

landscape and dreary climate throw the mind back upon itself and conduce to subjective rather than objective intellect.

This strikes us as too vague a statement. Sir Charles Dilke more adequately expresses it by saying that the long winters cultivate thrift, energy and forethought, without which civilization would perish, and at the same time give leisure for reading and study. So the Scotch, the Icelanders, the Swedes, and the northern races generally, are much better educated than the Latin and southern races. "Scotland," says Dilke, "is blessed with a rigorous climate while the islands of the southern seas are cursed with the bread-fruit and perpetual summer." The one environment breeds philosophers, the other naked savages.

The benumbing influence of the Byzantine Church upon the intellect and life causes, too, a degradation of women. Popular proverbs show the contempt of the sex, as: "A woman's hair is long, but her understanding is short." "As a horse by the bridle, so a woman must be directed by menaces." The practice was equal to the theory and "many women believed that they were only born to be beaten, and that marital life was best expressed with the lash."

There has long been a religious protest against the national Church. There are upwards of fourteen million Russian dissenters, many of whom, like the Stundists and Doukhobors, have been bitterly persecuted. Many causes conspire to the universal pessimism of Russia—the dreary landscape, the political oppressions, the tyranny of the church, the lack of healthful activities in citizenship. "How sad our Russia is!" exclaims Gogol. A poet of the people writes,

"Where moaneth not the Russian man?
A mighty woe falls on our Russian lands."

It is the Russians, not the English, who take their pleasures sadly. They seldom laugh. Music is in the minor key. "Their street cries are a shriek of pain, an exclamation of anguish, a wail of despair; it seemed the rhythmic utterance of centuries of suffering."

After the Crimean war came a "dynamic period" of revolt and hope. Many thousands of persons, of both sexes, became apostles of revolt, left school and university, put on peasant's attire, steeped their hands in brine to make them rough like the peasants', and as blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers; as servants, as governesses or teachers, honeycombed society with sentiments of revolt. Schools

of revolt, in the guise of workshops, were founded in St. Petersburg, where Prince Kropotkin lectured on socialism. Ladies of high rank started village schools to teach the sacred doctrine. Professors in the universities and lycœums, land-owners, and high officials sacrificed their fortune for their faith. In '72 and '74, hundreds were arrested and thrown into prison—nine hundred peasants in the Government of Kiev alone.

Then followed conspiracies and assassinations. General Trepov, police prefect of St. Petersburg, for his cruel treatment of a student prisoner, was shot by Vyera Sassulich, a sixteen-year-old girl. As long ago as 1878 students by the hundred were dismissed from the university of Kiev.

The police and house porters became secret spies. Revolts broke out in the prisons, the victims choosing to die rather than suffer. The Nihilist conspirators were driven to frenzy. Repeated and desperate attempts were made on the life of the Emperor Alexander II. In thirty years one hundred and thirty-five political prosecutions took place, involving the arrest and punishment of one thousand three hundred and fifty-six persons. Forty-five of these were either shot or hung, and many were sentenced to the mines of Siberia. Fifty met their death by violence in the gaols or in exile; hundreds fled from Russia.

Sophie Lvovna belonged to one of the most aristocratic families. She became an apostle of revolt, spent many months in prison, and at twenty-six was sent to the scaffold. Her last letter to her mother is described as "one of the most eloquent and solemn and touching epistles ever composed in anticipation of death."

"My darling, my priceless mother, not for a moment do I sorrow concerning my fate. I look forward to it calmly, for I have long known and anticipated that it would end thus. And this fate is, after all, dear mother, not so terrible. I have lived as my convictions dictated; contrary to them I could not act; therefore I await with a calm conscience all that impends for me."

The despotism of the Tsar, the unlimited power of a single individual wielded over a whole people—this was the iron that enters the soul, the oppression that makes a wise man mad.

"They were all united in the intense love of their country, in a sorrow for its suffering people, and hatred of tyranny and oppression that made actions immoral in themselves seem to them the highest