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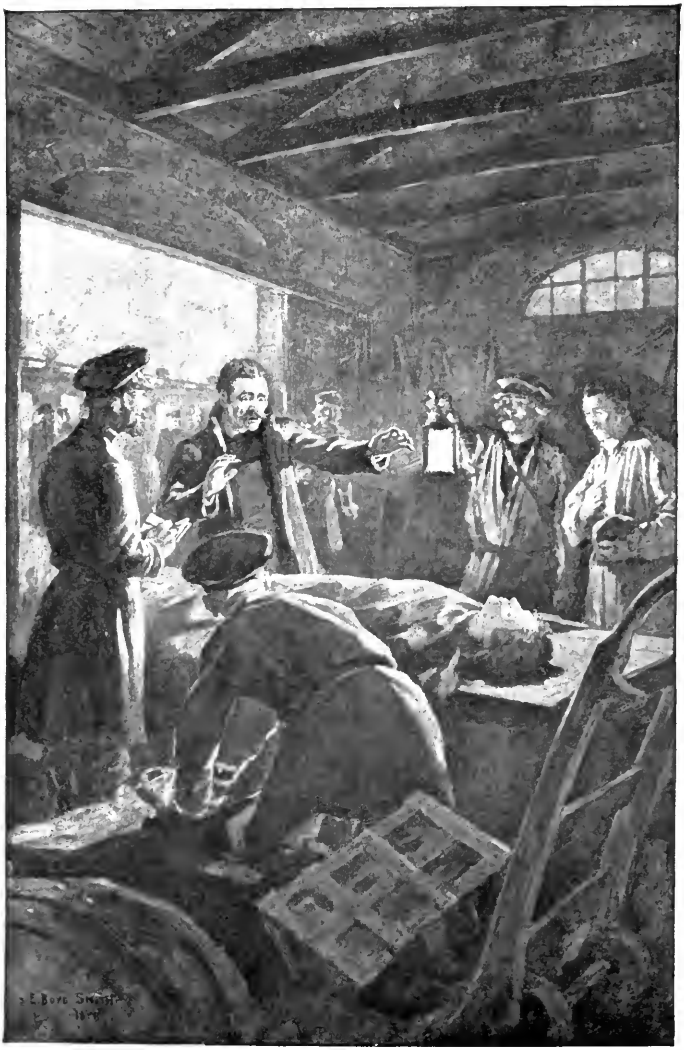
E. Boyd Smith
1898

The Scene in the Freight-house.

Original Drawing by E. Boyd Smith.

The Complete Works *of*
Lyof N. Tolstoï

Anna Karenina
Vol. III
Childhood, Boyhood, Youth

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ANNA KARÉNINA

VOL. III

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ANNA KARENINA

PART FIFTH — *Continued*

CHAPTER XXI

AS soon as Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch had learned from Betsy and Stepan Arkadyevitch that all that was expected of him was that he should leave his wife in peace and not trouble her with his presence, and that his wife herself wished this, he had felt himself in too great perplexity to be able to decide anything for himself, and he did not know what he wanted; but, having placed his fate in the hands of others, who were willing enough to occupy themselves with his affairs, he was ready to accept whatever might be proposed to him.

Only when Anna had taken her departure and when the English governess sent to inquire if she should dine with him or by herself, did he for the first time clearly realize his position and its full horror.

The hardest element in this state of affairs was that he could not coördinate and reconcile his past with the present. Nor was it the past when he lived happily with his wife that disturbed him. The transition from that past to the knowledge of his wife's infidelity he had borne like a martyr; that state of things was trying, but it was comprehensible to him. If at the time when his wife had confessed her wrong to him she had left him, he would have been mortified and unhappy; but he would not have been in that inextricable, incomprehensible position in which he now felt that he was. He could never now reconcile his recent position, his reconciliation, his love for his sick wife and the alien child, with the present state of things; in other words, with the fact that as a reward for all his sacrifices he was now deserted, disgraced, useful to no one, and a ridiculous laughing-stock to all.

The first two days after his wife's departure Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch received petitioners and his chief secretary, attended committee-meetings, and ate his meals in the dining-room as usual. Without trying to explain to himself why he did this, he directed all the powers of his mind to one single aim — to seem calm and indifferent. As he answered the questions of the servants in regard to what should be done about Anna's rooms and her things, he made superhuman efforts to assume the manner of a man for whom the event that had occurred was not unexpected, and had nothing in it outside the range of ordinary, every-day events, and he accomplished his purpose; no one would have detected in him any signs of despair. But on the second day after her departure Korneĭ handed him a milliner's bill which Anna had neglected to pay, and told him that the manager of the business himself was waiting. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch had the man shown in.

"Excuse me, your excellency," said the manager, "for venturing to disturb you, but if you order us to apply to her ladyship personally, will you kindly give us her address?"

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch seemed to the manager to be cogitating; then suddenly turning round, he sat down at the table. Dropping his head into his hands, he sat there a long time in that position; he tried several times to speak, but still hesitated. Korneĭ, understanding his barin's feelings, asked the manager to come another time.

When he was left alone again, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch realized that he no longer had the power to keep up the *rôle* of firmness and serenity. He gave orders to send away the carriage which was waiting for him, and he declined to see callers and would accept no invitations out to dine. He felt that he could not endure the disdain and derision which he clearly read on the face of this manager and of Korneĭ, and of all without exception whom he had met during those two days. He felt that he could not defend himself from the detestation of people, because this detestation did not arise from the fact that he had himself committed any wrong action, for in that case he might have hoped to regain the esteem of the world by improvement in conduct, but from the fact that he was unhappy, and with an unhappiness that was odious and shameful. He knew that it was precisely for the reason that his heart was torn that they would be pitiless to him. It seemed to him that his fellow-men persecuted him as dogs torture to death some poor cur maimed and howling with pain. He knew that the only safety from men was to conceal his wounds from them, and he had instinctively tried for two days to do so; but now he felt that he had no longer the strength to continue the unequal struggle.

His despair was made deeper by the knowledge that he was absolutely alone with his suffering. In all Petersburg there was not a man to whom he could confide all his wretchedness, not one who would have any pity for him now, not as a lofty functionary, or even as a member of society, but simply as a human being in despair: he had no such friend.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch had lost his mother when he was ten years old; he had no remembrance of his father; he and his one brother were left orphans with a very small inheritance; their uncle Karenin, a man of influence, held in high esteem by the late emperor, took charge of their bringing up.

After a successful course at the gymnasium and the university, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, through his uncle's aid, made a brilliant start in official life, and, full of ambition, devoted himself exclusively to his career. He formed no ties of intimacy either in the gymnasium or in the university, or afterward in society; his brother alone was dear to him, but he entered the department of foreign affairs, went abroad to live, and died soon after Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch's marriage.

While Karenin was governor of one of the provinces, Anna's aunt, a wealthy lady of the governmental capital, introduced her niece to this governor, who was young for such a position, if not in years, and she forced him to the alternative of proposing marriage or leaving the city. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch long hesitated. There seemed as many reasons in favor of this step as there were opposed to it; there was no definite reason which should impel him to break his rule, "When in doubt, *don't!*" but Anna's aunt sent word to him through a friend that he had compromised the young lady, and that as a man of honor he must offer her his hand. He offered himself, and gave her, first as his betrothed and afterward as his wife, all the affection which it was in his power to show.

This attachment prevented him from feeling the need of any other intimacy. And now out of all the number of his acquaintances he had not one confidential friend. He had many so-called "friends," but no intimates. There were many persons whom Alekseï Aleksandrovitch could invite to dinner, or ask favors of, in the interests of his public capacity or protection for some petitioner; with whom he could freely criticize the actions of other people and of the highest officers of government. But his relations to these people were exclusively confined to this official domain, from which it was impossible to escape. There was one university comrade with whom he had kept up an intimacy in after years, and to whom he would have confided his private sorrows, but this friend was a trustee[1] of the classical educational institutes in a distant province. Of all the people in Petersburg, the nearest and most practicable acquaintances were his Director of the Chancelry and his doctor.

Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch Sliudin, "manager of affairs," was a simple, good, intelligent, and well-bred man, and he seemed full of sympathy for Karenin; but five years' association in official service put a barrier between them which silenced confidences.

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[1] *Popechitel' uchebnava okrúga;* an office attached to the department of Public Instruction. — Ed.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, having signed the papers which he brought, sat in silence for some time looking at Sliudin, and kept trying, but found it impossible, to open his heart to him. The question, "Have you heard of my misfortune?" was on his lips; but it ended in his saying as usual, when he dismissed him: —

"You will have the goodness to prepare me this work."

The doctor was another man who was well disposed to him, but between them there had long been a tacit understanding that they were both full of business and in a hurry.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not think at all about his women friends, or even of the chiefest among them, the Countess Lidia Ivanovna. Women simply as women were strange and repulsive to him.

CHAPTER XXII

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch forgot the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, but she did not forget him. She reached his house at his darkest moment of solitary despair, and made her way to his library without waiting to be announced. She found him still sitting in the same position with his head between his hands.

"*J'ai forcé la consigne*," she said, as she came in with rapid steps, breathless with emotion and agitation. "I know all, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, my friend!" and she pressed his hand between both of hers and looked at him with her beautiful melancholy eyes.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with a frown, arose, and, having withdrawn his hand, offered her a chair.

"I beg you to sit down. I am not receiving because I am suffering, countess," he said, and his lips quivered.

"My friend!" repeated the countess, without taking her eyes from him; and suddenly she lifted her eyebrows so that they formed a triangle on her forehead, and this grimace made her ugly yellow face still uglier than before. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch felt that she pitied him and was on the point of crying. A wave of feeling overwhelmed him. He seized her fat hand and kissed it.

"My friend," she said again, in a voice breaking with emotion, "you must not give yourself up to grief. Your grief is great, but you must find consolation."

"I am wounded, I am killed, I am no longer a man," said Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, letting go the countess's hand, but still looking into her eyes swimming with tears. "My situation is all the more unbearable because I can find neither in myself nor outside of myself any help toward endurance of it."

"You will find this help, not in me, though I beg you to believe in my friendship," said she, with a sigh. "Our help is love, the love which He has given for an inheritance. His yoke is easy," she continued, with the exalted look that Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch knew so well. "He will sustain you and will aid you."

Although these words were the expression of an emotion aroused by their lofty feelings, as well as the symbolical language characteristic of a new mystical exaltation just introduced into Petersburg, and which seemed extravagant to Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, nevertheless he found it pleasant at the present time to hear them.

"I am weak, I am humiliated. I foresaw nothing of this, and now I cannot understand it."

"My friend!" repeated Lidia Ivanovna.

"I do not mourn so much my loss," said Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch; "but I cannot help a feeling of shame for the situation in which I am placed before the world. It is bad, and I cannot, I cannot bear it."

"It is not you who have performed this noble act of forgiveness which has filled me — and all — with admiration. It is *He* dwelling in your heart. So, too, you have no cause for shame," said the countess, ecstatically raising her eyes.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch frowned, and, pressing his hands together, he began to make his knuckles crack.

"You must know all the details," he said, in his shrill voice. "Man's powers are limited, countess; and I have reached the limit of mine. All this day I have wasted in details, domestic details, *arising* [he accented the word] from my new, lonely situation. The servants, the governess, the accounts, ... this is a slow fire devouring me, and I have not strength to endure it. Yesterday I scarcely was able to get through dinner .... I cannot endure to have my son look at me .... he did not ask me any questions, but I know he wanted to ask me, and I could not endure his look. He was afraid to look at me .... but that is a mere trifle ...."

Karenin wanted to speak of the bill that had been brought him, but his voice trembled, and he stopped. This bill on blue paper, for a hat and ribbons, was a recollection that made him pity himself.

"I understand, my friend," said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, "I understand it all. Aid and consolation you will not find in me, but I have come to help you if I can. If I could free you from these petty annoying tasks .... I think that a woman's word, a woman's hand, are needed; will you let me help you?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was silent, and pressed her hand gratefully.

"We will look after Serozha together. I am not strong in practical affairs, but I can get used to them, and I will be your ekonomka. Do not thank me; I do not do it of myself." ....

"I cannot help being grateful."

"But, my friend, do not yield to the sentiment of which you spoke a moment ago. .... How can you be ashamed of what is the highest degree of Christian perfection? *He who humbles himself shall be exalted.* And you cannot thank me. Thank Him, pray to Him for help. In Him alone we can find peace, consolation, salvation, and love."

She raised her eyes to heaven, and began to pray, as Alekseï Aleksandrovitch could see by her silence.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch listened to her, and this phraseology, which before seemed, not unpleasant to him, but extravagant, now seemed natural and soothing. He did not approve of this new ecstatic mysticism. He was a sincere believer, and religion interested him principally in its relation to politics; and the new doctrine which arrogated to itself certain new terms, for the very reason that it opened the door to controversy and analysis, had aroused his antipathy from principle. Hitherto, he had taken a cold, and even hostile, attitude to this new doctrine, and had never discussed it with the countess, who was carried away by it, but had resolutely met her challenge with silence. But now, for the first time, he let her speak without hindrance, and even found a secret pleasure in her words.

"I am very, very grateful to you, both for your words and for your sympathy," he said, when she had ended her prayer.

Again the countess pressed her friend's hand with both of hers.

"Now I am going to set to work," said she, with a smile, wiping away the traces of tears on her face. "I am going to Serozha, and I shall not trouble you except in serious difficulties." And she got up and went out.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna went to Serozha's room, and, while she bathed the scared little fellow's cheeks with her tears, she told him that his father was a saint and his mother was dead.

The countess fulfilled her promise. She actually took charge of the details of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's house, but she exaggerated in no respect when she declared that she was not strong in practical affairs. It was necessary to modify all of her arrangements, since it was impossible to carry them out, and they were modified by Korneï, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's valet, who, without any one noticing it, gradually took it on himself to manage the whole establishment, and calmly and discreetly reported to his barin (while the latter was dressing) such things as seemed best.

But, nevertheless, the countess's help was to the highest degree useful to him. Her affection and esteem were a moral support to him, and, as it gave her great consolation to think, she almost succeeded in converting him to "Christianity"; in other words, she changed him from an indifferent and lukewarm believer into a fervent and genuine partizan of that new method of explaining the Christian doctrine which shortly after came into vogue in Petersburg. It was easy for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch to put his faith in this exegesis. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, as well as the countess and all those who shared their views, was not gifted with great imagination, or at least that faculty of the mind by which the illusions of the imagination have sufficient conformity with reality to cause their acceptation. Thus he saw no impossibility or unlikelihood in death existing for unbelievers and not for him, that because he held a complete and unquestioning faith, judged in his own way, his soul was already free from sin, and that even in this world he might look upon his safety as assured.

It is true, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch dimly felt the frivolity, the fallacy, of this presentation of his faith. He knew that when, without a thought that his forgiveness of his wife was the act of a higher power, he gave himself up to this immediate feeling, he experienced a greater happiness than when, as now, he constantly thought that Christ dwelt in his soul, and that by signing certain papers he was following His will. But it was indispensable for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch to think so; it was so indispensable to have, in his present humiliation, this elevation, imaginary though it was, from which he, whom every one despised, could look down on others, that he clung to it as if his salvation depended on it.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna had been married when she was a very young and enthusiastic girl to a very wealthy, aristocratic, good-natured, and dissolute young fellow. Two months after the wedding her husband deserted her. He had replied to her effusive expressions of love with scorn and even hatred, which no one who knew the count's kindliness, and were not acquainted with the faults of Lidia's romantic nature, could comprehend. Since then, without any formal divorce, they had lived apart; and when the husband met his wife, he always treated her with a venomous scorn, the reason for which it puzzled people to understand.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna long ago ceased to worship her husband, but at no time had she ceased to be in love with some one. Not seldom she was in love with several at once — men and women indiscriminately. She had been in love with almost every one of any prominence. Thus she had lost her heart to each of the new princes and princesses who married into the imperial family. Then she had been in love with a metropolitan, a vicar, and a priest. Then she had been in love with a journalist, three slavophiles, and Komisarof; then with a foreign minister, a doctor, an English missionary, and finally Karenin. These multifarious love-affairs and their different phases of warmth or coldness in no wise hindered her from keeping up the most complicated relations both with the court and society.

But from the day when Karenin was touched by misfortune and she took him under her special protection, from the time when she began to busy herself with his domestic affairs and work for his well-being, she felt that all her former passions were of no account, but that she now loved Karenin alone with perfect sincerity. The feeling which she now cherished toward him seemed to her stronger than all the previous feelings. As she analyzed her sentiment and compared it with the former ones, she clearly saw that she would never have been in love with Komisarof if he had not saved the emperor's life, or with Ristitch-Kudzhitsky had there been no Slav question. But Karenin she loved for himself, for his great, unappreciated spirit, for his character, for the delightful sound of his voice, his deliberate intonations, his weary eyes, and his soft white hands with their swollen veins. Not only did the thought of seeing him fill her with joy, but it seemed to her that she saw on her friend's face the signs of the impression which she made on him. She did her best to please him, no less by her person than by her conversation. Never before had she spent so much time and attention on her toilet. More than once she found herself wondering what would happen if she were not married and he were only free! When he came into the room, she colored with emotion, and she could not restrain a smile of ecstasy if he said something pleasant to her.

For several days the countess had been in a state of great excitement. She knew that Anna and Vronsky were back in Petersburg. It was necessary to save Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch from seeing her; it was necessary to save him even from the tormenting knowledge that this wretched woman was living in the same town with him and he might meet her at any instant.

Lidia Ivanovna made inquiries through acquaintances so as to discover the plans of these *repulsive people*, as she called Anna and Vronsky; and she tried to direct all of Karenin's movements so that he might not meet them. The young aide to the emperor, a friend of Vronsky's, from whom she learned about them, and who was hoping through the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's influence to get a concession, told her that they were completing their arrangements and expected to depart on the following day.

Lidia Ivanovna was beginning to breathe freely once more, when on the next morning she received a note, the handwriting of which she recognized with terror. It was Anna Karenina's handwriting. The envelop was of paper thick as bark; the oblong sheet of yellow paper was adorned with an immense monogram. The note exhaled a delicious perfume.

"Who brought it?"

"A messenger from the hotel."

The countess waited long before she had the courage to sit down and read it. Her emotion almost brought on an attack of asthma, to which she was subject. At last, when she felt calmer, she opened the following note written in French: —

Madame la Comtesse: — The Christian sentiments filling your heart prompt me, with unpardonable boldness, I fear, to address you. I am unhappy at being separated from my son, and I ask you to do me the favor of letting me see him once more before I depart. If I do not make direct application to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, it is because I do not wish to give this generous-hearted man the pain of thinking of me. Knowing your friendship for him, I felt that you would understand me; will you have Serozha sent to me here? or do you prefer that I should come at an appointed hour? or would you let me know how and at what place I could see him? You cannot imagine my desire to see my child again, and consequently you cannot comprehend the extent of my gratefulness for the assistance that you can render me in these circumstances. ANNA.

Everything about this note exasperated the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, its tenor, the allusions to Karenin's magnanimity, and the especially free and easy tone which pervaded it.

"Say that there is no reply," said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, and, hurriedly opening her buvard, she wrote to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch that she hoped to meet him about one o'clock at the birthday reception at the Palace.

"I must consult with you in regard to a sad and serious affair; we will decide at the Palace when I can see you. The best plan would be at my house, where I will have *your* tea ready. It is absolutely necessary. *He* imposes the cross, but He gives also the strength," she added, that she might somewhat prepare him.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna wrote Alekseï Aleksandrovitch two or three times a day; she liked this way of communication with him, as it had the elegance and mystery which were lacking in ordinary personal intercourse.

CHAPTER XXIV

The congratulations were over. As the visitors who had met at court went away, they talked about the latest news of the day, the rewards that had been bestowed, and the changed positions of some high functionaries.

"What should you say if the Countess Marya Borisovna was made minister of war, and the Princess Vatkovskaya, chief of staff?" asked a little, gray-haired old man, in a gold-embroidered uniform, who was talking with a tall, handsome maid of honor about the recent changes.

"In that case, I should be made one of the emperor's aides," replied the freïlina.

"Your place is already settled. You are to have charge of the department of religions, and Karenin is to be your assistant."

"How do you do, prince?" said the little old man, shaking hands with some one who came along.

"Were you speaking of Karenin?" asked the prince.

"Yes; he and Putyatof have been decorated with the order of Alexander Nevsky."

"I thought he had it already."

"No; look at him," said the little old man, pointing with his gold-laced hat toward Karenin, who was standing in the doorway, talking with one of the influential members of the Imperial Council; he wore the court uniform, with his new red ribbon across his shoulder. "Happy and contented as a copper kopek!" he added, pausing to press the hand of a handsome, athletic chamberlain passing by.

"No; he has grown old," said the chamberlain.

"With cares. He spends all his time writing projects. He, the unfortunate man, will not let go until he has explained everything point by point."

"What, grown old? *Il fait des passions.* I think the Countess Lidia is jealous now of his wife."

"There! I beg of you not to speak ill of the Countess Lidia."

"Is there any harm in her being in love with Karenin?"

"Is it true that Madame Karenin is here?"

"Not here at the Palace, but in Petersburg. I met her yesterday with Alekseï Vronsky *bras dessus, bras dessous*, on the Morskaya."

"*C'est un homme qui n'a pas*," — began the chamberlain; but he broke short off to salute and make way for a member of the imperial family who was passing.

Thus they were talking about Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, criticizing and ridiculing him, while he himself was barring the way of the imperial counselor, and, without pausing in his explanations lest he should lose him, was giving a detailed exposition of a financial scheme.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, about the time his wife left him, had reached a situation painful for an official, — the culmination of his upward career. This culmination had been reached, and all clearly saw it, but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch himself was not yet aware that his career was ended. Either his collision with Stremof, or his trouble with his wife, or the simple fact that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had reached the limit that he had been destined to attain, the fact remained that every one saw clearly that his official race was run. He still held an important place; he was a member of many important committees and commissions: but he was one of those men of whom nothing more is expected; his day was over. Whatever he said, whatever he proposed, seemed antiquated and useless. But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch himself did not realize this; on the contrary, now that he had ceased to have an active participation in the business of the administration, he saw more clearly than before the faults and mistakes that others were making, and considered it his duty to indicate certain reforms which should be introduced.

Shortly after his separation from his wife, he began to write his first pamphlet about the new tribunals, and proposed to follow it up with an endless series of similar pamphlets, of no earthly use, on all the different branches of the administration.

He not only did not realize his hopeless situation in the official world, and therefore did not lose heart, but more than ever he took delight in his activity.

"He that is unmarried is careful for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married is careful for the things of the world, how he may please his wife," said the Apostle Paul. And Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, who now directed his life in all respects according to the Epistle, often quoted this text. It seemed to him that, since he had been deprived of his wife, he served the Lord more faithfully than ever by devotion to these projects.

The imperial counselor's very manifest impatience and desire to get away from him in no way abashed Karenin, but he stopped a moment as a prince of the imperial family was passing, and his victim seized his opportunity to escape.

Left to himself, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch bowed his head, tried to collect his thoughts, and, with an absent-minded glance about him, stepped toward the door, hoping to meet the countess there.

"How strong and healthy they look physically!" he said to himself, as he looked at the vigorous neck of the prince, who wore a close-fitting uniform, and the handsome chamberlain with his well-combed and perfumed side-whiskers. "It is only too true that all is evil in this world," he thought, as he looked at the chamberlain's sturdy legs. Moving slowly along, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, with his customary appearance of weariness and dignity, came up to the gentlemen who had been talking about him, and, glancing through the door, he looked for the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

"Ah! Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch!" cried the little old man, with a wicked light glowing in his eyes, as Karenin passed him with a cold bow. "I have not yet congratulated you," and he pointed to the newly received ribbon.

"I thank you. This is a *fine* day!" replied Alekseĭ

Aleksandrovitch, accentuating the adjective *prekrasny*, as was his habit.

He knew that these gentlemen were making sport of him; but he expected nothing but hostile feelings, and he was accustomed to it.

Catching sight of the countess's yellow shoulders rising from her corsage, as she appeared at the door, and her beautiful pensive eyes, inviting him to join her, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with a smile which showed his even white teeth, went to her.

Lidia Ivanovna's toilet had cost her much labor, like all her recent efforts in this direction; for the object of her toilet was now entirely the reverse of that which she had followed thirty years before. Formerly she had thought only of adorning herself, and the more the better; now, on the contrary, she had to be adorned so unsuitably for her figure and her years that she simply endeavored to render the contrast between her person and her toilet not too frightful, and in Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's eyes she succeeded; he thought her fascinating. For him she, with her friendliness and even love for him, was the only island amid the sea of animosity and ridicule that surrounded him. As he was the gantlet of scornful glances, he was naturally drawn to her loving eyes like a plant toward the light.

"I congratulate you," she said, looking at his decoration.

Repressing a smile of satisfaction, Karenin shrugged his shoulders and half closed his eyes, as if to say that this was nothing to him.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna knew well that these distinctions, even though he would not confess it, caused him the keenest pleasure.

"How is our angel?" she asked, referring to Serozha.

"I cannot say that I very am well satisfied with him," replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, lifting his eyebrows and opening his eyes. "And Sitnikof" (a pedagogue who had been intrusted with Serozha's childish education) "does not please him. As I told you, I find in him a certain apathy toward the chief questions which ought to move the soul of every man and of every child."

And Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began to discourse on a subject which, next to the questions of administration, gave him the most concern —his son's education.

When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with Lidia Ivanovna's aid, once more resumed his ordinary life and activity again, he felt it his duty to occupy himself with the education of the son who had been left on his hands. Having never before taken any practical interest in the question of education, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch consecrated some time to the practical study of the subject. After having read various works on anthropology, pedagogy, and didactics, he conceived a plan of education which the best tutor in Petersburg was then intrusted to put into practice. And this work constantly occupied him.

"Yes; but his heart? I find in this child his father's heart, and with such a heart he cannot be bad," said the countess, with enthusiasm.

"Well, that may be. So far as in me lies, I perform my duty; it is all that I can do."

"Will you come to my house?" asked the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, after a moment's silence. "I have a very painful matter to talk with you about. I would have given the world to spare you certain memories; others do not think the same. I have had a letter from *her*. *She* is here in Petersburg."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch quivered at the recollection of his wife; but his face instantly assumed that expression of corpselike immobility that showed how absolutely unable he was to treat of such a subject.

"I expected it," he said.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna looked at him with exaltation, and in the presence of a soul so great, tears of transport sprang to her eyes.

CHAPTER XXV

When Alekseï entered the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's cozy little boudoir, decorated with portraits and old porcelains, he failed to find his friend.

She was changing her gown.

On a round table covered with a cloth stood a Chinese tea-service and a silver teapot with an alcohol lamp. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch glanced perfunctorily at the numberless paintings that adorned the room; then he sat down near a table and took up a copy of the New Testament which lay on it. The rustling of the countess's silk dress put his thoughts to flight.

"Well now! We can be a little more free from disturbance," said the countess, with a smile, gliding between the table and the divan. "We can talk while drinking our tea."

After several words, meant to prepare his mind, she sighed deeply, and, with a tinge of color in her cheeks, she put Anna's letter into his hands.

He read it, and sat long in silence.

"I do not feel that I have the right to refuse her," he said timidly, raising his eyes.

"My friend, you never can see evil anywhere."

"On the contrary, I see everything is evil. But would it be fair to ...."

His face expressed indecision, desire for advice, for support, for guidance, in a question so beyond his comprehension.

"No," interrupted the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, "there are limits to all things. I understand immorality," she said, not with absolute sincerity, since she did not know what could induce women to be immoral, "but what I do not understand is cruelty toward any one! Toward you! How can she remain in the same city with you? One is never too old to learn, and I learn every day your grandeur and her baseness!"

"Who shall cast the first stone?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, evidently satisfied with the part he was playing. "I have forgiven her for everything, and therefore I cannot deprive her of what is a need of her heart, — her love for her son." ....

"But is it love — my friend? Is it sincere? Let us agree that you have forgiven her, and that you still pardon her. But have we the right to vex the soul of this little angel? He believes that she is dead; he prays for her and asks God to pardon her sins. .... It is better so. What would he think now?"

"I had not thought of that," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, perceiving the justice of her words.

The countess covered her face with her hands and was silent; she was praying.

"If you ask my advice," she replied, after she had uttered her prayer and taken her hands from her face, "you will not do this. Do I not see how you suffer, how this opens all your wounds? But let us admit that you, as always, forget yourself, but where will it lead you? new sufferings for yourself, to torture for the child! If she were still capable of human feelings, she herself could not desire this. No! I have no hesitation about it, I advise you not to, and, if you give me your authority, I will reply to her."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch consented, and the countess wrote, in French, this letter: —

> *Chère Madame:* — Recalling your existence to your son would be likely to raise questions which it would be impossible to answer without obliging the child to criticize that which should remain sacred to him, and therefore I beg you to interpret your husband's refusal in the spirit of Christian charity. I pray the Omnipotent to be merciful to you.
>
> Comtesse Lidia.

This letter accomplished the secret aim which the countess would not confess even to herself; it wounded Anna to the bottom of her soul.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, on returning home from Lidia Ivanovna's, found himself unable to take up his ordinary occupations, or recover the spiritual calm of a believer who feels that he is among the elect.

The thought of his wife who had been so guilty toward him, and toward whom he had acted so like a saint, as the Countess Lidia Ivanovna had so well expressed it, ought not to have disturbed him, and yet he was ill at ease. He could not understand a word of the book he was reading, he could not drive away from his mind the cruel recollections of his relations to her, of the mistakes which, as it now seemed to him, he himself had made in his treatment of her. He remembered with a feeling like remorse the way he had received Anna's confession that day as they were returning from the races. Why had he demanded merely an outward observance of the proprieties? Why had he not challenged Vronsky to a duel? He was likewise tormented by his recollection of the letter which he wrote her at that time; especially his forgiveness of her, which had proved useless to any one, and the pains which he had wasted on the baby that was not his, all came back to his memory and seared his heart with shame and regret. And exactly the same feeling of shame and regret she experienced now in reviewing all his past with her, and remembering the awkward way in which, after long vacillating, he had offered himself to her.

"But how am I at fault?" he asked himself; and this question immediately gave rise to another: "Do other men feel differently, fall in love differently, and marry differently,—these Vronskys, Oblonskys.... these chamberlains with their handsome calves?"

His imagination called up a whole line of these vigorous men, self-confident and strong, who had always and everywhere attracted his curiosity and his wonder.

He drove away these thoughts; he strove to persuade himself that the end and aim of his life was not this world, but eternity, that peace and charity alone ought to dwell in his soul. But the fact that in this temporal, insignificant life he had, as it seemed to him, made some humiliating blunders, tortured him as much as if that eternal salvation in which he put his trust did not exist.

But this temptation was not long, and soon Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch regained that serenity and elevation of mind by which he succeeded in putting away all that he wished to forget.

CHAPTER XXVI

"Well, Kapitonuitch?" said Serozha, as he came in, rosy and gay, after his walk, on the evening before his birthday, while the old Swiss, smiling down from his superior height, helped the young man off with his coat, "did the bandaged chinovnik come to-day? Did papa see him?"

"Yes; the manager had only just got here when I announced him," replied the Swiss, winking one eye gayly. "Permit me, I will take it."

"Serozha! Serozha!" called the Slavophile tutor, who was standing by the door that led to the inner rooms, "take off your coat yourself."

But Serozha, though he heard his tutor's weak voice, paid no heed to him; standing by the Swiss, he held him by the belt, and looked him straight in the face.

"And did papa do what he wanted?"

The Swiss nodded.

This chinovnik, with his head in a bandage, who had come seven times to ask some favor of Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, interested Serozha and the Swiss. Serozha had met him one day in the vestibule, and overheard how he begged the Swiss to let him be admitted, saying that nothing was left for him and his children but to die. Since that time the lad had felt great concern for the poor man.

"Say, did he seem very glad?" asked Serozha.

"Glad as he could be; he went off almost leaping."

"Has anything come?" asked Serozha, after a moment's silence.

"Well, sir," whispered the Swiss, shaking his head "there is something from the countess."

Serozha instantly understood that what the Swiss meant was a birthday present from the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

"What did you say? Where is it?"

"Kornei took it to papa; it must be some beautiful toy!"

"How big? as big as this?"

"Smaller, but beautiful."

"A little book?"

"No; a toy. Run away, run away. Vasili Lukitch is calling you," said the Swiss, hearing the tutor's steps approach, and gently removing the little gloved hand which held his belt.

"In a little bit of a moment, Vasili Lukitch," said Serozha, with the amiable and gracious smile to whose influence even the stern tutor submitted.

Serozha was in radiant spirits, and wanted to tell his friend, the Swiss, about a piece of good fortune which the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's niece had told him, while they were walking in the summer garden, had befallen the family. His happiness seemed greater still since he heard about the chinovnik's success and his present. It seemed to Serozha that every one ought to be happy this beautiful day.

"Do you know papa has received the Alexander Nevsky order?"

"Why should n't I know? He has been receiving congratulations."

"Is he glad?"

"How could he help being glad of the Tsar's favor? Of course he deserves it!" said the old Swiss, gravely.

Serozha reflected as he looked into the Swiss's face, which he knew even to the least detail, but especially the chin, between his gray side-whiskers. No one had seen his chin except Serozha, who looked up at it from below.

"Well! and your daughter? Is n't it a long time since she has been to see us?"

The Swiss's daughter was a ballet-dancer.

"How could she find time to come on work-days?"

he exclaimed. "They have their lessons as well as you, and you had better be off to yours, sir."

When Serozha reached his room, instead of attending to his tasks, he poured out into the tutor's ears all his surmises about the present which had been brought him. "It must be a locomotive engine; what do you think about it?" he asked; but Vasili Lukitch was thinking of nothing except the grammar lesson, which had to be ready for the professor, who came at two o'clock.

"No, but you must just tell me one thing, Vasili Lukitch," asked the child, who was now sitting at his desk, with his book in his hands: "what is there higher than the Alexander Nevsky? You know that papa has just received the Alexander Nevsky."

Vasili Lukitch replied that the order of Vladimir was higher.

"And above that?"

"St. Andrew[1] above them all."

"And above that?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?" and Serozha, leaning his head on his hand, began to think.

The child's thoughts were very varied and complicated; he imagined that his father perhaps was going to have the orders of Vladimir and St. Andrew, and that therefore he would be more indulgent for that day's lessons; and that he himself, when he grew up, would do his best to deserve all the decorations, even those that would be given higher than that of St. Andrew. A new order would scarcely have time to be founded before he would make himself worthy of it.

These thoughts made the time pass so quickly that, when the professor came, his lesson about the circumstances of time, and place, and mode of action was not prepared at all; and the professor seemed not only dissatisfied, but distressed. His professor's distress touched Serozha. He felt that he was to blame for not having learned his lesson. In spite of all his efforts, he really had been unable to do it. When the professor was talking to him, he imagined that he understood; but when he was alone, he really could not remember or comprehend that such a short and easy word as *vdrūg*, "suddenly," is a *circumstance of the mode of action;* but still he was sorry that he had tried his teacher.

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[1] Andreï Pervozbanny, Andrew the First-called or Protokletos.

He seized on a moment when his teacher was silently looking into a book, to ask him: —

"Mikhaïl Ivanovitch, when will your birthday be?"

"You would do better to think about your work; birthdays have no importance for a reasonable being. It is only a day just like any other, and must be spent in work."

Serozha looked attentively at his teacher, studied his sparse beard, his eye-glasses far down on his nose, and got into such a deep brown study that he heard nothing of what the teacher was explaining to him. He had a dim comprehension that his teacher did not believe what he said. By the tone in which he said it, he felt that it was incredible.

"But why do they all try to say to me the most tiresome things and the most useless things, and all in the same way? Why does this man keep me from him, and not love me?" he asked himself sadly, and he could not discover any answer.

CHAPTER XXVII

After the professor, came the lesson with his father. Serozha, while waiting for him, sat at the table, playing with his pen-knife, and he fell into new thoughts.

One of his favorite occupations was to look for his mother while he was out walking. He did not believe in death as a general thing; and especially he did not believe that his mother was dead, in spite of what the Countess Lidia Ivanovna told him, and though his father confirmed it. And therefore, after they told him that she was dead, he used to watch for her while he was out for his walk. Every tall, graceful woman with dark hair he imagined to be his mother; at the sight of such a woman, his heart would swell with love, the tears would come into his eyes, and he would wait until the lady drew near him, and raised her veil; then he would see her face; she would kiss him, smile upon him; he would feel the sweet caress of her hand, smell the well-known perfume, and weep with joy, as he did one evening when he lay at her feet, and she tickled him, and he laughed so heartily, and gently bit her white hand, covered with rings.

Later, when he learned accidentally from the old nurse that his mother was alive, and that his father and the countess had told him that she was dead because she was a wicked woman, this seemed still more impossible to Serozha, because he loved her; and he looked for her, and longed for her.

That very day, in the summer garden, there had been a lady in a lilac veil, and, with his heart beating violently, expecting that it was she, he saw her take the same footpath where he was walking; but this lady did not come up where he was, and she disappeared from sight. Serozha felt a stronger love than ever for his mother; and now, while waiting for his father, he was cutting his desk with his penknife; with shining eyes, he was looking straight ahead, and thinking of her.

"Here comes your papa," said Vasili Lukitch.

Serozha jumped up from the chair, ran to kiss his father's hand, and looked for some sign of pleasure because he had received the order of Alexander Nevsky.

"Did you have a good walk?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, as he sat down in an armchair, taking up the Old Testament and opening it.

Though he had often told Serozha that every Christian ought to know the sacred history by heart, he had often to consult the Old Testament for his lessons; and Serozha noticed it.

"Yes, papa, I enjoyed it very much," said Serozha, sitting across his chair, and tipping it, which was forbidden. "I saw Nadenka" (Nadenka was the countess's niece, whom she adopted) "and she told me that they 've given you a new star. Are you glad, papa?"

