Commune (Northern District)

Elder Emelyan Konghin's Uspenie commune shrank from 265 to 63 members as others defected to private farming. Konghin clung to hopes of revival.

e) Terpeniye-Karskoye Commune (Southern District)

Organized by Pavel Plonindin, this well-structured commune excelled in collective labor. Members built infrastructure, hosted travelers, and practiced charity. Plonindin's leadership and generosity sustained popularity, though the commune resembled a large artel more than a Christian brotherhood.

f) Vyorovka Commune (Southern District)

Founded by Nikolai Fofanov, Vyorovka comprised widows, orphans, and the poor. Despite initial poverty, collective efforts secured livestock and tools. Fofanov's humility and care fostered unity.

Conclusion

Most Doukhobor communes imposed stifling conformity, suppressing individuality. Their decline stemmed from historical, economic, and external factors. The Doukhobors' late 19th-century shift toward communes, influenced by Pyotr Verigin's letters, conflicted with their entrenched private farming traditions.

Verigin's 1899 settlement plan—communal granaries, workshops, and tree-lined villages—was superficially followed. However, economic realities and Anglo-Saxon individualism eroded communal bonds. Internal dissent, such as Mikhail Zarubin's critiques of ritualism, further weakened cohesion.

Ultimately, the Doukhobors' return to private households, tempered by philanthropy and resilience, seems inevitable. Their heroic yet sectarian struggle for Christian communism, unsuited to their socio-economic stage, fades under modernity's pressures.

Chapter XXII - Farmers and Doukhobors

If you travel across the Canadian prairie, you encounter isolated farms of settlers. A farmer cares little for others' interests beyond his own. For instance, if his homestead happens to lie on a long-established trail, he will not leave it open for public use as the Doukhobors do. Instead, he fences his entire plot with barbed wire, blocking the path. Approaching a Russian Doukhobor village in the Canadian wilderness, one feels a sense of solace. Here, people have settled for arduous labor and communal life—a stark contrast to the profit-driven Canadian farmer, who views everything through the lens of business and dollars. These differences led to striking encounters between Doukhobors and Canadians in the early days.

In spring, the Doukhobors camped along the Swan River. An elderly Doukhobor recounted:

"We heard shouts from across the river. The ice had just broken, and the Swan River roared, swollen and treacherous. We hurried to the ferry and saw an Englishman on the opposite bank with a wagon carrying his wife and children. He gestured frantically, asking if the crossing was safe. But the water was deep—no ford existed. We untied the ferry, though just days prior, it had capsized, drowning a young girl. Braving the currents, we rowed over, ferried the family, then their horses and wagon. It took two hours. The man, shivering, offered us two dollars. We refused, explaining through a translator that we helped out of duty, not for payment. He grew fearful, thinking we demanded more, and emptied his wallet. We led him to warmth and supper instead. The translator later told us: *'He thought you'd rob him. Canadians can't fathom such selflessness.'*"

Such incidents were common initially. Over time, some Doukhobors, noting Canada's transactional culture, began charging for ferry rides or lodging. Yet most upheld their tradition of hospitality, astonishing locals who dubbed them a "strange people."

Hostility also arose. At worksites, Canadians mocked Doukhobors—spitting in their food, sneaking meat into vegetarian meals, or disrupting sleep—to provoke resistance. But the Doukhobors, adhering to "non-resistance to evil," endured silently, seething internally. Many grew bitter:

"We thought Canada would be free of such cruelty, but it's worse than the Caucasus."

Youth began assimilating. Some ate meat, swapped traditional attire for Western clothes, and adopted English. Elders lamented: *"We barely recognize our own children."*

Organizational Efforts

Alarmed by eroding traditions, Doukhobor leaders sought to reinforce communal values. A pivotal moment came when northern settlements debated establishing a cooperative store using a 2,000-dollar donation from A.N. Konshin.

A general assembly endorsed the plan, forming a committee to manage the cooperative. However, southern settlements resisted. Traditionalists like Fyodor Nevolshenov, a staunch follower of leader Pyotr Verigin, opposed any structure resembling authority: *"We're Christians! We renounced elders long ago. This is unlawful!"* Despite explanations that the committee served practical needs, he and allies blocked consensus.

Meanwhile, northern villages embraced the initiative. The committee—Nikolai Zibarov, Yermolai Legebokov, and Grigory Kanyshin—built a communal warehouse near Swan River, stocked with flour, salt, tools, and kerosene. Prices undercut local merchants, who panicked as Doukhobors bypassed them.

