

thing but torment himself in vain, and repent. His tortures would have been frightful.

Then, why desire to torture him? Why torment the conscience of an aged and dying man? Better leave it in peace! Why irritate a nation by recalling what is already past?

Past? What is past? Can a severe illness be past simply because we declare that it has passed away? It is not past, and it will never pass, and it cannot pass away until we acknowledge that we are ill.

In order to cure a malady it must first be acknowledged. And this we do not do. And we not only do not do it, but we direct all our powers to not perceiving it or mentioning it. And the malady does not pass off, but merely changes its appearance, penetrates deeper into our flesh, our blood, our bones. The malady consists in this—that men who are born good and gentle, men consecrated by the Christian truth, men with love innate in their hearts and with pity toward mankind, should perpetrate upon men the most horrible cruelties, without themselves knowing why or with what object. Our Russian people, gentle, kind, all penetrated with the spirit of Christ's teaching—people who repent in soul that they have wounded men by their words, that they have not shared their very last morsel with the

under Catherine about Peter, and so on. Why recall them.

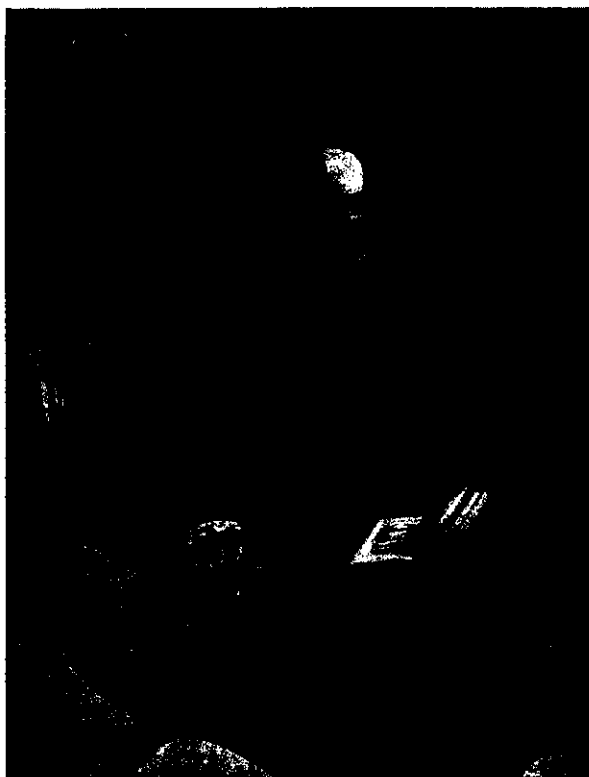
Why recall them, indeed! If I have had a severe malady, or a dangerous but curable one, and I have got rid of it, I shall always recall it with delight. I shall not recall it merely when I am ill, and ill in just the same way, or worse, and I wish to deceive myself. It is only then that I shall not recall it. And we do not recall simply because we know that we are just as ill. Why pain an old man, and irritate a nation? Flogging in general, and through the ranks, has already passed away.

Passed away? It has changed its form but it has not passed away. In all past time there has existed that which we recall not only with horror, but with amazement. We read the description of executions, of burning for heresy, of tortures, of military colonisations, of thrashings and flogging through the ranks, and we are not so much horrified by the cruelty of men; but we cannot figure to ourselves the spiritual condition of the people who behaved thus. What lay in the soul of the man who rose from his bed, and having washed, dressed himself in the garments of a noble and prayed to God, went to the prison to wring limbs from their sockets, and to castigate with the knout old men and women, and spent his custom-

lose their reason and hang themselves. Thousands are shot up in fortresses, and are either secretly slain by the prison authorities or go mad from solitary confinement. Millions of men are physically and morally ruined through slavery to manufacturers. Hundreds of thousands of men every autumn leave their families, their young wives, and learn murder and systematically become depraved.

It is not necessary to be endowed with especial penetration in order to see that everything is just the same in our times also, and that our times are filled with precisely the same horrors, the same tortures, which will be as astounding to future generations by their cruelty and foolishness. The malady is still the same, and the malady is not one of the kind which profits by these horrors. Let them profit a hundred, a thousand times more by them. Let them build towers, theatres, arrange balls, rob the people; let them hang hundreds secretly in the fortresses, if only they will do it themselves; only let them not deprave the people, let them not deceive the people, by making them take part in this, like the old soldier. This terrible malady consists in the delusion that there may be for a man something sacred, and some law higher than that sacred thing, the law of love to his neighbour.

A thousand years ago, to the question of the Pharisees,



TOLSTOV, THE AUTHOR.



KNOUTING.

poor and have not had pity upon those in prison—these people pass the best period of their lives in murder and torture of their brethren, and not only do they not feel remorse for these deeds, but they regard them either as brilliant feats or, at least, as indispensable—an indispensable as food or breath. Is not this a fearful malady? And is it not the duty of every man to do everything in his power to eradicate it, and first and chief of all, to point it out, to acknowledge it, to call it by its name?

The old soldier had passed his whole life in torturing and killing other men. We say, 'Why recall it?' The soldier does not consider himself to blame; and those dreadful deeds—flogging through the ranks and others—are already done with. Why rake up old matters? The thing no longer exists.

Nikolai Palkin existed. Why recall him? Only the old soldier recalled him on the eve of death. Why irritate a nation.

That was what people said under Nicholas about Alexander.

They said the same things under Alexander about Paul's deeds. They talked in the same way under Paul about Catherine, and all the horrors of her dissoluteness and the obstinacy of her favourites. And they said the same things

any five hours in that occupation, just as the man of the present day spends his in the senate, returned to his family and sat calmly down to dinner, and then read Holy Writ? What lay in the souls of those regimental and company commanders (I knew one such) who on the preceding evening danced the mazurka at a ball with his beautiful daughter, and took his departure early in order that on the following morning he might make arrangements for flogging to death, through the lines, a Tartar soldier who had deserted? He had the man whipped to death and went home to dine with his family.

We say: 'All that has passed away; it is done with; there are no longer any of those tortures of Catherine's frail ones with their all-powerful favourites; there is no serfage; there is no flogging to death with rods.' But it merely seems so to us! Three hundred thousand men lie in prison and in regimental guard-houses, locked up in close, stinking quarters, where they die a slow bodily and moral death!

Their wives and children are cast on the world without the means of subsistence, while these men are kept in those dens of vice, the prisons, the reform squads.

Ten thousand men with pernicious ideas in exile will carry those ideas to the most distant nooks of Russia—will

'Shall we give tribute to Caesar?' the answer was given, 'Render to Caesar that which is Caesar's, and to God that which is God's.'

If men believed in God, they could not fail to recognize this, their first obligation to Him: not to torture, not to kill; and then the words, 'God's to God, Caesar's to Caesar,' would have for them a clear, well-defined meaning—'To the Caesar or anyone else everything you like,' the believing man would say, 'only not that which is contrary to the will of God. If my money is necessary to Caesar, take it; my house, my labours—take them. My wife, my children, my life—take them, all this is not God's. But if it is necessary to Caesar that I should raise and lower a cudgel on the back of my neighbour—this is God's. I cannot bind, lock up, persecute, kill a man; all this is my life, and that is God's, and I cannot give it over to anyone but God.'

The words, 'Render to God the things that are God's,' signify that to give to God farthing candles, prayers, words, everything in general which is of no use to anyone, least of all to God, and to give all the rest, all one's life, all the sanctity of one's soul which belongs to God to Caesar (according to the meaning of the word Caesar for the Jews), to a man who is a stranger to one, to a hated man—this is indeed terrible. Come to your senses, oh, men!