"In the first place, please don't tip your chair so," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "and in the second place, know that what ought to be dear to us is work for itself and not the reward. I want you to understand that. If you work and study simply for the sake of receiving the recompense, the work will seem painful; but if you love work, your recompense will come of itself."

And Alekseï Aleksandrovitch remembered that on this very day he had signed one hundred and eighteen different papers with no other support in a most unwelcome task than the feeling of duty.

Serozha's eyes, shining with affection and merriment, grew gloomy, and dropped as his father looked at him. It was the same well-remembered way his father had adopted in his treatment of him, and Serozha had already schooled himself to be hypocritical toward it.

He felt that his father always spoke as if he were addressing some imaginary boy, one of those children found in books, and not in the least like Serozha. And Serozha, when he was with his father, tried to make believe that he was that bookish little boy.

"You understand this, I hope."

"Yes, papa," replied the lad, playing the part of this imaginary little boy.

The lesson consisted of the recitation of several verses of the Gospel and the review of the first part of the Old Testament. The verses from the Gospel Serozha knew fairly well. But, as he was in the midst of so repeating them, Serozha was struck by the appearance of his father's forehead, which made almost a right angle near the temples, and he stumbled and transferred the end of one verse to the next verse which began with the same word. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch concluded that he did not understand the meaning of what he was reciting, and he was vexed.

He frowned, and began to explain what Serozha had heard so many times that he could not help remembering because he understood it too well — just as it was with the concept of the word *vdrug*, suddenly, being "a circumstance of the mode of action." The child, with scared eyes, looked at his father and thought about only one thing: would his father oblige him to repeat the explanation that he had given him, as he had done at other times? This fear kept him from understanding anything. Fortunately his father passed on to the lesson in Sacred History. Serozha narrated the facts themselves very well; but when he was required to answer the questions as to what the fact signified he did not know it at all, though he had already been punished for this same lesson. The place where he could not recite and hesitated, and where he had whittled the table and rocked the chair, was the critical moment when he had to repeat the list of antediluvian patriarchs. Not one could he remember, not even Enoch, who was snatched up to heaven alive. On other occasions he could remember his name, but now he had entirely forgotten it, for the very reason that Enoch was his favorite character in all Biblical history, and he connected with the translation of this patriarch a long string of ideas which completely absorbed him, while he was staring at his father's watch-chain and a loose button on his waistcoat.

Serozha absolutely disbelieved in death, though they had told him about it many times. He could not believe that those whom he loved could die, and especially incredible was the thought of his own death. It all seemed perfectly impossible and incomprehensible. But he had been told that all must die; he had asked people in whom he had confidence, and they had assured him that it was so. The nurse herself, though unwillingly, said the same thing. But Enoch did not die, and perhaps others might not have to die.

"Why should not others deserve justice before God, and so be snatched up to heaven alive?" thought Serozha. "The wicked — those whom he disliked — might have to die, but the good might be like Enoch."

"Well! how about these patriarchs?"

"Enoch .... Enos .... "

"You have already mentioned him. This is bad, Serozha, very bad. If you do not endeavor to learn the things essential for every Christian to know, what will become of you?" asked his father, getting up. "I am dissatisfied with you, and Piotr Ignatyevitch"— he was the professor — "is dissatisfied with you .... so I am compelled to punish you."

Father and pedagogue both found fault with him, and Serozha was doubtless making bad work of it. Yet it could not possibly be said that he was a stupid boy; on the contrary, he was far superior to those whom his teacher held up to him as examples. From his father's point of view, he did not want to learn what was taught him. In reality, it was because he could not learn it. He could not for the reason that his mind had needs more essential to him than those that his father and the pedagogue supposed. These needs were wholly opposed to what they gave him, and he revolted against his teachers.

He was only nine years old. He was only a child; but he knew his own soul. It was dear to him; he guarded it jealously, as the eyelid guards the eye; and no one should force a way in without the key of love. His teachers blamed him for being unwilling to learn, and yet he was all on fire with the yearning for knowledge; and he learned from Kapitonuitch, his old nurse, Nadenka, and Vasili Lukitch, but not from his teachers. The water which the father and the pedagogue poured on the mill-wheel was wasted, but the work was done in another place.

His father punished Serozha by not letting him go to see Nadenka; but his punishment turned out to be an advantage. Vasili Lukitch was in good humor, and taught him how to make wind-mills. The whole afternoon was spent in working and thinking of the ways and means to make the mill go. Should he fix wings to it, or arrange it so he could turn it himself? He forgot about his mother all the evening; but after he had got into bed, he suddenly remembered her, and he prayed in his own fashion that she might cease to hide herself from him, and make him a visit the next day, which was his birthday.

"Vasili Lukitch, do you know what I prayed God for?"

"To study better?"

"No."

"Toys?"

"No. You must not guess. It is a secret; when it comes to pass, I will tell you. Can't you guess?"

"No, I can't guess; you must tell me!" said Vasili Lukitch, smiling, which was rare with him. "Well, get into bed; I am going to put out the light."

"I see that which I prayed for much better when there is n't any light. There, I almost told my secret!" cried Serozha, laughing gayly.

Serozha believed that he heard his mother and felt her presence when he was in the dark. She was standing near him, and looking at him tenderly with her loving eyes; then he saw a mill, a knife; then all melted into darkness, and he was asleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII

When Vronsky and Anna reached Petersburg, they stopped at one of the best hotels. Vronsky had a room to himself on the ground floor; Anna, up one flight of stairs, with her baby, the nurse, and her maid, occupied a suite of four rooms.

On the day of his return, Vronsky went to see his brother; he there found his mother, who had come down from Moscow on business. His mother and sister-in-law received him as usual, asked him about his travels, spoke of common friends, but not by a word did they make any allusion to Anna. His brother, however, who returned his call the next morning, asked him about her and Alekseï. Vronsky declared in no equivocal terms that he considered the bond which united him to Madame Karenin the same as marriage, that he hoped a divorce would be obtained, and then he should marry her, but till that time, he should regard her the same as his wife; and he asked him to explain this to his mother and sister-in-law.

"The world may not approve of me; that is all one to me," he added; "but if my family wish to remain on good terms with me, they must show proper respect for my wife."

The elder brother, always very respectful of his brother's opinions, was not very certain in his own mind whether he was doing right or not, and resolved to let society settle this question; but, as far as he himself was concerned, he saw nothing objectionable in this, and he went with Alekseĭ to call on Anna.

Vronsky spoke to Anna with the formal *vui*, you, as he always did before strangers, and treated her as a mere acquaintance; but it was perfectly understood that the brother knew of their relations, and they spoke freely of Anna's visit to Vronsky's estate.

Notwithstanding his experience in society, Vronsky, in consequence of this new state of things, fell into a strange error. It would seem as if he ought to have understood that society would shut its doors on him and Anna; but now he persuaded himself by a strange freak of imagination that, however it might have been in former days, now, owing to the rapid progress made by society, — and he had himself unconsciously become a strong supporter of progress, — prejudices would have melted away, and the question whether they would be received by society would not trouble them.

"Of course, she would not be received at court," he thought; "but our relatives, our friends, will understand things as they are."

A man may sit for some time with his legs doubled up in one position, provided he knows that he can change it at pleasure; but if he knows that he must sit in such a constrained position, then he will feel cramped, and his legs will twitch and stretch out toward the desired freedom. Vronsky experienced this in regard to society. Though he knew in the bottom of his soul that society was closed to them, he made experiment whether it had changed, and whether it would receive them.

But he quickly found that, even if it were open to him personally, it was closed to Anna. As in the game of "Cat-and-Mouse,"[1] the hands raised for him immediately fell before Anna.

One of the first ladies of Petersburg society whom he met was his cousin Betsy.

"At last?" she cried joyously, "and Anna? How glad I am! Where are you stopping? I can easily imagine the hideous effect our Petersburg must have on you after such a charming journey! I can imagine your honeymoon in Rome! And the divorce? is it arranged?"

Vronsky saw that Betsy's enthusiasm cooled when she learned that there was no divorce as yet.

"I know well that I shall be stoned," said she; "but I am coming to see Anna. Yes, I will certainly come. You won't stay here long, I imagine?"

In fact she called on Anna that very day; but her manner was entirely different from what it used to be. She evidently prided herself on her courage, and wanted Anna to appreciate the genuineness of her friendship. After talking for about ten minutes on the news of the day, she got up, and said as she went away: —

"You have not told me yet when the divorce is to be. Though I may disregard the proprieties,[2] stiff-necked people will give you the cold shoulder as long as you are not married. And it is so easy nowadays. *Ça se fait.* So you are going Friday? I am sorry we shall not see each other again."

From Betsy's manner Vronsky might have got an idea of what he might expect from society. But he made still another experiment in his own family. He had no hope of any assistance from his mother. He knew well that, enthusiastic though she had been in Anna's praise at their first meeting, she would be relentless toward her now that she had spoiled her son's career; but Vronsky founded great hopes on Varia, his brother's wife. It seemed to him that she would not be one to cast a stone at Anna, but would come simply and naturally to see her.

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[1] *Koshka-muishka.*

[2] *Zabrosit chepets cheres mielnitsu,* to throw one's cap over the mill.

On the next day he called on her, and, finding her alone, he openly expressed his desire.

"You know, Alekseĭ, how fond I am of you," replied Varia, after hearing what he had to say, "and how willing I am to do anything for you; but if I kept silent, it is because I know that I cannot be of the least use to you and Anna Arkadyevna." She took special pains to use the two names. "Please don't think that I judge her — not at all; perhaps I should have done the same thing in her place. I cannot enter into details," she added, glancing timidly up at his clouded face; "but we must call things by their right name. You would like me to go and see her, and then have her visit me, in order to restore her to society. But you must know *I cannot* do it. My daughters are growing up; I am obliged, on my husband's account, to go into society. Now, I will go and call on Anna Arkadyevna; but she knows that I cannot invite her here lest she should meet in my drawing-room people who do not think as I do, and that would wound her. I cannot receive her." ....

"But I do not admit that she has fallen lower than hundreds of women whom you receive," interrupted Vronsky, rising, and seeing that his sister-in-law's decision was irrevocable.

"Alekseĭ, don't be angry with me; please understand, it is not my fault," said Varia, looking at him with a timid smile.

"I am not angry with you, but I suffer doubly," said he, growing more and more gloomy. "I suffer because this breaks our friendship, or, at least, seriously impairs it; for you must know that for me this could not be otherwise."

He left her with these words.

Vronsky understood that further experiments would be idle, and that, during the few days he would still have to spend in Petersburg, he must act as if he were in a foreign city, avoiding all dealings with his former society friends so as not to be subjected to vexations and affronts which were so painful to him.

One of the most unpleasant features of his position in Petersburg was the fact that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and his name seemed to be everywhere. It was impossible for a conversation to begin on any subject without turning on Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; it was impossible to go anywhere without meeting him. So, at least, it seemed to Vronsky; just as it seems to a man with a sore finger, that he is always hitting it against everything.

Their stay in Petersburg seemed to Vronsky still more trying because all the time he saw that Anna was in a strange, incomprehensible moral frame of mind such as he had never seen before. At one time she was more than usually affectionate; then again she would seem cold, irritable, and enigmatical. Something was tormenting her, and she was concealing something from him; and she seemed not to notice the indignities which poisoned his life, and which, in her delicacy of perception, should have been even more painful for her.

CHAPTER XXIX

Anna's chief desire on her return to Russia was to see her son. From the day she left Italy the thought of seeing him again kept her in a constant state of excitement; and in proportion as she drew near Petersburg the prospective delight and importance of this meeting kept growing greater and greater. She did not trouble herself with the question how she should manage it. It would be a simple and natural thing, she thought, to see her son once more, when she would be in the same town with him; but since her arrival she suddenly realized her present relation toward society, and found that the interview was not easy to obtain.

She had been two days now in Petersburg, and never for an instant had the thought of her son left her, but she had not seen him.

She felt that she had no right to go straight to her former home and risk coming face to face with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. She might not be admitted; she might be insulted. To write to her husband and ask permission of him seemed to her painful even to think of. She could be calm only when she did not think of her husband. To see her son when he was out taking his walk, even if she could find where and when he went, was too little for her. She had counted so much on seeing him again! she had so much to say to him; she had such a desire to hug him, to kiss him.

Serozha's old nurse might have been an assistance to her, and shown her how to manage; but she was no longer living in Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's house.

On the third day, having learned of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's intimate relations with the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, Anna decided to write her a letter, and this cost her the greatest pains to write. She told her frankly that permission to see her son depended on Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's magnanimity. She knew that if the letter were shown to her husband, he, in his part of magnanimous man, would not refuse her.

The messenger that carried the letter brought back the most cruel and unexpected reply, that there was no answer. She had never felt so wounded as at the moment when, summoning the messenger, she heard from him the circumstantial story of how he had waited, and how, after a time, he had been told that there would be no answer. Anna felt humiliated, insulted, but she saw that, from her point of view, the countess was right. Her grief was all the keener because she had to bear it alone. She could not and did not wish to confide it to Vronsky. She knew that though he was the chief cause of her unhappiness, he would regard her meeting with her son as of little account; she knew that he would never be able to sound all the depths of her anguish; she knew that she should hate him for the unsympathetic tone in which he would speak of it. And she feared this more than anything else in the world, and so hid from him her action in regard to her son.

She stayed at home all day long and racked her brain to think of other ways of meeting her son, and finally she decided to write directly to her husband. She had already begun her letter, when Lidia Ivanovna's reply was brought to her. The countess's previous silence had humbled and affronted her, but the note and all that she read between the lines so exasperated her, — this bitterness against her seemed so shocking when contrasted with her passionate, legitimate affection for her son, that she grew indignant against the others, and ceased to blame herself.

"What cruelty! What hypocrisy!" she said to herself. "All they want is to insult me and torment the child. I will not let them do so. She is worse than I am; at least, I do not lie."

She immediately decided to go on the morrow, which was Serozha's birthday, directly to her husband's house; she would bribe the servants, and would make any kind of an excuse, if only she might once see her son and put an end to the ugly network of lies with which they were surrounding the innocent child.

She went to a toy shop and purchased some toys, and thus she formed her plan of action: she would start early in the morning, at eight o'clock, before Alekseï Aleksandrovitch would probably be up; she would have the money in her hand all ready to bribe the Swiss and the valet to let her go up-stairs without raising her veil, under the pretext of laying on Serozha's bed some presents sent by his godfather. As to what she should say to her son, she could not form the least idea; she could not make any preparation for that.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Anna got out of her hired carriage and rang the door-bell of her former home.

"Go and see what is wanted! It's some lady," said Kapitonuitch, in loose coat and galoshes, as he looked out of the window and saw a lady closely veiled standing on the porch. The Swiss's assistant, a young man whom Anna did not know, had scarcely opened the door before Anna pushed her way in, and, drawing a three-ruble note out of her muff, thrust it into his hand.

"Serozha .... Sergyeï Aleksievitch," she stammered, and started down the vestibule.

The Swiss's assistant examined the note, and stopped the visitor at the inner glass door.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

She did not hear his words, and made no reply.

Kapitonuitch, noticing the stranger's confusion, came out, let her into the entry, and asked her what she wanted.

"I come from Prince Skorodumof to see Sergyeï Aleksievitch."

"He is not up yet," replied the Swiss, looking sharply at her.

Anna had never dreamed that the absolutely unchanged appearance of the anteroom of the house which for nine years had been her home could have such a powerful effect on her.

One after another, sweet and painful memories arose in her mind, and for a moment she forgot why she was there.

"Will you wait?" asked the Swiss, helping her to remove her shubka. When he saw her face, he recognized her, and without a word bowed profoundly.

"Will your ladyship[1] be pleased to enter?" he said to her.

She tried to speak, but her voice refused to utter a sound. Giving the old servant an entreating look, with light, swift steps she went to the staircase. She flew up the stairs. Kapitonuitch tried to overtake her, and followed after her, catching his galoshes at every step.

"His tutor is there; perhaps he is not dressed yet; I will speak to him."

Anna kept on up the stairs which she knew so well, not heeding what the old man said.

"This way. To the left, if you please. Excuse it if all is in disorder. He sleeps in the front room now," said the Swiss, out of breath. "Will your ladyship be good enough to wait a moment? I will go and see." And, opening the high door, he disappeared.

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[1] *Vashe prevoskhodityelstvo*, literally, your excellency.

Anna stopped and waited.

"He has just waked up," said the Swiss, coming back through the same door.

And, as he spoke, Anna heard the sound of a child yawning, and merely by the sound of the yawn she recognized her son and seemed to see him alive before her.

"Let me go in .... let me!" she cried, and hurriedly pushed through the door.

At the right of the door stood the bed, and on the bed a child was sitting up in his little open nightgown; his little body was leaning forward, and he was just finishing a yawn and stretching himself. His lips were just closing into a sleepy smile, and, with this smile, he slowly and gently fell back on his pillow.

"Serozha!" she whispered, as she went noiselessly toward him.

At the time of their separation and during that access of love which she had been recently experiencing for him, Anna had imagined him as still a boy of four, the age when he had been most charming. Now he no longer bore any resemblance to him whom she had left; he was still further removed from the four-year-old ideal; he had grown taller and thinner. How long his face seemed! How short his hair! What long arms! How he had changed since she had seen him last! But it was still Serozha — the shape of his head, his lips, his little slender neck, and his broad little shoulders.

"Serozha!" she whispered in the child's ear.

He raised himself on his elbow, turned his disheveled head first to this side, then to that, as if searching for something, and opened his eyes. For several seconds he looked with an inquiring face at his mother, who stood motionless before him. Then he suddenly smiled with joy, and again closing his sleepy eyes he threw himself, not back upon his pillow, but into his mother's arms.

"Serozha, my dear little boy!"[1] she cried, choking with tears, and throwing her arms around his plump body.

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[1] *Serozha! mal'chik moï milui.*

"Mamma!" he whispered, cuddling into his mother's arms so as to feel their encircling pressure.

Smiling sleepily, still with his eyes closed, he took his chubby little hands from the head of the bed and put them on his mother's shoulder and climbed into her lap, having that warm breath of sleep peculiar to children, and pressed his face to his mother's neck and shoulders.

"I knew," he said, opening his eyes; "to-day is my birthday; I knew that you would come. I am going to get up now."

And as he spoke he fell asleep again.

Anna devoured him with her eyes. She saw how he had grown and changed during her absence. She knew and yet she did not know his bare legs, so much longer now, coming below his nightgown; she recognized his cheeks grown thin; his short hair curled in the neck where she had so often kissed it. She could not keep her hands from him, and not a word was she able to say, and the tears choked her.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" he asked, now entirely awake. "What makes you cry?" he repeated, ready to weep himself.

"I will not cry any more .... I am crying for joy. It is so long since I have seen you. But I will not, I will not cry any more," said she, drying her tears and turning around. "Now go and get dressed," she added, after she had grown a little calmer, but still holding Serozha's hand. She sat down near the bed on a chair which held the child's clothing. "How do you dress without me? How ...." she wanted to speak simply and gayly, but she could not, and again she turned her head away.

"I don't wash in cold water any more, papa has forbidden it; but you have not seen Vasili Lukitch? Here he comes. But you are sitting on my things."

And Serozha laughed heartily. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma! dear heart, darling,"[1] he cried, again throwing himself into her arms, as if now for the first time, having seen her smile, he clearly understood what had happened.

"You don't need it on," said he, taking off her hat. And as if again recognizing her with her head bare, he began to kiss her again.

"What did you think of me? Did you believe that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You believed me alive, my precious?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" he replied, repeating his favorite phrase; and, seizing her hand which was smoothing his hair, he pressed the palm of it to his little mouth and began to kiss it.

CHAPTER XXX

Vasili Lukitch, meantime, not at first knowing who this lady was, but learning from their conversation that it was Serozha's mother, the woman who had deserted her husband, and whom he did not know, as he had not come into the house till after her departure, was in great perplexity. Ought he to go to his pupil, or should he tell Alekseï Aleksandrovitch?

On mature reflection he came to the conclusion that his duty consisted in going to dress Serozha at the usual hour, without paying any attention to a third person — his mother or any one else. So he dressed himself. But as he reached the door and opened it, the sight of the caresses between the mother and child, the sound of their voices and their words, made him change his mind. He shook his head, sighed, and quietly closed the door. "I will wait ten minutes longer," he said to himself, coughing slightly, and wiping his eyes.

There was great excitement among the servants; they all knew that the baruinya had come, and that Kapitonuitch had let her in, and that she was in the child's room; they knew, too, that their master was in the habit of going to Serozha every morning at nine o'clock: each one felt that the husband and wife ought not to meet, that it must be prevented.

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[1] *Dushenka, galubushka.*

Korneĭ, the valet, went down to the Swiss to ask why Anna had been let in; and, finding that Kapitonuitch had taken her up-stairs, he reprimanded him severely. The Swiss maintained an obstinate silence till the valet declared that he deserved to lose his place, when the old man jumped at him, and, shaking his fist in his face, said: —

"What is that? you would not let her in? You 've served here ten years, and had nothing but kindness from her, but you would have said, 'Now, go away from here!' You know what policy is, you sly dog. What you don't forget is to rob your master, and to carry off his racoon-skin shubas!"

"Soldier!" replied Kornei, scornfully, and he turned toward the nurse, who was coming in just at this moment. "What do you think, Marya Yefimovna? He has let in Anna Arkadyevna, without saying anything to anybody, and just when Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, as soon as he is up, will be going to the nursery."

"What a scrape! what a scrape!" said the nurse. "But, Kornei Vasilyevitch, find some way to keep your master, while I run to warn her, and get her out of the way. What a scrape!"

When the nurse went into the child's room, Serozha was telling his mother how Nadenka and he had fallen when sliding down a hill of ice, and turned three somersaults. Anna was listening to the sound of her son's voice, looking at his face, watching the play of his features, feeling his little arms, but not hearing a word that he said. She had to go away, she had to leave him; this alone she understood and felt. She had heard Vasili Lukitch's steps, and his little discreet cough, as he came to the door, and now she heard the nurse coming in; but, unable to move or to speak, she remained as fixed as a statue.

"Mistress, darling,"[1] said the nurse, coming up to Anna, and kissing her hands and her shoulders. "God sent this joy for our birthday celebration! You are not changed at all."

"Akh! nurse, my dear; I did not know that you were in the house," said Anna, coming to herself.

"I don't live here; I live with my daughter. I came to give my best wishes to Serozha, Anna Arkadyevna, galubushka."

The nurse suddenly began to weep, and to kiss Anna's hand.

Serozha, with bright, joyful eyes, and holding his mother with one hand and his nurse with the other, was dancing in his little bare feet on the carpet. His old nurse's tenderness toward his mother was delightful to him.

"Mamma, she often comes to see me; and when she comes...." he began, but he stopped short when he perceived that the nurse whispered something in his mother's ear, and that his mother's face assumed an expression of fear, and something like shame which did not go well with his mother.

Anna went to him.

"My precious!" she said.

She could not say the word *prashchaï*, "farewell"; but the expression of her face said it, and he understood.

"My precious, precious Kutik!" she said, calling him by a pet name which she used when he was a baby. "You will not forget me; you...." but she could not say another word.

Only then she began to think of the words which she wanted to say to him, but now it was impossible to say them. But Serozha understood all that she would have said; he understood that she was unhappy, and that she loved him. He even understood what the nurse whispered in her ear; he heard the words "always at nine o'clock," and he knew that they referred to his father, and that his mother must not meet him. He understood this, but one thing he could not understand: why did her face express fear and shame? .... She was not to blame, but she was afraid of him, and seemed ashamed of something. He wanted to ask a question which would have explained this doubt, but he did not dare; he saw that she was in sorrow, and he pitied her. He silently clung close to her, and then he whispered: —

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[1] *Baruinya, galubushka.*

"Don't go yet! He will not come for some time."

His mother pushed him away from her a little, in order to see if he understood the meaning of what he had said, and in the frightened expression of his face she perceived that he not only spoke of his father, but seemed to ask her how he ought to think about him.

"Serozha, my dear," she said, "love him; he is better and more upright than I am, and I have been wicked to him. When you have grown up, you will understand."

"Not better than you!" cried the child, with sobs of despair; and, clinging to his mother's shoulders, he squeezed her with all his might till his arms trembled with the exertion.

"My darling, my little one!"[1] exclaimed Anna; and, bursting into tears, she sobbed like a child, even as he sobbed.

At this moment the door opened, and Vasili Lukitch came in. Steps were heard at the other door; and, in a frightened whisper, he exclaimed, "He is coming," and gave Anna her hat.

Serozha threw himself on the bed, sobbing, and covered his face with his hands. Anna took them away to kiss yet once again his tear-stained cheeks, and then with quick steps hurried from the room.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch met her at the door. When he saw her, he stopped and bowed his head.

Though she had declared a moment before that he was better and more upright than she, the swift glance that she gave him, taking in his whole person, with all its peculiarities, awoke in her only a feeling of hatred and scorn for him, and jealousy on account of her son.

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[1] *Dushetchka, malenki moĭ.*

She hurriedly lowered her veil, and, quickening her step, almost ran from the room.

She had entirely forgotten in her haste the playthings which, on the evening before, she had bought with so much love and sadness; and she took them back with her to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXXI

Eagerly as Anna had desired to see her son again, long as she had thought about it, prepared herself beforehand, she had no idea of what an effect the sight of him would have on her; when she got back to her solitary room at the hotel again, she could not for a long time understand why she was there.

"Yes, all is over; I am alone again," she said to herself; and, without taking off her hat, she threw herself into an easy-chair which stood near the fireplace. And, fixing her eyes on a bronze clock standing on a table between two windows, she became absorbed in thought.

The French maid whom she had brought from abroad with her came and offered to help her dress; Anna looked at her with surprise, and replied, "By and by." A servant came to announce coffee; "By and by," she said.

The Italian nurse came in, bringing the little daughter whom she had just dressed; the plump, well-nurtured little one, as always, when she saw her mother, lifted up her bare little arms with the palms down, and, smiling with her toothless little mouth, began to beat the air with her plump little hands like a fish waving its fins, and to pull at the starched tucks of her embroidered skirt. No one could help smiling back, or kissing the little girl, or letting her catch hold of one of her fingers, screaming with delight, and jumping; no one could help pressing her lips for a kiss to the little sweet mouth. All this Anna did, and she took her into her arms, trotted her on her knee, and she kissed her fresh cheek and bare elbows; but the sight of this child made her feel clearly that the affection which she felt for it was not the same kind of love that she had for Serozha. Everything about this little girl was lovely; but somehow she did not fill the wants of her heart.

In her first-born, although he was the child of a man whom she did not love, was concentrated all the strength of a love which had not been satisfied. Her daughter, born in the most trying circumstances, had never received the one-hundredth part of the care which she had spent on Serozha. Moreover, the little girl, as yet, only represented hopes, while Serozha was almost a man, and a lovely man! He had already begun to struggle with his thoughts and feelings; he loved his mother, understood her, judged her perhaps, she thought, recalling her son's words and looks; and now she was separated from him forever, morally as well as materially; and she saw no way of remedying the situation.

She gave the little one back to her nurse, and sent them away, and opened a locket containing Serozha's picture about the same age as his sister; then, removing her hat, she took an album in which were photographs of her son at different periods; she wanted to compare them, and she began to take them out of the album. She took them all out. One was left, the last, the best photograph of him. It represented Serozha astride a chair, in a white frock, a smile on his lips and a shadow in his eyes; it was his most characteristic, his best expression. Holding the album in her little deft hands, which to-day moved with extraordinary nervousness, she tried with her slender white fingers to take it from its place; but the photograph stuck, and she could not get at it. There was no paper-cutter on the table, and she took up another photograph at random to push out the card from its place.

It was a picture of Vronsky, taken in Rome, with long hair and a round felt hat.

"Ah! there he is," she said to herself, and as she looked at him she suddenly remembered that he was the cause of all her present suffering.

Not once had she thought of him all the morning; but now suddenly the sight of this manly and noble face, which she knew and loved so well, brought a flood of affection to her heart.

" Yes! Where is he? Why does he leave me alone, a prey to my grief?" she asked with bitter reproach, forgetting that she herself had carefully concealed from him everything concerning her son. She sent a message to him, asking him to come to her immediately, and waited, with heavy heart, thinking over the words with which she should tell him all, and the loving expressions with which he would try to console her. The servant returned to say that Vronsky had a visitor, but that he would come very soon; and would like to know if she could receive him with Prince Yashvin, who had just arrived in Petersburg.

" He will not come alone, and he has not seen me since yesterday at dinner," she thought; " and he does not come so that I can speak with him, but he comes with Yashvin."

And suddenly a cruel thought crossed her mind: what if he no longer loved her?

And as she went over in her mind all the incidents of the past few days, she found her terrible thought confirmed by them. The day before he had not dined with her; they did not have the same room, now that they were in Petersburg; and now he was bringing some one with him as if to avoid being alone with her.

" But he must tell me this. I must know it. If it is true, I know what I must do," she said to herself, wholly unable to imagine what would happen if Vronsky's indifference should prove to be true. She began to feel that he did not love her any more; she imagined herself reduced to despair, and in consequence her feelings made her overexcited; she rang for her maid, went into her dressing-room, and took extreme pains with her dress as if the sight of her toilet and becoming way of dressing her hair would bring back Vronsky's love, if he had grown indifferent.

The bell rang before she was ready.

When she returned to the drawing-room, not Vronsky, but Yashvin, looked at her. Vronsky was looking at Serozha's picture, which she had left lying on the table, and he did not hurry to greet her.

" We are old acquaintances," she said to him, going toward him and placing her small hand in Yashvin's enormous hand. He was all confusion, and this seemed odd, in a man of his gigantic form and decided features.

"We met last year at the races. — Give them to me," she said, snatching her son's photographs from Vronsky, who was looking at them, while her eyes blazed at him significantly. "Were the races successful this year? We saw the races at Rome on the Corso. But I believe you do not like life abroad," she added, with a fascinating smile. "I know you, and, although we seldom meet, I know your tastes."

" I am very sorry for that, because my tastes are generally bad," said Yashvin, biting the left side of his mustache.

After they had talked some little time, Yashvin, seeing Vronsky look at his watch, asked Anna if she expected to be in Petersburg long. Then, bending down his huge back, he picked up his képi.

" Probably not long," she replied, in some confusion, and looked at Vronsky.

"Then we shall not meet again?" said Yashvin, getting up and addressing Vronsky. "Where are you going to dine?"

" Come and dine with me," said Anna, with decision; and, vexed because she could not conceal her confusion whenever her false situation became evident before a stranger, she blushed. "The table here is not good, but you will at least see each other. Of all Alekseï's messmates, you are his favorite."

" I should be delighted," replied Yashvin, with a smile which proved to Vronsky that he was very much pleased with Anna. Yashvin took leave of them and went away, while Vronsky lingered behind.

"Are you going, too?" she asked him.

"I am already late. Go ahead, I will overtake you," he shouted to Yashvin.

She took his hand, and, without removing her eyes from him, tried to find something to say to detain him.

"Wait; I want to ask you something," and she pressed Vronsky's hand against her cheek. "Well! did I do wrong to invite him to dinner?"

"You did quite right," he replied, with a calm smile which showed his solid teeth, and he kissed her hand.

"Alekseï, do you feel changed toward me?" she asked, pressing his hand between her own. "Alekseï, I am tired of staying here. When shall we go away?"

"Soon, very soon. You can't imagine how life here weighs upon me too," and he drew away his hand.

"Well! go, go away!" she said, in an injured tone, and quickly left him.

CHAPTER XXXII

When Vronsky came back to the hotel, Anna was not there. They told him that she had gone out with a lady who came to call on her. The fact that she had gone out without having left word where, a thing which she had not done before, the fact that she had also gone somewhere in the morning without telling him, — all this coupled with the strange expression of excitement on her face that morning, the manner and the harsh tone with which she had snatched away her son's photographs from him before Yashvin, made Vronsky wonder. He made up his mind to ask for an explanation, and waited in the drawing-room for her return. Anna did not come back alone; she brought with her an old maiden aunt, the Princess Oblonskaya. She was the lady who had come in the morning, and with whom she had been shopping.

Anna pretended not to notice the expression of Vronsky's face and his uneasy, questioning manner, and began to talk gayly about the purchases she had made in the morning. He saw that something unusual was the matter: in her shining eyes, as they flashed their lightning on him, there was evidence of mental strain; and in her speech and movements there was that nervous alertness and grace which in the first epoch of their relationship had so captivated him, but now they troubled and alarmed him.

The table was laid for four, and, just as they were going to sit down in the little dining-room, Tuskievitch came from the Princess Betsy with a message for Anna.

The Princess Betsy sent her excuses for not coming in person to say good-by to her. She was not well, and asked Anna to come to see her between half-past seven and nine o'clock.

Vronsky looked at Anna as if he would draw her attention to the fact that in naming a time she had taken precautions against her meeting any one; but Anna did not seem to pay any attention to it.

"I am very sorry, but just between half-past seven and nine I shall not be at liberty," she said, with a slight smile.

"The princess will be very much disappointed."

"So shall I."

"I suppose you are going to hear Patti," said Tushkievitch.

"Patti? You give me an idea. I would go certainly, if I could get a *loge*."

"I can get you one," suggested Tushkievitch.

"I should be very much obliged to you," said Anna; "but won't you dine with us?"

Vronsky shrugged his shoulders slightly; he did not know what to make of Anna. Why had she brought home the old princess, why was she keeping Tushkievitch to dinner, and, above all, why did she let him get her a box? Was it to be thought of for a moment that she, in her position, could go to the opera on a Patti subscription night, when she would meet all her acquaintances there? He looked at her seriously, but she responded with a half-despairing, half-mocking look, the meaning of which he could not understand.

All through dinner Anna was aggressively lively, and seemed to flirt both with Tushkievitch and with Yashvin. When they rose from the table, Tushkievitch went to secure a box, but Yashvin was going to smoke and Vronsky took him down to his own room; after some time Vronsky came up-stairs again. Anna was already dressed in a light silk gown bought in Paris. It was trimmed with velvet and had an open front. On her head she wore costly white lace, which set off to advantage the striking beauty of her face.

"Are you really going to the theater?" he asked, trying to avoid looking at her.

"Why do you ask me in such a terrified way?" she replied, again hurt because he did not look at her. "Why should n't I go?"

She did not seem to understand the meaning of his words.

"Of course, there is no reason for it," said he, frowning.

"That is exactly what I say," she replied, not wishing to see the sarcasm of his remark, and calmly putting on a long, perfumed glove.

"Anna, for heaven's sake, what is the matter with you?" he said to her, trying to bring her to her senses, as her husband had more than once done.

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know very well that you can't go there."

"Why not? I am not going alone; the Princess Varvara has gone to dress; she is going with me."

He shrugged his shoulders with a look of perplexity and despair.

"But don't you know?" .... he began.

"No, I don't want to know!" she almost shrieked. "I don't want to know. Am I sorry for anything I have done? No, no, no, indeed; if it were to begin over again, I would begin over again. There is only one thing of any consequence to us — to you and me, and that is do we love each other? Everything else is of no account. Why do we live separate here, and not see each other? Why can't I go where I please? I love you, and everything is right, if your feelings have not changed toward me," she said in Russian, looking at him with a peculiar gleam in her eyes which he could not understand; "why don't you look at me?"

He looked at her, he saw all her beauty, of her face, of the toilet, which was so becoming to her; but now this beauty and this elegance were precisely what irritated him.

"You know very well that my feelings cannot change; but I beg you not to go out, I beseech you," he said again in French, with a prayer in his voice, but with a cold look in his eyes.

She did not hear his words, but noticed only the coldness of his look, and replied with an injured air: —

"And I for my part beg you to explain why I should not go."

"Because it may cause you...."

He grew confused.

"I don't understand at all: Yashvin *n'est pas compromettant*, and the Princess Varvara is no worse than anybody else. Ah! here she is!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

For the first time in his life Vronsky felt toward Anna a sensation of vexation bordering on anger, on account of her intentional misunderstanding of her position. This feeling was intensified by the fact that he could not explain the reason of his vexation. If he had frankly said what was in his mind, he would have said: —

"To appear at the opera in such a toilet, with a notorious person like the princess, is equivalent to throwing down the gauntlet to public opinion; to confessing yourself a lost woman, and, consequently, renouncing all hope of ever going into society again."

He could not say that to her.

"Why did she not understand it? What has happened to her?" he asked himself.

He felt at one and the same time a lessened esteem for Anna's character, and a greater sense of her beauty.

With a dark frown he went back to his room, and sat down with Yashvin, who, with his long legs stretched out on a chair, was drinking cognac and seltzer water. Vronsky ordered the same for himself.

"You spoke of Lanskof's Moguchi? He is a fine horse, and I advise you to buy him," began Yashvin, glancing at his comrade's solemn face. "His crupper is tapering, but what legs! and what a head! You could n't do better."

"I think I shall take him," replied Vronsky.

The talk about horses occupied him, but not for a moment was the thought of Anna absent from his mind, and he involuntarily listened for the sound of steps in the corridor, and kept looking at the clock on the mantel.

"Anna Arkadyevna left word that she has gone to the theater," a servant announced.

Yashvin poured out another little glass of cognac and seltzer, drank it, and rose, buttoning up his coat.

"Well, shall we go?" said he, half smiling beneath his long mustaches, and showing that he understood the cause of Vronsky's vexation, but did not attach much importance to it.

"I am not going," replied Vronsky, gloomily.

"I promised, so I must go; well — da svidanya! If you should change your mind, take Krasinsky's seat, which will be unoccupied," he added, as he went out.

"No; I have some work to do."

"A man has trials with a wife, but with a *not-wife* it is even worse," thought Yashvin as he left the hotel.

When Vronsky was alone, he rose, and began to walk up and down the room.

"Yes! To-night? The fourth subscription night.... My brother Yegor will be there with his wife, and with my mother, probably; in fact, all Petersburg will be there! Now she is going in, and is taking off her shuba, and there she is in the light! Tushkievitch, Yashvin, the Princess Varvara!" he pictured the scene to himself. "What am I to do? am I afraid? or have I given Tushkievitch the right to protect her? However you may look at it, it is stupid, it is stupid!.... Why should she place me in this position?" he said, with a gesture of despair.