Zibarov's leadership shone. He purchased goods in Winnipeg, selling them cheaply at the cooperative. A barrel of kerosene cost 13.50 instead of 17.50; sugar, fabric, and tools were similarly discounted. The store's success united northern Doukhobors, who declared: *"The foundation is laid. Now we must sustain it."*

Power Struggles

The committee's rise sparked tension. Legebokov, craving authority, began issuing "decrees" to villages, mimicking the authoritarian style of Caucasus elders. One read:

Decree

To the representatives of Pokrovskoye, Spasovskoye, Lyubomirovka, Stradnevka, Bogdanovka, and Osvobozhdeniye:

Immediately convene assemblies to designate township lands for settlement. List all residents over seventeen. Submit reports promptly.

Committee Members: Yermolai Legebokov, Grigory Kanyghin

November 23, 1899

Mikhailovka Village

Such tactics alarmed Doukhobors. A letter to the assembly warned of potential tyranny. Reforms followed: "decrees" became "requests," and committee terms were capped at six months to prevent consolidation of power.

"We've learned from the past," explained one elder. "On the Caucasus, Zubkov ruled for 25 years, bribing officials with communal funds. Now, no one will monopolize power here."

Conclusion

The Doukhobors' journey in Canada reveals a struggle between tradition and adaptation. Their communal ethos clashed with Canadian individualism, yet pragmatic initiatives like cooperatives offered a middle path. Internal divisions persisted, but mechanisms like term limits aimed to preserve equality. As one Doukhobor noted: *"Serve six months, then step down. That's how we guard against tyranny."*

The chapter closes with cautious optimism—a recognition that while external pressures and youth assimilation threaten traditions, the Doukhobors’ resilience and evolving self-governance may yet carve a sustainable future on the prairie.

Chapter XXIII - Conditions Under Which the Doukhobors Were Settled in Canada

The Doukhobors were settled in Canada under the following terms: every male aged 17 or older, or any widow, had the right to claim a government-owned homestead.

Under Canadian law, the minimum age for homesteading was 18, but an exception was made for the Doukhobors, allowing 17-year-olds to claim land. The government reasoned that it would take at least a year for the Doukhobors to establish themselves after claiming their plots.

A homestead equaled 160 acres (approximately 53 *desyatinas*²) and formed a quarter-section of land (1/4 mile per side). Four homesteads constituted a full section, and 36 sections formed a township—a six-mile square. The entire Canadian prairie was divided into such townships.

Land Division and Terminology

Townships were numbered from south to north (1 to 34), while ranges (six-mile-wide strips running east-west) were numbered from east to west. Sections within townships were separated by roads and trails. Government-owned lands comprised even-numbered sections, while odd-numbered sections belonged to railway companies, except for Nos. 11 and 29, reserved for schools. Sections 8 and three-quarters of 26 in each township belonged to the Hudson’s Bay Company.

To retain a homestead, settlers had to:

1. Reside and work on the land for at least six months annually for three years.
2. Cultivate 30 acres, maintain 40 head of cattle, or establish an enterprise (e.g., cheese factory, mill) within three years.
3. Upon fulfilling these conditions, settlers paid a 10 dollar entry fee to obtain a land patent, securing permanent full ownership.
4. Those wishing to purchase additional lands may do so at government rates, typically 2–3 dollars per acre, varying by soil quality and location).

Logging, Grazing, and Livestock Laws

Settlers could freely use government timber for essential buildings (a house, two stables, and a barn). Significant logging required permits from the land office, issued for minimal fees.

Livestock laws were unique:

- Cattle roamed freely. Farmers protecting crops had to fence their land.
- Unfenced fields left farmers liable for livestock damage or deaths (e.g., animals overeating grain).
- Railway companies compensated owners for livestock killed on tracks.
- Farmers could not deny water to passing herds.

Taxes, Duties, and Local Customs

In the Northwest Territories, settlers owed no taxes beyond entry fees. However, they were obligated to work on public roads for two days annually (more for wealthier farmers). A revered custom forbade taking lost items unless the owner was known—violators risked lynch law.

Education and Religious Exemptions

Schools built and funded by settlers remained independent. Government-subsidized schools (up to 70% of teacher salaries) required English instruction and certified teachers.

The Doukhobors were exempted from military service under a law granting religious pacifists (e.g., Quakers, Mennonites) exemption via lottery. This privilege, negotiated by Doukhobor delegates Ivan Ivin and Peter Makhortov, was deeply appreciated.

