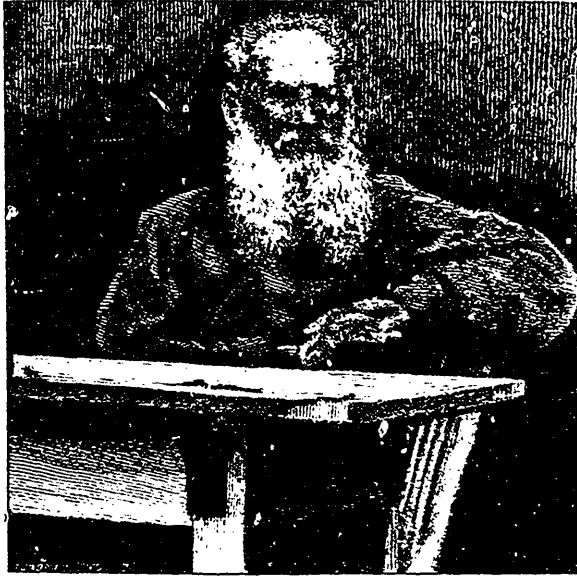


## TOLSTOY TO THE CZAR.\*



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

**D**EAR BROTHER,—Such form of addressing you seems to me the most appropriate, because in this letter I appeal to you not so much as to a Czar as to a man—a brother; and also because I write to you as it were from the other world, expecting the approach of death. I do not wish to die without telling you what I think of your present activity and of what it might be, what great welfare it might bring to millions of people and to yourself, and what a great evil it may bring

both to the people and to you, if it continues in the direction in which it is now going.

A third of Russia lies in the state of special control—*i.e.*, outside the law. The army of police, visible and secret, goes on continually increasing. Prisons, places of exile and of penal servitude are overflowing, “politicals” with whom working men are now classified being added to the hundreds of thousands of ordinary criminals. The censorship of literature extends to such absurd prohibitions which it did not reach even during the worst period of the forties. Religious persecution has never been so frequent and cruel as it is now, and becomes ever more cruel and frequent. Everywhere, both in the towns and industrial centres, troops are concentrated and sent out

\*This letter, translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. M., was written by Tolstoy about three years ago, when he himself and all around him thought that he was dying.—The Times.