This movement jostled the stand on which stood the seltzer water and the decanter with cognac, and nearly knocked it over; in trying to rescue it, he upset it entirely; he rang, and gave a kick to the table.

"If you want to remain in my service," said he to his valet who appeared, "then tend to your business. Don't let this happen again; why did n't you take these things away?"

The valet, knowing his innocence, wished to justify himself: but by one glance at his barin's face he realized that it was best for him to be silent; and, making a hasty excuse, he got down on the floor to pick up the broken glasses and water-bottles.

"That is not your business; call a waiter, and get my dress-coat."

Vronsky entered the theater at half-past nine. The performance was in full swing. The Kapelldiener — a little old man — took his fur-lined shuba, and, recognizing him, called him "your excellency," and assured him that he needed not to take a number, but that all he had to do was to call for Feodor.

There was no one in the lighted lobby except the Kapelldiener and two valets with fur garments on their arms, listening at the door. The sound of the orchestra playing staccato could be heard, carefully accompanying a woman's voice which was admirably rendering a musical phrase. The door opened and another Kapelldiener came tiptoeing out, and the phrase, as it was ending, came distinctly to Vronsky's ear. But instantly the door closed again and he could not hear the ending of the phrase or the cadenza; but from the applause that followed he knew that the aria was finished.

The plaudits still continued as he went into the auditorium, brilliantly lighted with chandeliers and bronze gas-fixtures. On the stage, the prima donna, with bare shoulders and glittering with diamonds, was bowing and smiling, and, with the assistance of the tenor, who gave her his hand, was bending forward to receive the bouquets that were thrust awkwardly at her over the footlights, and then she went toward a gentleman whose hair, shining with pomade, was parted in the middle, and who reached out his long arms to hand her some article. The whole audience — those in the boxes and those in the parquet — was wildly excited and leaning forward, shouting and clapping. The Kapellmeister, on his elevated stand, helped pass it along, and straightened his white necktie.

Vronsky went down to the middle of the parquet, and, pausing, looked through the audience. He paid less attention than ever to the familiar stage-setting, to the stage, to the noise, to all that well-known, variegated, and uninteresting throng of spectators that was packed and crowded into the theater.

There were the same ladies in the boxes, with the same officers behind them, the same gayly dressed women, the same uniforms, and the same dress-coats; in the gallery the same disorderly crowd; and in all this closely packed house, in the boxes and in the front seats, were some forty genuine men and women! And Vronsky immediately turned his attention to this oasis, and occupied himself with it exclusively.

The act was just over as Vronsky went toward the first row of seats, and stopped near the railing beside Serpukhovskoï, who, bending his knee and rapping against the rail with his heel, had seen him at a distance, and beckoned to him with a smile.

Vronsky had not yet seen Anna, and purposely refrained from looking for her; but from the direction in which people were gazing, he knew where she was. He glanced round furtively but did not search for her. Expecting something even worse, he looked to see if Alekseï Aleksandrovitch were there; to his joy the latter was not at the theater that evening.

"How unmartial you look," said Serpukhovskoï; "one would take you for a diplomat — an artist."

"Yes; on my return home I put on citizen's dress," replied Vronsky, slowly taking out his opera-glasses.

"In this respect, I confess I envy you. When I return from abroad and put these on," said he, touching his epaulets, "I mourn for my liberty."

Serpukhovskoï had long since given up trying to push Vronsky along in his military career, but he continued to have a warm affection for him, and he now seemed especially friendly toward him.

"It is too bad that you lost the first act."

Vronsky, while listening with one ear, examined the boxes and the first tier of seats, with his opera-glass; suddenly Anna's head came into view, proud, and strikingly beautiful, in its frame of laces, next a lady in a turban, and a bald-headed old man, who blinked as he gazed through his opera-glass. Anna was in the fifth box, not more than twenty steps from him; she was seated in the front of the box, turning slightly away, and was talking with Yashvin. The pose of her head, her neck, her beautiful, broad shoulders, the radiance of her eyes and face, — all reminded him of her as she had looked that evening at the ball in Moscow.

But her beauty inspired him with entirely different sentiment; there was no longer anything mysterious in his feeling for her. And so, although her beauty was more extraordinary than ever, and fascinated him, at the same time it was now offensive to him. She did not look in his direction, but he felt that she had already seen him.

When Vronsky again directed his opera-glass toward the box, he saw the Princess Varvara, very red in the face, was laughing unnaturally, and kept looking at the next box; Anna, striking her closed fan on the red velvet, was looking away, evidently not seeing and not intending to see what was going on in the next box. Yashvin's face wore the same expression as when he lost at cards; he drew his left mustache more and more into his mouth, frowned, and was looking out of the corner of his eye into the same box.

In this box were the Kartasofs. Vronsky knew them, and he knew that Anna, too, had been on friendly terms with them; Madame Kartasof, a little, thin woman, was standing with her back to Anna, and putting on an opera-cloak, which her husband handed to her; her face was pale and angry; and she was saying something with great excitement. Kartasof, a stout, bald-headed man, kept looking at Anna, and trying to calm his wife.

When Madame Kartasof left the box, her husband lingered, trying to catch Anna's eye, and evidently desirous of bowing to her; but apparently she purposely avoided noticing him, and leaned back to speak to Yashvin, whose shaven head was bent toward her. Kartasof went out without having bowed, and the box was left empty.

Vronsky did not understand what had just passed between the Kartasofs and Anna, but he felt perfectly sure that something mortifying had happened to Anna; by the expression of her face he saw that she was summoning all her strength to keep up her part to the end, and to appear perfectly calm. And this semblance of external calm was put on to perfection. Those who knew nothing of her history and her circle, who had not heard her old friends' expressions of indignation at her appearing in this way, in all the splendor of her beauty and of her toilet, would have admired her serenity and beauty, and never have suspected that this woman was enduring the same feelings of shame as a criminal experiences at the pillory.

Knowing that something had taken place, but not knowing exactly what, Vronsky felt a sense of deep anxiety, and, hoping to learn something about the matter, went to his brother's box. He intentionally crossed the parquet, on the side opposite to Anna's box, and, as he went, ran across his former regimental commander, who was talking with two of his acquaintances. Vronsky heard the Karenins' name spoken, and noticed that the regimental commander hastened to call to him aloud, while he gave his friends a significant look.

"Ah! Vronsky. When shall we see you again in the regiment? We shan't let you off without a banquet.

You are ours, every inch of you," said the regimental commander.

"I shan't have the time now. I am awfully sorry, another time," replied Vronsky, going rapidly up the steps which led to his brother's box.

The old countess, his mother, with her little steel-colored curls, was in the box. Varia and the young Princess Sorokin were walking together in the lobby of the belle-étage. As soon as she saw her brother-in-law, Varia went back to her mother with her companion, and then, taking Vronsky's arm, immediately began to speak with him about the subject which concerned him. She showed more excitement than he had ever seen in her.

"I think it is dastardly and vile; Madame Kartasof had no right to do so. Madame Karenin .... " she began.

"But what is the matter? I don't know what you mean."

"What? you have n't heard anything about it?"

"You can well understand that I should be the last person to hear anything about it."

"Is there a more wicked creature in the world than this Madame Kartasof!"

"But what did she do?"

"My husband told me about it .... she insulted Madame Karenin. Her husband began to speak across from his box to Madame Karenin, and Madame Kartasof made a scene about it. They say she said something very offensive in a loud voice, and went out."

"Count, your *maman* is calling you," said the young Princess Sorokin, opening the door of the box.

"I have been waiting for you all this time," said his mother to him, with a sarcastic smile; "we never see anything of you now."

The son saw that she could not conceal a smile of satisfaction.

"Good evening, *maman*. I was coming to see you," he replied coolly.

"What, I hope you are not going *faire la cour à Madame Karénine*," she added, when the young Princess Sorokina was out of hearing; "*elle fait sensation. On oublie la Patti pour elle.*"

"*Maman*, I have begged you not to speak to me about her," he replied gloomily.

"I only say what everybody is saying."

Vronsky did not reply; and, after exchanging a few words with the young princess, he went out. He met his brother at the door.

"Ah, Alekseï!" said his brother, "how abominable! She is a fool, nothing more. .... I was just wishing to go to see Madame Karenin. Let us go together."

Vronsky did not heed him; he ran hastily down the steps, feeling that he ought to do something, but knew not what.

He was stirred with anger, because Anna had placed them both in such a false position, and at the same time he felt deep pity for her suffering.

He went down into the parquet, and thence directly to Anna's *loge*. Stremof was leaning on the box, talking with her.

"There are no more tenors," he said; "*le moule en est brisé* — the mould is broken — from which they came."

Vronsky bowed to her and stopped, exchanging greetings with Stremof.

"You came late, it seems to me, and you lost the best aria," said Anna to Vronsky, looking at him scornfully, as it seemed to him.

"I am not a very good judge," he replied, looking at her severely.

"Like Prince Yashvin," she said, smiling, "who thinks Patti sings too loud.

"Thank you," she said, taking the program that Vronsky passed to her, in her little hand, incased in a long glove; and at the same moment her beautiful face quivered; she rose and went to the back of the box.

The last act had hardly begun, when Vronsky, seeing Anna's box empty, left the parquet, though he was hissed for disturbing the quiet of the theater while a cavatina was going on, and went back to the hotel.

Anna was already in her room; when Vronsky went to her she was sitting in the same toilet which she had worn at the theater. She was sitting in the first chair she had come to, near the wall, looking straight before her. When she saw Vronsky enter, she glanced at him without moving.

"Anna," he said.

"You, you are to blame for it all!" she exclaimed, rising, with tears of anger, and despair in her voice.

"I begged you, I implored you, not to go; I knew that it would be unpleasant to you." ....

"Unpleasant!" she exclaimed; "it was horrible! I shall not forget it as long as I live. She said that it was a disgrace to sit near me."

"She was a stupid woman to say such a thing; but why did you run the risk of hearing it; why did you expose yourself?" ....

"I hate your calm way. You should never have driven me to this; if you loved me .... "

"Anna! what has my love to do with this?" ....

"Yes, if you loved me as I love you, if you suffered as I .... " she said, looking at him with an expression of terror.

He felt sorry for her, and yet he was vexed with her. He protested his love, because he saw that it was the only way to calm her; and he refrained from reproaching her, but in his heart he reproached her.

And his expressions of love, which seemed to him so banal that he was ashamed of himself for repeating them, she drank in, and gradually became herself again.

Two days later they left for the country, completely reconciled.

PART SIXTH

CHAPTER I

DARYA ALEKSANDROVNA, with her children, was spending the summer at Pokrovskoye, at the house of her sister, Kitty Levin. The house on her own estate, at Yergushovo, was all in ruins, and Levin and his wife had urged her to come to them for the summer. Stepan Arkadyevitch heartily approved of this arrangement. He assured them that he very much regretted that his duties would prevent him from spending the summer with his family in the country, for that would be the greatest possible delight for him, and if he stayed in Moscow he could occasionally run down for a day or two at a time.

Besides the Oblonskys and all their children, the Levins had with them the old princess, who considered her presence near her daughter at this particular time indispensable; they had also Varenka, Kitty's Soden friend, who was fulfilling her promise of making Kitty a visit when she should have been married. All these were Kitty's relatives and friends. Levin, though he liked them all, still felt some regret for his own people and his own ways, which were swallowed up as in a flood by the "Shcherbatsky element," as he called it. Of his own relatives that summer Sergyeï Ivanovitch was the only representative, and he was not a Levin but a Koznuishef. So that the Levin spirit was at a great discount. There were so many persons in the long-deserted house that almost all the rooms were occupied, and almost every day the old princess, as she sat down at table, would count the guests and send off to the special table the grandson or granddaughter who made the number thirteen. And Kitty, diligently occupied with her housekeeping, found it no small burden to provide turkeys, chickens, and ducks for the satisfaction of the various appetites of young and old, made keen by the country air.

The whole family were at table. Dolly's children were planning to go out and hunt for mushrooms with the governess and Varenka, when, to the great astonishment of all, Sergyeï Ivanovitch, who enjoyed among all the guests a great reputation, amounting almost to reverence, on account of his wit and learning, evinced a desire to join the expedition.

"Allow me to go with you," said he, addressing Varenka. "I am very fond of getting mushrooms; I think it is a very admirable occupation."

"Why, certainly, we shall be very glad...." she answered, blushing.

Kitty exchanged looks with Dolly. The proposition of the learned and intellectual Sergyeï Ivanovitch to go with Varenka after mushrooms confirmed an idea which had been engaging Kitty for some time.

She hastened to say something to her mother so that their looks might not be observed.

After dinner Sergyeï Ivanovitch was sitting at the drawing-room window with his cup of coffee, still talking with his brother on some topic which they were discussing, but he kept his eyes on the door through which the children would have to pass when they should start after the mushrooms. Levin was sitting at the window near his brother. Kitty was standing near her husband, evidently expecting the end of a conversation which did not interest her, so that she might say something to him.

"You have changed a good deal since you were married, and for the better...." said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, smiling at Kitty, and evidently not taking much interest either in the conversation, but at the same time he remained true to his passion for defending the most paradoxical themes.

"Katya, it is not well for you to stand," said her husband, moving up a chair for her and giving her a significant look.

"Well, we will finish this some other time," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, as he saw the children come running out.

In advance of the rest, galloping sidewise in her tightly fitting stockings, came Tania, waving a basket and Sergyeï Ivanovitch's hat.

Boldly darting up to him, and with sparkling eyes, — they were just like her father's handsome eyes, — she gave Sergyeï Ivanovitch his hat, and made believe that she was going to put it on him, tempering her audacity with a timid and affectionate smile.

"Varenka is waiting," said Tania, carefully putting his hat on his head, seeing by Sergyeï Ivanovitch's smile that she might do so.

Varenka was standing at the door. She had put on a yellow muslin frock, and had tied a white hat over her head.

"I am coming — I am coming, Varvara Andreyevna!" cried Sergyeï Ivanovitch, finishing his cup of coffee and putting his handkerchief and cigarette-case into his pocket.

"Is n't Varenka charming?" asked Kitty of her husband, as Sergyeï Ivanovitch got up. She said this so that he might hear, for this was what she especially wanted. "And how pretty she is, royally pretty. — Varenka," cried Kitty, "are you going to the woods by the mill? We will join you there."

"You really forget your condition, Kitty," said the old princess, warningly, as she came hastily to the door. "You ought not to shout so loud."

Varenka, on hearing Kitty's voice and the princess's reproof, came up to them with quick, light steps. Her quickness of motion, the bright color that flushed her cheek, all proved that some metamorphosis was taking place in her. Kitty knew that this was something unusual, and watched her attentively. She now called Varenka only for the sake of bestowing on her a silent benediction, in the interest of an important event which she firmly believed would take place that day in the woods.

"Varenka, I shall be very glad if a certain thing comes to pass," she said to her in a whisper, and giving her a kiss.

"Are you coming with us?" asked Varenka of Levin, confused, and pretending that she had not heard what had been said.

"Yes, but only as far as the barns; I shall have to stop there."

"What do you propose to do there?" asked Kitty.

"I have some new carts to examine and test. — And where shall I find you?"

"On the terrace."

CHAPTER II

All the women were gathered on the terrace. They generally liked to sit there after dinner, but to-day they had a special matter of interest before them. Besides the making of baby-shirts and the knitting of bands, in which all of them were engaged at that time, they were engaged in superintending the cooking of some preserves after a recipe unknown to Agafya Mikhaïlovna. Kitty had brought with her this new process, which had been in use in her own home and required no water. Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who had before been shown how to do it in this way, considering that what had always been done at the Levins' could not be improved on, insisted on pouring water into the berries, declaring it could not be made otherwise. She had been detected doing this, and now the berries were cooking in the presence of them all, and Agafya Mikhaïlovna was to be brought to a realizing sense of the fact that the preserves could be made without the use of water.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna, with flushed and heated face and disheveled hair and with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, was moving a porringer round and round over a portable stove and looking gloomily at it, wishing with all her soul that the berries would thicken and not boil.

The old princess, conscious that Agafya Mikhaïlovna's indignation must be directed against her as the chief adviser in the concoction of the sweetmeat, pretended that she was busy with something else, and was not interested in it; but though she talked of extraneous affairs she occasionally glanced at the cooking out of the corner of her eyes.

"I always buy my girls' dresses at a cheap shop," the princess was saying in regard to something they had been talking about..... "Had n't you better take off the scum, my dear?"[1] she added, addressing Agafya Mikhaïlovna. "It is not at all necessary for you to do it, and it is hot," said she, stopping Kitty.

"I will do it," said Kitty, who had got up and was carefully stirring the boiling sugar with a spoon, occasionally pouring out a little on a plate which was already covered with a variegated, yellowish red and sanguine scum, mixed with syrup.

"How they will like to lick it!" she said to herself, thinking of her children and remembering how she herself, when she was a little girl, had wondered that grown-up people did not feed upon that best of all things — scum!

"Stiva says that it is far better to give money," Dolly was saying in regard to the question of making presents, which they had been discussing. "But .... "

"How can one give money?" exclaimed the mother and Kitty, simultaneously. "They despise it."

"Well, for example, last year I bought our Matriona Semyonovna, not a poplin, but some of that kind .... " said the princess.

"I remember she wore it on your name-day."

"A lovely figure! So simple and ladylike. I should have liked one of it myself, if she had not one. Like the kind Varenka wears. So pretty and cheap."

"Now I think it is done," said Dolly, dropping the syrup from the spoon.

"When it crystallizes it is done. Cook it a little more, Agafya Mikhaïlovna."

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[1] *Galubushka,* little dove.

"What an absurdity!" exclaimed Agafya Mikhaïlovna. "It would be the same anyway," she added.

"Oh! what a beauty he is! Don't scare him!" suddenly exclaimed Kitty, looking at a sparrow which perched on the rail, and, turning the heart of a berry over, began to peck at it.

"Yes, but you ought to be farther away from the charcoal," said her mother.

"*À propos de Varenka*," said Kitty in French, in which language indeed they had been speaking all the time so that Agafya Mikhaïlovna might not understand them, "do you know, *maman*, that I somehow expect something decided. You know what I mean. How nice it would be."

"What a master-hand at matchmaking you are," exclaimed Dolly. "How adroitly she has brought them together."

"No, but tell me, *maman*, what do you think of it?"

"What do I think of it? He can at any time have his choice of all the best in Russia;" by *he* she meant Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "He is not so young as he was, but still I know many would set their caps for him. She is very good, but he might...."

"No, indeed, you know perfectly well that nothing better could be imagined for either of them. In the first place, she is charming," said Kitty, bending down one finger.

"She pleases him very much, that is true," said Dolly, in confirmation.

"In the next place, he has such a position in the world that it would make no difference to him what his wife's property or social standing was. He needs only one thing — a sweet, pretty, even-tempered wife."

"Yes, he might be very happy with her," said Dolly, in confirmation of this also.

"In the third place, she must love him, and so it is now.... and so it would be perfectly lovely.... I expect when they come in from the woods it will be all decided. I shall read it instantly in their eyes. I should be so glad..... What do you think about it, Dolly?"

"Do not get so excited. You really must not get so excited," said her mother.

"But I am not excited, mamma. I think that he will surely propose to her to-day."

"Oh, how strange it is how and when a man proposes. — Even if there is an obstacle, it is suddenly swept away," said Dolly, smiling pensively and recalling the old days with Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Mamma, how did papa propose to you," asked Kitty, suddenly.

"There was nothing extraordinary about it — very simply," replied the princess; but her face grew all radiant at the remembrance.

"No, but how was it? Did you love him before you allowed him to speak?"

Kitty found a special charm in the fact that now she could talk with her mother, as with an equal, on the most important questions in the lives of women.

"Of course I loved him. He came to visit us in the country."

"But how was it decided, mamma?"

"Do you really think that you young people have invented something new? It is always one and the same thing; it is decided by looks and smiles."

"How well you describe it, mamma. That is just it, 'by looks and smiles,'" said Dolly, confirming what her mother had said.

"But what words did he say?"

"What words did Kostia say to you?"

"He wrote in chalk. .... How long it seems since then," said Kitty.

And the three ladies sat occupied with the same thought.

Kitty was the first to break the silence. She had been thinking about that long-past winter before her marriage, and her infatuation for Vronsky.

"There is one thing — Varenka's first love," said she, remembering this by a natural connection of thought. "I wanted to give Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch a hint of that to warn him. All men," she added, "are awfully jealous of our past."

"Not all," said Dolly. "You judge by your husband. I believe he is even now tormented by the remembrance of Vronsky; is n't that so?"

"He is!" replied Kitty, with a pensive smile in her eyes.

"Well, I don't know what there is in your past life to disquiet him," exclaimed the princess, her mother, resenting the inference that her maternal vigilance was called in question. "Is it because Vronsky paid you some attention? That happens to every young girl."

"Yes, but we were not talking about that," said Kitty, blushing.

"No, permit me to finish what I was saying," pursued the princess; "and besides, you yourself would not permit me to have an explanation with Vronsky, do you remember?"

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Kitty, with an exclamation of pain.

"There is no need of your being vexed..... Your behavior toward him could never have been anything but perfectly proper. I myself should have challenged him! However, my darling, don't allow yourself to get excited. Please remember this, and calm yourself."

"I am perfectly calm, *maman*."

"How fortunate it turned out for Kitty that Anna appeared on the scene," said Dolly, "and how unfortunate for her. How their positions are reversed," she added, overwhelmed by her own thought. "Anna was so happy then and Kitty thought herself so miserable. I often think of her. What a complete change!"

"What is the use of thinking about her? She is a vile, disgusting, heartless woman," exclaimed the princess, who could not forget that Kitty had married Levin instead of Vronsky.

"What is the good of speaking about her, anyway!" said Kitty, in disgust. "I do not think about her nor do I wish to think of her at all..... I do not wish to think about her," she repeated, hearing her husband's well-known step on the steps leading to the terrace.

"Whom do you wish not to think about?" asked Levin, appearing on the terrace.

No one answered, and he did not repeat his question.

"I am sorry that I am disturbing your feminine realm," said he, looking angrily at them all, and perceiving that they were talking about something which they would not talk about in his presence. For an instant he felt that he shared Agafya Mikhaïlovna's sentiments — her dissatisfaction at the Shcherbatsky way of making preserves without water, and especially the alien *régime* of his wife's family! Nevertheless, he smiled and went up to Kitty. "Well, how is it?" he asked, looking at her with the same expression every one used in addressing her.

"All right," said Kitty, with a smile; "and how is it with you?"

"The three-horse team will take a larger load than we can put on the telyega. Shall we go to meet the children? I have ordered the men to harness."

"What, are you going to take Kitty in the linyeïka[1]?" exclaimed the princess, reproachfully.

"We shall walk the horses, princess."

Levin never called the princess "*maman*," as his brothers-in-law did, and the princess resented it. But Levin, though he loved and respected her, could not call her so without doing violence to his feelings toward the memory of his own mother.

"Come with us, *maman*," said Kitty.

"I do not wish to countenance such imprudence!"

"Well, then, I will walk; that is good for me," said Kitty, rising to take her husband's arm.

"Good for you! But there's reason in all things," said the princess.

"Well, Agafya Mikhaïlovna, are your preserves done? Is the new method good?" asked Levin, smiling at the housekeeper in his desire to cheer her.

"Perhaps they're good; but, in my opinion, much overdone."

"There's one thing about them that's better, Agafya Mikhaïlovna, they won't spoil," said Kitty, divining her husband's intention, and with the same feeling addressing the old servant. "And you know the ice in the ice-house is all melted and we can't get any more. As for your spiced meats, mamma assures me that she has never eaten any better," she added, adjusting, with a smile, the housekeeper's loosened neckerchief.

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[1] *Linyeïka* is a wide drozhsky with several seats.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna looked angrily at Kitty. "Do not try to console me, baruinya. To see you with *him* is enough to content me."

This familiar way of speaking of her master touched Kitty.

"Come and show us the best places to find mushrooms."

The old woman raised her head, smiling, as if to say, "One would gladly guard you from all hatred, if it were possible."

"Follow my advice, please, and put over each pot of jelly a round piece of paper soaked in rum, and you will not need ice in order to preserve them," said the princess.

CHAPTER III

Kitty was especially glad of the opportunity to be alone with her husband, because she had noticed how a shadow of dissatisfaction had crossed his telltale face when he stepped on the terrace and asked what they were talking about, and no one replied.

As they walked along in front of the others, and, losing sight of the house, took to the well-trodden, dusty road, bestrewn with rye and corn, she seized his hand and pressed it against her side. He had already forgotten the momentary unpleasant impression, and now that he was alone with her, and while the thought of her approaching maternity did not for an instant escape from his mind, he experienced a novel joy in the sense of the presence of a beloved woman — a joy perfectly free from anything sensual. There was nothing special to talk about, but he liked to hear the sound of her voice, which, like the expression of her eyes, had changed, owing to her condition. In her voice, as well as in her eyes, there was a gentleness and gravity like that which people show when their attention has been concentrated on some one favorite task.

"You are not getting tired, are you? Lean on me more," said he.

"No, I am so glad to have a chance to be alone with you, and I confess that I miss our winter evenings when we two were alone together, much as I enjoy having *them* here!"

"That was good, but this is better. Both are better," said he, pressing her hand.

"Do you know what we were talking about when you came?"

"About preserves?"

"Yes, about preserves; but afterward about the way men propose."

"Ah!" said Levin, listening rather to the sound of her voice than to the words which she spoke, and all the time thinking of the road which they were following down to the forest, and carefully avoiding the places that might cause her to stumble.

"But how about Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Varenka? Have you noticed it? .... I very much wish it might come about," she went on to say. "What do you think about it?"

And she glanced into his face.

"I don't know what to think," replied Levin, with a smile. "Sergyeï in this respect was always a mystery to me. I think I told you about it." ....

"Yes, that he was in love with a young girl, but she died." ....

"That was when I was a child; I knew it by tradition. I remember him as he was then. He was wonderfully charming. But since then I have watched him with women. He is polite; he likes some of them; but you can't help feeling that for him they are merely people, not women."

"Yes, but now in the case of Varenka .... it seems to me there is some .... "

"Maybe there is .... but one must know him. .... He is a peculiar, a remarkable man. He lives only a spiritual life. He is too pure and high-minded a man...."

"What do you mean? How could this bring him to a lower level?"

"I don't say it would, but he is so accustomed to live a spiritual life only that he cannot reconcile himself to what is matter of fact. And Varenka is quite matter of fact."

Levin had by this time become accustomed to speak his thoughts with all freedom, not taking pains to couch it in explicit words; he knew that his wife in such moments of intimate communion as now would understand what he expressed by a hint, and she did understand him.

"Yes, but she has none of that practicality such as I have. I can understand that he would never fall in love with me. She is all soul."

"That is not so, he is so fond of you. And I am always so glad that my friends like you."....

"Yes, he is kind to me; but...."

"But not as it was with our lamented Nikolenka.... you loved each other," said Levin, in conclusion. "But why not speak it out?" he added. "I often reproach myself that one so quickly forgets. Oh, what a terrible, what a fascinating man he was!.... But what were we talking about?" said Levin, after a silence.

"You mean that he is incapable of falling in love," said she, expressing her husband's thought in her own way.

"I do not say that, but he has none of that weakness which is requisite.... and I always have envied him, and envy him still, in spite of my happiness."

"You envy him because he is incapable of falling in love?"

"I envy him because he is better than I am," said Levin, smiling. "He does not live for himself; it is duty which guides him, and so he has a right to be serene and well satisfied."

"And you?" asked Kitty, with a mischievous smile.

He could never follow the course of her thoughts when they caused her to smile. But the last deduction was that her husband, who had the greatest admiration for his brother, and who humbled himself before him, was insincere. Kitty knew that this insincerity of his was caused by his love for him, from a sort of conscientious scruple at being too happy, and especially from a never ceasing desire to be better — and she loved this in him, and that was why she smiled.

"But why should you be dissatisfied?" she asked, with the same smile.

Her disbelief in his self-dissatisfaction pleased him, and he unconsciously provoked her to explain the reasons for her disbelief.

"I am happy, but I am dissatisfied with myself...." said he.

"How can you be dissatisfied, if you are happy?"

"How can I express it?.... In my heart of hearts I wish nothing else except that you should not stumble. Oh! you must not jump so," he exclaimed, interrupting his argument with a reproach, because she had made a too vivacious motion in jumping over a branch which lay in the path.

"But when I criticize myself and compare myself with others, especially with my brother, I am conscious of all my inferiority."

"But why?" persisted Kitty, with the same smile. "Are n't you always doing for others? And your farming, your book?"....

"Yes, I feel this especially now; and you are to blame," said he, pressing her hand. "I do this so, so superficially. Ah, if I could love all this work as I love you!.... But of late I work on it as if it were a task imposed on me."

"But what do you say about papa?" asked Kitty. "Is he unworthy because he does nothing for the commonwealth?"

"He?.... oh, no! But one must have just such simplicity, transparency, goodness, as he has; but I have n't, have I? If I do not work, I am tormented. 'T is you who have made it so. If it were not for you, and if it were not for what is coming," said he, with a significant glance at her figure, "I should devote all my powers to this work; but now I can't, and my conscience pricks me. I do it like a task, it is all pretense...."

"Would you like to exchange with Sergyeï Ivanovitch," asked Kitty; "would you like to work for nothing but your duty and the general welfare of mankind?"

"Of course not. The fact is, I am so happy that I can't reason clearly..... So you think the proposal will take place to-day, do you?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"I think so, and then I think not. But I wish with all my heart it might. Here, wait!" She stooped down and plucked a daisy growing by the roadside. "Now, count; *he 'll propose, he 'll not propose*," she said, giving him the flower.

"He 'll propose, he 'll not propose," repeated Levin, picking off the narrow, white, trembling petals.

"No, no!" cried Kitty, stopping him and seizing his arm, as she excitedly watched his fingers. "You pulled off two!"

"Well, that little one does n't count," said Levin, tearing off a short undeveloped petal. "But here comes the linyeïka to meet us."

"Kitty, you have n't fatigued yourself?" cried the princess.

"Not the least in the world, mamma."

"Well, get in, if the horses are quiet and will walk."

But there was no need of riding; the place was so near they continued walking.

CHAPTER IV

Varenka, in her white kerchief setting off her dark locks, and surrounded by children whom she was good-naturedly and gayly entertaining, and evidently excited by the possibility of a declaration from a man who was agreeable to her, was very fascinating. Sergyeï Ivanovitch walked by her side, and could not refrain from admiring her. As he looked at her he recalled all the pleasant remarks he had heard her make, all the goodness that he had found in her, and he confessed to himself more and more that the feeling which she aroused in him was something peculiar, like what he had experienced once, only long, long before, in his early youth.

The feeling of pleasure at being near her kept growing stronger, and at last when, as he put into her basket a monstrous birch mushroom with thin stem and edges, he looked into her eyes, and, noticing the blush of pleasure and timid emotion which spread over her face, he himself grew confused, and smiled with a mute smile which said too much.

"If this is the way it is going, I must deliberate and come to a decision, and not give way like a child to the impulse of a moment."

"I am going now to hunt for mushrooms independently of the rest of you, otherwise my acquisitions will not be noticed," said he; and he went off by himself from the edge of the woods, where they had been walking along the velvety turf among the old birch trees, scattered here and there in the forest together with the gray trunks of aspens and dark clumps of hazelnuts. Going off forty steps or so, and coming to a clump of the bush called *beresklet*, which was in full flower with its rosy catkins, Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch sheltered himself behind it, knowing that he would not be seen.

Around him it was perfectly still. Only up in the tree-tops above his head, ceaseless, like a swarm of bees, buzzed the flies, and occasionally he heard the voices of the children. Suddenly, not far from the edge of the woods, rang out Varenka's contralto voice, calling Grisha, and a happy smile spread over Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch's face. When he realized what he was doing, he shook his head disapprovingly at his state of mind, and, taking out a cigar, he began to smoke.

It was some time before he could light a match against the bole of a birch tree. The juicy scales of the white bark dampened the phosphorus, and the match refused to burn. At last one of the matches took fire, and the fragrant cigar-smoke, like a wide wavering scarf, floated up and away above the bush under the pendant twigs of the birches. As he followed the whiff of smoke with his eyes, Sergyeï Ivanovitch slowly walked on, thinking over the situation.

"And why should I not?" he asked himself. "If this was a caprice of passion, if I had experienced only this attachment, this mutual attachment — for I may call it *mutual* — and if I felt that it would run counter to the whole scheme of my life — if I felt that in giving way to this impression I should change my calling and duty — then it would not do at all. The one thing that I can bring against it is that when I lost Marie I vowed that I would never marry, in remembrance of her. This is the only thing that I can say against this feeling.... This is serious," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch to himself, but at the same time he recognized that this consideration had personally for him no great importance, but would simply spoil in the eyes of others the poetic *rôle* which he had been keeping up so long.

"But besides this, no matter how long I searched, I should never find out what would be said against my feeling. If I used all my wits, I could never find any one better."

Among all the women and girls whom he had ever known he could not think of one who united to such a high degree all, yes, verily, all the qualities which in a cold calculation he should wish to see in his wife. She had all the freshness and charm of youth, and yet she was no longer a child and if she loved him she loved him sensibly, as a woman ought to love: this was one thing. Another was: she was not only far removed from worldly-mindedness, but evidently found fashionable society distasteful; but at the same time she knew society well and had all those ways of a woman of good society, lacking which married life for Sergyeï Ivanovitch was unthinkable. Thirdly, she was religious, but not like a child, irresponsibly religious and good, as Kitty, for example, was, but her life was founded on religious convictions. Even in trifles Sergyeï Ivanovitch found in her all that he desired in a wife. She was poor and unencumbered, so that she would not bring a throng of relatives and their influence into her husband's home, as he saw was the case with Kitty; but she would be in everything pledged to her husband, which was one of the conditions which he had demanded for himself in case he ever had any family life.

And this young woman, having all these qualities, loved him. He was modest, but he could not help seeing this. And he liked her. One obstacle stood in the way — his age. But his family were long-lived, he had not as yet a single gray hair, no one took him to be more than forty, and he remembered that Varenka had said that only in Russia men of fifty considered themselves old men, while in France a man of fifty reckoned himself *dans la force de l'âge* and one of forty was *un jeune homme*. But what signified his years when he felt himself as young in spirit as he had been twenty years before? Was not youth the feeling which he enjoyed when, coming out again from the forest into the clearing, he saw in the clear sunlight Varenka's graceful figure in her yellow frock and with her basket, moving along with light steps past the bole of an ancient birch tree, and the impression produced by the sight of Varenka blended with the surprising beauty of a field of oats shining yellow under the oblique rays of the sun, and beyond the field the old forest, variegated with yellow and stretching away into the azure distance? His heart swelled with joy. A feeling of tenderness seized him. He felt within him that his mind was made up. Varenka, who had just stooped down to pick up a mushroom, with an agile motion straightened herself up again and glanced around.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch, tossing away his cigar, went toward her with resolute steps.

CHAPTER V

"Vavara Andreyevna, when I was very young, I formed for myself an ideal of the woman whom I should love and whom I should be happy to call my wife. I have lived a long life, and now for the first time I find in you all that I was seeking. I love you and I offer you my hand."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch was saying these words to himself when he was within ten steps of Varenka. She was kneeling on the grass and defending with her hands a mushroom from Grisha, and at the same time calling to little Masha.

"Here, come here. Little ones .... lots of them," she cried, in her deep, pleasant voice.

Though she saw Sergyeï Ivanovitch approaching she did not rise nor did she change her position; but everything told him that she was aware of his presence and was glad.

"Did you find any?" she asked, turning her sweet face toward him with a smile.

"Not one," replied Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "And you?"

She made no reply, her attention being just then absorbed by the children who surrounded her.

"Here 's one for you near the twig," and she pointed out a little agaricus pushing its elastic red cap through the dry grass, from which it was extricating itself.

Varenka got up, after Masha had plucked the mushroom, breaking it into two white halves. "That reminds me of my childhood," she remarked, as she joined Sergyeï Ivanovitch and walked with him away from the children.

They proceeded a few steps in silence. Varenka saw that he wanted to speak; she suspected what he had in mind, and felt stifled with the emotions of joy and terror. They had now gone so far from the rest that no one could have heard them, yet he had not opened his mouth to speak. Varenka would have done better not to say a word. After a silence it would have been easier to say what they wanted to say than after any casual words. But against her own will, as it were unexpectedly, Varenka broke out: —

"And so you did not find any. But there are never so many mushrooms in the woods as along the edge."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch sighed and made no answer. He was annoyed because she spoke about mushrooms. He wanted to bring her back to the first words which she had spoken about her childhood; but, as it were, contrary to his will, after a brief silence, he made an observation on what she had said last.

"I have heard that the white mushrooms are found preeminently on the edge of the forest, but I can't tell them."

A few moments more passed; they had gone still farther away from the children, and were wholly alone.

Varenka's heart beat so violently that she heard its throbs, and she was conscious that she was blushing, turning pale, and then blushing again.

To be the wife of such a man as Koznuishef after her position with Mme. Stahl seemed to her the height of happiness. Moreover, she was almost convinced that she was in love with him. And this was to be decided immediately! It was a terrible moment for her; terrible, both what he would say, and what he would not say.

Now, or never, it would have to be decided; Sergyeï Ivanovitch also felt this. Everything in Varenka's looks, in her heightened color, in the way she dropped her eyes, betrayed the most painful expectation.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch saw this and was sorry for her. He even felt that he should wrong her if he kept silence. He made an effort to recall his recent arguments in favor of making the decision. He even repeated to himself the words in which he was going to couch his declaration; but instead of these words, by some combination unexpected to himself, he asked: —

"What is the difference between a white mushroom and a birch mushroom?"

Varenka's lips trembled as she answered: —

"There is very little difference in the cap, but it lies in the root."