Oversights and Rising Tensions

A critical oversight by negotiator A. Mood—failure to clarify mandatory civil registrations (births, deaths, marriages)—later sparked conflicts with Canadian authorities. These registrations clashed with Doukhobor customs, fueling distrust.

By spring 1900, Doukhobor skepticism grew. Activist A.M. Bodyansky stoked dissent among southern settlers, arguing land was "God's" and rejecting private ownership. This sowed seeds for the "Freedomite" movement, detailed in Volume II.

Footnotes:

Desyatina: A traditional Russian land measure equal to approximately 2.7 acres.

Hudson's Bay Company: A historic trading firm controlling vast Canadian territories.

Lynch Law: Extralegal justice administered by vigilantes, prevalent in frontier regions.

Chapter XXIV - The Women's Question.

When the anthill of Doukhobor life began to boil with self-activity, various aspects of the lifestyle of this unique community came into sharp relief.

The woman—mother of the "wondrous, divine creation of God," humankind—holds an honored place in Doukhobor life. She is surrounded by special reverence. During prayer meetings, she is given a distinct bow. She is respected and esteemed. She is the "nurse" to her children, the "companion" to her husband, and the guide to the entire community: Lukeria Vasilievna Kalmykova, who led the Doukhobor community for over 20 years, was particularly beloved by all Doukhobors, and her fame remains great to this day, her memory sacred. Healthy, strong, powerful, and beautiful Doukhobor maidens and women, if not the governing element of the entire community, undoubtedly hold immense weight in all matters, aspirations, and decisions of the community. This is why all community leaders have always sought popularity among Doukhobor women. They are fanatical, devoted to their cause and ideals, persistent, joyful in happiness, stubborn in achievement, and cheerful and happy during singing, gatherings, and conversations.

In their intricate, colorful, almost uniquely "national" Doukhobor costumes—now lost in Canada, where they dress in ordinary "German" clothing—Doukhobor women make a striking impression as a collective. Shy around strangers, they nevertheless have among them sisters who fear nothing and will openly speak the truth to anyone, no matter how harsh, offensive, or risky. Magnificent workers—they built nearly all the villages in the prairies during their first year and plowed virgin fields—they strive for enlightenment, eagerly taking up primers in the evenings after long, laborious days. As custodians of the entire oral Doukhobor literature, memorizing countless psalms, verses, questions and answers, tales, and traditions, Doukhobor women were rarely literate but willingly embraced education in Canada, where literacy rates among women have skyrocketed. The new generation of women is entirely literate. Lovers of finely woven garments, Doukhobor women value courage, endurance, strength, and bravery in men and disdain small stature. I recall the unfortunate fate of one short Doukhobor man whom no woman would marry, as they said, "We don't need such men for breeding." The taller Doukhobors are of Great Russian and Little Russian origin, unlike the shorter group of Mordvinian Doukhobors.

In marriage, women are free; they may marry whomever they wish, though parental interference remains significant. In Canada, the "youth" vigorously sought independence from parental oversight, and I know of many happy marriages arranged by the young themselves.

Respect for women is also evident in how Doukhobor families sometimes replace long-standing surnames with nicknames derived from prominent women in their lineage.

For example, the Sherstobitov family became the Grunins after Grunya, a woman of rare spiritual qualities, passed away.

Naturally, despite this special regard for women, not all is well in the "women's question." Unhappy marriages and desires to subjugate women persist, especially among Doukhobors unaligned with the community's ideals or those drawn to wealth. This was glaringly evident among the wealthier Doukhobors on our fourth ship.

In the fourth group of Doukhobors, a "women's question" unexpectedly arose, stirring minds and provoking curious debates. It began as follows:

We arrived with nearly the entire party — 400 people straight from Quebec to Yorkton — at a small Canadian Pacific Railway station called East Selkirk, 25 versts from Winnipeg. Nearby was a facility for 1,700 immigrants. Since 1,900 Doukhobors arrived, 200 had to camp in tents. In one such tent lived the family of Doukhobor P., which included a married son — a giant of a man.

This son and his wife became the catalyst for the "women's question." Family disputes arose, with the young wife opposing her in-laws. Passions flared, and P. beat his wife unconscious. Yet she persisted, threatening to leave unless he complied.

— "Leave? Who are you to me? Wife or not? If you're my wife, fear me — or I'll make you dread my very glance!"

The threats escalated. The next day, she was beaten so severely she had to be revived with water. P. grew increasingly savage, driving his wife to flee into the woods for days.