And as soon as these words were spoken both of them felt that this was the end of it, that what should have been said would never be said, and the emotion which up to this moment had reached its highest pitch gradually died away.

"The birch mushroom, or its root, reminds one of a black beard which has not been shaved for two days," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, calmly.

"Quite true," answered Varenka, smiling, and involuntarily the direction of their walk changed. They were going back toward the children. Varenka was puzzled and hurt, but at the same time she experienced a sense of relief. Sergyeï Ivanovitch mentally reviewed his arguments in favor of marriage, and found them mistaken. He could not be unfaithful to Marie's memory.

"Gently, children, gently," cried Levin, testily, as the children sprang toward Kitty with shouts of glee.

Behind the children came Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Varenka. Kitty needed not to question them. She knew by their calm and slightly mortified manner that the hope which she had been nursing would not be realized.

"Well, how is it?" her husband asked, when they returned to the house.

"It will not happen," said Kitty, with a smile and manner which reminded him of her father, as Levin had often remarked to his delight.

"Why won't it happen?"

"This is why," said she, taking his hand, raising it to her mouth, and touching it with her closed lips. "As people kiss a bishop's hand!"

"Which one has failed of it?" he asked, laughing.

"Both. It must be so when...."

"Here come the muzhiks...."

"No, not yet."

CHAPTER VI

WHILE the children took their supper, the older people sat on the balcony and talked as if nothing had happened; but all, and especially Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Varenka, knew very well that an important event had occurred, although it was a negative one. The two experienced a feeling such as a boy has when, having failed in the examination, he is either kept in the same class or is excluded forever from an institution. All present, feeling likewise that something had taken place, talked with a forced animation.

Levin and Kitty felt especially happy and in love with each other that evening. And that they were happy in their love seemed to make it impolite to comment on the unskilfulness of those who did not know how to be happy, and this made them feel guilty.

"Take my word for it, Alexandre will not come," said the princess.

That evening they were expecting Stepan Arkadyevitch from the train, and the old prince had written that perhaps he, also, would come. "And if he does n't, I know why," continued the princess; "he says that young people ought to be left alone during the first part of their married lives."

"Yes, papa is abandoning us for that very reason. He has not been to see us at all. But how are we young folks? I am sure we are quite old."

"Only, if he does not come, and I have to take my leave of you children!" said the princess, with a melancholy sigh.

"What is the matter with you, mamma?" cried both daughters at once.

"You can think how it is with him. Here, now .... "

And suddenly and unexpectedly the old princess's voice broke. The daughters exchanged glances in silence.

"*Maman* is always finding some melancholy topic!" said their eyes. They did not know that, however pleasant it was for the princess to visit her daughters, and however necessary she felt that she was, nevertheless both she and her husband had been very sad ever since they had given up their last beloved daughter and the family nest had become empty.

"What is it, Agafya Mikhaïlovna?" suddenly asked Kitty of the old housekeeper, whom she saw standing near with a mysterious and significant look in her eyes.

"It is about supper."

"Now, that is excellent," said Dolly. "You go and make your arrangements, and I will hear Grisha recite his lesson. He has not done anything all day."

"The lesson is my part! No, Dolly, I will go," cried Levin, springing up.

Grisha, who had already entered the gymnasium, was obliged to keep up his lessons during the summer. Darya Aleksandrovna, who had already begun, in Moscow, to study Latin with her son, now that she had come to the Levins', had made it a rule to go over with him, at least once a day, his most difficult lessons in Latin and arithmetic. Levin had taken it on himself to substitute for her. But the mother, having once listened while Levin was hearing the recitation, and noticing that he did not teach as the instructor in Moscow did, with an awkward attempt not to hurt his feelings, told Levin decidedly that he must go according to the book, as his tutor did, and that she had better take charge of the lessons again.

Levin was annoyed with Stepan Arkadyevitch, owing to whose carelessness the mother had charge of the children's education, though she understood nothing about it at all; and he was annoyed with the teachers, because they had such bad methods of teaching. But he promised his sister-in-law that he would conduct the recitations as she wished. And so he continued to take charge of Grisha's studies, no longer, however, in his own method, but according to the book, and therefore perfunctorily, and frequently forgetting the lesson-hour. And that is what had happened that day.

"No, I will go, Dolly, and you keep your seat," said he. "We are going along in due order by the book. Only, now that Stiva is coming, we shall be going hunting, so we shall have to neglect them."

And Levin went to find Grisha.

Varenka was saying almost the same thing to Kitty. Varenka had found the way of being useful even in the Levins' happy, well-ordered household.

"I will go and see about supper, and you keep your seat," said she, and she joined Agafya Mikhaïlovna.

"Yes, yes! but you won't find the chickens. Then ...." said Kitty.

"Agafya Mikhaïlovna and I will settle the difficulty," said Varenka, and disappeared with her.

"What a pretty girl!" exclaimed the princess.

"Not pretty, *maman*, but the charmingest girl in the world."

"And so you are expecting Stepan Arkadyevitch, are you?" said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, evidently not liking to have the conversation about Varenka prolonged. "It would be hard to find two brothers-in-law less alike," said he, with a sly smile. "One versatile, living only in society, like a fish in the water; the other, our Kostia, full of life and activity, quick at everything, but as soon as he gets into society he either gives up the ghost or flops about aimlessly, like a fish on dry land!"

"Yes, he is very heedless," said the princess, addressing Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "I wanted especially to ask you to persuade him that it is impossible for her"— she was referring to Kitty — "to stay here; she certainly ought to be taken to Moscow. He says write for a doctor ...."

"*Maman*, he is doing everything; he agrees to all you want," said Kitty, vexed with her mother for drawing Sergyeï Ivanovitch into this matter as a judge.

While they were talking, the whinnying of a horse on the driveway was heard, and the sound of wheels on the stones.

Before Dolly could jump up to go and meet her husband, Levin jumped out of the window of the room downstairs where he was teaching Grisha, and put Grisha out.

"It's Stiva," cried Levin, from below the balcony. "We had finished, Dolly; don't you worry!" he added, as the boy darted off to meet the carriage.

"*Is, ea, id, ejus, ejus, ejus,*" cried Grisha, as he ran down the avenue.

"And there's some one with him! It must be papa!" cried Levin, standing at the entrance of the driveway. "Kitty, don't come down by the steep stairs. Come round!"

But Levin was mistaken in thinking that the other man in the carriage was the old prince. When he came close he saw, sitting next Stepan Arkadyevitch, not the prince, but a handsome, portly young man, in a Scotch cap with long floating ribbons. This was Vasenka Veslovsky, a third cousin of the Shcherbatskys, a brilliant young member of Moscow and Petersburg society — "one of the best fellows that ever lived, and a devotee of hunting," as Stepan Arkadyevitch expressed it in introducing him.

Veslovsky was not in the least disconcerted by the surprise which his appearance, in place of the old prince, caused. He gayly greeted Levin, reminding him of their former acquaintance, and took Grisha into the carriage, lifting him up over the pointer which Stepan Arkadyevitch had brought with him.

Levin did not get into the carriage, but followed on foot. He was somewhat put out by the non-arrival of the old prince, whom he liked better and better the more he saw him; he was still more put out at the appearance of this Vasenka Veslovsky, a man who was utterly unknown and superfluous. He seemed to him still more unknown and superfluous when, as Levin approached the front door, about which had collected a lively throng of old and young, he kissed Kitty's hand with a remarkably flattering and gallant look.

"Your wife and I are cousins, and old friends," said Vasenka Veslovsky, heartily pressing Levin's hand a second time.

"Well, how is it, any game?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, addressing Levin almost before he had greeted the others. "Vasenka and I have the most ferocious intentions. .... How are you, *maman*, since we saw each other in Moscow? .... Well, Tania, how goes it? Get the things from the back of the calash, please," said he, addressing every one at once. "How well you look, Dollenka," said he to his wife, again kissing her hand, holding it in his, and smoothing it.

Levin, who a few moments before had been in the happiest frame of mind, now looked at them all with indignant eyes, and everything disgusted him.

"Whom did he kiss yesterday with those same lips?" he queried, as he saw how affectionate Stepan Arkadyevitch was to his wife. He looked at Dolly, and even she was displeasing to him. "Of course she cannot believe in his love for her. How, then, can she seem so glad? Repulsive!" said Levin to himself.

He looked at the princess, who had seemed to him so charming a moment before, and her manner of receiving this Veslovsky and his ribbons, as if she were at home there, displeased him.

Even Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, who had come out on the porch with the rest, seemed to him disagreeable by reason of the hypocritical friendliness with which he met Stepan Arkadyevitch; for Levin knew that his brother neither liked nor respected Oblonsky.

And Varenka disgusted him, because she, with her *sainte nitouche* look, nevertheless met this stranger as if she thought only what sort of a husband would he make for her.

And most displeasing of all was Kitty, as she fell into conformity with the tone of gayety with which that gentleman regarded his visit, as if it were a festival for himself and all the rest; especially disagreeable was the peculiar smile with which she responded to his smile.

Noisily talking, they all went into the house, but as soon as they had sat down, Levin turned on his heel and started off.

Kitty saw that something was amiss with her husband. She wanted to take advantage of a favorable moment and have a little talk with him alone, but he hastened from her, declaring that he had business to attend to at the office. Not for a long time had his affairs seemed to him so important as they did at that day.

"It may be a holiday for them," he said to himself, "but here are affairs of importance to be attended to, and they can't be delayed, and without them life could not be carried on."

CHAPTER VII

Only when they had sent to tell him supper was ready did Levin go back to the house again. On the stairway Kitty and Agafya Mikhaïlovna were standing holding a consultation over the wines for supper.

"But why do you make such a fuss? Give them what you usually do."

"No, Stiva does n't drink..... Kostia, wait, what is the matter with you?" exclaimed Kitty, hastening after him; but he, without heeding her, went with long strides into the dining-room, and immediately began to take part in the lively conversation which Vasenka Veslovsky and Stepan Arkadyevitch were enjoying.

"What do you say? Shall we go hunting to-morrow?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Please let us go," said Veslovsky, changing his seat to another chair, and doubling his fat leg under him.

"I shall be very glad; yes, we will go. Have you had any hunting this year yet?" asked Levin, looking at Veslovsky's leg, but his cordiality was put on, as Kitty could easily see, and it did not become him. "I doubt if we find any woodcock, but snipe are abundant. We shall have to start early. You will not be too tired? Are you tired, Stiva?"

"I tired? I don't know what it is to be tired. I 'm ready to stay up all night. We 'll go and take a walk."

"Certainly, let us stay up all night. Capital," said Veslovsky.

"Oh, yes, we are agreed on that point, that you can stay up all night and also keep other people awake," said Dolly, in that tone of playful irony which she almost habitually employed in addressing her husband. "In my opinion, I had better be going to bed. I won't eat any supper. I'll go now."

"No, Dollenka, sit down," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, going to the other side of the great table and taking a seat near his wife. "I've so many things to tell you about."

"Probably mighty little!"

"Do you know — Veslovsky has been at Anna's? She lives only seventy versts[1] away from here; he is going there when he leaves us, and I intend to go too. Veslovsky, come here."

Vasenka approached the ladies, and sat down next to Kitty.

"Oh, please tell us about it. Have you really been to Anna Arkadyevna's? How is she?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna.

Levin had remained at the other end of the table, and while he kept on talking with the princess and Varenka, he observed that Stepan Arkadyevitch, Dolly, Kitty, and Veslovsky were having an animated and mysterious conversation. Not only were they talking confidentially, but it seemed to him that his wife's face expressed a deep tenderness, as, without dropping her eyes, she looked into Vasenka's handsome face, while he was talking vivaciously.

"Their establishment is superb," Vasenka Veslovsky was saying in reference to Vronsky and Anna; "of course, I don't take it on myself to pass judgment on them, but when you are there in their house, you feel yourself at home."

"What are their plans?"

"They would like to pass the winter in Moscow, I believe."

"How jolly it would be for us to go there together. When shall you be there?" Oblonsky asked Vasenka.

"I am going to spend July with them."

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[1] 46.41 miles.

"And are you going?" he asked his wife.

"I have long been wanting to go, and I certainly shall," said Dolly. "I am sorry for her, and I know her. She is a lovely woman. When you have gone away, I shall go alone; that will not disturb any one, and it would be better for me to go without you."

"Just the thing," answered Stepan Arkadyevitch. "And you, Kitty?"

"I? Why should I go to see her?" said Kitty; and, blushing with vexation, she glanced at her husband.

"Do you know Anna Arkadyevna?" asked Veslovsky; "she is a very fascinating woman."

"Yes," answered Kitty, blushing still more, and she rose and joined her husband. "So you are going hunting to-morrow, are you?" she asked him.

Levin's jealousy during those few moments, and especially at the blush which covered her cheeks while she was talking with Veslovsky, had already reached an acute stage. Now, hearing her question, he interpreted it in his own way. Strange as it was afterward for him to remember this, now it seemed clear to him that the reason for her asking him if he was going hunting and for her interest in it was to know if he would give Vasenka Veslovsky that pleasure, and that proved that she was already in love with him!

"Yes, I am thinking of it," he answered, in a voice so unnatural and constrained that he himself was horrified at it.

"Well, you had better stay at home to-morrow; Dolly has hardly seen her husband yet. Go day after to-morrow."

Levin now translated Kitty's words thus:—

"Do not separate me from *him*. *You* may go; it is all the same to me; but let me enjoy the society of this attractive young man."

"Oh, if you desire it, we will stay at home to-morrow," answered Levin, with especial pleasantness.

Meantime, Vasenka, not suspecting the effect his presence had produced, rose from the table, and approached Kitty with an affectionate smile.

Levin noticed that smile. He grew pale and for a moment could not get his breath.

"How does he dare to look at my wife in that way?" He was boiling!

"We are to go hunting to-morrow, are we not?" asked Vasenka, and he sat down in a chair and again doubled one leg under him, as his habit was.

Levin's jealousy grew still more intense. Already he saw himself a deceived husband, whom his wife and her lover were plotting to get rid of that they might enjoy each other in peace.

Nevertheless, he asked Veslovsky, with all friendliness and hospitality, about his hunting-gear, his guns and boots, and agreed to go the next day.

To Levin's happiness the old princess put an end to his torture by advising Kitty to go to bed. But even this was accompanied by new suffering for Levin. On bidding his hostess "good night," Vasenka tried to kiss her hand again. But Kitty, blushing and drawing away her hand, said, with a naïve rudeness for which her mother afterward chided her: —

"That is not the custom with us."

In Levin's eyes she was blameworthy for permitting such liberties with her, and still more so for being so awkward in showing her disapprobation.

"Why should you go to bed?" said Oblonsky, who had taken several glasses of wine at dinner, and was in his most genial and poetic mood. "Look, Kitty," said he, pointing to the moon just rising above the lindens, "how lovely! Veslovsky, it is just the time for serenading. You know he has a splendid voice; he and I tried some on the way down. He has brought two new ballads with him. He and Varvara might sing to us."

After they had all left, Stepan Arkadyevitch and Veslovsky still for a long time walked up and down in the avenue, and their voices could be heard as they practised singing over the new ballads.

Hearing these voices, Levin sat scowling in an easy-chair in his wife's room, and obstinately refused to answer her questions as to what was the matter with him. But at last Kitty, timidly smiling, asked him: "Is there anything about Veslovsky that has displeased you?"

This question loosened his tongue, and he told her all. What he said filled him with vexation, and so he grew still more excited.

He stood up in front of his wife with his eyes flashing terribly under his contracted brows and his hands pressed against his chest as if exerting all his force to restrain himself. His face would have been harsh and even cruel, had it not expressed also such keen suffering. His cheeks trembled and his voice shook. "Don't think me jealous; the word is disgusting. I could not be jealous and at the same time believe that.... I cannot tell you what I feel, but it is horrible to me.... I am not jealous, but I am hurt, humiliated, that any one should dare to look at you so."....

"Why, look at me how?" asked Kitty, honestly trying to recall all the remarks and incidents of the evening and all their possible significance. In the depth of her heart she had thought that there was something peculiar at the time when Veslovsky followed her to the other end of the table, but she dared not acknowledge it even to herself, and still more she did not wish to say this to him and thus increase his suffering.

"But what could he find attractive in me in my condition?"....

"Akh!" he cried, clutching his head..... "You should not have said that..... That means, if you had been attractive...."

"Now stop, Kostia, and listen to me!" said Kitty, looking at him with a passionately compassionate expression. "What can you be thinking about? You know you are the only person in the world for me..... But you would not wish me to shut myself up away from everybody?"

At first she had been wounded by this jealousy of his, which spoiled even the slightest and most innocent pleasures; but she was ready now to renounce, not merely the trifling things, but everything, for the sake of calming him so as to cure him of the suffering which he was enduring.

" Try to understand all the horrible absurdity of my position," he went on to say, in a whisper of despair. " He is my guest, and if it were not for his silly gallantry, and his habit of sitting on his leg, he has certainly done nothing unbecoming; he certainly thinks himself irreproachable, and so I am obliged to seem polite."

" But, Kostia, you exaggerate things," said Kitty, glad at heart to see the force of his love for her, which now was expressed in his jealousy.

" But more terrible to me than all this is that, when you are an object of worship to me, and we are so happy, so peculiarly happy, this trashy fellow, ... but why should I call him names? He has done nothing to me. But why should our happiness .... "

" Listen, Kostia; I believe I know what has offended you."

" Why is it, why is it ? "

" I saw how you were looking when we were at supper."

" Well, well ? " asked Levin, excitedly.

She told him what they were talking about. And as she recounted it, she sighed with her emotion. Levin was silent; then, observing his wife's pale, excited face, he clutched his head again.

" Katya," cried he, " I have tired you! Galubchik, forgive me! This is sheer craziness. I am a burden to you, Katya! I am a fool! How could I torture myself over such a trifle ! "

" I am sorry for you."

" For me, for me ? that I am insane ! .... but still it is horrible to think that any stranger might destroy our happiness ! "

" Of course, this is outrageous .... "

" No, to disprove this, I will keep him with us all summer, and I 'll spread myself in heaping favors on him," said Levin, kissing his wife's hands. " You 'll see. And to-morrow — yes, certainly to-morrow, we will go ! '

CHAPTER VIII

THE next morning the ladies were not yet up when the hunting-traps[1] were waiting at the door, and Laska, who since dawn had realized that hunting was in prospect, and having frisked and barked till she was tired, was sitting up on the katki next the coachman, looking with excitement and disapprobation at the door at which the huntsmen were so provokingly dilatory in making their appearance.

The first to appear was Vasenka Veslovsky, in a green blouse, with a cartridge-belt of fragrant Russia leather, shod in high new boots, which reached halfway up his thighs, his Scotch cap, with ribbons, on his head, and having an English gun of rather recent style, but without strap or bandoleer.

Laska sprang toward him and welcomed him, and asked in her way if the others were coming; but, receiving no answer, she returned to her post, and waited with bent head and one ear pricked up. At last the door opened noisily, and let out Krak, the pointer, circling round and leaping into the air, and after him came his master, Stepan Arkadyevitch, with gun in hand and cigar in mouth.

"Down, Krak, down!"[2] exclaimed Oblonsky, caressingly, to the dog, which leaped up to his breast and caught his paws on his game-pouch. Stepan Arkadyevitch wore pigskin sandals, leggings, torn trousers, and a short overcoat. On his head was the ruin of what had once been a hat; but his gun was of the most modern pattern, and his game-bag as well as his cartridge-box, though worn, were of the finest quality.

Vasenka Veslovsky had never before realized the fact that the height of elegance for a huntsman is to be in rags, but to have the equipment of the very finest quality. He understood this now, as he gazed at Stepan Arkadyevitch, whose elegant, well-nurtured, and aristocratic figure was so gayly brilliant, though in rags, and he made up his mind to profit by this example the next time he should go hunting.

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[1] *Katki* and *telyegas*.

[2] *Tubo* is the Russian address to the dog.

"Well, where is our host?" asked he.

"He has a young wife," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling.

"And how charming she is!"

"He must have gone in to see her again, for I saw him all ready to start."

Stepan Arkadyevitch was right. Levin had gone back to Kitty to make her say over again that she forgave him for his absurd behavior of the evening before, and to ask her for Christ's sake to be more careful. The most important thing was for her to keep the children at a distance, for they were always likely to run into her. Then he needed once more to receive assurance from her that she would not be angry with him because he was going away for two days, and to reiterate his desire that she should infallibly send him a note the next morning by a mounted courier, if it were only two words, so that he might know that she was comfortable.

Kitty, as always, had regretted the two days' separation from her husband; but as she saw him full of animation, and seeming especially big and strong in his hunting-boots and white blouse, and recognized that, to her incomprehensible, enthusiasm for hunting, she forgot her own regret in her delight in his happiness, and cheerfully bade him good-by.

"Pardon, gentlemen!" cried Levin, hurrying down to the porch. "Has the breakfast been put up? Why is the chestnut horse on the off side? Well, then, it makes no difference. Down, Laska! charge!

"Put him among the geldings," said he, addressing the cowherd who was waiting for him on the door-steps with a question about the young ram. "It is my blunder that he 's become ugly."

Levin jumped down from the katki in which he had already taken his seat, and met a hired carpenter who was just approaching the porch.

"Now, yesterday evening you did n't come to my office and here you are delaying me: well, what is it?"

"You bid me make a new stairway. Three steps will have to be added. And we can get all the lumber at once. It would be much more convenient."

"You should have listened to me," said Levin, in a tone of annoyance. "I said, 'Fix the string-boards, and then cut in the steps.' Now, don't try to mend them. Do as I ordered, make a new one."

The matter in question was this: in the wing which was building, the carpenter had spoiled a staircase by framing it separately, and not taking the slope into account, so that the steps were all at an angle when it was put into its place. But now the carpenter wanted to add three steps and keep the same framework.

"It would be much better...."

"But where would it go, even if you added three steps?"

"Excuse me," said the carpenter, with a disdainful smile. "It would go up to the same landing. Of course you 'd pull it out below," said he, with a persuasive gesture. "It will fit, it will surely fit."

"But three steps add to the length of it — how would that improve it?"

After an idle argument in which the carpenter kept obstinately repeating the same words, Levin took his ramrod and proceeded to outline the plan of the stairway in the dust.

"Now do you see?"

"As you command," said the carpenter, with a sudden light flashing into his eyes, and evidently at last comprehending what Levin was driving at. "I see, we shall have to make a new one."

"Well, then, do as you were ordered," cried Levin, taking his place in the katki again. "Let us start! Hold the dogs, Filipp!"

Levin, now that he had left behind him all domestic and business cares, felt such a powerful sense of the joy of living and such expectation that he did not care to talk. Moreover, he experienced that sense of concentrated emotion which every huntsman feels as he approaches the field of his activity. If anything occupied him now, it was the question whether they should find anything in the Kolpensky marshes, and how would Laska come out in comparison with Krak, and what sort of luck he would that day enjoy. Should he do himself credit as a huntsman before this stranger? How would Oblonsky shoot? Better than he?

Oblonsky was occupied with similar thoughts and was not talkative. Vasenka Veslovsky was the only voluble one; and now, as Levin listened to him, he reproached himself for his injustice of the previous evening. He was a capital fellow, simple, good-natured, and very gay. If Levin had known him in his bachelor days, he would have become intimate with him. But Levin rather disliked his holiday view of life and a certain free and easy elegance. He seemed to arrogate to himself a marked and indubitable superiority because of his long finger-nails and his little cap and everything else corresponding; but this could be condoned in view of his good nature and irreproachable manners. He pleased Levin because he was well educated, and spoke French and English admirably, in fact, was a man of his own walk in life.

Vasenka was completely carried away by the *Stepnaya Donskaya* horse on the left of the three-span. He kept going into raptures over her. "How splendid it would be to gallop over the steppe on a steed of the steppe! Is n't that so?" he cried. He imagined that galloping over the steppe on such a horse was something wild and poetic, with no possibility of disappointment; but his innocence, especially in conjunction with his good looks, his pleasant smile, and his graceful motion, was very captivating. And because he was naturally sympathetic to Levin, or else because Levin, in consequence of his injustice to him the evening before, tried to find all his best qualities, they got on famously.

They had gone scarcely three versts when Veslovsky suddenly remembered his cigars and pocket-book, and could not tell whether he had lost them or left them on his table. There were three hundred and seventy rubles in the pocket-book, and he could not leave them so.

" Do you know, Levin, I could take your Cossack horse and gallop back to the house. It would be elegant! "

"Oh, no," replied Levin, who calculated that Vasenka's weight must be not less than two hundred and forty pounds; " my coachman can easily do the errand."

The coachman was sent back on the Cossack horse, and Levin drove on with the pair.

CHAPTER IX

"Well, what's our line of march? Give us a good idea of it," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"This is my plan: we will go first to Gvozdevo. Just this side of Gvozdevo is a snipe marsh, but on the other side of Gvozdevo extend splendid woodcock marshes, and there'll be game there. It's hot now, but toward the cool of the day — it's twenty versts from here — we will try the field. We will spend the night there, and then to-morrow we will strike into the great marshes."

" But is n't there anything on the way? "

"Yes, but it would delay us, and it is too hot. There are two splendid little places, but it is hardly worth while."

It was Levin's intention to attack these places, but as they were near home, he could go there at any time, and as they were small he thought that three hunters were too many. Therefore, he prevaricated when he said that it was hardly worth while.

When they came up to the little marsh, Levin was proposing to drive by; but Stepan Arkadyevitch, with the experienced eye of a huntsman, immediately saw the water-soaked ground which was visible from the road.

" Shan't we try that? " he asked, pointing to the marsh.

"Levin, please stop, how splendid!" Vasenka Veslovsky began to beg, and Levin could not well refuse.

Before they had fairly stopped, the dogs, in eager emulation, darted into the marsh.

"Krak! .... Laska!" ....

The dogs turned back.

"There won't be room enough for three. I will wait here," said Levin, hoping that they would not find anything except lapwings, which flew up from in front of the dogs, and, as they skimmed away over the marshy ground, uttered the most mournful cries.

"No; come on, Levin, let us all go together," called Veslovsky.

"It's a fact, there is n't room. Back, Laska, back. You don't need more than one dog, do you?"

Levin remained by the lineïka and with jealousy in his heart watched the huntsmen, who were tramping through the whole bog. There was nothing in it, however, except moor-hens and lapwings, one of which Vasenka killed.

"Now you see that I gave you good advice about the marsh," said Levin. "It's only a waste of time."

"No, it's good fun all the same! Did you see?" exclaimed Vasenka, awkwardly climbing into the wagon with his gun and his lapwing in his hands. "Did n't I make a stunning good shot? Well, will it take long to get to the other one?"

Suddenly the horses plunged. Levin gave himself a violent bump on the head against some one's gun, and a shot went off. The gun really went off before, but it seemed to Levin the other way. It happened that Vasenka in uncocking his gun fired one barrel. The shot buried itself in the ground and no damage was done to any one. Stepan Arkadyevitch shook his head and laughed reproachfully at Veslovsky. But Levin had not the heart to rebuke him. In the first place, any reproach would seem to be called forth by a danger past and by the bump on his forehead; and in the second place, Veslovsky was so innocently filled with remorse and afterward laughed so good-naturedly and so contagiously over their common alarm that no one could help joining in.

When they reached the second marsh, which was of considerable size and sure to occupy much time, Levin advised not getting out. But Veslovsky again put in his entreaties. Again, since the marsh was not big enough for three, Levin, like a hospitable host, remained by the teams. As soon as they stopped, Laska darted off to the tussocks. Vasenka Veslovsky was the first to follow the dog. And before Stepan Arkadyevitch reached the wet ground a snipe flew up. Veslovsky missed it, and the bird flew over into an unmown meadow. But this snipe was predestined to be Veslovsky's. Krak again pointed it, and Veslovsky killed it and returned to the teams.

"Now you go, and I will stay by the horses," said he.

The huntsman's fever had by this time taken possession of Levin. He turned the reins over to Veslovsky and went into the swamp. Laska, who had been for some time pitifully whining and complaining at the inequality of fate, darted toward the tussock-filled bog which Levin knew so well, and to which Krak had not yet found his way.

"Why don't you hold her back?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"She won't scare them away," replied Levin, delighting in his dog and following after her.

As Laska went forward, the nearer she came to the tussocks the greater grew her gravity. A little marsh bird only for a second distracted her attention. She made one sweep around the tussocks, then began a second, but suddenly trembled and stood stock still.

"Come, Stiva, come," cried Levin, feeling how his heart was beginning to throb, and how, suddenly as if some bolt had slipped in his ears, all sounds, losing their sense of proportion, disconnectedly but distinctly began to come to him. He heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's steps, distinguishing them from the distant stamping of horses, he heard the crunching sound of a corner of a tussock torn away by the roots, and he could distinguish above it the whir of a woodcock's wings. He could also hear, not far behind him, a strange splashing in the water, but what it was he could not make out. Choosing a place for his feet, he moved toward the dog.

"Go on."

Not a snipe, but a woodcock, flew up from under the dog's nose. Levin raised his gun, but at the instant he aimed the same noise of splashing in the water grew louder and nearer, and together with it Veslovsky's voice loudly shouting something. Levin saw that he was aiming too far behind the woodcock, but still he fired.

Turning round to discover what made the noise, Levin saw that the horses attached to the katki were no longer in the road, but were in the swamp.

Veslovsky, desirous of watching the shooting, had driven down to the swamp and had entangled the horses.

"The devil take him," said Levin to himself, turning back to the entangled horses.

"Why did you drive in so far?" he asked dryly; and, summoning the coachman, he began to disengage the horses.

Levin was vexed because they had caused him to miss his shot, but still more so because neither Stepan Arkadyevitch nor Veslovsky would help him to unharness and get out the team; but the reason for this was that they had not the slightest comprehension of the art of harnessing.

Not vouchsafing Vasenka a single word in answer to his assurance that where he stood it was perfectly dry, Levin silently worked with the coachman to unhitch the horses. But afterward, warming up to the work, and noticing how zealously and assiduously Veslovsky dragged at the katki by its side and even broke a part of it off, Levin blamed himself because, under the influence of the feeling which he had had the evening before, he had been too cool toward Veslovsky, and he tried by especial friendliness to atone for his curtness.

When everything was brought to order again and the teams were on the highway, Levin gave orders to get the luncheon ready.

"*Bon appétit, bonne conscience. Ce poulet va tomber jusqu'au fond de mes bottes,*" exclaimed Vasenka, growing lively again, and employing a quaint French proverb, as he devoured his second chicken. "Now our misfortunes are ended; now everything will go on famously. Only as a punishment for my sin I must certainly sit on the driver's box. Is n't that so? hey? — No, no, I am a born Automedon. Just see how I will tool you along," he insisted, not letting go the reins when Levin asked him to give up to the coachman. "No, I must atone for my sin, and I like it immensely on the box." And he drove.

Levin was somewhat afraid that he would tire out the horses, especially the chestnut on the left, which he could not control; but reluctantly he gave in to his gayety, listened to the love-songs which Veslovsky, sitting on the box, sang all the way, or to his stories and personation of an Englishman driving a four-in-hand, and after they had enjoyed their luncheon they reached the marshes of Gvozdevo in the gayest possible spirits.

CHAPTER X

Vasenka drove the horses so furiously that they reached the marshes too early and it was still hot. On reaching the important marsh, the real goal of their journey, Levin could not help wondering how he might rid himself of Vasenka and so get along without impediment. Stepan Arkadyevitch had evidently the same desire, and Levin could read in his face that expression of anxiety which a genuine huntsman always betrays before he goes out on the chase — he also detected a certain good-natured slyness characteristic of him.

"How shall we go in? I can see the marsh is excellent, and there are the hawks," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pointing to two big birds circling over the tall grass. "Where hawks are there is sure to be game!"

"Well, do you see, gentlemen?" said Levin, with a rather gloomy expression, pulling up his boots and contemplating the caps on his fowling-piece. "Do you see that tall grass?" He pointed to an islet shading into a black green in the midst of the wet meadow which, already half mown, extended along the right bank of the river. "The marsh begins here directly in front of you — where it is so green. From there it extends to the right where those horses are going; there are the tussocks and you will find snipe there, and so on around this high grass clear up to the alders and the mill itself. That direction, you see where the ground is overflowed, that is the best place. I 've killed as many as seventeen woodcock there. We will separate with the two dogs in different directions, and then we will meet at the mill."

"Well, who will go to the right, who to the left?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch. "There is more room to the right; you two go that way and I will take the left," said he, with pretended indifference.

"Capital, we will shoot more than he does. Come on, come on, come on," cried Veslovsky.

Levin saw that he was in for it, so they started off together.

As soon as they struck into the marsh the dogs began to hunt round and darted off for the swamp. Levin well knew what that careful and indeterminate manœuver of Laska's meant; he also knew the place, and he was on the lookout for a bevy of woodcock.

"Veslovsky, come in line, in line," he cried in a voice of anguish to his companion, who insisted in falling behind. Since the accidental discharge of the weapon at the Kolpensky marsh, Levin could not help taking an interest in the direction in which Veslovsky's gun-barrel was pointing.

"Now, I won't bother you, don't worry about me!"

But Levin could not help worrying, and he remembered Kitty's words as she said good-by to him: "Look out that you don't shoot one another."

Closer and closer ran the dogs, avoiding each other, each following her own scent; the expectation of starting up a woodcock was so strong that the squeak of his heel as he lifted it out of the mud seemed to Levin like the cry of the bird; he clutched and squeezed the butt of his gun.

Bang! Bang! A gun went off directly behind his ear.

It was Vasenka shooting at a flock of ducks which were splashing about in the swamp, and alighted far away from the huntsmen in an irregular line. Before Levin had a chance to glance round, a woodcock drummed, — another, a third, and half a dozen more flew up one after the other.

Stepan Arkadyevitch shot one at the very instant he was about beginning his zigzags, and the woodcock fell in a heap in the swamp. Oblonsky took his time in aiming at another which was flying low toward the high grass, and simultaneously with the flash the bird fell and it could be seen skipping from the mown grass, flapping its white uninjured wing.

Levin was not so fortunate; he shot at too close range for the first woodcock, and missed; he was about to follow after it, but just as it was rising again, another flew up from almost under him and diverted his attention, causing him to miss again.

While they were reloading, still another woodcock flew up, and Veslovsky, who had got his gun loaded first, fired two charges of small shot into the water. Stepan Arkadyevitch picked up his woodcock, and looked at Levin with flashing eyes.

"And now let us separate," said he, and limping with his left leg, and holding his gun ready cocked and whistling to his dog, he started off by himself. Levin and Veslovsky took the other direction.

It always happened with Levin that when his first shots were unsuccessful, he grew excited, lost his temper, and shot badly the rest of the day. So it was in the present instance. The woodcock were abundant; they kept flying up from before the dogs, and from under the huntsmen's feet, and Levin might have easily retrieved his fortunes; but the longer he hunted, the more he disgraced himself before Veslovsky, who kept merrily firing recklessly, never killing anything and never in the slightest degree abashed at his ill luck. Levin moved forward hotly, growing more and more excited, and finally he came not to have much hope of bringing down his game. Laska seemed to understand this state of things. She began to follow the scent more lazily, and looked at the huntsmen with almost an air of doubt and reproach. Shot followed shot. The gunpowder-smoke hung round the sportsmen, but in the great wide meshes of the hunting-bag lay only three light little woodcock. And of those one was killed by Veslovsky, and one of them they both brought down.

Meantime on the other side of the swamp Stepan Arkadyevitch's shots were heard, not very frequently, but, as it seemed to Levin, very significantly, and at almost each one he would hear him cry: —

"Krak, Krak, *apporte*."

This still more excited Levin. The woodcock kept flying up into the air over the high grass. The drumming on the ground and the cries of the birds in the air continued incessantly on all sides, and the woodcock, which flew up before them and swept through the air, kept settling down again in front of the huntsmen. Now instead of two hawks there were dozens of them screaming over the marsh.

After they had shot over the larger half of the swamp, Levin and Veslovsky directed their steps to a place where there were alternating strips of meadow-land, which the peasants were accustomed to mow. Half of these strips had already been mown.

Although there was less hope of finding game where the grass was tall than where it had been cut, Levin had agreed with Stepan Arkadyevitch to join him there, and so he proceeded with his companion across the mown and unmown strips.

"Hi! sportsmen," cried a muzhik, who with several others were sitting around an unharnessed cart. "Come and have a bite with us. We 'll give you some wine."

Levin looked round.

"Come on, we 've plenty," shouted a jolly bearded muzhik with a red face, displaying his white teeth and holding up a green bottle which glittered in the sun.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'ils disent?*" asked Veslovsky.

"They invite us to drink some vodka with them. They have probably just finished their meadows. I'd go if I were you," said Levin, not without craftiness, for he hoped that Veslovsky would be tempted by the vodka and would go for it.

"Why should they treat us?"

"Oh, they are probably having a jollification. Really, you had better go. It will interest you."

"*Allons, c'est curieux.*"

"Go ahead, go, you will find the road to the mill," cried Levin; and, looking round, he saw to his delight that Veslovsky, stooping over and dragging one leg after the other, and carrying his musket on his outstretched arm, was making his way from the swamp toward the peasants.

"You come too," cried the muzhik to Levin. "Don't be afeared,[1] we 'll give you a tart."

Levin felt a strong inclination to drink a glass of vodka and to eat a piece of bread. He was tired and could hardly lift his feet out of the bog, and for a moment he hesitated. But the dog was pointing, and immediately all his weariness vanished, and he lightly made his way over the marsh toward the dog. The woodcock flew from under his feet; he fired and brought it down. The dog pointed again — pil! From in front of the dog another arose. Levin blazed away. But the day was unfortunate; he missed, and when he looked for the one he had killed, it was nowhere to be found. He searched all through the tall grass, but Laska had no faith that her master had killed it, and when he sent her to find it, she pretended to circle round but did not really search.

Even without Vasenka, on whom Levin had laid the blame for his bad luck, there was no improvement. There also woodcock abounded, but Levin missed shot after shot.