No pleas or interventions from elders curbed P.'s violence. It was revealed he had beaten his first wife for years until elders divorced them.

— "He's strange," P.'s uncle told me. "He beats his wife half to death, throws her out, then sits by her trunk, weeping over her clothes."

When the wife's mother officially complained to Canadian authorities, the translator erupted: "In Canada, beating women is a crime punishable by jail!"

The English authorities demanded I inform Doukhobor women of their legal rights. Without access to legal codes, I relayed the basics:

- A wife abused by her husband may report him to the courts.
- The husband faces six months' imprisonment.
- Police may intervene even without the wife's complaint.
- Repeat offenders face a year in jail.
- Abuse is grounds for divorce, sanctioned by Parliament.

- Children are split by gender in divorces; single children go to the mother.
- Wives may petition magistrates to bar alcoholic husbands from purchasing liquor.

I reluctantly gathered the women to explain these laws. To my surprise, they responded enthusiastically:

- "Now there's justice!"
- "No more beatings!"
- "Here, even bandits face consequences!"

Yet some conservative women disapproved: "If husbands don't discipline us, what becomes of us? Scripture says, 'Wives, fear your husbands!'" Most young women, however, rejoiced: "Even if we never use these laws, men will think twice!"

Men largely opposed the laws, fearing loss of authority.

The announcement impacted P. Initially defiant—"I'll drag her back, make her fear me!"—he

By the third day, P. conceded: "If this land lets women rule, so be it. We'll carry them on our necks." He reconciled with his wife, adhering to her demands.

Thus ended this episode. Among Doukhobors "on guard" (aligned with communal ideals), such abuse was absent. Here, women's equality gained traction, with women soon participating in assemblies.

Women also dominated folk medicine, midwifery, and healing—practices blending prayer, herbalism, and dangerous methods like bloodletting or applying toxic substances.

- **Folk Remedies Prayers for ailments:** E.g., incantations over квас (kvass) for gastrointestinal issues.
- **Dangerous "treatments":** Use of ammonia, mercury, or ground glass, often worsening conditions.
- **Superstitions:** Belief in "evil eye," curses, and mystical creatures (e.g., frogs inhabiting a woman's body).

Conclusion

The chapter omits topics like labor strikes, economic adaptation, and plans to return to Russia—subjects for future works. Documenting Doukhobor life in Canada remains vital for understanding their evolving identity.

Appendix - Statistical Tables 1900

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- Page 147** Vegetables grown
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№№	Название селъ.	Количество душъ.				Лошадн.	Быки.	Фур- гоны	Плуги
		мужч.	женщ.	мальчи- ковъ.	дѣво- чекъ.				
1	Горѣлое	59	63	24	25	8	20	6	8
2	Спасовка № 1 ¹⁾ . . .	42	47	22	26	—	1	5	4
3	Спасовка № 2.	58	63	26	30	4 ³⁾	—	4	1
4	Спасовка № 3.	46	36	31	23	4	—	5	4
5	Кириловка № 1.	31	35	15	12	4	2	2	2
6	Кириловка № 2.	33	31	33	19	4	—	2	2
7	Кириловка № 3.	24	33	11	19	5	—	2	2
8	Кириловка № 4.	17	16	8	15	6	—	3	—
9	Терпѣніе № 1.	42	44	30	44	6	—	3	—
10	Терпѣніе № 2.	38	44	31	30	10	—	5	5
11	Терпѣніе № 3.	42	34	27	23	10	—	2	4
12	Троицкое.	10	11	8	11	2	—	1	—
Итого.		442	457	266	277	637 ⁴⁾	23	40	32 ⁵⁾
		1442							

¹⁾ Духоборцы въ Канадѣ селились небольшими поселками, а потому и разбивали прежнія свои деревни на нѣсколько новыхъ. Четвертая партія къ этому времени еще не дала вновь образовавшимся поселкамъ названія, и мы будемъ ихъ различать по номерамъ.

²⁾ На лошадей было ассигновано обществомъ этой деревни 1500 доллар. т.-е. 3000 руб., на которые предполагать купить не менѣе 20 лошадей.

³⁾ Ассигновано еще 800 дол. т.-е. 1600 руб., на которые будетъ куплено не менѣе 10 лош.

⁴⁾ Кромѣ того всѣми этими 12 деревнями вскладчину ассигновано денегъ на 60 „волост-ныхъ“ лошадей, которые къ времени отъѣзда были куплены и доставлены на Принцъ-Альбертъ.