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[1] He says *niabos'* for *nebos'*, *nichavo* for *nichevo.*

The slanting rays of the sun were still hot; his clothes, wet through with perspiration, stuck to his body; his left boot, full of water, was heavy and made a sucking noise; over his face, begrimed with gunpowder, the perspiration ran in drops; there was a bitter taste in his mouth; his nose was filled with the odor of smoke and of the bog; in his ears rang the incessant cries of the woodcock; his gun-barrels were so hot that he could not touch them; his heart beat with loud and rapid strokes, his hands trembled with excitement, his weary legs kept stumbling and catching in the roots and tussocks: but still he kept on shooting. At last, having made a disgraceful failure, he threw down his gun and cap.

"No, I must get my wits back," he said to himself; and, picking up his gun and cap, he called Laska to heel, and quitted the swamp. As he came out on the dry ground he sat down on a tussock, took off his boots and stockings, poured out the water, then he went back to the swamp, took a long drink of the boggy-smelling water, soaked his hot gun-barrels, and washed his face and hands. After he had cooled off, he again went down to the place where he would find the woodcock, and he made up his mind not to lose his self-control again. He meant to be calm, but it was the same as before. His finger would press the trigger before he had taken fair aim at the bird. Indeed, it went from bad to worse.

He had only five birds in his game-bag when he quitted the marsh and went to the alder-wood where he had agreed to meet Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Before he caught sight of Stepan Arkadyevitch he saw his dog Krak, all black with the marsh slime, and with an air of triumph as he came leaping out from under the up-turned root of an alder and began to snuff at Laska. Then appeared Stepan Arkadyevitch's stately figure in the shade of the alders. He came along, still limping, but with flushed face, all covered with perspiration and with his collar flung open.

"Well, how is it? Have you killed many?" he cried, with a gay smile.

"How is it with you?" asked Levin. But there was no need of asking, because he could see his overflowing game-bag.

"Oh, just a trifle." He had fourteen birds. "What a splendid marsh. Veslovsky must have bothered you. Two can't hunt well with the same dog," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, to soften the effect of his triumph.

CHAPTER XI

When Levin and Stepan Arkadyevitch reached the peasant's izba, where Levin always stopped when he was out hunting, Veslovsky was already there. He was laughing his merrily contagious laugh, sitting in the middle of the hut and clinging with both hands to a bench from which a soldier, the brother of their host, was pulling him in his efforts to haul off his muddy boots.

"I have only just got here. *Ils ont été charmants.* Imagine it — they gave me plenty to eat and drink. What bread, 't was marvelous. *Délicieux.* And such vodka I never tasted! And they utterly refused to take any payment. They kept saying: 'Drink it down,' or something like that."

"Why should they take money? They regarded you as a guest. Do you suppose they had vodka to sell?" asked the soldier, who at last succeeded in pulling off the wet boot together with the mud-stained stocking.

Notwithstanding the dirtiness of the izba, which the huntsmen and their dogs had tracked all over with mud, notwithstanding the smell of bog and gunpowder with which it was filled, and notwithstanding the absence of knives and forks, the three men drank their tea and ate their luncheon with appetites such as only hunting produces. After they had washed up and cleansed off the mud, they went to a hay-loft where the coachman had prepared them beds.

Although it was already dark, not one of the huntsmen felt any inclination to go to sleep. After they had indulged in various recollections and stories of shooting, of dogs, and of previous expeditions, the conversation turned on a theme which interested them all. As it happened, Vasenka kept going into raptures over the fascination of this their camp and the fragrance of the hay, and the charm of the broken telyega — it seemed to him to be broken because the front part was taken off — and about the hospitality of the muzhiks, who had given him vodka to drink, and about the dogs, which were lying each at his master's feet.

Then Oblonsky gave an account of a charming meet which he had attended the summer before at the place of a man named Malthus, who was a well-known railway magnate. Stepan Arkadyevitch told what wonderful marshes and game preserves Malthus rented in the government of Tver, what equipages, dog-carts, and wagonettes were provided for the sportsmen, and how a great breakfast tent was carried to the marshes and pitched there.

"I can't comprehend you," exclaimed Levin, raising himself on his hay. "I should think such people would be repulsive to you. I can understand that a breakfast with Lafitte might be very delightful; but is n't such luxury revolting to you? All these people, like all monopolists, acquire money in such a way that they gain the contempt of people; they scorn this contempt and then use their ill-gotten gains to buy off this contempt!"

"You 're perfectly right," assented Veslovsky. "Perfectly. Of course Oblonsky does this out of *bonhomie*, but others say, 'Oblonsky goes there.'"....

"Not in the least," — Levin perceived that Oblonsky smiled as he said this. "I simply consider that this man is no more dishonorable than any other of our rich merchants or nobles. They all have got their money by hard work and by their brains."

"Yes, but what kind of hard work? Is it hard work to secure a concession and then farm it out?"

"Of course it is hard work. Hard work in this sense, that if it were not for such men, then we should have no railways."

"But it is not hard work such as the muzhik or the student has."

"Agreed, but it is work in this sense, that it is a form of activity which gives us results — railways. But perhaps you argue that railways are useless."

"No; but that is another question. I am willing to acknowledge that they are useful. But all gains that are disproportionate to the amount of labor expended are dishonorable."

"But who is to determine the suitability?"

"Property acquired by any dishonest way, by craft," said Levin, feeling that he could not very well make the distinction between honorable and dishonorable. "For example, the money made by stock-gambling," he went on to say, "that is bad, and so are the gains made by fortunes acquired without labor, as it used to be with the speculators in monopolies; only the form has been changed. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* We had only just done away with brandy-farming when the railways and stock-gambling came in; it is all money acquired without work."

"Yes, that may be very wise and ingenious reasoning. — Lie down, Krak," cried Stepan Arkadyevitch, addressing the dog, which was licking his fur and tossing up the hay. Oblonsky was evidently convinced of the correctness of his theory, and consequently argued calmly and dispassionately. "But you do not make the distinctions clear between honest and dishonest work. Is it dishonest when I receive a higher salary than my head clerk, although he understands the business better than I do?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I will tell you one thing: what you receive for your work on your estate is — let us say — five thousand above your expenses; but this muzhik, our host, hard as he works, does not get more than fifty rubles, and this disparity is just as dishonorable as that I receive more than my head clerk or that Malthus receives more than a railway engineer. On the contrary, it seems to me that the hostility shown by society to these men arises from envy."....

"No, that is unjust," said Veslovsky; "it cannot be envy, and there is something unfair in this state of things."

"Excuse me," persisted Levin. "You say it is unfair for me to receive five thousand while the muzhik gets only fifty; you 're right. It is unfair. I feel it, but...."

"The distinction holds throughout. Why do we eat, drink, hunt, waste our time, while he is forever and ever at work?" said Vasenka Veslovsky, who was evidently for the first time in his life thinking clearly on this question, and therefore was willing to be frank.

"Yes, you feel so, but you don't give your estate up to the muzhik," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, not sorry of a chance to tease Levin.

Of late there had arisen between the two brothers-in-law a secretly hostile relationship; since they had married sisters, a sort of rivalry existed between them as to which of them had the best way of living, and now this hostility expressed itself by the conversation taking a personal turn.

"I do not give it because no one demands this of me, and even if I wanted to, I could not," replied Levin.

"Give it to this muzhik; he would not refuse it."

"But how could I give it to him? Should I come with him and sign the deed?"

"I don't know; but if you are convinced that you have not the right.... "

"I am not altogether convinced. On the contrary I feel that I have no right to give it away, that I have certain obligations both to the land and to my family."

"No, excuse me; if you consider that this inequality is unjust, then why don't you do so?"

"I do it, only in a negative way, in the sense that I do not try to increase the discrepancy that exists between him and me."

"No, but that is a paradox, if you will allow me to say so."

"Yes, that is a sort of sophistical statement," averred Veslovsky. — "Ho! friend,"[1] he exclaimed, addressing their host, who had just then come into the loft, making the door creak on its hinges, "aren't you asleep yet?"

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[1] *Khozaïn.*

"No, how can one sleep? But I supposed you gentlemen were asleep — still, I heard talking. I wanted to get a hook. — Will she bite?" he added, carefully slipping along in his bare feet.

"But where do you sleep?"

"We are on night duty."

"Oh, what a night," exclaimed Veslovsky, catching a glimpse of the edge of the izba and the unharnessed wagons in the faint light of the west through the now widely opened door. "Just listen to those women's voices singing; it is not bad at all. Who is singing, friend?" said he, addressing the muzhik.

"Oh, those are the girls from the farm, singing together."

"Come, let's go out and take a walk! We shall never go to sleep. Come on, Oblonsky."

"What's the use?" said Oblonsky, stretching, "it's more comfortable here."

"Well, then, I'll go alone," exclaimed Veslovsky, jumping up eagerly and putting on his shoes and stockings. "Good-by — da svidanya — gentlemen. If there's any fun, I will come and call you. You have given me good hunting and I won't forget you."

"He's a splendid young fellow," said Oblonsky, after Veslovsky had gone out and the muzhik had shut the door again.

"Yes, he is," replied Levin, still continuing to think of what they had been talking about. It seemed to him that he had clearly, to the best of his ability, uttered his thoughts and feelings, and yet these men, who were by no means stupid or insincere, agreed in declaring that he indulged in sophistries. This confused him.

"This is the way of it, my friend," said Oblonsky. "One of two things must be: either you must agree that the present order of society is all right, and then stand up for your rights, or confess that you enjoy unfair privileges, as I do, and get all the good out of them that you can."

"No; if this was unfair, you could not get any enjoyment out of these advantages.... at least I could not. With me the main thing would be to feel that I was not to blame."

"After all, why should we not go out," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, evidently growing tired of this discussion. "You see we are not going to sleep. Come on, let's go out."

Levin made no reply. What he had said in their conversation about his doing right only in a negative sense occupied his mind. "Can one be right only in a negative way?" he asked himself.

"How strong the odor of the fresh hay is," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he got up. "It is impossible to go to sleep. Vasenka is hatching some scheme out there. Don't you hear them laughing, and his voice? Won't you come? Come on."

"No, I am not going," said Levin.

"Is this also from principle?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile, as he groped round in the darkness for his cap.

"No, not from principle, but why should I go?"

"Do you know you are laying up misfortune for yourself?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, having found his cap, and getting up.

"Why so?"

"Don't I see how you are giving in to your wife? I heard how much importance you attached to the question whether she approved of your going off for a couple of days' hunting. That is very well as an idyl, but it does n't work for a whole lifetime. A man ought to be independent; he has his own masculine interests. A man must be manly," said Oblonsky, opening the door.

"What does that mean.... going and flirting with the farm girls?" asked Levin.

"Why not go, if there's fun in it? *Ça ne tire pas à conséquence.* My wife would not be any the worse off for it, and it affords me amusement. The main thing is the sanctity of the home. There should not be any trouble at home. But there is no need of a man's tying his hands."

"Perhaps not," said Levin, dryly, and he turned over on his side. "To-morrow I must start early and I shan't wake any one, and I shall start at daybreak."

"*Messieurs, venez vite*," called Vasenka, returning. "*Charmante!* I have discovered her! *Charmante!* A perfect Gretchen, and she and I have already scraped acquaintance. Truly she is mighty pretty," he cried, with such an expression of satisfaction that any one would think that she had been made for his especial benefit, and that he was satisfied with the work of the one who had prepared her for him.

Levin pretended to be asleep, but Oblonsky, putting on his slippers and lighting a cigar, left the barn and soon their voices died away.

It was long before Levin could go to sleep. He heard his horses munching their hay, then the muzhik setting out with his eldest son to watch the animals in the pasture, then the soldier going to bed on the other side of the loft with his nephew, the youngest son of their host; he heard the little boy in a low voice telling his uncle his impressions regarding the dogs, which to him seemed terrible and monstrous beasts; then the boy asking what these dogs caught, and the soldier in a hoarse and sleepy voice telling him that the next day the huntsmen would go to the swamp and would fire off their guns; and then, the boy still continuing to ply him with questions, the soldier hushed him up, saying, "Go to sleep, Vaska, go to sleep, and you will see," and soon the man began to snore and all became quiet. All that was heard was the neighing of the horses and the cries of the woodcock.

"Why is this simply revolting?" he asked himself. "Well, what's to be done? It is not my fault." And he began to think of the morrow.

"To-morrow I will start early in the morning, and I will take it on myself not to get excited. I will bring down some woodcock. And there are plenty of snipe! And when I get back, there'll be a letter from Kitty.

Yes, perhaps Stiva is right; I am not manly toward her; I am too much under my wife's thumb..... But what is to be done about it? This also is revolting."

Through his dream he heard Veslovsky and Stepan Arkadyevitch gayly talking and laughing. For an instant he opened his eyes. The moon had risen, and through the open doors he saw them standing there in the bright moonlight, and talking. Stepan Arkadyevitch was saying something about the freshness of a young girl, comparing her to a walnut just out of its shell, and Veslovsky laughing his contagious laugh, made some reply, evidently repeating the words spoken by some muzhik, "You 'd better be going home."

Levin spoke through his dream, "Gentlemen, to-morrow morning at daybreak."

CHAPTER XII.

Waking at earliest dawn, Levin tried to wake his companions. Vasenka, lying on his stomach, with one leg in a stocking, was sleeping so soundly that it was impossible to get any reply from him. Oblonsky, only half awake, refused to start out so early. And even Laska, sleeping curled up in a round ball at the edge of the hay, got up reluctantly, and lazily stretched out and straightened her hind legs, one after the other. Levin, putting on his boots, took his gun and cautiously opening the creaking door of the shed, went outdoors. The coachmen were sleeping near the wagons; the horses were dozing. Only one sheep was drowsily eating with his nose in the trough. It was still gray in the yard.

"You are up early, are n't you, my dear," said the old peasant woman, the mistress of the house, coming out from the izba, and addressing him in a friendly way, like an old acquaintance.

"Yes, I 'm going out shooting, auntie. Can I go this way to the swamp?"

"Directly behind the barns, follow the foot-path along by the hemp-field." Stepping cautiously with her bare, sunburnt feet, the old woman accompanied Levin as far as the fence back of the barn. "Go straight on and you'll come to the swamp. Our boys went there last evening."

Laska ran merrily ahead along the foot-path. Levin followed her with swift, light steps, constantly watching the sky. He had an idea that he would reach the swamp before the sun would be up. But the sun did not loiter. The moon, which had been shining brightly when he first came out, was now growing pallid like a lump of quicksilver. The morning star, which before was most conspicuous, now almost defied detection; certain spots before almost indistinguishable on the distant field, now were becoming plainly visible; these were heaps of rye. The dew, though it could not be seen in the absence of the sunlight, was so dense on the fragrant tall hemp from which the seed had already been gathered, that it wet Levin's legs and blouse above his belt. In the transparent stillness of the morning the slightest sounds were audible. A bee, humming like a bullet, whizzed by Levin's ear. He looked around and discovered a second and yet a third. They were coming from the hives and were flying over the hemp-field and disappearing in the direction of the swamp. The foot-path led directly into the marsh, which could be detected by the mists rising over it, here denser, there thinner, so that clumps of grass and cytisus bushes looked like little islands emerging from them. Peasant boys and men, who had been on night duty, were scattered about on the edge of the swamp and along the roadside, and all of them were sleeping wrapped up in their kaftans. At a little distance from them three horses were moving about unfastened. One of them carried clinking chains. Laska ran along by her master's side, eager to dash ahead, and with her eyes on everything. After they had passed the sleeping muzhiks and had reached the first swampy places, Levin examined the priming of his gun and let the dog go.

One of the horses, a fat chestnut three-year-old, seeing Laska, shied, and, lifting his tail, whinnied. The two other horses were also startled, and dashed through the water and galloped out of the swamp. As they pulled their hoofs out of the soft, sticky mud, they made a noise like smacking. Laska paused, looking with amused eyes at the horses, and seemed to ask her master what she should do. Levin caressed her and gave a whistle as a signal that she might begin her work. Laska, joyous and full of importance, darted on over the soil of the marsh, which quaked under her weight.

As soon as she got fairly into the bog, Laska instantly distinguished amid all the well-known odors of roots and swamp-grass and the mud and the droppings of the horses, the scent of the bird perceptible through the whole place — the penetrating bird odor which more than anything else excited her. Wherever there was moss or sage bushes this odor was peculiarly strong, but it was impossible to make out in which direction it increased or diminished in strength. In order to get her bearings, the dog had to bear to the lee of the wind. Unconscious of any effort in moving her legs, Laska in an eager gallop, yet so restrained that she was able to stop at a bound, if anything of consequence presented itself, dashed toward the right away from the breeze which was now beginning to blow freshly from the east. Snuffing the air with her widespread nostrils, she suddenly became conscious that she was no longer following a trail, but was on the game itself — not one bird alone, but many. Laska slackened her speed. The birds were there, but she could not as yet determine exactly where. In order to find the exact spot, she began another circle, when suddenly the voice of her master called her back.

"Here, Laska," he cried, directing her toward the other side. She paused as if to ask him if she had not better keep on as she had begun. But he repeated his command in a stern voice, sending her to a tussock-covered place overflowed with water, where there could not possibly be anything.

She heard him, and, pretending to obey him, so as to satisfy him, ran hastily over the spot indicated, and then returned to the place which had attracted her before, and instantly perceived them again. Now that he no longer bothered her she knew exactly what to do, and without looking where she was going, stumbling over tussocks to her great indignation and falling into the water, but quickly extricating herself with her strong, agile legs, she began to circle round, so as to get her exact bearings.

The scent of the birds kept growing stronger and stronger, more and more distinct, and suddenly it became perfectly evident to her that one of them was there, just behind a certain tussock not five steps in front of her, and she stopped and trembled all over. Her legs were so short that she could not see anything, but she knew by the scent that the bird was sitting there not five steps distant from her. She pointed, growing each instant more certain of her game and full of joy in the anticipation. Her tail stuck straight out and only the end of it quivered. Her mouth was open slightly. Her ears were cocked up. Indeed, one ear had been all the time pricked up as she ran, and she was panting heavily, but cautiously, and looking round still more cautiously, rather with her eyes than with her head, to see if her master was coming. He was coming, leaping from tussock to tussock, and more slowly than usual it seemed to her; his face bore the expression which she knew so well, and which was so terrible to her. It seemed to her that he was coming slowly, and yet he was running!

Remarking Laska's peculiar method of search as she crouched down close to the ground and took such long strides that her hind legs seemed to rake the ground, and noticing her slightly opened mouth, Levin knew that she was on the track of snipe, and offering a mental prayer to God that he might not miss especially his first shot, he followed the dog. As he came up close to her he looked from his superior height and saw with his eyes what she perceived only with her nose. In a nook between two tussocks not more than six feet away from him a snipe was sitting. With head raised it was listening. Then, slightly spreading and closing its wings and awkwardly wagging its tail, it hid behind its nook.

"At him, at him!" cried Levin, pushing Laska from behind.

"But I can't move," thought Laska. "Where shall I go? From here I smell 'em, but if I stir I shan't find anything, or know what they are or where they are."

But Levin again pushed the dog with his knee, and in an excited whisper he cried again, "At him, Lasotchka, at him!"

"Well, if he wants me to do it, I will, but I won't answer for the consequences now," she said to herself, and she darted forward with all her might between the tussocks! She no longer went by scent, but only by her eyes and ears, and did not know what she was doing.

Ten paces from the first place a second snipe arose with a loud squawking and a characteristic drumming of wings. Instantly the shot rang out and the bird fell heavily with its white breast on the moist ground. Still another immediately flew up, not even roused by the dog.

When Levin aimed at it it was already a long shot, but he brought it down. After flying twenty feet or more the second snipe rose high into the air, then, spinning like a top, fell heavily to the ground on a dry spot.

"That is the talk," thought Levin, thrusting the fat snipe, still warm, into his hunting-bag. "Ha, Lasotchka, there's some sense in this, hey?"

When Levin, having reloaded, went still farther into the swamp, the sun was already up, though it was as yet hidden behind masses of clouds. The moon, which had now lost all its brilliancy, looked like a white cloud against the sky; not a star was to be seen. The swampy places, which before had been silvered with the dew, were now yellow. The whole swamp was amber. The blue of the grass changed into yellowish green. The marsh birds bustled about among the bushes glittering with dew and casting long shadows along by the brook. A hawk awoke and perched on a hayrick, turning his head from side to side, looking with displeasure at the marsh. The jackdaws flew fieldward, and a barefooted urchin was already starting to drive the horses up to an old man who had been spending the night there, and was now crawling out from under his kaftan. The gunpowder smoke lay white as milk along the green grass. One of the peasant children ran down to Levin.

"There were some ducks here last evening, uncle,"[1] he cried, and followed him at a distance.

And Levin experienced a feeling of the keenest satisfaction in killing three woodcock, one after the other, while the boy was watching him and expressing his approbation.

CHAPTER XIII

The superstition of hunters, that if the first shot brings down bird or beast, the field will be good, was justified.

Tired and hungry, but delighted, Levin returned about ten o'clock, after a run of thirty versts, having brought down nineteen snipe and woodcock and one duck, which, for want of room in his game-bag, he hung at his belt. His companions had been long up; and after waiting till they were famished, they had eaten breakfast.

"Hold on, hold on! I know there are nineteen," cried Levin, counting for the second time his woodcock and snipe, with their bloodstained plumage, and their drooping heads all laid one over the other, so different from what they were on the marsh.

The count was verified, and Stepan Arkadyevitch's envy was delightful to Levin.

It was also delightful to him, on returning to his lodging, to find there a messenger who had just come from Kitty, bringing him a letter.

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[1] *Dyadenka,* little uncle.

> I am perfectly well and happy, and if you fear lest I shall not be sufficiently cared for, you may be reassured. I have a new body-guard in the person of Marya Vlasyevna. [She was a midwife, a new and very important personage in Levin's family.] She came over to see me. She thinks I am wonderfully well, and we shall keep her till you get back. We are all well and happy, and if you are enjoying yourself and the hunting is good you may stay another day.

These two pleasures — his successful hunt and the letter from his wife — were so great, that they effaced from Levin's mind two less agreeable incidents. The first was the fact that his fast horse, who had apparently been overworked the evening before, refused to eat and was out of sorts. The coachman said that she was used up.

"They abused her last evening, Konstantin Dmitritch," said he. "The idea! They drove her ten versts at full speed!"

The second unpleasantness, which for the first moment put an end to his happy frame of mind, but which afterward caused him no end of amusement, arose from the fact that not a thing was left for him from all the abundant store of provisions which Kitty had put up for them, and which it seemed ought to have lasted them a whole week. As he returned from his long and weary tramp, Levin had indulged his imagination in certain tarts, so that when he entered the izba he actually felt the taste of them in his mouth just as Laska scented the game, and he immediately ordered Filipp to serve them to him. It then transpired that not only the tarts, but all the cold chicken, had disappeared.

"There! talk of appetites," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing and nodding at Vasenka Veslovsky; "I cannot complain of mine, but this is marvelous."

"Well! what shall I do?" cried Levin, glowering at Veslovsky. "Filipp, give me some cold beef."

"Beef's all gone and the dogs have got the bones!" replied Filipp.

Levin was so irritated that he could not help exclaiming, "I should think you might have left something for me!" and he felt like crying.

"Then cook me a woodcock," he said, with trembling voice, to Filipp, trying not to look at Vasenka, "and bring me some milk."

But after he drank his milk he was mortified because he had shown his disappointment so plainly and before a stranger, and he began to laugh at himself for his anger.

In the afternoon they went out into the fields again, and even Veslovsky shot several birds, and at night they went home.

They were as gay on their return as they had been while going. Veslovsky now sang songs, and now told of his adventures with the muzhiks who gave him his vodka and bade him drink it down quick. Then he related his nocturnal experiences with the nuts and the farm girl, and the muzhik who asked him if he was married or not, and who, when he found that he was not married, said to him: "Well, you 'd better not be running after other folks' women; first of all go home and get a wife for yourself."

This advice greatly amused Veslovsky.

"Well, on the whole, I am awfully glad we went, are n't you, Levin?"

"Very glad," replied Levin, sincerely, and he was especially happy because he no longer felt that animosity which he had felt at home toward Vasenka Veslovsky; but, on the other hand, had conceived a genuine friendship for him.

CHAPTER XIV

About ten o'clock the next morning, after inspecting the farm, Levin knocked at the door of the room in which Vasenka had spent the night.

"*Entrez*," cried Veslovsky. "Excuse me, but I am just finishing my *ablutions*," he added, with a smile, standing before Levin in his bare skin.

"Do not let me disturb you," said Levin, and he sat down by the window. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like the dead. Is it a good day for hunting?"

"What do you drink, tea or coffee?"

"Neither; I always go down to breakfast; I am mortified at being so late. The ladies, I suppose, are already up? Splendid time for a ride! You must show me your horses."

After walking around the garden, examining the stable, and performing a few gymnastic exercises together on the parallel bars, Levin and his guest returned to the house and went into the drawing-room.

"We had splendid sport and got so many new impressions," said Veslovsky, approaching Kitty, who was sitting near the samovar. "What a pity that ladies are deprived of this pleasure!"

"Well, of course he must have something to say to the lady of the house," thought Levin. Again he detected something peculiar in the smile and in the triumphant air with which his guest behaved toward Kitty.

The princess, who was sitting on the other side of the table with Marya Vlasyevna and Stepan Arkadyevitch, called Levin to her and began to broach her idea that they should go to Moscow for Kitty's confinement, and explained to him how the rooms should be prepared for her.

Just as all the preparations for his wedding had seemed distasteful to Levin because they were so insignificant in comparison with the majesty of the event itself, so now even more humiliating were all the preparations for the approaching confinement, the time of which they were reckoning up on their fingers. He tried to shut his ears to all the talk about the various kinds of swaddling-clothes for the unborn infant; he did his best to shut his eyes to all the mysterious and numberless bands and triangular pieces of linen to which Dolly seemed to attribute special importance and the like.

The event of the birth of a son — for he was firmly persuaded that it would be a son — seemed to him so extraordinary that he could not believe in its possibility, and while on the one hand it promised him a happiness too enormous and therefore incredible, on the other hand it seemed to him too mysterious to admit of trying to imagine what it meant, and consequently all this preparation as if for something commonplace, for something in the hands of men, seemed to him revolting and humiliating. The princess did not understand his feelings, and she attributed his unwillingness to think and talk about this to indifference and carelessness, and so she gave him no peace. She had just been charging Stepan Arkadyevitch to look up a suite of rooms, and now she called Levin to her.

"Do as you think best, princess; I understand nothing about the matter," said he.

"But it must be decided just when you will go to Moscow."

"Truly I don't know; what I know is that millions of children are born away from Moscow, and doctors .... and all that ...."

"Yes, but in that case ...."

"Let Kitty do as she pleases about it."

"It is impossible to speak with Kitty about it. Do you want me to frighten her? Only this spring Natali Golitsuin died in consequence of an unskilful *accoucheur*."

"I shall do as you wish," repeated Levin, angrily.

The princess began to say something more to him, but he was not listening. Though his conversation with the princess upset him, he was not angered by what she said, but by what he saw at the samovar.

"No; that can't go on," thought he, as he from time to time glanced over at Vasenka, who was bending down to Kitty, with a flattering smile, and making some remark to her; and he also noticed his wife's disturbed and blushing face.

There was something improper in Veslovsky's attitude, his smile, his eyes. So, too, Kitty's action and appearance seemed to him unbecoming, and again the light flashed in his eyes. And again, as happened two days before, he felt himself suddenly, without the least warning, precipitated from the height of happiness, contentment, and dignity, into an abyss of despair, hatred, and confusion. Again they seemed to him, each and all, his enemies.

"Do just as you please, princess," said he again, turning round.

"Heavy is the cap of Monomakh," said Stepan Arkadyevitch in jest, referring evidently, not to Levin's conversation with the princess, but to the cause of Levin's agitated face, which he had noticed. "How late you are, Dolly!"

All rose to greet Darya Aleksandrovna. Vasenka also arose, but only for a moment; and with the lack of politeness characteristic of up-to-date young men toward ladies, scarcely bowing, he resumed his conversation with some humorous remarks.

"Masha has been wearing me all out," said Dolly. "She did not sleep well and she is terribly fretful to-day."

The conversation which Vasenka and Kitty were engaged in once more turned, as it had the evening before, on Anna and whether love could hold outside the conventions of society..... This conversation was disagreeable to Kitty, and it agitated her, not only by reason of the topic and the tone in which it was carried on, but still more because she was already conscious of the effect it would have on her husband. But she was too simple and innocent to understand how to put an end to it, or even to hide the signs of agitation which this young man's too pronounced attentions produced in her. Whatever she did, she knew perfectly well would be remarked by her husband and would be absolutely misinterpreted.

And indeed, when she asked Dolly what was the matter with Masha, and Vasenka, waiting till this new subject of conversation, which was a bore to him, should be finished, stared with an indifferent look at Dolly, this question struck Levin as an unnatural and obnoxious kind of slyness.

"Well, are we going after mushrooms to-day?" asked Dolly.

"Oh, yes, do let us go, I should like to get some," said Kitty, and she blushed. For mere politeness' sake she wanted to ask Vasenka if he would go with them, but she did not do so.

"Where are you going, Kostia?" she asked, with a guilty air, as her husband, with deliberate steps, went by her on his way out of the room.

This guilty confusion confirmed all his suspicions.

"A machinist came while I was away. I have not had a chance to see him yet," he answered, without looking at her.

He had gone down-stairs, but had not yet left his library, before he heard Kitty's well-known footsteps imprudently hurrying after him.

"What is it? We are busy," said he, curtly.

"Excuse me," said Kitty, addressing the German machinist; "I wish to say a few words to my husband."

The mechanic was about to leave, but Levin stopped him: "Don't disturb yourself."

"I don't want to lose the three o'clock train," remarked the German.

Without answering him, Levin went out into the corridor with his wife.

"Well, what do you wish to say to me?" he asked in French.

He did not look at her face, and did not want to see how it quivered and what a look of pathetic humiliation was in her eyes.

"I .... I wanted to say that it is impossible to live so; it is torture" .... murmured she.

"There is some one there at the cupboard," he replied angrily. "Don't make a scene."

"Then let us go in here, then."

Kitty wanted to go into the next room, but there the English governess was teaching Tania.

"Then let us go into the garden."

In the garden they ran across a muzhik who was weeding a path. And now no longer thinking that the muzhik would see her tearful or his agitated face, not thinking that they were in sight of people, as if running from some unhappiness, they went with swift steps straight on, feeling that they must have a mutual explanation, and find some lonely spot where they could talk, and free themselves from this misery that was oppressing them both.

"It is impossible to live so. It is torture. I suffer. You suffer. Why is it?" she said, when at last they reached a bench standing by itself in the corner of the linden alley.

"But tell me one thing: was not his manner indecent, improper, horribly insulting?" he asked, standing in front of her in the same position, with his fists doubled up on his chest, in which he had stood before her two days before.

"It was," said she, in a trembling voice; "but, Kostia, can't you see that I am not to blame? All this morning I have been trying to act so that.... but oh, these men.... why did he come? How happy we were!" she said, choking with the sobs that shook her whole body.

The gardener saw with surprise that, though nothing was chasing them, and there was nothing to run away from, and there was nothing especially attractive about the bench where they had been sitting, yet still they went past him back to the house with peaceful, shining faces.

CHAPTER XV

As soon as he had taken his wife to her room, Levin went to seek Dolly. Darya Aleksandrovna also was in a state of great excitement. She was pacing up and down her chamber, and scolding little Masha, who stood in a corner, crying.

"You shall stay all day in the corner, and eat dinner alone, and you shall not see one of your dolls, and you shall have no new dress," she was saying, though she did not know why she was punishing the child. "This is a naughty little girl," she said to Levin; "where does she get this abominable disposition?"

"Why, what has she done?" asked Levin, rather indifferently, for he was annoyed to find that he had come at the wrong time when he wished some advice regarding his own affairs.

"She and Grisha went into the raspberry bush, and there .... but I can't tell you what she did. I'd a thousand times rather have Miss Elliot. This governess does n't look after anything .... she's a machine. *Figurez vous, que la petite ....*"

And Darya Aleksandrovna related Masha's misdeeds.

"There's nothing very bad in that. That does n't signify a bad disposition. It is only a piece of childish mischief," said Levin, soothingly.

"But what is the matter with you? You look troubled. What has happened down-stairs?" asked Dolly, and by the tone of her questions Levin perceived that it would be easy for him to say what he had in his mind to say.

"I have n't been down-stairs. I have been alone in the garden with Kitty. We have just had a quarrel .... the second since .... Stiva came."

Dolly looked at him with her intelligent, penetrating eyes.

"Now tell me, with your hand on your heart," he said, "tell me, was the conduct, not of Kitty, but of this young man, anything else than unpleasant, not unpleasant, but intolerable, insulting even, to a husband?"

"What shall I say to you? — *Stand, stand in the corner!*" said she to Masha, who, noticing the scarcely perceptible smile on her mother's face, started to go away. "Society would say that he is only behaving as all young men behave. *Il fait la cour à une jeune et jolie femme*, and her husband, as himself a gentleman of society, should be flattered by it."

"Yes, yes," said Levin, angrily; "but have you noticed it?"

"I noticed it, of course, and so did Stiva. Just after tea he said to me, '*Je crois que Veslovsky fait un petit brin de cour à Kitty.*'"[1]

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[1] I believe Veslovsky is trying to flirt with Kitty.

"Well, that settles it. Now I am calm. I am going to send him away," said Levin.

"What! Are you out of your senses?" cried Dolly, alarmed. "What are you thinking about, Kostia?" she went on with a laugh. — "You may go now to Fanny," she said to the child. "No! If you like, I will speak to Stiva. He will get him to leave. He can say you are expecting company. However, it is not our house."

"No, no! I will do it myself."

"You will quarrel." ....

"Not at all, I shall find it amusing," said he, with a happier light shining in his eyes. "There, now, Dolly, forgive her; she won't do it again," he said, pointing to the little culprit, who had not gone to Fanny, but was now standing irresolute beside her mother, and looking askance at her with pleading eyes.

The mother looked at her. The little girl, sobbing, hid her face in her mother's lap, and Dolly laid her thin hand tenderly on her head.

"Is there anything in common between us and that fellow?" thought Levin, and he went to find Veslovsky.

As he passed through the hall he ordered the carriage to be made ready to go to the station.

"The springs were broken yesterday," the servant answered.

"Then bring the tarantas. Only be quick about it. Where is the guest?"

"He went to his room."

Levin found Vasenka in the act of trying on his gaiters in preparation for a ride. He had just taken his things out of his valise, and laid aside some new love-songs.

Either there was something strange in Levin's expression, or Vasenka himself was conscious that *ce petit brin de cour* which he was making was rather out of place in this family; but at all events, he felt as uncomfortable in Levin's presence as it is possible for an elegant young man to feel.

"Do you ride in gaiters?" asked Levin.

"Yes; it's much neater," replied Vasenka, putting up one fat leg on a chair, and struggling with the bottom button, and smiling with genuine good humor.

He was really a very good-hearted young fellow, and Levin felt sorry for him and conscience-stricken for himself as his host when he saw the timidity in Vasenka's eyes.

On the table lay a fragment of a stick which they had broken off that morning while trying to prop up the parallel bars for their gymnastic exercises. Levin took this fragment in his hand and began to break off the ragged ends, not knowing how to commence.

"I wanted...." He stopped for a moment; but suddenly remembering Kitty and all that had taken place, he went on, looking him squarely in the eye. "I have had the horses put in for you."

"What do you mean?" began Vasenka, in surprise. "Where are we going?"

"You are going to the railway station," said Levin, with a frown, breaking off the end of the stick.

"Are you going away? Has anything happened?"

"I happen to be expecting company," Levin went on, breaking off pieces of his stick more and more nervously with his strong fingers. "Or, no, I am not expecting any one, and nothing has happened, but I beg you to go away. You may explain my lack in politeness as you please."

Vasenka drew himself up.

"I beg *you* to explain to me," said he, with dignity, comprehending at last.

"I cannot explain to you, and you will be wise not to question me," Levin said slowly, trying to remain calm, and to check the tremulous motions of his face.

And as the chipped pieces of the stick were by this time all broken, Levin took the stick in his fingers, split it in two, and picked up the part that fell to the floor.

Apparently the sight of those energetic hands, those very muscles which he had seen tested that morning while they were doing their gymnastics, those flashing eyes, and the quivering face and the subdued sound of his voice impressed Vasenka more than the spoken words. Shrugging his shoulders and smiling disdainfully, he submitted.

"May I not see Oblonsky?"

The shrugging of the shoulders and the smile did not annoy Levin. "What else could he do?" he asked himself.

"I will send him to you immediately."

"What sense is there in such conduct!" exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, when he had learned from his friend that he was to be driven from the house, and finding Levin in the garden, where he was walking up and down waiting for his guest's departure. "*Mais c'est ridicule!* To be stung by such a fly as that! *Mais c'est du dernier ridicule!* What difference does it make to you if a young man .... "

But the spot where the fly had stung Levin was evidently still sensitive, because he turned pale again and cut short the explanations which Stepan Arkadyevitch tried to give.

"Please don't take the trouble to defend the young man; I can't help it. I am sorry both for you and for him. But I imagine it won't be a great trial for him to go away, and my wife and I both found his presence unpleasant."

"But it was insulting to him. *Et puis c'est ridicule.*"

"Well, it was humiliating and extremely disagreeable to me. I am not to blame toward him, and there is no reason why I should suffer for it."

"Well, I did not expect this of you. *On peut être jaloux, mais à ce point c'est du dernier ridicule.*"

Levin quickly turned away, and entered the thick shrubbery by the driveway, and continued to walk up and down the path.

Soon he heard the rumbling of the tarantas, and through the trees he saw Vasenka riding up the road, sitting on the straw (for unfortunately the tarantas had no seat), the ribbons of his Scotch cap streaming behind his head as he jolted along.

"What now?" thought Levin, as he saw a servant run from the house and stop the cart. It was only to find a place for the machinist, whom Levin had entirely forgotten. The machinist, with a low bow, said something to Veslovsky, and clambered into the tarantas, and they drove off together.

Stepan Arkadyevitch and the old princess were indignant at Levin's conduct. And he himself felt that he had been not only ridiculous in the highest degree, but even blameworthy and disgraceful; but as he remembered all that he and his wife had suffered, he asked himself how he should do another time in similar circumstances, and his answer was that he should do exactly the same thing again.

In spite of all this, toward the end of the day, all of them, with the exception of the old princess, who could not forgive Levin's behavior, became extraordinarily gay and lively, just like children after a punishment or like grown people after a solemn official reception, so that in the evening, in the absence of the old princess, they talked about the dismissal of Vasenka as about something that had taken place long, long before. And Dolly, who had inherited from her father the gift of telling a funny story, made Varenka laugh till she cried, by telling her three and four times, and each time with new amusing details, how she had just put on, in honor of their guest, some new ribbons, and was just going into the drawing-room, when, at that very minute, the rattle of an old tumble-down wagon drew her to the window. Who was in this old tumble-down wagon? Vasenka himself! and his Scotch cap, his love-songs, his romantic airs, and his gaiters, seated on the straw!

"If only a carriage had been given him! But no! Then I hear a shout: 'Hold on!' 'Well,' I say to myself, 'they have taken pity on him;' not in the least; I look and see a fat German, — and off they go! and my ribbons were wasted."

CHAPTER XVI

Darya Aleksandrovna carried out her plan of going to see Anna. She was sorry to offend her sister, or to displease her sister's husband. She realized that the Levins were right in not wishing to have anything to do with Vronsky; but she considered it her duty to go to see Anna and prove to her that her feelings could not change, in spite of the change in her position.

In order not to be dependent on the Levins, Darya Aleksandrovna sent to the village to hire horses; but Levin, when he heard about it, went to her with his complaint: —

"Why do you think this journey would be disagreeable to me? And even if it were, it would be still more unpleasant for me not to have you take my horses," said he. "You never told me that you were really going; but to hire them from the village is disagreeable to me in the first place, and chiefly because, though they undertake to get you there, they would not succeed. I have horses. And if you don't wish to offend me, you will take mine."

Darya Aleksandrovna had to yield, and on the appointed day Levin had all ready for his sister-in-law a team of four horses, and a relay, made up of working and saddle-horses; a very far from handsome turnout, but capable of taking Darya Aleksandrovna to her destination in one day.

Now that horses were needed to take the old princess out for her daily drive, and for the midwife, it was a rather heavy burden for Levin; but, according to the law of hospitality, he could not possibly think of allowing Darya Aleksandrovna to hire horses outside, and, moreover, he knew that the twenty rubles which was asked for the hire of a team would be a serious matter for her, for Darya Aleksandrovna's pecuniary affairs had got into a very wretched condition, and caused the Levins as much anxiety as if they had been their own.

Darya Aleksandrovna, by Levin's advice, set out at early dawn. The weather was fine, the calash was comfortable, the horses went merrily, and on the box, next the coachman, in place of a footman, sat the book-keeper, whom Levin had sent for the sake of greater security.

Darya Aleksandrovna dropped off to sleep, and did not wake up till they reached the place where they had to change horses. It was at the same rich muzhik's house where Levin had stopped on his way to Sviazhsky's. After she had taken tea, and talked awhile with the women about their children and with the old man about Count Vronsky, for whom he had great respect, Darya Aleksandrovna proceeded on her way about ten o'clock.

At home on account of her maternal cares she never had much time to think. Consequently now, during this four hours' journey, all the thoughts that had been so long restrained suddenly began to throng through her brain, and she passed her whole life in review as she had never before done and from every side. These thoughts were strange even to herself.

First she thought of her children, and began to worry over them, though her mother and her sister — and it was the latter on whom she chiefly relied — had promised to look after them. "If only Masha does n't do some stupid thing, and if Grisha does n't get kicked by the horse, and if Lili does n't have an attack of indigestion," she said to herself.

Then questions of the present moment began to mingle with questions of the immediate future. She began to consider how she must make changes in her rooms when she returned to Moscow, she must refurnish her drawing-room; her eldest daughter would need a shuba for winter. Then came questions of a still more distant future. How should she best continue the children's education?

"The girls can be easily managed," she said to herself, "but the boys? It is well that I am able to look after Grisha, but it comes from the fact that I am free just now, with no baby in prospect. Of course there 's no dependence to be placed on Stiva. I shall be able to bring them up with the assistance of excellent people; but if I have any more babies …."

And it occurred to her how unjust was the saying that the curse laid on woman lay in the pangs of child-birth.

"Childbirth is nothing, but pregnancy is such misery," she said to herself, recalling the last experience of the sort, and the death of the child. And the thought brought to mind her talk with the young wife at the post-house. When asked if she had children, this peasant woman had answered cheerfully: —

"I had one daughter, but God relieved me of her; she was buried in Lent.

"And you are very sad about her?"

"Why should I be? father has plenty of grandchildren, as it is, and she would have been only one care more! You can't work or do anything; it hinders everything."

This reply had seemed revolting to Darya Aleksandrovna, in spite of the young peasant-woman's appearance of good nature, but now she could not help recalling what she had said. There was certainly a grain of truth in those cynical words.

"Yes, and as a general thing," said Darya Aleksandrovna, as she looked back over the fifteen years of her married life, "pregnancy, nausea, dullness of spirits, indifference to everything, and worst of all, ugliness. Kitty, our little, young, pretty Kitty, how ugly even she has grown, and I know well what a fright I become when I am in that condition. The birth-pains, the awful sufferings, and that last moment …. then the nursing of the children, the sleepless nights, the agonies …."

Darya Aleksandrovna shuddered at the mere recollection of the agony which with almost every one of her children she had suffered from broken breast.

Then the illnesses of the children, that panic of fear; then their education, their evil disposition; she recalled little Masha's disobedience in going to the raspberry bush; the lessons, Latin — everything that is so incomprehensible and hard. And, above all, the death of these children.

And once more she went over the undying pangs that weighed down her maternal heart in the cruel remembrance of the death of her youngest child, the nursling who died of the croup, and his funeral, and the indifference of other people as they looked at the little pink coffin, and her own heartrending grief, which none could share, as she looked for the last time on the pallid brow with the clinging curls, and the surprised half-open mouth visible for one instant ere they shut down the cover with its silver-gilt cross.

"And what is all this for? What will be the result of it all? That I never have a moment of rest, spending my days now in bearing children, now in nursing them, forever irritable, complaining, self-tormented, and tormenting others, repulsive to my husband. I shall live on, and my children will grow up wretched, ill-educated, and poor. Even now, if I had not been able to spend the summer with the Levins, I don't know how we should have got along. Of course Kostia and Kitty are so considerate that we can't feel under obligations to them; but this cannot go on so. They will be having children of their own, and then they will not be able to help us any more; even now their expenses are very heavy. What then? Papa, who has kept almost nothing for himself, won't be able to help us, will he? One thing is perfectly certain, I cannot educate my children unaided; and, if I have to have assistance, it will be humiliating. Well, let us suppose that we have good luck, if no more of the children die and I can manage to educate them. Under the most favorable circumstances they will at least turn out not to be bad. That is all that I can hope for. And to bring about so much, how much suffering, how much trouble, I must go through..... My whole life is spoiled!"

Again she recalled what the young peasant woman had said, and again it was odious to her to remember it; but she could not help agreeing that there was a grain of coarse truth in her words.

"Is it much farther, Mikhaïla?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna of the bookkeeper, in order to check these painful thoughts.

"They say it is seven versts from this village."

The calash was rolling through the village street and across a little bridge. On the bridge was passing a whole troop of peasant women talking, with loud and merry voices, and carrying their sheaves on their backs. The women paused on the bridge and gazed inquisitively at the calash. All the faces turned toward Darya Aleksandrovna seemed to her healthy and cheerful, mocking her with the very joy of life.

"All are full of life, all of them enjoy themselves," said Darya Aleksandrovna, continuing to commune with her own thoughts, as she passed by the peasant women and was carried swiftly up the little hill, pleasantly rocking on the easy springs of the old calash, "while I, like one let loose from a prison, am free for a moment from the life that is crushing me with its cares. All other women know what it is to live, these peasant women and my sister Natali and Varenka and Anna whom I am going to visit — every one but me.

"And they blame Anna. Why? Am I really any better than she? At least I have a husband whom I love; not, to be sure, as I wish I loved him, but I love him in a way, and Anna did not love hers. In what respect is she to blame? She desired to live. And God put that desire into our hearts. Very possibly I might have done the same thing. And to this day I am not certain whether I did well in taking her advice at that horrible time when she came to visit me in Moscow. Then I ought to have left my husband and begun my life all over again. If I had I might have loved and been loved. And now are things any better? I cannot respect him, but I need him," she said to herself, referring to her husband, "and so I endure him. Is that any better? At that time I still had the power of pleasing, I had some beauty then," said Darya Aleksandrovna, still pursuing her thoughts; and the desire to look at herself in a mirror came over her. She had a small traveling mirror in her bag, and she wanted to take it out; but, as she looked at the backs of the coachman and the swaying bookkeeper, she felt that she should be ashamed of herself if either of them turned round and saw her, and so she did not take out the mirror. But, even though she did not look at the mirror, she felt that even now it was not too late: for she remembered Sergyeï Ivanovitch, who was especially amiable to her, and Stiva's friend, the good Turovtsuin, who had helped her take care of the children during the time of the scarlatina, and had been in love with her. And then there was still another, a very young man, who, as her husband used jestingly to remark, found her prettier than all her sisters. And all sorts of passionate and impossible romances rose before her imagination.

"Anna has done perfectly right, and I shall never think of reproaching her. She is happy, she makes some one else happy, and she is not worn out as I am, but keeps all her freshness and her mind open to all sorts of interests," said Darya Aleksandrovna, and a roguish smile played over her lips because, as she passed Anna's romantic story in review, she imagined herself simultaneously having almost the same experiences with a sort of collective representation of all the men who had ever been in love with her. She, just like Anna, confessed everything to her husband. And the amazement and perplexity which she imagined Stepan Arkadyevitch displayed at this confession caused her to smile.

With such day-dreams she reached the side road that led from the highway to Vozdvizhenskoye.

CHAPTER XVII

The coachman reined in his four horses, and looked off to the right toward a field of rye where some muzhiks were sitting beside their cart. The bookkeeper at first started to jump down, but afterward reconsidered, and shouted, imperatively summoning a muzhik to the carriage. The breeze which had blown while they were in motion died down, when they stopped; the horse-flies persisted in sticking to the sweaty horses, which kept angrily shaking them off. The metallic sound of whetting scythes, borne by the breeze across from the telyega, ceased. One of the peasants got up and came over to the calash. "Say, hurry up," cried the bookkeeper, angrily, to the muzhik, who, in his bare feet, came leisurely along the ruts of the dry and little-traveled road, "come here."

The old man, whose curly hair was bound round with a piece of bast, and whose bent back was black with perspiration, quickened his step, and came up to the calash, and took hold of the rim with his sunburnt hand.

"Vozdvizhenskoye? the manor-house?[1] to the count's?" he repeated; "why, all you have to do 's to drive on up the hill. First turn to the left. Then straight along the preshpekt and that 'll bring you there. Who do you want? The count himself?"

"Do you know whether they are at home, galubchik?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna, not mentioning names, for she did not know how to ask for Anna even of a muzhik.

"Must be at home," said the muzhik, shuffling along in his bare feet and leaving in the dust the tracks of his soles with their five toes. "They must be at home," he repeated, evidently liking to talk. "This afternoon some new guests came. Guests, such quantities of them! .... What do you want," he cried, addressing his comrade, who shouted something from the cart. "They 've all been out on horseback. We saw them go by. They must be back by this time. But whose folks are you?"

"We have come from a long way," said the coachman, climbing upon the box. "So then, it is not far."

"I tell you, you are almost there. If you drive on...." said he, shifting his hand on the rim of the calash.

His young comrade, healthy-looking and thick-set, also came up to the carriage.

"Do you need any help in getting in the harvest?" he asked.

"I don't know, galubchik."

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[1] *Barsky dvor*, a *dvor*, or house and grounds, belonging to a barin or noble.

"Well, you understand, you turn to the left and then you 'll get there," said the muzhik, evidently reluctant to part with the strangers and anxious to talk.

The coachman touched up his horses, but they had hardly started ere the muzhik cried: —

"Wait! hé! hold on!" cried two voices together The coachman reined in again. "There they come. There they are," cried the muzhik. "See what a lot of them," and he pointed to four persons on horseback and two in a *char à bancs* who were coming along the road.

They were Vronsky and his jockey, Veslovsky and Anna, on horseback, and the princess Varvara with Sviazhsky in the *char à bancs*. They had been out to ride and to look at the operation of some newly imported reaping-machines.

When the carriage stopped the riders were all walking their horses. In front Anna rode with Veslovsky. Anna rode at an easy gait on a little stout English cob with a cropped mane and docked tail. Her pretty head, with her dark ringlets escaping from under a tall hat, her full shoulders, her slender waist in a tightly fitting amazonka, and her whole easy, graceful horsemanship surprised Dolly. At first it seemed to her unbecoming for Anna to be riding horseback. Darya Aleksandrovna connected the idea of horseback riding for ladies with the idea of light, youthful coquetry, which seemed to her did not accord well with Anna's position; but as she examined her more closely she immediately became reconciled to her going on horseback. Notwithstanding all her elegance, everything about her was so simple, easy, and appropriate in her pose and in her habit and in her motions, that nothing could have been more natural.

Next to Anna, on a gray, fiery cavalry horse, rode Vasenka Veslovsky, thrusting his fat legs forward, and evidently very well satisfied with himself. He still wore his Scotch cap with its floating ribbons, and Darya Aleksandrovna could hardly restrain a smile of amusement when she saw him.

Behind them rode Vronsky on a dark chestnut horse of purest blood, which was evidently spoiling for a gallop. He was sawing on the reins to hold him back. Behind them came a little man in a jockey's livery. Sviazhsky and the princess in a new *char à bancs*, drawn by a plump raven-black trotter, brought up the rear.

Anna's face, as she recognized Dolly in the little person curled up in a corner of the old carriage, suddenly grew bright with a happy smile, and, uttering a cry of joy, she put her cob to a gallop. Riding up to the calash, she leaped off the horse without any one's aid, and, gathering up her skirts, ran to meet her.

"I thought so, and did not dare to think so! What pleasure! you can't imagine my joy," she said, pressing her face to Dolly's, kissing her, and then holding her off at arm's length and looking at her with an affectionate smile. "What a pleasure, Alekseï," she said, glancing at Vronsky, who had also dismounted, and was coming toward them, "what a piece of good fortune!"

Vronsky came up, raising his tall gray hat. "You can't imagine what delight your visit gives us," said he, in a tone which conveyed a peculiar satisfaction, and with a smile which displayed his strong white teeth.

Vasenka, without dismounting from his horse, took off his beribboned cap, and waved it gayly round his head, in honor of the guest.

"This is the Princess Varvara," began Anna, in reply to a questioning look of Dolly as the *char à bancs* came up.

"Ah!" replied Darya Aleksandrovna, and her face showed involuntary annoyance.

The Princess Varvara was her husband's aunt, and she knew her of old, and did not esteem her. She knew that she had lived all her life long in a humiliating dependence on rich relatives; and the fact that she was living at Vronsky's, at the house of a stranger to her, insulted her through her husband's family. Anna noticed the expression of Dolly's face, and was confused; she blushed, and, dropping the train of her amazonka, she tripped over it.

Darya Aleksandrovna went over to the *char à bancs* when it had stopped and coolly greeted the Princess Varvara. Sviazhsky was also an acquaintance. He asked after his friend Levin and his young wife; then, casting a fleeting glance at the oddly matched horses and the patched side of the old carriage, he proposed that the ladies should get into the *char à bancs*.

"I will take this vehicle to go home in; the horse is quiet and the princess is an excellent driver."

"Oh, no," interrupted Anna, coming up; "remain as you are. I will go home with Dolly in the calash."

Darya Aleksandrovna's eyes were dazzled by the unexampled elegance of the carriage, and the beauty of the horses, and the refined brilliancy of the company around her, but more than all was she struck by the change that had taken place in her old friend, her dearly beloved Anna.

Any other woman, less observant, and unacquainted with Anna in days gone by, and especially any one who had not been under the sway of such thoughts as had occupied Darya Aleksandrovna on the way, would not have noticed anything peculiar about Anna. But now Darya Aleksandrovna was struck by the transient beauty characteristic of women when they are under the influence of love, and which she detected now in Anna's face. Everything about her face was extraordinarily fascinating: the well-defined dimples in her cheeks and chin, the curve of her lips, the smile, which, as it were, flitted over her features, the gleam in her eyes, the gracefulness and quickness of her movements, the richness in the tones of her voice, even the manner with which she, with a sort of sternly affectionate manner, replied to Veslovsky, who had asked permission to ride her cob so as to teach it to gallop by a pressure of the leg. It seemed as if she herself was aware of this, and rejoiced in it.

When the two ladies were seated together in the calash, they both suddenly felt a sense of constraint. Anna was confused at the scrutinizingly questioning look which Dolly fixed on her, and Dolly because she could not help feeling ashamed of the dirty old calash in which Anna had taken her seat with her.

The coachman, Filipp, and the bookkeeper experienced the same feeling. The bookkeeper, in order to hide his confusion, fidgeted about in helping the ladies to be comfortably seated; but Filipp, the coachman, frowned and was loath to acknowledge any such superficial superiority. He put on an ironical smile as he scrutinized the raven-black trotter harnessed to the *char à bancs*, and decided in his own mind that the black trotter might do very well for a prominazhe, but that he could not show forty versts at a heat.

The muzhiks had left their telyega, and gayly and curiously were watching the meeting of the friends, and making their observations.

"They seem tolerably glad; hain't seen each other for some time," remarked the curly-haired old man.

"There, Uncle Gerasim, that black gelding would haul in the sheaves lively!"

"Glian'-ka, look! Is that a woman in trousers?" asked another, pointing at Veslovsky, sitting on the side-saddle.

"Nye, muzhik! see how easy he rides."

"Say, then, my children, we shan't get another nap, shall we?"

"No more sleep now," said the old man, squinting his eyes and glancing at the sun; "past noon! Look! Now get your hooks and to work."

CHAPTER XVIII

Anna looked at Dolly's tired, worn face, with the wrinkles powdered with dust, and was on the point of saying that she looked thin; but, realizing that she herself had grown more beautiful than ever, and that Dolly's eyes told her so, she sighed, and began to talk about herself.

"You are studying me," she said. "You are wondering if I can be happy in my position! Well, what can I say? It is shameful to confess it! but I .... I am unpardonably happy. What has happened is like a piece of enchantment; like a dream where everything was terrible, agonizing, and suddenly you wake up and realize that it was only a nightmare. I had been asleep, I had suffered awful agonies, and now that is all long, long past. And how especially happy I am now that we are together!" and she looked at Dolly with a timid, questioning smile.

"How glad I am!" Darya Aleksandrovna answered, more coldly than she wished. "I am glad for you; .... but why have you not written me?"

"Why? .... Because I did not dare to. .... You knew my position."

"Not dare? *to me!* If you knew how I ...."

Dolly was about to tell her about the reflections she had had on the journey, but somehow it did not seem to her to be the fitting place. "We will have our talk by and by," she added. "What is that group of buildings, or little village rather?" she asked, wishing to change the conversation, and pointing to some green and red roofs which appeared through the acacias and lilac trees.

But Anna did not reply to her question.

"No, no! how do you feel about my position? What do you think of it? tell me!" Anna went on.

"I think ...." began Darya Aleksandrovna; but at this instant Vasenka Veslovsky, in his short jacket, spurring the cob into a trot with his right leg and creaking terribly on the leather side-saddle, went dashing by them.

"It goes, Anna Arkadyevna," he shouted.

Anna did not even look at him, but again it seemed to Darya Aleksandrovna that it was impossible to begin on this long conversation in the carriage, and so she said less than she thought.

"I do not think about it at all," said she. "I love you and always have loved you. And when we love people so, we love them for what they are, not for what we wish they were."

Anna turned her eyes away from her friend's face, half closing them in order better to take in the meaning of the words. This was a new habit, which Dolly had never seen in her before. Apparently she interpreted her friend's answer as she wanted, and she looked at Dolly.

"If you have any sins, they will all be blotted out by this visit and by your kind words," she said, and Dolly saw that her eyes were dimmed with tears. She silently took her hand.

"What are those buildings? What a lot of them!" said Dolly again, after a moment of silence.

"Those are the roofs of our buildings, — our barns and stables," replied Anna. "Here our park begins. It was all neglected, but Alekseĭ has made it new again. He is very fond of this kind of occupation, and to my great surprise he has developed a passion for farming.[1] Ah, his is a rich nature! Whatever he undertakes he excels in. He not only does not get bored, but he is passionately interested in it. I do not know how, but he is making a capital farmer, so economical, almost stingy — but only in farm ways. For things of other sorts he will spend ten thousand rubles and never give it a thought."

She said this with that joyously crafty characteristic smile of women when they speak of the men they love, and the secret peculiarities which they alone know about.

"Do you see that large building? That is a new hospital. I think it will cost him more than a hundred thousand. It is his hobby just now. Do you know what made him build it? The peasants asked him to reduce the rent of some meadows, but he declined to do so, and I told him he was stingy. Of course, it wasn't altogether that, but everything taken together, so he began to build the hospital to prove my charge unjust; *c'est une petitesse*, perhaps, but I love him the better for it. Now in a moment you'll see the house. It was built by his grandfather, and the outside hasn't been changed at all."

"How beautiful!" cried Dolly, with involuntary surprise at the sight of a stately house ornamented with columns, and surrounded by a park filled with ancient trees of various shades of green.

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[1] *Khozyaĭstvo.*

"Isn't it beautiful? And the view from the second story is magnificent."

They came into the *dvor*, or court, paved with small stones and ornamented with flower-beds; two workmen were at this moment surrounding a bed filled with loam with roughly trimmed stones. They stopped under a covered entrance.

"Oh, they have already arrived," said Anna, as she saw the saddle-horses being led away. "Isn't that horse a pretty creature? that cob; he's my favorite. Bring him here and give him some sugar! Where is the count?" she asked of the two servants in livery who came hurrying out to receive them. "Ah, here he is!" added she, perceiving Vronsky with Veslovsky coming to meet them.

"Where shall we put the princess?" asked Vronsky of Anna, in French, and, without waiting for an answer, once more greeted Darya Aleksandrovna, and this time he kissed her hand, — "in the large balcony chamber, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, that is too far off. Better put her in the corner chamber. We shall see more of each other. Come, come," said she, giving her favorite horse some sugar which the lackey had brought.

"*Et vous oubliez votre devoir*," she added, turning to Veslovsky, who was already in the porch.

"*Pardon, j'en ai tout plein les poches*," he replied, smiling, and thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat pocket.

"*Mais vous venez trop tard*," she replied, wiping her hand, which the horse had mouthed in taking the sugar.

Anna turned to Dolly, —

"You'll stay with us a long time," said she. "Only one day? That is impossible."

"That is what I promised, — and the children," answered the latter, ashamed at the wretched appearance of her poor little traveling-bag and at the dust with which she felt herself covered.

"No, Dolly, dushenka..... However, we 'll talk of that by and by. Come up to your room." And Anna conducted Dolly up-stairs.

The room was not the chamber of honor which Vronsky offered her, but one where she could be nearer Anna; but even this room, though they felt it needful to apologize for it, was furnished with a luxury such as she was not accustomed to, and which recalled the most sumptuous hotels that she had seen abroad.

"Well, dushenka! how glad I am!" said Anna, seating herself for a moment in her riding-habit. Tell me about your family. I saw Stiva just an instant, but he could not tell me anything about the children. How is my darling Tania? She must be a great girl!"

"Yes, very large," answered Dolly, laconically, astonished that she answered so coolly about her children. "We are all living charmingly with the Levins," she added.

"There! If I had known," said Anna, "that you would n't look down on me, ... you all would have come here. Stiva is an old and good friend of Alekseï's," said Anna, blushing.

"Yes! but we are so well...." began Dolly in confusion.

"Well! I am so happy, I talk nonsense; only, dushenka, I am so glad to see you," said Anna, kissing her again. "But you would not tell me what you think about me; I want to know all. But I am so glad that you see me just as I am. My only idea, you see, is to avoid making people think that I am making any display. I don't want to make any display; I want simply to live and not do any harm to any one but myself. Am I not right about it? However, we 'll talk of all this at our leisure. Now I 'm going to change my dress; I will send you a waiting-maid."

CHAPTER XIX

Darya Aleksandrovna, when left alone, examined her chamber with the eyes of a genuine housekeeper. All that she saw as she went through the house, and all that she saw in the room, impressed her by its richness and elegance; and this new European luxury, which she had read about in English novels, she had never seen before in Russia, — certainly not in the country. All was new, from the French tapestries to the carpet which covered the whole room, the bed with its hair mattress, the marble toilet-table, the bronzes on the mantel, the rugs, the curtains, — all was costly and new.

The smart waiting-maid who came to offer her services was dressed with much more style than Dolly, and was as costly and new as the whole room. Darya Aleksandrovna liked her good breeding, her dexterity, and her helpfulness; but she felt confused at taking out before her her poor toilet articles from her bag, especially a mended night-dress, which she had happened to put in by mistake from among her oldest ones. She was ashamed of the very patches and mended places which gave her a sense of pride at home. It was clear that for six nightgowns, it would take twenty-four arshins of nainsook at sixty-five kopeks, amounting to more than fifteen rubles, besides the cost of the trimmings; and these fifteen rubles were saved; but in the presence of this brilliant attendant she felt not so much ashamed as awkward.

Darya Aleksandrovna felt great relief when her old-time acquaintance, Annushka, came into her room to take the place of the dashing chambermaid, who was needed by her mistress.

Annushka was evidently very glad at the arrival of her mistress's friend, and talked incessantly. Dolly noticed that she was eager to express her opinion about her mistress's position, and about the love and devotion which the count showed to Anna Arkadyevna; but she peremptorily stopped her as soon as she began to talk on this topic.

"I grew up with Anna Arkadyevna, and love her more than the whole world. It 's not for us to judge her, and she seems to love...."

"Please have these washed, if it is possible," said Darya Aleksandrovna, interrupting her.

"I will do so. We have two women especially for the laundry, but the washing is done all by machinery. The count looks out for everything. He is such a husband...."

Dolly was glad when Anna came in and put an end to the babbling Annushka's confidences.

Anna had put on a very simple batiste gown. Dolly noticed particularly this simple gown. She knew what this simplicity meant, and how much money it represented.

"An old acquaintance," said Anna to Annushka.

Anna now was no longer confused. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Dolly saw that now she was entirely free from the impression which her coming had at first produced, and had assumed that superficial tone of indifference which, as it were, closed the door to the expression of real thought and feelings.

"Well, and how is your little daughter?" asked Dolly.

"Ani?"—for so she called her daughter Anna—"very well. Her health is much better. Should you like to see her? Come, and I'll show her to you. We have had great trouble with her," she went on to relate. "We had an Italian for her nurse; good, but so stupid; we wanted to send her back, but the little thing is so much attached to her, we still keep her."

"But how have you done about...." began Dolly, wishing to ask about the child's name; but, as she saw Anna's countenance grow suddenly dark, she changed the ending of the question. "Have you weaned her?"

Anna understood.

"That is not what you were going to ask. You were thinking of the child's name, were n't you? This torments Alekseĭ; she has no name; that is, she is a Karenin," and she closed her eyes so that only the lashes were visible. .... "However," she added, her face suddenly lighting up again, "we will talk again about all that; come, and I'll show her to you. *Elle est très gentille;* she is already beginning to creep."

In the nursery there was the same sumptuousness as had struck Darya Aleksandrovna throughout the rest of the house, only to an even higher degree. There were baby-coaches imported from England, and instruments for teaching children to walk, and a peculiarly arranged divan like a billiard table for creeping, bath-tubs, swings. All were new, beautiful, solid, of English make, and evidently very costly. The room was large, very high-studded, and light.

When they entered the little girl with only her shirt on was seated in an arm-chair by the table, and was eating her broth and spilling it all over her bosom. A Russian maid-servant who assisted in the nursery was helping her, and at the same time was apparently herself eating. Neither the Italian nurse nor the nurse-maid was present; they were in the next room, and could be heard talking together in a strange French jargon which was the only means they had of communicating their ideas to each other.

The English maid, a tall, sprucely dressed woman with a disagreeable face and an untrustworthy expression, came into the doorway shaking her light brown curls as soon as she heard Anna's voice, and immediately began to offer her excuses, although Anna had not chidden her. At every word Anna spoke the English maid would several times repeat the phrase, "Yes, my lady."

The dark-browed, dark-haired, rosy little girl, with her strong, pretty little form, very much pleased Darya Aleksandrovna in spite of the unfriendly look with which she gazed at the stranger; her healthy appearance also pleased her, and her way of creeping. Not one of her own children had learned so early to creep. This little girl, when she was put down on the carpet and her dress was tucked up behind, was wonderfully beautiful. With her brilliant black eyes she gazed up at her elders like a pretty little animal, evidently delighting in the fact that they admired her, and she smiled; and, putting out her legs sidewise, she energetically crept about, now going swiftly backward, and again darting forward, and clutching things with her little fingers.

But the whole atmosphere of the nursery, and especially the English maid, struck Darya Aleksandrovna very unpleasantly. Only by the supposition that no respectable person would consent to serve in a household as irregular as Anna's, could she understand how Anna, with her knowledge of people, could be willing to put up with such an unsympathetic, vulgar maid.

Darya Aleksandrovna, after a few words, observed that Anna, the nurse, the maid, and the child were not much wonted to each other, and that the mother was almost a stranger in this part of the house. She wanted to find a plaything for the little girl and did not know where it was kept. Strangest of all, in answering the question how many teeth the child had, she made a mistake, and did not know anything about the last two.

"It is always a grief to me that I am so useless here," said Anna, as they went out, holding up the train of her dress so that it should not catch on any of the toys by the door. "It was not so with my oldest."

"I thought, on the contrary ...." began Dolly, timidly.

"Oh, no! You know that I have seen Serozha again," said she, half shutting her eyes and looking fixedly before her, as if she sought for something far away. "However, we 'll talk about that by and by. You can't believe — but I am like a person dying of starvation, who finds a banquet before her, and does not know what to begin with. You and the talk I am going to have with you are this banquet for me. With whom could I speak openly if not with you? I don't know what topic to take up first. *Mais je ne vous ferai grâce de rien.*[1] I must tell you all.

"Well, I want to give you a sketch now of the people you will meet here," she began. "First, the Princess Varvara. You know her, and I know your opinion and

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[1] I shall not spare you anything.

Stiva's in regard to her. Stiva says her whole aim of life consists in proving her preëminence over Aunt Katerina Pavlovna. That is all true of her; but she is good, I assure you, and I am so grateful to her. At Petersburg there was a time when *un chaperon* was indispensable. Then she came along just in time. It is really true; she is good. She made my position much easier. I see you don't know how difficult my position was .... there in Petersburg!" she added. "Here I am very comfortable and happy. But about this afterward. But I must tell you about our guests. Then there 's Sviazhsky; he is the marshal of the district,[1] and a very clever man, and he needed Alekseĭ for something. You see, with his fortune, now, as we live in the country, Alekseĭ can wield a wide influence. Then Tushkievitch; you have met him; he was at Betsy's; but they sent him off, and he came to visit us. As Alekseĭ says, he is one of those very agreeable men, if one takes him just as he wishes to appear, *et puis il est comme il faut*, as the Princess Varvara says. And then Veslovsky .... you know him. A very good young fellow," she said, and a mischievous smile curled her lips. "How about that absurd story he told of Levin? Veslovsky told Alekseĭ, and we don't believe it. *Il est très gentil et naïf*," she added, with the same smile. "I have to entertain all these people, because men need amusement, and Alekseĭ needs society; and we have to make it lively and gay, so that Alekseĭ won't want something new. We also have with us the superintendent. He is a German, a very good man, who understands his business; Alekseĭ has great esteem for him. Then there 's the doctor, a young man who is not exactly a Nihilist, but, you know, he eats with his knife, but a very good doctor. Then the architect, — *une petite cour*."

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[1] *Predvodityel*, marshal of the nobility.

CHAPTER XX

"Well, princess, here we have Dolly, whom you wished so much to see," said Anna, as she and Darya Aleksandrovna came out on the great stone terrace where the Princess Varvara was sitting in the shade, with her embroidery frame in front of her, making a chair cover for Count Alekseï Kirillovitch. "She says that she does not want anything before dinner, but supposing you order luncheon brought in, while I go and find the gentlemen."

The Princess Varvara gave Dolly a gracious and somewhat condescending reception, and immediately began to explain that she had come to live with Anna because she loved her more than her sister, Katerina Pavlovna, — that was the aunt that had superintended Anna's education, — and because, now when all were abandoning Anna, she considered it her duty to help her at this trying period of transition.

"Her husband is going to grant her a divorce, and then I shall go back to my solitude; but, however painful it may be, I shall stay here for the present, and not imitate the example of others. And how kind you are; how good of you to make this visit! They live exactly like the very best married people. Let God judge them; it is not for us. It was just so with Biriuzovsky and Madame Avenyef, and then Vasiliyef and Madame Mamonov, and Liza Neptunova. You see no one says anything about them, and in the end they will be received. And then *c'est un intérieur si joli, si comme il faut. Tout-à-fait à l'anglaise. On se réunit le matin au breakfeast et puis on se sépare.*[1] Every one does just as he pleases till dinner-time. They dine at seven. Stiva did very wisely to send you; he would better keep on good terms with them. You know the count has great influence through his mother and his brother.

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[1] They have a perfect establishment, and the inside of their house is so charming, so stylish. It is altogether English. The family meets at breakfast and then separates.

And then they do so much good. Has he told you about his hospital? *Ça sera admirable!* Everything from Paris."

This conversation was interrupted by Anna, who returned to the terrace, followed by the gentlemen, whom she had found in the billiard-room.

Considerable time still remained before dinner, the weather was beautiful, and so various propositions were made for their amusement during the two hours before them.

There was every facility for diversion there at Vozdvizhenskoye and many of them were very different from what they had at Pokrovskoye.

"*Une partie de lawn tennis*," proposed Veslovsky, with his gay, contagious smile. "I 'll take one side with you again, Anna Arkadyevna."

"No, it is hot; suppose we go into the park, and take Darya Aleksandrovna out in the boat to show her the landscape," said Vronsky.

"I am agreeable to anything," said Sviazhsky.

"I think Dolly would like to do that better than anything else," said Anna. "So then the boat-ride it is."

That having been decided, Veslovsky and Tushkievitch went to the landing, agreeing to get the boat ready, and the two couples took the path to the park; Anna walked with Sviazhsky, and Dolly with Vronsky.

Dolly was somewhat confused and embarrassed by this absolutely novel environment in which she found herself. Abstractly, theoretically, she not only justified, but even approved, of Anna's conduct. Like the majority of irreproachably virtuous women, wearying often of the monotony of a virtuous life, Dolly from a distance excused illicit love, and even envied it a little. Moreover, she loved Anna with all her heart.

But in reality, finding her among these strangers, with their fashionable ways, which were quite novel to her, she was thoroughly ill at ease. Especially odious to her was it to see the Princess Varvara forgiving everything, because she could thereby share in her niece's luxury.

Abstractly and on general principles Dolly excused

Anna's conduct, but the sight of the man for whom she had taken this step was unpleasant to her. Moreover, Vronsky was not congenial to her at any time; she thought him very haughty, and could see no reason except his wealth to justify his haughtiness. But in spite of all her will-power, there in his own establishment he more than ever impressed her with a sense of his importance and she could not feel at ease with him; she felt just as she had felt when the maid took the nightgown from her valise. Just as before the maid she had felt, not exactly ashamed, but awkward, on account of the patches, so now with Vronsky she felt all the time, not exactly ashamed, but uncomfortable.

Dolly felt confused and cast about in her mind for something to talk about.

Although she felt sure that he with his pride might be displeased if she praised his house and park, nevertheless, finding no other topic of conversation, she remarked that she liked his house very much.

"Yes, it is a very handsome building, and in good old style," replied the count.

"I liked the court in front of the steps; was it always so?"

"Oh, no!" said he, and his face shone with satisfaction. "If you had only seen it in the spring!"

And at first coldly, but warming as he went on, he pointed out to Dolly the many improvements he had made in the house and park. It was evident that Vronsky, having consecrated much labor to the improvement and beautification of his establishment, really felt the need of appreciation from some new person, and that he was not a little gratified at Darya Aleksandrovna's praise.

"If you would like to look into the hospital and are not tired, we might go that way. It is not far. Come, let us go! Shall we, Anna?"

"Yes — shall we not?" she said, turning to Sviazhsky; "*mais il ne faut pas laisser le pauvre Veslovsky et Tushkiévitch se morfondre là dans le bateau!*[1] We must send word to them. Yes. This is a monument which he will leave here," said she to Dolly, with the same shrewd knowing smile on her face as when she first spoke of the hospital.

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[1] But we must not leave these gentlemen to wait in vain for us in the boat.

"Oh, capital work!" said Sviazhsky; and then, not to seem assenting from mere politeness, he added: —

"I am surprised, count, that you, who are doing so much for the peasants' sanitary advantage, are so indifferent to schools."

"*C'est devenu tellement commun, les écoles,*" replied Vronsky. "You must know I do this to amuse myself. This is the way to the hospital," said he, addressing Darya Aleksandrovna, pointing to a side-path which led from the avenue. The ladies put up their sunshades and walked along the side-path.

After making a few turns and passing through a wicket-gate, Darya Aleksandrovna saw before her on rising ground a large red building of complicated architecture not completely finished. The iron roof, not as yet painted, glittered in the sun. Near the hospital itself there was another building going up, in the midst of the woods, and workmen in aprons stood on scaffoldings laying the bricks, taking mortar from buckets and smoothing it with trowels.