⁵⁾ Кромѣ 32 плуговъ, духоборцы этихъ 12 деревень заказали въ Винипегъ еще 45 плуговъ, которые были доставлены на мѣсто ко времени разселенія духоборцевъ на землѣ.

№№.	Название сель.	Количество душъ.	Лошадей.	Быковъ.	Коровъ.	Фургоновъ.	Плуговъ.
<i>Около озера Добраго духа.</i>							
1	Благосклоновка	146	3	—	1	—	—
2	Кириловка	72	4	—	—	1	1
3	Новоспасовка	115	6	4	1	2	—
4	Утѣшеніе	180	6	4	1	2	2
5	Новотроицкое	185	11	—	—	4	4
6	Новогорѣлое	80	3	10	4	4	2
7	Позираевка	29	7	—	5	3	2
8	Возвышеніе	45	10	—	6	3	3
<i>Около Бѣлой рѣчки.</i>							
9	Кириловка	84	3	—	—	1	1
10	Моисѣвка	80	4	—	—	2	2
11	Бесѣдовка	105	1	—	—	1	2
12	Благовѣщеніе	152	7	—	2	4	3
13	Совѣтовка	122	1	—	1	2	3
14	Потерпѣвшее	189	3	2	1	2	3
15	Смиреновка	170	9	—	—	4	3
16	Терпѣніе (Карское).	254	8	3	1	3	3
17	Спасовка	104	4	—	—	1	2
18	Покровка	130	13	—	—	4	4
19	Славянка	136	2	—	—	1	2
Итого по страницѣ . . .		2378	105	23	23	44	42

№№.	Название селъ.	Количество душъ.	Лошадей.	Быковъ.	Коровъ.	Фургоновъ.	Плуговъ.
	Переносъ	2378	105	23	23	44	42
20	Вѣровка	174	1	2	—	1	1
21	Благодареновка	200	5	—	—	1	3
	<i>Кипрскія и холодненскія.</i>						
22	Позираевка	108	—	4	—	1	1
23	Ефремовка	190	2	2	1	1	1
24	Воскресеніе	119	2	—	—	1	1
25	Родионовка	120	2	1	1	1	1
26	Возсіяніе	113	2	—	—	1	1
27	Николаевка	110	—	3	—	1	1
28	Каменка	143	2	2	—	1	1
29	Петровка	112	1	2	—	1	1
30	Тружденіе	71	2	—	—	1	1
31	Терпѣніе	119	4	1	1	2	1
32	Смиреновка	160	1	2	$1\frac{1}{2}^1)$	$1\frac{1}{2}^2)$	1
33	Тамбовка	155	1	2	$1\frac{1}{2}^1)$	$1\frac{1}{2}^2)$	1
34	Петровка	180	2	2	—	1	1
	А всего	4452	132	46	27	61	59

¹⁾ Сс. Смиреновка и Тамбовка имѣли оду общую корову, молодо которой дѣлили пополамъ.

²⁾ Сс. Смиреновка и Тамбовка имѣли вмѣстѣ 3 фургона. Одинъ изъ фургоновъ брали по очереди то въ одно, то въ другое селеніе.

Общая съѣздка Стѣврной колоніи 24 августа 1899 года.

№№	Названіе деревень.	Душъ.	Домовъ.	Лошадей.	Быковъ.	Коровъ.	Фургоновъ.	Плуговъ.	Количество земли на деревню въ десятинахъ.	Примѣчанія.
1	Троицкое.	83	25	2	—	—	1	—	1325	¹⁾ Одна общественная на всѣ деревни стѣврной колоніи для большихъ. ²⁾ Двѣ лошади, 1 фургонъ и 1 плугъ принадлежали одному хозяину; ими пользовались всѣ односельчане за отработку. ³⁾ Одинъ большой. ⁴⁾ Двѣ большихъ. ⁵⁾ Одинъ большой. ⁶⁾ Одна большая. ⁷⁾ Большая. ⁸⁾ Одинъ большой. ⁹⁾ Личная собственность одного духобора.
2	Успеніе.	63	21	—	2	—	1	1	1113	
3	Михайловка	91	35	4 ³⁾	—	2 ¹⁾	2 ²⁾	2 ²⁾	1855	
4	Вознесеніе.	96	29	2	2	—	1	2	1537	
5	Покровка.	149	57	1	3	—	1	1	3021	
6	Спасовка.	122	48	2	—	—	1	1	2544	
7	Любомировка. . . .	115	40	—	3 ⁵⁾	1	1	1	2120	
8	Богдановка	103	38	3 ⁴⁾	—	—	1	1	2014	
9	Тихомировка.	119	38	2	3 ⁶⁾	—	1	1	2014	
10	Страдаевка.	87	27	2 ⁹⁾	—	—	1	1	1431	
11	Вѣровка	41	19	—	2	—	—	—	1007	
12	Освобожденіе. . . .	207	63	1	4	—	2	2	3657	
13	Ново-Троицкое. . . .	119	37	1 ⁷⁾	2 ⁸⁾	1 ⁹⁾	—	—	1961	
Итого.		1395	483	20	21	4	13	13	25599	