"How rapidly the work is going on," remarked Sviazhsky. "The last time I was here the roof was not in position."

"It will be ready by autumn, for the inside is already nearly finished," said Anna.

"And what is this other new building?"

"A house for the doctor, and a pharmacy," replied Vronsky; and, seeing the architect, in a short overcoat, approaching, he excused himself to the ladies, and went to meet him.

Going round the mortar-pit, from which the workmen were getting lime, he joined the architect and began to talk angrily with him.

"The pediment will be much too low," he replied to Anna, who asked him what the discussion was about.

"I said that the foundation ought to be raised," said Anna.

"Yes! Of course, it would have been better, Anna Arkadyevna," said the architect; "yes, it was a mistake."

"Yes, indeed! I am very much interested in this," said Anna, in reply to Sviazhsky, who expressed his surprise that the architect spoke to her as he did. "The new building must correspond with the hospital. But this was thought of afterward, and begun without any plan."

Having concluded his talk with the architect, Vronsky joined the ladies and conducted them into the hospital. Though on the outside they were already placing the cornices and were painting the lower part of the building, on the upper floors almost everything was done. They went up by a broad cast-iron staircase to the second story, and entered the first great room. The walls were stuccoed for marble, the great glass windows were already in place; only the parquetry floor was as yet to be finished, and the carpenters, engaged in planing the squares, left off their work, and, removing the tapes which bound their hair, greeted the visitors.

"This is the reception-room," said Vronsky. "In this there will be not much besides the desk, a table, and a cupboard."

"Here, come this way. Don't go near the window," said Anna, touching the paint to see if it was dry. "Alekseï, the paint is beginning to dry."

From the reception-room they went into the corridor. Here Vronsky explained the new system of ventilation; then he showed them the marble bath-rooms and the beds with extra spring mattresses. Then he showed them one after the other the wards, the laundry, then the heating apparatus, then the noiseless barrows for wheeling articles along the corridors, and many other contrivances. Dolly was simply amazed at the sight of so many novelties, and, wishing to understand it thoroughly, she asked a great many questions, which Vronsky answered with the greatest alacrity.

"Yes, I think this hospital will be the only one of the kind in Russia," remarked Sviazhsky.

"Shall you not have a lying-in department?" asked Dolly. "That is so necessary in this country. I have often thought...."

In spite of his politeness, Vronsky interrupted her.

"This is not an obstetrical institution, but a hospital, and is meant for all except infectious diseases," said he. "And now look at this," and he showed Darya Aleksandrovna a newly imported chair designed for convalescents. "Will you look at it, please?" He sat down in the chair and began to move it along. "He can't walk.... or he is still weak, or he has a lame leg, but still he must have the air, and so he goes out and enjoys himself!"

Darya Aleksandrovna was interested in everything; everything pleased her very much, but, more than all, Vronsky himself pleased her with his natural naïve enthusiasm.

"Yes, he is certainly a good, lovable man," she thought, not listening to what he said, but looking at him and trying to penetrate his expression, and then momentarily looking at Anna. He pleased her so much with his animation that she understood how it was that Anna came to love him.

CHAPTER XXI

"No; the princess must be tired, and the horses will not interest her," said Vronsky to Anna, who had proposed to show Dolly the stable, where there was a new stallion that Sviazhsky wished to see. "You go there, and I will escort the princess back to the house. And, if you please," added he to Dolly, "we will talk a little on the way, if that will be agreeable."

"I know nothing about horses, so I shall very willingly go with you," said Darya Aleksandrovna.

She saw by Vronsky's face that he wanted something of her, nor was she mistaken. As soon as they had passed through the wicket-gate again into the park, he looked in the direction where Anna was gone, and, having convinced himself that they were out of her sight and hearing, he began: —

"You have guessed that I wanted to have a talk with you," said he, looking at her with his smiling eyes. "I am not mistaken in believing that you are Anna's friend, am I?"

He took off his hat, and, taking out his handkerchief wiped his head, which was growing bald.

Darya Aleksandrovna made no reply, and only gazed at him in alarm. Now that she was entirely alone with him, she suddenly felt terror-stricken; his smiling eyes and the stern expression of his face frightened her.

The most diverse suppositions as to what he might be wanting to talk with her about chased one another through her mind.

"Can it be that he is going to ask me to come with my children and make them a visit, and I shall be obliged to decline? or is it that he wants me to find society for Anna when she comes to Moscow?.... Or is he going to speak of Vasenka Veslovsky and his relations to Anna? Or can it be about Kitty, and that he wants to confess that he was to blame toward her?"

She thought over everything that might be disagreeable, but never suspected what he really wanted to talk with her about.

"You have such an influence over Anna, she is so fond of you," said he, "help me."

Darya Aleksandrovna looked timidly and questioningly into Vronsky's energetic face, which, as they passed under the linden trees, was now lighted up by the flecking sunbeams and then again darkened by the shadows, and she waited for him to proceed; but he, catching his cane in the paving-stones, walked in silence by her side.

"Of all Anna's friends, you are the only one who has come to see her — I do not count the Princess Varvara — I know very well it is not because you approve of our position; it is because you love Anna, and, knowing the cruelty of her position, want to help her. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Darya Aleksandrovna, shutting up her sunshade, "but …."

"No," he interrupted, and he involuntarily stopped and obliged her to stop also, though he had no intention of putting his companion into an awkward situation. "No one feels more strongly and completely the cruelty of Anna's position than I do. And you will realize this if you will do me the honor to believe that I am not heartless. I am the cause of her being in this position, and therefore I feel it."

"I understand," said Darya Aleksandrovna, involuntarily admiring him for the honest and straightforward way in which he said this. "But for the very reason that you feel yourself the cause I fear you are inclined to exaggerate," said she. "Her position in society is difficult, I admit."

"In society it is hell!" said he, frowning gloomily; "you can't conceive moral tortures worse than those which Anna endured at Petersburg during the fortnight we were there; and I beg you to believe …."

"Yes, but here? …. And so far neither she nor you feel the need of a society life." ….

"Society! why should I need it?" exclaimed Vronsky, scornfully.

"Up to the present time, and perhaps it will be so always, you are calm and happy. I see in Anna that she is happy, perfectly happy, and she has already told me that she is," said Darya Aleksandrovna, smiling.

And while she spoke the doubt arose in her mind: "Is Anna really happy?"

But Vronsky, it seemed, had no doubt on that score: —

"Yes, yes, I know that she has revived after all her sufferings. She is happy …. she is happy now. But I?" said Vronsky. "I am afraid of what the future has in store for us …. excuse me, do you want to go?"

"No, it is immaterial."

"Well, then, let us sit down here."

Darya Aleksandrovna sat down on a garden bench in a nook of the walk. He was standing in front of her.

"I see that she seems happy," he repeated; and the doubt whether Anna was happy again rose in Darya Aleksandrovna's mind more strongly than ever. "But will it last? Whether we did right or wrong is a hard question; but the die is cast," he said, changing from Russian to French, "and we are joined for life: we are joined by the ties of love. We have one child, and we may have others. But the law and all the conditions of our state are such that there are a thousand complications, which Anna, now that she is resting after her afflictions and sufferings, does not see and will not see. It is natural; but I cannot help seeing. My daughter, according to the law, is not my daughter, but Karenin's, and I do not like this falsehood," said he, with an energetic gesture of repulsion, and looking at Darya Aleksandrovna with a gloomy, questioning face.

She did not reply, but simply looked at him. He continued: —

"To-morrow a son may be born — my son — and by law he would be a Karenin, and could inherit neither my name nor my property, and, however happy we were here at home, and however many children we had, there would be no legal connection between me and them. They would be Karenins. You understand the cruelty, the horror, of this state of things? I try to explain this to Anna. It irritates her — she will not understand me, and I cannot tell *her* all. Now look at the other side. I am happy in her love, but I must have occupation. I have taken up my present enterprise, and I am proud of it, and consider it far more beneficial than the occupations of my former comrades at the court and in the service. And certainly I would not change my occupation for theirs. I work here, on my own place, and I am happy and contented, and we need nothing more for our happiness. I love my activity, *cela n'est pas un pis aller;* far from it."

Darya Aleksandrovna noticed that at this point of his explanation he became entangled, and she did not under stand very well his sudden pause, but she felt that, having fairly begun to speak of his intimate affairs concerning which he could not talk with Anna, he would now make a full breast of it, and that the question of his activities in the country belonged to the same category as his relations to Anna.

"And so I keep on," said he, growing more cheerful again. "The chief thing is that when one works one must have the persuasion that what one has done will not die with him, that he will have heirs .... but I have none..... Conceive the feelings of a man who knows that his children and those of the wife he worships do not belong to him; that they belong to a man who hates them, and would never recognize them. Is n't it horrible?"

He was silent and deeply moved.

"Yes, of course," said Darya Aleksandrovna; "I understand this. But what can Anna do?"

"Well, that brings me to the purpose of this talk," said the count, controlling himself with effort. "Anna can get a divorce. It depends on her..... If we are to petition the emperor to legitimize the children, a divorce is essential. But that depends on Anna. Her husband consented to that, and your husband had it all arranged some time ago, and I know that he now would not refuse; all it requires is for Anna to write to him. He said up and down that he would consent, if Anna would apply for it. Of course," he added, frowning, "this condition is one of those Pharisaic cruelties of which only heartless people are capable. He knows what torture all remembrance of him has for her, and so he exacts this letter from her. I understand that it is painful to her. But the reasons are so imperative that she must *passer pardessus toutes ces finesses de sentiment. Il va du bonheur et de l'existence d'Anna et de ces enfants.*[1] I don't speak about myself, though it is painful, very painful, to me," said he, with a wrathful expression against whoever was responsible for this state of things.

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[1] She ought to be above these excessive sensibilities; her happiness is involved, as well as her children's.

"And this is why I make bold to apply to you, princess, as to a very anchor of salvation. Help me to persuade Anna of the need of getting a divorce."

"Why, of course I will," said Darya Aleksandrovna, gravely, for she vividly recalled her last meeting with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "Of course I will," she repeated resolutely, as she thought of Anna.

"Exert your influence on her and induce her to write the letter. I do not wish, and indeed I find it almost impossible, to talk with her about this."

"Very well, I will speak to her. But why does she not think of it herself?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna, suddenly remembering Anna's strange new trick of half-closing her eyes. And then it occurred to her that Anna did this especially when any reference was made to the more intimate side of her life.

"She seems to try to shut her eyes to her whole life, as if to put it out of her mind," said Darya Aleksandrovna to herself..... "Yes, I will speak to her, certainly; both for your sake and for hers," repeated Dolly, in response to Vronsky's grateful look.

And they got up and went to the house.

CHAPTER XXII

Finding Dolly already returned, Anna looked scrutinizingly into her eyes, as if she would read there a reply to her wonder what she and Vronsky had been talking about, but she asked no questions.

"Dinner is nearly ready, and we have hardly seen each other. I count on this evening; but now I must go and change my gown. I suppose you'd like to do the same. One gets so soiled after such a walk."

Dolly went to her room, and felt ridiculous. She had no change to make, since she had worn her best gown; but, in order to make some change in her toilette, in honor of dinner, she asked the maid to brush the dust off, she changed her cuffs and put on a fresh ribbon, and put some lace in her hair.

"It is all I could do," she said laughingly, to Anna, who came to her, dressed in a third but very simple costume.

"Well! we are very formal here," said Anna, in apology for her elegant attire. "Alekseï is so glad that you came. I believe he has fallen in love with you," she added. "I hope you are not tired."

Before dinner there was no time for any talk. When they entered the drawing-room, they found the Princess Varvara and the gentlemen all in evening dress. The architect was the only one that wore a frock-coat. Vronsky presented the doctor and the superintendent to his guest. She had already met the architect at the hospital.

A portly butler, wearing a stiffly starched white cravat, and with his smooth round face shining, came and announced that dinner was served, and the ladies stood up. Vronsky asked Sviazhsky to escort Anna Arkadyevna into the dining-room, and he himself offered his arm to Darya Aleksandrovna. Veslovsky was quicker than Tushkievitch in handing in the Princess Varvara, so that Tushkievitch went with the doctor and the superintendent.

The dinner, the service, the plate, the wine, and the dishes served, not only corresponded to the general tone of new luxury appertaining to the household, but seemed even more luxurious and elegant. Darya Aleksandrovna took note of this splendor, which was quite new to her, and, as the mistress of an establishment of her own, she could not help making a mental inventory of the details, and wondering how and by whom it was all done; and yet she had no dream of introducing anything like it into her own home, which was conducted on a scale of far greater simplicity.

Vasenka Veslovsky, her own husband, and even Sviazhsky and many more men whom she knew, had never carried out anything like this, and every one of them believed in the dictum that the master of a well-regulated household always desires to make his guests imagine that the elegance and comfort surrounding them are not any trouble to him, but come about spontaneously.

Darya Aleksandrovna knew that even such a simple matter as providing kasha for her children's breakfast does not go of itself, and that all the more in such an elegant and complicated establishment there had to be some one in full and complete charge. And by the glances with which Alekseï Kirillovitch took in the details of the table, and by the nods which he gave toward the butler and by the way in which he offered Darya Aleksandrovna the choice between botvinya and soup, she understood that everything was done under the direct superintendence of the master of the house. Anna had nothing more to do with it than Veslovsky had. She and Sviazhsky, the princess and Veslovsky, were only guests, gayly and thoughtlessly taking advantage of what was done for them.

Anna was *khozyaïka*, or mistress of the household, only in the management of the conversation; and this conversation was very difficult at a small table among guests belonging to such different spheres of life as the superintendent and the architect, who were trying not to be dazzled by such unwonted splendor, and who were unused to taking part in a general conversation; but Anna went through with her task with her usual tact and simplicity, and even with pleasure, as Darya Aleksandrovna noticed.

The conversation turned first on the way in which Tushkievitch and Veslovsky had gone down alone to the boat, and Tushkievitch began to speak of the recent yacht-race under the auspices of the Petersburg yacht-club. But Anna, taking advantage of the first pause, quickly turned to the architect, in order to bring him out of his silence.

"Nikolaï Ivanuitch was surprised," said she, referring to Sviazhsky, "to see how the new building had grown since he was here last. But I myself am here every day, and every day I am surprised myself to see how fast it progresses.

"It is good to work with his excellency," said the architect, smiling. .... He had a sense of the dignity of his calling, and was a very worthy and self-possessed gentleman..... "You don't do such work under government patronage. When they would write reams of paper, I simply lay the plan before the count, we talk it over, and three words decide it."

"American ways," suggested Sviazhsky, smiling.

"Yes! buildings there are raised rationally." ....

The conversation then went off on the abuse of power in the United States; but Anna immediately started him on a third theme, in order to bring out the superintendent from his silence.

"Have you ever seen the steam reaping-machines?" she asked of Darya Aleksandrovna. "We had just been to see ours when we met you. I never saw one before."

"How do they work?" asked Dolly.

"Just like scissors. A plank and a quantity of little knives. Like this!"

Anna took a knife and fork into her beautiful white hands covered with rings, and tried to show her. She apparently saw that she did not make herself very clear, but, knowing that she spoke pleasantly and that her hands were beautiful, she continued her explanations.

"Better say pen-knives!" said Veslovsky, with an attempt at a pun,[1] and not taking his eyes from her.

Anna smiled almost imperceptibly, but made no reply to his remark.

"Am I not right, Karl, that they are like scissors?" she said, appealing to the director.

"*Oh, ja,*" replied the German. "*Es ist ein ganz einfaches Ding;*"[2] and he began to explain the construction of the machine.

"It is too bad that it does not bind the sheaves. I saw one at the Vienna Exposition; it bound them with wire," said Sviazhsky. "That kind would be much more convenient."

"*Es kommt drauf an..... Der Preis von Draht muss*

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[1] *Nozhnitsui*, scissors; *nozhitchki*, little knives.

[2] It is a very simple thing.

ausgerechnet werden." And the German, aroused from his silence, turned for confirmation to Vronsky — "*Das lässt sich ausrechnen, Erlaucht.*"

The German put his hand into his pocket, where he kept a pencil and notebook, in which he had an exact statement, but, suddenly remembering that he was at the dinner-table, and noticing Vronsky's cold eyes fastened on him, he controlled himself.

"*Zu complicirt, macht zu viel Klopots,*"[1] he said in conclusion.

"*Wünscht man Dochots, so hat man auch Klopots,*"[2] said Vasenka Veslovsky, making sport of the German. "*J'adore l'allemand,*" he said, with a peculiar smile, turning to Anna.

"*Cessez !*" said she, with affected sternness.

"We expected to find you on the field," said she to the doctor, who was somewhat infirm. "Were you there?"

"I was there, but I evaporated," replied the doctor, with a melancholy attempt at a jest.

"It must have been a beautiful motion."

"Magnificent."

"Well, and how did you find your old woman? I hope it is n't the typhus."

"Whether it is typhus or not I can't tell yet, but...."

"How sorry I am," said Anna; and, having thus shown her politeness to the dependents, she turned again to her friends.

"At any rate, it would be pretty hard to reconstruct a machine by following your description, Anna Arkadyevna," said Sviazhsky.

"No, why so?" said Anna, with a smile which intimated that she knew there was something charming in her description of the construction of the reaping-machines, and that even Sviazhsky had noticed it. This new trait of youthful coquetry struck Dolly unpleasantly.

"Still, in architecture Anna Arkadyevna's knowledge is very remarkable," said Tushkievitch.

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[1] Too complicated, makes too much bother.

[2] If one wants money, he must have bother.

"Well, yesterday evening I heard Anna Arkadyevna making some wise remark about plinths," said Veslovsky. "Would you find me doing that?"

"There is nothing remarkable in that, when one keeps one's eyes and ears open," said Anna. "But don't you know what houses are built of?"

Darya Aleksandrovna perceived that Anna was not pleased with this tone of badinage which she and Veslovsky kept up, but that she fell into it involuntarily.

In this respect Vronsky behaved exactly the opposite to Levin. He evidently attributed not the least importance to Veslovsky's nonsense, but, on the contrary, encouraged this jesting.

"Well, tell us, Veslovsky, what they use to fasten stones together."

"Cement, of course."

"Bravo! And what is cement made of?"

"Well, it is something like gruel..... No, a sort of mastic," said Veslovsky, amid general laughter.

The conversation among the guests, with the exception of the doctor, the superintendent, and the architect, who generally kept silence, went on without cessation, now growing light, now dragging a little, and now touching to the quick.

Once Darya Aleksandrovna was touched to the quick, and felt so provoked that she grew red in the face, and afterward she wondered if she made any improper or unpleasant remark. Sviazhsky spoke of Levin and told of some of his strange opinions in regard to machines being injurious to Russian agriculture.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing this Mr. Levin; probably he has never seen the machines he criticizes. But if he has seen and tried, they must have been Russian ones, and not the foreign make. What can be his views?"

"*Turkish* views," said Veslovsky, smiling at Anna.

"I cannot defend his opinions," said Dolly, reddening; "but Levin is a thoroughly intelligent man, and if he were here he would know what answer to make you, but I can't."

"Oh, I am very fond of him, and we are excellent friends," said Sviazhsky, smiling good-naturedly; "*mais pardon, il est un petit peu toqué.* For example, he considers the *zemstvo* and the justices of the peace — everything — entirely useless — will have nothing to do with them."

"It's our Russian indifference!" exclaimed Vronsky, filling his goblet with ice-water from a *carafe*. "Not to feel the obligations which our privileges impose on us and so ignore them."

"I don't know any one who is more strict in the fulfilment of his duties," said Dolly, irritated by Vronsky's superior tone.

"I, on the contrary," continued Vronsky, evidently somewhat piqued by this conversation, — "I, on the contrary, am very grateful, as you see, for the honor which has been done me, thanks to Nikolaï Ivanovitch" — he referred to Sviazhsky — "in my appointment as honorary justice of the peace. I consider that for me the duty of going to the sessions of the court, of judging the affairs of a muzhik, are as important as anything that I could do. And I shall consider it an honor if you elect me a member of the town-council.[1] This is the only way that I can repay society for the privileges I enjoy as a landed proprietor. Unfortunately the influence which the large landed proprietors ought to wield is not fully appreciated."

Vronsky's calm assurance that he was in the right seemed very strange to Darya Aleksandrovna. She knew that Levin, whose opinions were diametrically opposite, was equally firm on his side; but she loved Levin, and so she was on his side.

"So we can depend on you at the next election, can we?" said Sviazhsky. "But we ought to leave earlier, so as to get there by the 8th. Will you do me the honor to go with me, count?"

"I pretty much agree with your *beau frère*," said Anna, "though for different reasons," she added, with a smile. "I am afraid that nowadays we are getting to have too many of these public duties, just as in old times there were so many chinovniks that there was a chinovnik for everything; so now every one is becoming a public functionary. Alekseï has been here six months, and is already a member of five or six different public commissions — wardenship,[1] judge, town councilman, juryman — I don't know what else. *Du train que cela va* all his time will be spent on it. And I am afraid if these things are multiplied so, that it will be only a matter of form. You have ever so many offices, Nikolaï Ivanuitch, have you not? at least twenty, have n't you?" she asked, turning toward Sviazhsky.

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[1] The Russian name for this official is *glasnui*.

Anna spoke jestingly, but in her tone there was a shade of irritation. Darya Aleksandrovna, who was watching Anna and Vronsky attentively, immediately noticed it. She saw also that the count's face assumed a resolute and obstinate expression, and that the Princess Varvara made haste to talk about some Petersburg acquaintances, so as to change the subject; and, remembering what Vronsky had told her in the garden about his pleasure in activity, she felt certain that this conversation about public activities had something to do with a secret quarrel between Vronsky and Anna.

The dinner, the wines, the service, were luxurious, but everything seemed to Darya Aleksandrovna formal and impersonal, like the state dinners and balls that she had seen, and on an ordinary day and in a small circle it made a disagreeable impression on her.

After dinner they sat down on the terrace. Then they began to play lawn-tennis. The players, dividing into two sides, took their places on the carefully rolled and smoothly shaven croquet-ground, on which the net was stretched between gilded posts. Darya Aleksandrovna was invited to play, but it took a long time before she learned how, and when she got an idea of the game she felt so tired that she went and sat down by the Princess Varvara and only watched the players. Her partner, Tushkievitch, also ceased playing, but the others continued the game a long time. Sviazhsky and

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[1] *Popechitelstvo.*

Vronsky both played very well and earnestly. They followed the tennis-ball with quick eyes as it was sent from one side to the other, not wasting their energies, and not getting confused, skilfully running to meet it, waiting till it should bound, and with good aim and perfect accuracy catching it on the racket and sending it over the net.

Veslovsky played worse than the others. He got too much excited, but nevertheless by his gayety he kept up the spirits of the other players. His jests and shouts never ceased. Like the other men, by the advice of the ladies he took off his coat and played, and his tall, well-shaped figure in his shirt-sleeves, and his ruddy, warm face, and his violent motions made a pleasant picture to remember.

When Darya Aleksandrovna that night lay down in her bed, as soon as she closed her eyes she saw Vasenka Veslovsky dancing about on the croquet-ground.

But while they were playing, Darya Aleksandrovna did not feel happy. She was displeased with the frivolity which Vasenka Veslovsky and Anna still kept up while they were playing; nor did such a childish game played by grown men and women by themselves, without children, seem natural or sensible. But lest she should destroy the pleasure of the others and so as to pass away the time, she rested a little while and then took part in another game and made believe that she was gay. All that day it seemed to her as if she were acting in a comedy with better actors than herself, and that her bad acting spoiled the whole piece. She had come intending to stay for two days if they urged her. But in the evening, during the game of tennis, she made up her mind to go home the next day. Those very same maternal cares which she had so hated as she thought them over during her journey, now, after two days' absence, presented themselves in another light and began to attract her. When, after tea and after a moonlight row in the boat, she went alone to her room, took off her gown, and began to put up her thin hair for the night, she felt a great sense of relief.

It was even unpleasant to think that Anna would soon be in to see her. She would have preferred to be alone with her thoughts.

CHAPTER XXIII

Dolly was just feeling ready to go to bed when Anna came in, in her night costume.

All that day Anna had more than once been on the point of speaking intimately, but each time, after saying a few words, she had put it off, saying, "By and by; when we are alone, we will talk. I must tell you everything."

Now they were alone and Anna did not know what to talk about. She sat by the window looking at Dolly, and casting over in her mind that inexhaustible store of topics which she wished to talk about, and yet she could not find one to begin with. It seemed to her as if she had already told all that was in her heart to tell.

"Well, what about Kitty?" asked Anna, sighing deeply, and looking guiltily at Dolly. "Tell me the truth, Dolly; is she angry with me?"

"Angry? No," answered Dolly, smiling.

"Does n't she hate .... does n't she despise me?"

"Oh, no; but you know this is one of the things people don't forgive."

"Yes, yes," said Anna, turning away and looking out of the open window. "But I was not to blame! And who is to blame? and what is there blameworthy about it? Could it have been otherwise? Now tell me? How do you think? Could you have helped being Stiva's wife?"

"Truly, I don't know; but you must tell me .... "

"Yes, yes! But finish telling me about Kitty. Is she happy? They say her husband is an excellent man."

"That 's too little to say, that he 's excellent; I don't know a better man."

"Oh, how glad I am! I am very glad. 'Little to say, that he 's an excellent man,'" she repeated.

Dolly smiled.

"But now tell me about yourself," said Dolly. "I want a long talk with you. I have talked with...."

She did not know what to call Vronsky — it was awkward to call him either count or Alekseĭ Kirillovitch.

"With Alekseĭ," said Anna. "Yes; I know that you talked with him. But I wanted to ask you frankly what you think of me.... of my life."

"How can I tell you at such short notice? I don't know what to say."

"No; you must tell me..... You see my life. But you must not forget that you see us in summer with people, and we are not alone.... but we came in the early spring, we lived entirely alone, and we shall live alone again. I ask for nothing better than living alone with him. But when I imagine that I may live alone without him, absolutely alone, and this would be.... I don't see why this may not be frequently repeated, that he may spend half of his time away from home," she said, and, getting up, she sat down close by Dolly. "Oh, of course," she said quickly, interrupting Dolly, who was about to speak, "of course, I cannot keep him by force.... I don't keep him. To-day there 's a race; his horses race; he goes. I am very glad! But you think of me; imagine my situation.... what is to be said about it?" She smiled. "But what did he talk with you about?"

"He spoke about a matter which I myself wanted to talk over with you; and it is easy for me to be an advocate of it, — about this: whether it is not possible or essential to" — Darya Aleksandrovna hesitated — "to improve, make your position legal.... you know how I look at.... but anyhow, if possible, a marriage must take place."

"You mean divorce?" said Anna. "Do you know, the only woman who came to see me in Petersburg was Betsy Tverskaya! Perhaps you know her. *Au fond c'est la femme la plus dépravée qui existe.* She had a iaison with this Tushkievitch, deceiving her husband in the most outrageous way .... but she told me that she did not wish to know me, because my position was illegal! Don't think that I compare .... I know you, dear heart.[1] But I could not help remembering it. Well, what did he say to you?"

"He said that he suffered both for you and for himself; maybe you will say that it is egoism, but what an honorable and noble egoism! He wishes to make his daughter legitimate, and to be your husband and with a husband's rights."

"What wife, what slave, could be more of a slave than I, in my position?" she interrupted angrily.

"The main reason that he wishes it is that you may not suffer."

"This is impossible. Well?"

"Well, to make your children legitimate, to give them a name."

"What children?" said Anna, not looking at Dolly, but half-closing her eyes.

"Ani, and those that may come to you."

"Oh, he can be easy; I shall not have any more."....

"How can you say that you won't have any more?"....

"Because I will not have any more;" and, in spite of her emotion, Anna smiled at the naïve expression of astonishment, of curiosity, and horror depicted on Dolly's face. "After my illness the doctor told me...."

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"It is impossible," exclaimed Dolly, looking at Anna with wide-opened eyes. For her this was one of those discoveries, the consequences and deductions of which are so monstrous that at the first instant it touches only the feeling, that it is impossible to grasp it, but that it rouses momentous trains of thought.

This discovery, which explained for her how happened all these hitherto inexplicable families of one or at most two children, stirred up so many thoughts, considerations, and contradictory feelings that she could not say a word, and only gazed with wide-open eyes of amazement at Anna. It was the very thing of which she had dreamed, but now that she knew it was possible she was horror-struck. She felt that it was a quite too simple solution of a too complicated question.

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[1] *Dushenka moya.*

"*N'est ce pas immoral?*" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Why? Remember that I must choose between two things: either being pregnant, that is to say, sick, or being the friend, the companion, of my husband; for so I consider him. If that is a doubtful fact to you, it is not so to me," said Anna, in an intentionally superficial and frivolous tone.

"Yes, yes, but...." exclaimed Darya Aleksandrovna, hearing the very same arguments which she had brought up to herself, and no longer finding in them their former weight.

"For you, for other women," proceeded Anna, apparently divining her thoughts, "there may be some doubt about this; but for me..... Just think! I am not his wife; he will love me just as long as he loves me; and how, by what means, am I to keep his love? It is by this."

And she put out her white arms in front of her beautiful body.

With extraordinary rapidity, as always happens in moments of emotion, all sorts of thoughts and ideas went rushing through Darya Aleksandrovna's mind.

"I have not tried," she reasoned, "to attract Stiva to myself; he deserted me for some one else, and the first woman for whom he sacrificed me did not retain him by being always pretty and gay. He threw her over and took another. And will Anna be able to fascinate and retain Count Vronsky? If that is what attracts him, then he will be able to find women who dress even better and are more fascinating and merry-hearted. And however white, however beautiful, her bare arms, however beautiful her rounded form, and her animated face framed in her black hair, he will be able to find still better, more attractive women, just as my abominable. wretched, and beloved husband has done."

Dolly made no reply, and only sighed. Anna remarked this sigh, which signified dissent, and she proceeded. She had in reserve still more arguments, still stronger, and impossible to answer.

"You say that this is immoral. But this requires to be reasoned out," she went on saying. "You forget my position. How can I desire children? I don't say anything about the suffering, I am not afraid of that. But think what my children will be! Unfortunate beings, who will have to bear a name which is not theirs,—by their very birth compelled to blush for their father and mother."

"Well, this is the very reason why a divorce is necessary."

But Anna did not hear her. She wanted to produce the same arguments by which she had so many times persuaded herself.

"Why was the gift of reason bestowed on me, if I cannot employ it in preventing the birth of more unhappy beings?"

She looked at Dolly, but without waiting for any answer she went on:—

"I should always feel my guilt toward these unhappy children. If they do not exist, they will not know misery; but if they exist and suffer, then I am to blame."

These were the same arguments as Darya Aleksandrovna had used to herself, but now she listened and did not understand them. She said to herself:—

"How can one be culpable with regard to non-existent existences?" And suddenly the thought came, "Could it have been possibly any better if my darling Grisha had never existed?" and it struck so unpleasantly, so strangely, that she shook her head to chase away the cloud of maddening thoughts that came into her mind.

"No, I do not know; I believe it wrong," she said, with an expression of disgust.

"But you must not forget that you and I .... and moreover," added Anna, notwithstanding the wealth of her own arguments and the poverty of poor Dolly's, seeming somehow to recognize that this thing was immoral after all, — "you must not forget the main thing, that I am not now in the same position as you are. For you the question is, Do you wish to have more children? but for me, Do I desire them? This is the principal difference. You must know that I cannot desire them in my position."

Darya Aleksandrovna was silent. She suddenly became aware that such an abyss separated her from Anna that between them certain questions existed on which they could never agree, and which had best not be discussed.

CHAPTER XXIV

"THAT shows all the more necessity for legalizing your position, if possible."

"Yes, *if possible*," answered Anna, in an entirely different tone, calm and sweet.

"Is a divorce entirely impossible? They tell me your husband has consented."

"Dolly, I do not wish to talk about this."

"Well, we will not," Darya Aleksandrovna hastened to say, noticing the expression of suffering on Anna's face. "Only it seems to me that you look too much on the dark side."

"I? Not at all; I am very happy and contented. You saw, *Je fais des passions* with Veslovsky .... "

"Yes! To tell the truth, Veslovsky's manner displeases me very much," said Darya Aleksandrovna, willing enough to change the conversation.

"Oh! there's nothing! It tickles Alekseĭ, and that's all there is of it. But he is a mere boy and entirely in my hands. You understand, I do as I please with him; just as you do with your Grisha..... Dolly!" — she suddenly changed the subject — "you say that I look on the dark side. You can't understand. This is too terrible; I try not to look at all!"

"You are wrong; you ought to do what is necessary."

"But what is necessary? You say I must marry Alekseĭ, and that I don't think about that. *I* not think about that!" she exclaimed, and the color flew over her face. She got up, straightened herself, and began walking up and down the room with her graceful gait, stopping now and then. "Not think about that! There is not a day or an hour when I do not think of it, and blame myself for thinking of it; — because the thought of it will make me mad — will make me mad," she repeated. "When I think of it, I cannot go to sleep without morphine. But very good! let us speak calmly. You talk about divorce, but in the first place *he* would not consent; *he* is now under the Countess Lidya's influence."

Darya Aleksandrovna, reclining in her easy-chair with a sympathetic and sorrowful face, watched Anna as she walked up and down. She shook her head.

"We must try," said she.

"Suppose I should try. What does it mean?" she asked, evidently expressing a thought which she had gone over in her own mind a thousand times and had learned by heart. "It means that I, who hate him, and who have nevertheless confessed my guilt to him — I believe in his magnanimity — that I humiliate myself to write him..... Well! suppose I make the effort; suppose I do it. I shall receive either an insulting answer or his consent. Good, I get his consent...." Anna at this time was in the farthest end of the room and stopped there to arrange a window-curtain. "I get his consent.... but my s-son? You see he will not give him to me! No, he will grow up despising me, living with his father, whom I have left. Just think, I love these two almost equally, both more than myself; these two, Serozha and Alekseĭ."

She advanced to the middle of the room and stood in front of Dolly, pressing her hands to her breast. In her white *peignoir* she seemed wonderfully tall and large. She bent her head, and, looking out of her moist, shining eyes on the little, homely, lean Dolly, sitting there in her darned nightgown and nightcap, all a-tremble with emotion, went on: —

"These two only I love, and the one excludes the other. I cannot bring them together, and yet this is the one thing I want. If this were not so, it would be all the same, — all, all the same. It will end in some way; but I cannot, I will not, talk about this. So do not despise me, do not judge me. You in your purity could never imagine what I suffer!"

She sat down beside Dolly and, with a guilty expression in her eyes, took her hand.

"What do you think? What do you think of me? Do not despise me! I do not deserve that; I am miserably unhappy. If there is any one unhappy, it is I...." said she, and, turning away, she began to weep.

After Anna left her, Dolly said her prayers and went to bed. She pitied Anna with all her soul while she was talking with her; but now she could not bring herself to think of her. Memories of home and her children arose in her imagination with new and wonderful joy. So dear and precious seemed this little world to her that she decided that nothing would tempt her to stay longer away from them, and that she would leave the next day.

Anna, meantime, returning to her dressing-room, took a glass, and poured into it several drops of a mixture containing chiefly morphine, and, having swallowed it, she sat a little while motionless, then went with a calm and joyous heart to her bedroom.

When she went into her sleeping-room, Vronsky looked scrutinizingly into her face. He was trying to discover some trace of the talk which he knew by the length of her stay in Dolly's room she must have had with her. But in her expression, which betrayed a certain repressed excitement, as if she were trying to conceal something, he found nothing except the beauty to which he was so accustomed, and which always intoxicated him, and the consciousness of it and the desire that it might still have its usual effect on him.

He did not like to ask her what they had been talking about, but hoped that she herself would tell him. But she only said: —

"I am glad you like Dolly; you do, don't you?"

"Yes! I 've known her for a long time. She 's a very good woman, *mais excessivement terre à terre.* But still I am well pleased at her visit."

He gave Anna another questioning look, and took her hand; but she understood his look in another way, and smiled.

The next morning, in spite of repeated urging from her hosts, Darya Aleksandrovna prepared to go away. Levin's coachman, in his old kaftan and a sort of postilion's cap, put the unmatched horses into the old carriage with its shabby harness, and, looking stern and resolute, drove up the sanded driveway to the covered portico.

Darya Aleksandrovna took a cold farewell of the Princess Varvara and the gentlemen. The day that they had passed together made them all see clearly that they had no interests in common, and that they were better apart. Anna only was sad. She knew that no one would waken again in her the feelings which Dolly had aroused in her soul. To have these feelings aroused was painful to her, but still she knew that they represented all the better side of her nature, and that soon all vestige of such feelings would be stifled by the life that she was leading.

As soon as she got fairly away from the house, Darya Aleksandrovna experienced a pleasant feeling of relief, and she was about to ask her men how they liked the Vronskys, when suddenly the coachman, Filipp himself, spoke out: —

"They 're rich, rich enough, but they give only three measures of oats. The horses cleaned it all up before cockcrow. What are three measures? Only a bite. Nowadays oats cost only forty-five kopeks. With us, we give our visitors' horses as much as they will eat."

"A stingy barin," said the bookkeeper.

"Well, but you liked their horses, did n't you?" asked Dolly.

"The horses, yes, they were all right. And the food was good. But still somehow I felt kind of homesick, Darya Aleksandrovna; I don't know how it was with you," said he, turning to her his good, handsome face.

"Yes, and so did I. But do you think we shall get home this evening?"

"We must get home."

On reaching home and finding every one perfectly happy and glad to see her, Darya Aleksandrovna, with great liveliness, told the story of her trip and how warmly she had been received, about the luxury and good taste of the Vronskys' establishment and about their amusements; and she would not allow any one to say a word against them.

"You must know Anna and Vronsky, — and I know him better than I did, — to appreciate how kind and affectionate they are," said she, with perfect sincerity, forgetting the vague feeling of discomfort that she had felt when she was there.