Рожь.	9
Ячмень.	10
Овесъ.	8
Картофель.	5
Капуста.	3
Морковь.	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Томаты.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Огурцы.	$\frac{3}{4}$
Лукъ.	1
Арбузы.	1
Рѣдька.	1
Свекла.	1
Бобы.	$1\frac{1}{8}$
Рѣпа.	$\frac{3}{4}$
Тыква.	$\frac{1}{16}$
А всего.	$44\frac{11}{16}$

Таблиця
Сѣверна
(Свѣдѣнія по 15 оцѣ)

№№	Названіе селеній.	Количество душъ. Число рабочихъ. Вспахано земли.			Ячмень.			Рожь.			Пшеница.		
		Съѣли дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Съѣли дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Съѣли дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Съѣли дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.
1	Троицкое.	80	20	8	1	—	1	—	—	—	1	—	1
2	Успенъе.	68	15	5	1 1/2	10	—	1 1/2	—	1 1/2	—	—	—
3	Михайловка . . .	85	20	8 1/4	1 1/2	—	1 1/2	1	—	1	—	—	—
4	Вознесенъе . . .	97	12	17 1/2	1	10	—	1 1/2	5	—	—	—	—
5	Ново-Троицкое .	121	25	4	1 1/2	—	1 1/2	1 1/2	—	1 1/2	—	—	—
6	Вѣровка	42	12	3	1 1/2	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	Покровка.	150	35	12	1	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	Спасовка	126	32	6	—	—	—	1	15	—	—	—	—
9	Любомировка . .	113	30	4	1 1/2	15	—	1 1/4	—	1 1/4	—	—	—
10	Освобожденіе. .	205	57	16	2	30	—	1	—	1	—	—	—
11	Страдаевка. . . .	89	20	4	1 1/2	—	1 1/2	1 1/2	—	1 1/2	—	—	—
12	Богдановка . . .	104	39	10	1 1/2	25	—	1	—	1	—	—	—
13	Тихомировка . .	121	30	10	1 1/2	15	—	1	20	—	—	—	—
Итого		1397	347	107 1/4	9	125	2 1/2	7 1/4	40	4 3/4	1	—	1

№ 1.
колонія.
(ноябрь)

1899 г.

Овесъ.			Картофель.			Морковь.			Капуста.			Свекла.			Разныя овощи.		
Сажали дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Сажали дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Сажали дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Сажали дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Сажали дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.	Сажали дес.	Снято пуд.	Убилъ морозъ.
1	1	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	40	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—
2	1	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	34	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	34	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—
3	1	—	1	106	—	$\frac{1}{3}$	44	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
4	1	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	25	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	25	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	5	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
5	1	—	$\frac{4}{5}$	90	—	$\frac{1}{3}$	30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—
6	1	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	10	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	8	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
7	1	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	60	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
8	1	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	60	—	1	100	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—
9	1	—	1	170	—	1	113	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	57	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
10	1	—	2	205	—	$\frac{3}{4}$	150	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	50	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
11	1	—	1	60	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
12	1	—	$1\frac{1}{2}$	205	—	1	160	—	—	—	—	1	150	—	1	—	—
13	10	—	$1\frac{1}{2}$	60	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	121	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—
14	10	$5\frac{3}{4}$	$11\frac{3}{10}$	1115	—	7	792	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	13	—	$1\frac{3}{4}$	257	—	$9\frac{1}{2}$	—	—

Были посажены: огурцы, арбузы, помидоры, тыквы, дыни, рѣдька, редиска, брюква, рѣпа, лукъ—все или убилъ морозъ или съѣлъ жучекъ.

Таблица № 2.

Сѣверная колонія.

(Свѣдѣнія по 15 октября (нов. ст.) 1899 г.).

№№	Названіе сель.	Количество душъ			Сколько и чего нужно на зиму.										Примѣчанія.
		Заработано денегъ къ 15 окт. въ доллар.	Количество долга къ 15 окт. въ доллар.	Мука въ пуд.	Картошки въ пуд	Капуста въ пуд.	Соль въ пуд.	Керосинъ въ пуд	Лампы (штукъ)	Петли для дверей.	Стекла для оконовъ.	Гвоздей въ пуд	Спичекъ въ дю- жинахъ короб.	Теплая одежда.	
1	Троицкое .	80	224	176	408	506	120	12	24	14	14	1	2	12	Зимней одежды у всѣхъ очень мало; нужны чулки, теплые портянки, рубашки, штаны, полушубки, сапоги, варешки, рукавицы. Села Спасовка и Освобо- жденіе заработали каждое около 600 пудовъ картошки у фермера. — работа изъ части. Въ с. Страдаевка на 2 ло- шадяхъ нѣтъ сбруи.
2	Успенъе .	68	320	346	420	420	100	16	12	9	18	1	2	12	
3	Михайловка .	85	340	328	510	510	170	13	15	8	10	1	2	12	
4	Вознесенье .	97	118	152	582	582	110	16	12	10	8	1	2	18	
5	Новотроицкое .	121	300	494	720	720	140	33	30	20	20	1	2	18	
6	Вѣровка .	42	40	152	252	252	50	6	4	7	5	1	2	10	
7	Покровка .	150	400	152	900	900	200	50	9	5	17	1	2	18	
8	Спасовка .	126	631	233	1100	400	200	40	30	9	—	1	2	18	
9	Любомировка .	113	300	282	678	678	125	18	30	16	32	1	2	18	
10	Освобожденіе	205	298	603	1830	660	300	50	20	24	24	1	2	18	
11	Страдаевка .	89	219	182	534	534	100	15	12	14	28	1	2	12	
12	Богдановка .	104	298	278	624	624	110	18	10	11	26	1	2	18	
13	Тихомировка .	121	290	402	726	726	125	20	30	20	30	1	2	18	
Итого.		1397	3778	3780	9284	7512	1850	307	238	167	232	10	16 3/4	190	

№№	Названіе деревнѣ.	Количество душъ.	Доплатъ.	Быковъ.	Коровъ.	фургоновъ.	Плуговъ.
Около озера Добраго Духа.							
1	Благосклоновка	146	3	4	1	1	1
2	Кирилловка	72	4		1	1	1
3	Ново-Спасовка	105	6	4	1	2	
4	Утѣшеніе	180	6	4	1	2	2
5	Ново-Троицкое	198	11		1	2	2
6	Ново-Горѣде	80	3	11	4	4	2
7	Позираевка	20	7	—	5	3	2
8	Возвышеніе	45	10		6	3	3
Около Бѣлой рѣчки.							
9	Кирилловка	84	5	—	1	1	1
10	Мошкетевка	80	2	2	1	2	2
11	Бесѣдовка	105	1	1	1	1	2
12	Благословеніе	152	7	—	2	4	3
13	Совѣтовка	125	1	2	1	2	3
14	Потерѣвное	186	3	2	1	2	3
15	Смирновка	170	15	2	6	4	3
16	Терѣбнѣ (Карское)	254	11	4	12	3	3
17	Спасовка	104	4	2	1	1	2
18	Покровка	133	11	—	7	4	1
19	Славянка	136	2	2	1	1	2
20	Вѣровка	174	2	2	1	2	1
21	Благодаревка	200	6		1	1	3

№№	Названіе деревъ.	Количество душъ.	Лошадей.	Быковъ.	Коровъ.	Фуговъ.	Плуговъ.
Кипрсіе и Холоденскіе.							
22	Позираевка	109	—	6	2	1	1
23	Ефремовка	190	2	2	2	1	1
24	Воскресеніе	119	2	2	2	1	1
25	Родионовка	120	4	1	2	1	1
26	Возсіяніе	112	2	2	2	1	1
27	Николаевка	110	—	2	2	1	1
28	Каменка	143	3	2	2	2	1
29	Петровка	112	2	2	2	1	1
30	Тружденіе	71	2	—	2	1	1
31	Терпѣніе	112	4	1	2	2	1
32	Смирненіе	160	1	2	1½	1½	1
33	Тамбовка	155	1	2	1½	1½	1
34	Петровка	180	2	5	2	1	1
Итого . . .		4471 ¹⁾	148	71	79	62	58

Мы видимъ, что во всѣхъ деревняхъ, принадлежащихъ карскимъ и елизаветпольскимъ духоворцамъ, имѣлись лошади, тогда какъ изъ 13 селеній кипрскихъ и холод-

¹⁾ Всего на южномъ участкѣ къ 1-му января 1900 г. было 4471 духоворцевъ, при чемъ изъ нихъ „ссылныхъ“ 1693 человека т. е. тѣхъ, которые были въ Россіи въ ссылкѣ, а 2778 карскихъ и елизаветпольскихъ никогда въ ссылкѣ не бывшихъ, а потому отчасти и сохранившихъ свое благосостояніе.

Что именно:	У карских и елизаветинских духоборцевъ.	У ссыльных ду- хоборцевъ.
1 лошадь	на 22,6 чел.	на 67,7 чел.
1 быкъ	66,1 ..	58,4 ..
1 корова	47,8 ..	73,6 ..
1 фургонъ	60,4 ..	105,8 ..
1 плугъ	61,7 ..	130,2 ..

Что нужно:	Южный участок:		Духоборцы сѣвернаго участка (ссылные).
	Карские и энзаветнольскіе духоборцы.	Ссылные духоборцы.	
1 лошадь	на 22,6 чел.	на 67,7 чел.	на 27,9 чел.
1 быкъ	— 66,1 —	— 58,4 —	— 51,7 —
1 корова	— 17,8 —	— 73,6 —	— 58,1 —
1 фуражъ	— 60,1 —	— 105,8 —	— 87,2 —
1 пашъ	— 61,7 —	— 130,2 —	— 107,3 —

№№	Названіе деревнѣ.	Количество душъ.	Лошадѣ.	Быковъ.	Коровъ.	Фурмановъ.	Цыганъ.
1	Троицкое	83	3	2	3	1	—
2	Успеніе	63	1	3	2	1	1
3	Михайловка . . .	91	7	—	3	2	2
4	Вознесеніе . . .	96	5	3	1	2	2
5	Покровка	119	1	3	2	1	1
6	Спасовка	122	1	—	1	1	1
7	Любомыровка . .	115	3	3	1	1	1
8	Богдановка . . .	103	3	4	1	1	1
9	Тихомировка . .	119	5	3	1	1	1
10	Страдавска . . .	87	3	2	1	1	1
11	Вѣровка	11	2	2	1	1	—
12	Освобожденіе . .	207	4	—	1	2	2
13	Новотроицкое . .	119	3	2	3	1	—
Итого . .		1395	50	27	24	16	13

№№	Названіе деревень.	Количество душъ.	Лошадей.	Жеребятъ.	Быковъ.	Коровъ.	Фургоновъ.	Пашковъ.
1	Спасовка № 1.	167	15	—	—	2	5	3
2	Спасовка № 2.	138	15	4	10	19	6	4
3	Спасовка № 3.	155	13	1	6	11	6	4
4	Терпѣе	187	7	4	4	—	4	2
5	Горѣе	182	12	—	25	26	7	8
6	Успенье	180	9	3	6	10	5	5
7	Петровка	154	10	—	6	4	5	4
8	Кирилловка № 1 . . .	112	5	1	—	—	2	2
9	Кирилловка № 2 . . .	92	4	—	2	—	2	2
10	Кирилловка № 3 . . .	105	11	—	4	—	7	3
Итого . .		1472	101	13	63	72	49	38

Что именно:	Духоборцы южнаго участка— ссылные книрскіе.	Духоборцы сѣвернаго участка— ссылные.	Духоборцы южнаго участка— карскіе и елсавет- польскіе.	Духоборцы въ землѣ принца Аз- борга—кар- скіе.
1 лошадь . . .	на 67,7 чел.	на 27,9 чел.	на 22,6 чел.	на 14,6 чел.
1 быкъ . . .	.. 58,1 ..	.. 51,7 ..	.. 66,1 ..	.. 23,4 ..
1 корова . . .	.. 73,6 ..	.. 58,1 ..	.. 47,8 ..	.. 20,1 ..
1 фургонъ . .	.. 105,8 ..	.. 87,2 ..	.. 60,4 ..	.. 30 ..
1 пудъ . . .	.. 130,2 ..	.. 107,3 ..	.. 61,7 ..	.. 36,1 ..

31	32	33	34	35	36
30	Школьная 29 секція.	28	27	Г. Б. ² 26 секція.	25
19	20	21	22	23	24
18	17	16	15	14	13
7	Г. Б. ¹ 8	9	10	Школьная 11 секція.	12
6	5	4	3	2	1