CHAPTER XXV

Vronsky and Anna passed the rest of the summer and part of the autumn in the country under the same conditions, and took no steps toward getting a divorce. It was agreed between them that they should not make any visits; but they both felt that the longer they lived alone, particularly in the autumn, and without guests, the more unendurable became their life, and that they must have some change.

Nothing which constitutes happiness was apparently wanting to them. They were rich, young, well; they had one child, and they had pleasant occupations. Though they had no guests, Anna continued to take the greatest care of her person and her dress. She read much, both in the way of novels and of serious literature, and sent abroad for valuable books which she saw praised in the foreign magazines and journals. And she read carefully, as one can do only when in the solitude of the country. Moreover, all subjects which interested Vronsky, she studied up in books and scientific journals, so that often he went directly to her with questions relating to agronomics and to architecture, even with those on the breeding of horses, and the best methods of hunting. He was amazed at her knowledge and her memory; and when he felt any doubt about the beginning of an enterprise and wanted moral support, he would consult her, and she would find in books whatever he asked about and then show it to him.

The arrangement of the hospital also occupied her. She not only assisted in it, but, moreover, invented many original ideas and carried them out. But, after all, her chief preoccupation was herself.... herself and how she might retain Vronsky's affections, how she might supply for him all that he needed.

Vronsky appreciated this, and saw that the only aim of her life was to please him and to obey his wishes in every particular; but at the same time he was oppressed by the chains of tenderness which she tried to forge around him. As time went on, he found himself more and more embarrassed by these chains, and more desirous of, if not exactly escaping from them, at least of keeping them from interfering with his independence. If it had not been for his ever increasing desire for freedom, if it had not been for the fact that every time he had to go to the city, to the races, there was a scene with Anna, Vronsky would have been perfectly contented with his existence.

The *rôle* of rich landed proprietor, which he had chosen for himself as constituting the true work of the Russian aristocracy, and which he had been engaged in now for half a year, gave him ever increasing pleasure. His work, which absorbed him more and more, was prospering admirably. Notwithstanding his enormous expenses for the building of the hospital, for machinery, and cattle imported from Switzerland, and many other things, he felt sure that he was not wasting, but increasing, his property. As far as it concerned the matter of income, the sale of wood, of wheat, of wool, the leasing of land, Vronsky was as firm as a rock, and succeeded in holding to his price. In matters concerning his whole management, both on this and on his other estates, he kept to the simplest and least risky processes, and was to the highest degree economical and prudent in all details. Notwithstanding all the cleverness and shrewdness of his German superintendent, who tried to involve him in purchases and who so managed every calculation that a large outlay was needed at first, but where, by waiting a little, the same thing could be done much cheaper and with greater profit, Vronsky used his own judgment. He would listen to his superintendent, would ask him all sorts of questions, and consent to his proposed plans only when the thing to be imported or constructed was something perfectly new, unheard of as yet in Russia, and calculated to cause surprise. Moreover, he would decide to embark in large enterprises only when he had plenty of money on hand, and in entering on any such outlay he attended to all the details, and insisted that he should have the very best results. Thus it was evident that in carrying out his undertakings he was not dissipating, but was increasing, his estate.

In the month of October the government of Kashin, in which were situated the estates of Vronsky, Sviazhsky, Koznuishef, and a part of Levin's, was to hold its nobiliary elections.[1] These elections, for many reasons, and because of the persons who took part in them, attracted general attention. Much was said about them and great preparations were made for them. People from Moscow, Petersburg, and even from abroad, who had never witnessed an election, came to look on.

Vronsky had some time before promised Sviazhsky to go with him.

Just before the elections, Sviazhsky, who had often visited Vozdvizhenskoye, came after Vronsky. On the evening before this event Vronsky and Anna almost had a quarrel about his proposed trip. It was getting autumnal in the country, a melancholy, gloomy time, and therefore Vronsky, already ready for a contest, announced with a cold, stern expression, such as he rarely allowed himself toward Anna, that he was going away on this expedition. But to his surprise Anna received the news with entire calmness, and only asked him when he should be back. He looked at her scrutinizingly, not understanding her calmness. She smiled as he looked at her. He knew her power of retiring into herself, and he knew that it was manifested only when she was planning something about herself and did not wish him to know her plans. He was afraid of this now, but he was so desirous of avoiding a scene that he almost forced himself into believing that her manner was sincere.

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[1] *Dvorianskiye vuiborui.*

"I hope you will not be lonely."

"I hope so too," said Anna. "I received a box of books from Gautier yesterday; no, I shall not be lonely."

"She is adopting a new tone, and so much the better," thought he; "but it is all the same thing."

And so, without entering into any frank explanation with her, he started off for the elections. This was the first time since the beginning of their *liaison* that he had left her without full and complete explanation. In one way this disquieted him; in another, he felt that it was better so.

"At first there will be something as there is now, not altogether clear and above board, but after a while she will get used to it. At all events," he thought, "I can give up to her everything except my independence as a man."

CHAPTER XXVI

In September Levin returned to Moscow for Kitty's confinement.

He had already been there a whole month without anything to do, when Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, who had an estate in the government of Kashin, and who took a great interest in the approaching elections, was getting ready to make the journey. He took with him his brother, who had a parcel of land in the Seleznevsky district, and who, moreover, had some very important business to transact in regard to a trusteeship and the receipt of certain money in Kashin in behalf of his sister, who lived abroad.

Levin was even at the last moment in a state of uncertainty, but Kitty, seeing that he was bored in Moscow, not only urged him to go, but without his knowledge bought him a noble's uniform at an expense of eighty rubles. And these eighty rubles paid out for the uniform constituted the chief reason which induced Levin to go. He therefore went to Kashin.

He had been at Kashin six days, present at every session of the electors, and employing himself in his sister's affairs, which did not progress at all satisfactorily. All the marshals of nobility were absorbed in the elections, and it was impossible to accomplish the very simple business which depended on his guardianship. The other matter — the receipt of some money — in the same way caused him great delay. After long parleyings concerning the removal of an interdict, the money was ready to be paid over; but the notary, a most obliging man, could not deliver the paper, because the signature of the president was necessary, and the president, neglecting his duties, was at the sessions of the nobles. All these annoyances, this wandering from place to place, these talks with very pleasant good men, who thoroughly appreciated the disagreeable position of the petitioner but could not help him, all this endeavor which brought no result, produced on Levin's mind a most painful impression, analogous to that tormenting impotence which one sometimes experiences in a nightmare when one wants to employ physical force and is unable to do so. He frequently experienced this when talking with that most obliging of men, the solicitor. This solicitor, it seemed, was doing everything in his power and was exerting all his mental energies to get Levin out of his difficulties.

"Try this way or that way," he would say, "or go to this place or to that place;" and the solicitor would lay out a whole plan for avoiding the fatal obstacle that stood in the way. But immediately he would add, "Still there's a delay; however, try it." And Levin would go flying off in this direction or that, and doing whatever he was told to do. All were good and kind, but it seemed as if the obstacles, even after he had passed them, kept growing up again and cutting off his path.

Especially annoying was it to him that he could never know with whom he was really contending, for whose profit it was that he could never bring his business to a conclusion. And no one seemed to know this either. Not even the solicitor knew this. If Levin could have understood, as he understood why it was impossible to get at the office of a railway otherwise than by standing in line, it would not have been humiliating and vexatious, but, as regarded the obstacles that stood in his way, not one could tell him why they existed.....

But Levin had greatly changed since his marriage. He had learned patience, and if he could not comprehend why all this was arranged as it was, then he told himself, since he did not know all about it, he was not in a position to judge, that apparently it was unavoidable; and he strove not to lose his temper.

Now that he was present at the elections, he endeavored not to be severe in his criticisms, nor to enter into controversies, but as far as he could to understand the matters which excellent and honorable men whom he thoroughly respected found so serious and so absorbing. Since his marriage Levin had opened his eyes to so many new and serious sides of life which had hitherto seemed to him, in his superficial view of them, of no great importance, that now in the matter of the elections he looked for a serious significance and found one.

Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch explained to him the idea and significance of the change which was proposed to the electors. The governmental *predvoditye1*, or marshal of nobility, had charge of very many matters of public importance, — as, for example, guardianships, such as the one which Levin himself was now trying to bring into a satisfactory shape, — and large sums of money and the direction of the *gymnasia*, or schools for women, and for the peasantry and the military and the training of the people for their new duties, and finally of the *zemstvo*, or popular assembly. Now the present marshal, Snetkof, was a man of the old aristocratic stamp, who had squandered an enormous property, was a very worthy and honorable man in his way, but wholly incapable of comprehending the new needs of the present time. He always on every occasion took the side of the nobles; he always cast the whole weight of his influence against the extension of popular education and he gave the zemstvo, which was coming to have such an enormous significance, a partisan character.

It was considered necessary to put in his place a new and active man, imbued with the most enlightened modern ideas, and to manage the business so as to extract from all the rights given to the noblesse,[1] not as the noblesse, but simply as a constituent part of the zemstvo, such advantages of self-government as were possible.

In the rich government of Kashin, which always took the lead in every advance, such forces were now concentrated that the business now before the assembled nobles would be likely to set an example for all the other departments, indeed for all Russia. And therefore the business had a great importance.

It was proposed to elect as marshal instead of Snetkof, either Sviazhsky, or, still better, Nevyedovsky, a man of eminent understanding, formerly a professor, who was an intimate friend of Sergyeï Ivanovitch's.

The *sobranie*, or provincial assembly, was opened by a speech from the governor, who urged the nobility to elect the necessary functionaries, not from partisan reasons, but for merit and for the public weal; and he hoped that the nobility of the department of Kashin would do their duty, as they had always done, and thus deserve their monarch's confidence.

Having finished his speech, the governor left the hall, and the noblemen, tumultuously and eagerly, and some of them even enthusiastically, followed him, and surrounded him while he was putting on his shuba, and talking in a friendly way with the government marshal.

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[1] *Dvorianstvo.*

Levin, anxious to see everybody and miss nothing, was in the midst of the throng, and he heard the governor say, "Please tell Marya Ivanovna that my wife is very sorry, but she had to go to the asylum."

Then all the nobles gayly took their shubas, and went in a body to the cathedral.

In the cathedral Levin, together with the rest, raised his hand and repeated, after the protopope, the solemn oaths by which they swore to fulfil their duties. The church service always impressed Levin, and when he joined with this throng of men, old and young, in repeating the words, "I kiss the cross," he felt stirred.

On the second and third day the assembly was occupied with the moneys meant for the educational establishments for the nobility and for women, which Sergyeï Ivanovitch declared had no especial importance, and Levin, who had his own business to attend to, was not present.

On the fourth day the verifying of the government accounts came up, and here, for the first time, the new party came into direct collision with the old. The commission, whose duty it was to verify these accounts, announced to the assembly that the money was all accounted for. The government marshal arose, and with tears in his eyes thanked the nobility for their confidence in him. The nobles loudly congratulated him, and shook hands with him.

But at this time one noble belonging to Sergyeï Ivanovitch's party declared that he had heard that the commission, for fear of affronting the government marshal, had not properly performed the verification of the accounts. One of the members of the commission unguardedly admitted this. Then a very small and very young-looking, but very sarcastic, gentleman began to say that it would probably be agreeable for the government marshal to give an account of his expenditures, and that the excessive delicacy of the members of the commission had deprived him of that moral satisfaction. Thereupon the members of the commission withdrew their report, and Sergyeï Ivanovitch began logically to prove that it was necessary to acknowledge that the expenditures had been verified or that they had not been verified, and he went into a long exposition of the dilemma.

A chatterer from the opposite party replied to Sergyeï Ivanovitch. Then Sviazhsky spoke, and was followed by the sarcastic gentleman. The proceedings were tedious, and no end was reached. Levin was surprised that they discussed this so long, and all the more because, when he asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch whether Snetkof were suspected of peculation, he replied: —

"Oh, he's an honest man. But we must shake this old-fashioned patriarchal way of managing business."

On the fifth day occurred the election of the district marshals. The session was a stormy one for many of the districts. In the *uyezd* or district of Seleznevskoye, Sviazhsky was unanimously elected by acclamation, and he gave a grand dinner the same evening.

CHAPTER XXVII

The principal election, that of marshal of the government, did not take place until the sixth day.

The great halls and the little halls were crowded with nobles in their various uniforms. Many came for this day only. Acquaintances who had not met for years were there, some from the Krimea, some from Petersburg, some from abroad. The debates were carried on at the governor's table, under the emperor's portrait.

The nobles both in the larger and in the smaller hall were grouped in opposing camps, and, judging by the hostile and mistrustful looks exchanged, by the conversations which ceased at the approach of strangers, by the fact that some walked up and down the distant corridor whispering together, it was evident that each side had secrets from the other. Even by a superficial glance it could be seen that the nobles were divided into two sharply contrasting types: the old and the new. The old school wore for the most part either old court uniforms, tightly buttoned up, with swords, and ancient hats, or else their ordinary marine, cavalry, or infantry uniforms of very ancient date. The uniforms of the old nobles were made in the ancient style, with epaulets on the shoulders, and with short waists and tight armholes, as if their possessors had grown out of them; but the younger men wore court uniforms with broad shoulders, long waists, and white waistcoats unbuttoned, or else uniforms with black collars and embroidered laurel leaves — the distinguishing badge of the ministry of justice. Court uniforms were to be seen here and there, also among the young men, adding to the brilliancy of the throng.

But the division into "old" and "young" did not coincide with the party lines. Some of the younger men, to Levin's surprise, belonged to the old party, and, on the contrary, some of the very oldest nobles were on confidential terms with Sviazhsky and were evidently warm partizans of the new school.

In the smaller hall, where men were smoking and lunching, Levin was standing near a group of his friends and listening to what was said, and vainly exerting all his intellectual powers to comprehend what was said. Sergyeï Ivanovitch was the center around whom many men had gathered. He was now listening to Sviazhsky and Khliustof, the marshal of another district, who belonged to their party. Khliustof would not agree to go with his district and beg Snetkof to stand as candidate; but Sviazhsky advised him to do this, and Sergyeï Ivanovitch approved of this plan. Levin could not understand why a party opposed to this marshal and wanting to defeat him should nevertheless put him up as a candidate.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had just been lunching and drinking, joined them in his chamberlain's uniform, wiping his mouth with a perfumed and embroidered cambric handkerchief.

"We hold the situation," said he, arranging both his side-whiskers, "Sergyeï Ivanovitch;" and after he heard Sviazhsky's plan he agreed with him.

"One district is enough, but let Sviazhsky pretend to be in opposition;" and all except Levin understood the meaning of his words.

"Well, how is Kostia?" he said, turning to Levin and taking him by the arm. "So you came, it seems, in style."

Levin would not have been sorry to be in style, but he could not comprehend what was taking place, and, going a few steps from the rest, he expressed to him his astonishment at seeing the hostile districts asking the old marshal to stand as candidate.

"*O sancta simplicitas!*" replied Oblonsky; and in a few clear words he explained to Levin what the state of the case was.

"If, as at the last elections, all the districts should unite on the government marshal, he would be elected. This is not what is wanted. Now eight of the districts have agreed to ask him to stand. But if two should refuse to accept him for their candidate, then Snetkof might decline to stand. And then the old party might take for their candidate some one else in their party, so that the whole scheme would be defeated. But if Sviazhsky's district is the only one refusing to adopt him as their candidate, Snetkof will accept the nomination. So he is selected and proposed as a candidate so as to throw dust in the eyes of the opposite party, and when we set up our candidate they will go over to him."

Levin began to get some idea of the plan, but it was not entirely clear to him, and he was about to ask a few more questions, when suddenly there was heard in the next room a great shouting and uproar and confusion:—

"What is it? What? Who? .... Confidence in whom? What? .... It is disproved. .... Lack of confidence. .... They won't admit Flerof .... prosecution. .... They refuse to admit a man? Shame! .... The law." Such were the words that Levin heard shouted from all sides, and he, together with all the rest, hurrying from all directions and shouting at the tops of their voices, rushed into the great hall, and, pressing along with all the nobles, he made his way up to the governor's table, about which the government marshal, Sviazhsky, and other leaders were hotly discussing.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Levin stood at quite a distance. A noble breathing stertorously near him and another with thick squeaking soles prevented him from hearing distinctly. All he could distinguish was the marshal's gentle voice, then the sharp voice of the sarcastic gentleman, and then the voice of Sviazhsky. He could only distinguish that they were disputing about the meaning of a clause of the law, and the meaning of the words, "*nakhodivshayosa pod slyedstviem.*"

The crowd parted to let Sergyeï Ivanovitch get to the table. Sergyeï Ivanovitch, after waiting till the sarcastic gentleman was done speaking, said that it seemed to him it would be a better way to consult the law itself, and he asked the secretary to find for him the text of the law. The law said that in case of divergence of opinion a vote must be taken.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch read the clause, and was just beginning to explain its meaning when he was interrupted by a tall, stout, round-shouldered proprietor, with dyed whiskers, and wearing a tight uniform with a high collar which seemed to prop up the back of his head. This man came up to the table, and, striking it with his fist, shouted at the top of his voice: —

"Put it to the ballot. Vote on it! No discussing! The ballot!"

Then suddenly a number of voices broke out at once, and the tall noble, still pounding with his fist, grew angrier and angrier, and shouted louder and louder. But it was impossible to make out what he was talking about.

He said the same thing as Sergyeï Ivanovitch had proposed; but evidently he hated Koznuishef and his whole party, and this feeling of hatred communicated itself to the whole party, and called forth the opposition of similar, though more decorous, hatred from the other side.

Voices were raised and for a moment everything was in confusion, so that the government marshal was obliged to call for order: —

"Put it to vote, put it to vote. That man knows what he is talking about! There 'll be bloodshed. .... The emperor's confidence. .... Don't count the marshal, he 's not our prikashchik. .... That 's not the point! .... Please, put it to vote. .... It 's odious!" were the exclamations heard on every side in angry, violent tones. Eyes and faces became still angrier and more violent, with words of irreconcilable hatred. Levin did not understand at all what the trouble was, and was amazed at the passion with which they discussed the question whether they should vote or not vote on the opinion concerning Flerof. He forgot, as Sergyeï Ivanovitch afterward explained to him, the syllogism that for the common weal it was necessary to elect a new government marshal; to defeat the present marshal a majority of the votes was needed; to get a majority of the votes it was necessary to give Flerof the right of voting; to pronounce Flerof qualified it was necessary to have it decided how the clause of the law was to be understood.

"One voice may decide the whole matter, and we must be serious and logical if we wish to act for the public good," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, in conclusion.

But Levin forgot this, and it was trying for him to see these excellent men, for whom he had such respect, in such a disagreeable and angry frame of mind. In order to avoid this feeling he, without waiting for the end of the election, went into the smaller hall, where there was no one except the servants connected with the buffet.

Seeing the servants busily engaged in polishing the service and putting away the plates and glasses, seeing their contented lively faces, Levin felt an unexpected feeling of relief, just as if he had come out from an ill-smelling room into pure air. He began to walk back and forth, watching the servants. It pleased him greatly to watch one of the servants, an old man with gray side-whiskers, expressing his scorn for the younger ones, who stood in awe of him, teaching them the best way of folding napkins. Levin was just about to engage the old servant in conversation, when the Secretary of the Assembly, a little old man, who made a specialty of knowing all the nobles of the province by their full names, came to call him.

"Excuse me, Konstantin Dmitritch," said he; "your brother is asking for you. The opinion is to be voted on."

Levin went into the hall, took a little white ball, and, following close behind Sergyeï Ivanovitch, he went to the table where Sviazhsky was standing with an important and ironical air, running his beard through his hand and occasionally putting it to his nose. Sergyeï Ivanovitch put his ball into the ballot-box, and made room for Levin; but Levin, having entirely forgotten what the voting was for, was disconcerted, and asked his brother: —

"Where shall I put it?"

He spoke in a low tone, and as there was talking near him, he hoped that his question would not be overheard; but the speakers stopped, and his unfortunate question was heard. Sergyeï Ivanovitch frowned, and replied sternly: —

"This is a matter entirely of conviction."

A number of the bystanders smiled. Much embarrassed, Levin quickly cast his vote, and as he happened to hold it in his right hand, he threw it into the right-hand receptacle. Only after he had deposited it did he remember that he ought to have put it in his left hand, and he did so, but it was already too late; and growing still more confused, he hastily made his way to the very rear rank.

"One hundred and twenty-six in the affirmative; ninety-eight in the negative," announced the secretary, who could not pronounce the letter *r*. Then a laugh went round; a button and two nuts were found in the ballot-box. The questionable noble was admitted and the new party was victorious.

But the old party did not even yet acknowledge itself defeated. Levin heard them request Snetkof to stand as their candidate, and he saw a throng of nobles surrounding the government marshal, who was making an address. Levin went nearer. In reply to the nobles, Snetkof was speaking of the confidence which the nobility had reposed in him, of their love for him which he did not deserve, because all his service had consisted in his devotion to the nobility, whom he had served for twenty years. Several times he repeated the words, "I have served to the best of my ability, I appreciate your confidence and thank you for it," and then, suddenly pausing because of the tears which choked him, he hurried from the room. His tears arose either from the injustice that had been done him, or from his love for the nobles, or possibly from the unpleasant position in which he was placed, finding himself surrounded by enemies; but his grief was contagious; the majority of the nobles were touched, and Levin felt sorry for him.

At the door the government marshal stumbled against Levin.

"Excuse me, — I beg your pardon," he said, as to a stranger; then, recognizing him, he smiled a melancholy smile. It seemed to Levin that he wanted to say something but was prevented by his emotion. The expression of his face and his whole figure in his uniform, with his crosses, and white pantaloons ornamented with galloon, as he hastened out, reminded Levin of some hunted animal which sees that it has little chance to escape. This expression in the government marshal's face went to Levin's heart, for only the day before he had been to see him about the guardianship affair, and had seen in the whole establishment the dignity of a good-hearted domestic gentleman: the house large, with ancestral furniture; unstylish, dirty, but dignified, old servants who had evidently been former serfs and had not changed their master; the wife, a tall, benevolent lady in her lace cap and Turkish shawl, caressing her lovely granddaughter; the youngest son, a boy in the sixth class of the gymnasium, who had come in to wish his father good morning and to kiss his big hand; the imposing but affectionate greetings and gestures of the master of the house: all this had awakened in Levin involuntary respect and sympathy even then, and now he felt touched and sorry for the old man, and wanted to say something pleasant to him.

"Perhaps you will be our marshal again."

"I doubt it," said Snetkof, with his scared look. "I am tired, getting old. There are younger and better men than I. Must let them take my place." And he disappeared by a side door.

Now the most solemn moment had arrived. It was necessary to proceed immediately to the election itself. The leaders of both parties were counting on their fingers the white and black balls. The controversy regarding Flerof gave the new party not only one more vote, but also gained time, so that they could send for three nobles, whom the trickery of the old party was going to deprive of the possibility of taking part in the election. Two nobles who had a weakness for wine had been made drunk by Snetkof's henchmen, and a third had been seduced by the promise of a uniform.

Having learned about this, the new party had made haste during the contest concerning Flerof to send an izvoshchik for the noble and to provide him with a uniform, and to bring one of the two drunken nobles to the hall.

"I brought one of them, I had to douse him with water," said the proprietor who had gone in search of him, addressing Sviazhsky. "He 'll do."

"He 's not very drunk, is he; can't he stand?" asked Sviazhsky, shaking his head. "Yes, he 's a young man. Only don't let them get him to drinking here..... I told the caterer not to give him any wine under any consideration."

CHAPTER XXIX

The narrow hall where men smoked and had luncheon was crowded with nobles. The excitement kept increasing, and all faces showed signs of anxiety. Especially agitated were the leaders, who knew all the details and had followed the voting very closely. These men had charge of the approaching engagement. The others, like the soldiers in the ranks before the battle, although ready for the conflict, in the meantime sought diversion. Some ate luncheon, standing or sitting at the buffet; others walked up and down the long room smoking cigarettes, and talked with friends whom they had not seen for long.

Levin did not feel hungry, he did not smoke, and he did not care to join his friends, that is, Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, Stepan Arkadyevitch, Sviazhsky, and the others, for the reason that Vronsky in his equerry's uniform stood in lively conversation with them. The evening before he had seen Vronsky at the election, and had carefully avoided him, not wishing to come into contact with him. He went to a window and sat down, watching the groups and listening to what was said around him. He felt depressed, especially because all the others, as he could see, were animated, active, and occupied, and he alone was inert and indifferent; the only other exception was an old man in a naval uniform, who had no teeth and who spoke in a mumbling voice.

"What a rogue. I told him it was not so! He can't make it up in three years," a round-shouldered, short proprietor was saying energetically; this man, whose long unpomaded hair was spread out over the embroidered collar of his uniform coat, walked along, noisily putting down the heels of his new boots which evidently had been made for the elections; but as he caught sight of Levin he cast a hostile glance at him, and turned about abruptly.

"Yes, it is a nasty thing to say so," repeated the little proprietor, in a piping voice.

Immediately behind these two came a whole throng of proprietors, crowding around a tall general, and quickly approaching where Levin was. They were evidently trying to find some place where they would not be overheard. "How does he dare to say that I ordered his trousers to be stolen. He drank them up, I reckon. I don't care a straw if he is a prince. Don't let him dare to say such a thing; it 's swinish!"

"Hold on, excuse me. They insist on the letter of the law," they were saying in another group; "his wife must be inscribed among the nobility."

"The devil take the letter of the law! I insist on its spirit. According to that they are genuine nobles, believe me."

"Your excellency, let us come, fine champagne!"

Another group immediately pressed behind a noble who was shouting something at the top of his voice; this was one of the three drunken nobles.

"I always advised Marya Semyonovna to let it on a lease because she gets no profit out of it," a proprietor was saying in a pleasant voice. This man had gray whiskers and wore the uniform of a colonel on the old general's staff. It was the same proprietor whom he had once met at Sviazhsky's house. Levin immediately recognized him. The proprietor also glanced at Levin, and they greeted each other.

"This is very pleasant. How are you? I remember you very well. We met last year at Nikolaï Ivanovitch's, at the marshal's."

"Well, how goes your farming?"[1] asked Levin.

"Everything is going to rack and ruin," said the proprietor, halting near Levin, and looking at him with a submissive smile, but with an expression of calmness and confidence that this was the natural order of things.

"But how does it happen that you are in our part of the world?" he asked. "Did you come to take part in our *coup d'état?*" he went on, pronouncing the French words with confidence, but with a bad accent.

"All Russia is assembled here, — chamberlains, if not ministers."

He pointed to Stepan Arkadyevitch's imposing figure, as in white trousers and chamberlain's uniform he strode along next the general.

"I must confess to you," said Levin, "I don't understand the significance of these noblemen's elections."

The old gentleman looked at him.

"Well! what is there to understand? what significance can they have? It 's a decaying institution which prolongs itself by the force of inertia. Look at all these uniforms; they tell you this is an assemblage of justices of the peace, perpetual councilors, and so on, but no noblemen."

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[1] *Khozyaïstvo*, everything connected with his estate.

"Why, then, do you come?"

"From habit, to keep up relations; from a sort of moral obligation. And then, if I must tell the truth, I came on a question of personal interest. My son-in-law wants to be elected as a perpetual councilor; he 's not rich; I must try to help him. But why do such people as that come?" and he pointed out the orator whose sharp voice had struck Levin during the debates at the governor's table.

"It is a new generation of nobles."[1]

"Certainly new, but not nobles. They are landholders, but we are the proprietors. But they are trying to get the power as if they were nobles."

"Yes, but you say it is a decaying institution?"

"Decaying or not decaying, it must be treated more respectfully. Even though Snetkof.... We may not be worth much, but, nevertheless, we have lasted a thousand years. Suppose you lay out a new garden before your house and there happens to be a century-old tree which has grown up on your land..... Though the tree is old and gnarled, you don't have it cut down, but you lay out your walks and your flower-beds in such a way as to preserve intact the old oak. You can't grow such a tree in one year," said he, cautiously, and immediately changed the conversation. "Well, how do matters go with you?"

"Not very brilliantly; five per cent!"

"Yes, but you don't reckon your own time and labor. Now, I will tell you about myself. Up to the time when I began to take care of my own estate, and while I was still in the service, I used to receive three thousand a year. Now I work harder than when I was in the service, and I also get about five per cent, and am lucky if I get that. And all my time and trouble are thrown in."

"But why do you do so if the results are so unprofitable?"

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[1] *Dvorianstvo,* noblesse.

"Yes, why do I? What shall I say? Habit, and because I know it has got to be done. I will tell you something besides," continued the proprietor, leaning his elbow on the window-seat and falling into a tone of monologue, "my son has no taste for farming.[1] He is evidently going to be a scholar. So there'll be no one to carry it on after me. And yet one goes ahead. Here I've just planted a garden."

"Yes, yes," said Levin. "You are quite right. I always am conscious that there's no real economy in my farming, but still I go on with it..... But one feels that one owes a certain duty to the land."

"Now I will tell you another thing," continued the proprietor. "A neighbor, a merchant, came to see me. We went over the farm, and then the garden. 'Well, Stepan Vasilyevitch, your place is in order,' said he, 'but your garden has too much shade.' But he found it in order, mind you. 'My advice would be, cut down those lindens. Just for the bark. Here are a thousand lindens. Each one will make two excellent basts, and basts sell well. If I were you, I should cut some of that linden trash down and sell it.'"

"Yes, and with the money he would buy cattle, or perhaps a bit of ground cheap, and he would lease it to the peasants," said Levin, with a smile, for evidently he had more than once come in contact with similar cases. "And so he makes a fortune. But you and I thank God if we keep our land, and are able to leave it to our children."

"You are married, I have heard?"

"Yes," replied Levin, with proud satisfaction. "It is wonderful! We live without making any profit, obliged, like ancient vestals, to watch some holy fire."

The old gentleman smiled under his white mustache.

"Some people, like our friend Sviazhsky and Count Vronsky, pretend to make something by agriculture; but so far they have only succeeded in eating into their capital."

"Why should n't we imitate the merchants, and cut down the trees in our parks and make money?" asked Levin, reverting to the idea which had struck him.

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[1] *Khozyaïstvo.*

"Just this! because we guard the sacred fire, as you say. Besides, that is not the business of the nobles. And our work as nobles does not lie here, at these elections, but at home, each in his own place. It is a caste instinct that tells us what is necessary or not necessary. The muzhiks have theirs; a good muzhik will persist in hiring as much land as he can. No matter how bad it is, he will work it just the same, — even without profit."

"We are all alike," said Levin. "I am very glad to have met you!" he added, seeing Sviazhsky approaching.

"Here we have met for the first time since we were together at your house," said the proprietor to Sviazhsky. "Yes, and we have been having a talk."

"And doubtless have been slandering the new order of things?" said Sviazhsky, smiling.

"Something of the sort."

"One must free one's mind."

CHAPTER XXX

Sviazhsky took Levin's arm, and together they approached their friends.

It was now impossible to avoid Vronsky. He was standing with Stepan Arkadyevitch and Sergyeï Ivanovitch, and was looking straight at Levin as he came along.

"I am delighted!" said he, offering his hand to Levin. "I think we met at the Princess Shcherbatsky's."

"Yes, I remember our meeting perfectly," answered Levin, growing purple; and he immediately turned away and entered into conversation with his brother.

Vronsky, smiling slightly, began conversing with Sviazhsky, apparently having no desire to continue his talk with Levin. But Levin, while he was speaking with his brother, kept looking at Vronsky, trying to think of something that he might say to him so as to atone for his rudeness.

"On whom does the business depend now?" he asked, turning to Sviazhsky and Vronsky.

"On Snetkof. He must either decline or consent," replied Sviazhsky.

"What will he do, consent or not?"

"That is where the trouble lies — neither one thing nor the other," said Vronsky.

"But who will be nominated if he declines?" asked Levin, looking at Vronsky.

"Any one may," answered Sviazhsky.

"You, perhaps," suggested Levin.

"Certainly not," replied Sviazhsky, scowling, and directing an agitated look at the sarcastic gentleman who was standing near Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch.

"Who then? Nevyedovsky?" continued Levin, feeling that he was treading on dangerous ground.

But this was still worse; Nevyedovsky and Sviazhsky were two of the candidates.

"Not I in any case," replied the sarcastic gentleman.

It was Nevyedovsky himself. Sviazhsky introduced him to Levin.

"This takes hold of you, does n't it?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, winking at Vronsky. "It 's just like a race. One might put up stakes."

"Yes, indeed it takes hold," said Vronsky. "And having once begun with it, one must carry it through. It 's a battle," said he, contracting his brows and compressing his powerful jaws.

"What a worker Sviazhsky is! He sees everything so clearly and plans in advance!"

"Oh, yes," said Vronsky, heedlessly.

A silence followed, during which Vronsky, since it was necessary to look at something, looked at Levin, at his legs, at his uniform, and then at his face; and noticing his downcast expression said, for the sake of saying something: —

"How is it that you who live in the country are not a justice of the peace? Your uniform is not that of a justice, I see."

"Because I think that justices of the peace are an absurd institution," answered Levin, gloomily, but all the time hoping for an opportunity to atone for his former rudeness.

"I do not think so; on the contrary ...." said Vronsky, surprised.

"It is all child's play," interrupted Levin; "justices of the peace are unnecessary for us. In eight years I never have had any business with one. And the one case I had was decided exactly contrary to the evidence. There 's a justice of the peace forty versts from me. I had a small matter amounting to two rubles; I had to send for a lawyer, and that cost fifteen ...."

And Levin went on to tell how a muzhik had stolen some flour from a miller, and when the miller charged him with it, the muzhik made a calumnious complaint.

All this was not to the point, and awkwardly put, and Levin himself, while speaking, felt it.

"Oh, this is such an *original!*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his oily smile. "Come on; it seems they are balloting." ....

And they separated.

"I don't understand," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, who had noticed his brother's awkward sally, "I don't understand how it is possible to be so absolutely devoid of political tact. It is just what we Russians lack. The government marshal is our opponent, and you are *ami cochon*, you are on intimate terms with him. But why on earth make an enemy of Count Vronsky? .... not that I make a friend of him, for I have just refused his invitation to dinner; but he is ours. Then you asked Nevyedovsky if he was going to be a candidate. It is n't the right way to act."

"Oh! I don't understand anything about it; it all seems to me unimportant," said Levin, gloomily.

"You say that it is unimportant; but when you mix up in it, you spoil it."

Levin was silent, and they entered the large hall.

The old marshal had decided to be a candidate, although he felt that there was something up, some trick in preparation; and though he knew that not all the districts had nominated him, still he decided to stand.

Silence reigned in the hall; the secretary in a loud voice explained that votes would now be cast for Mikhaïl Stepanovitch Snetkof, captain of the guard,[1] as government marshal.

The district marshals went from their desks to the government table with plates in which were the ballots, and the election began. "Deposit it at the right," whispered Stepan Arkadyevitch to Levin, as he and his brother approached the table behind the district marshal. But Levin now forgot the count which they had explained to him, and was afraid that Stepan Arkadyevitch had made a mistake in saying "At the right." Now Snetkof was the opposition candidate. Going up to the box, Levin held the ballot in his right hand, but thinking that he was wrong, he transferred the ballot to his left hand just in front of the box itself, and consequently deposited it in the wrong place. The tally-keeper who stood by the box, knowing by the mere motion of the elbow how each one voted, involuntarily frowned. There was no reason for him to practise his cleverness.

Deep silence reigned and the click of the ballots was heard. Then a single voice was heard announcing the affirmative and negative votes.

The marshal was chosen by a decided majority. A great tumult arose, and all rushed toward the door. Snetkof came in, and the nobles surrounded him, offering him their congratulations.

"Well! is it over?" asked Levin of Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"On the contrary, it is just begun," replied Sviazhsky, taking the words out of his brother's mouth, and smiling. "The opposition candidate may have more votes."

Levin had forgotten all about this, and only now realized that this was only finessing. But it was a bore to him to recall what the plan had been. He felt a sort of humiliation, and a desire to escape from the throng. As no one paid any heed to him, and he thought he was of no use to any one, he slipped out into the smaller hall, where, as before, he found consolation in watching the servants. The old servant asked him if he would have something to eat, and Levin consented. After he had eaten a cutlet with beans, and had talked with the servants about their former masters, Levin, not caring to go back to the crowd which was so unpleasant to him, walked about the galleries.

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[1] *Rotmistr gvardi.*

The galleries were full of well-dressed ladies, who were leaning over the balustrades endeavoring not to lose a word that was said in the hall below, and around them was standing and sitting a throng of elegantly dressed lawyers, professors of the gymnasia with spectacles on, and officers. Everywhere they were talking about the elections and the proposed change in the marshal, and saying how interesting the voting was. As Levin stood near one group, he heard a lady saying to a lawyer: —

"How glad I am that I heard Koznuishef. It pays to go hungry for it. It was charming. How distinctly I could hear all he said. There is not one who equals him in the court, only Maidel, and even he is not nearly so eloquent."

Finding a comfortable place near the railing, Levin leaned over and tried to look and to listen. All the nobles were sitting behind screens in the parts of the hall devoted to their various districts. In the center of the hall stood a gentleman in uniform, and in a light but clear voice he was saying: —

"You will now cast your votes for Staff-Captain Yevgeni Ivanovitch Apukhtin as candidate for the position of marshal of the nobility of the government."

A deathlike silence ensued, and again a weak, senile voice was heard: —

"He declined."

Again the same thing began, and again, "He declined." So it went on for about an hour.

Levin, leaning on the balustrade, looked and listened. At first he was filled with amazement, and was anxious to know what it all meant; then, becoming persuaded that it was beyond his power to comprehend it, it began to bore him. Then, as he thought of the excitement and the angry passions expressed in all faces, he felt melancholy; he made up his mind to depart, and he started down-stairs. As he was passing through the entry of the gallery, he encountered a sad-looking gymnasium scholar walking back and forth with streaming eyes. On the staircase he met a couple, a lady swiftly hurrying along on her heels, and the gentle colleague of the prokuror.

"I told you not to be late," the prokuror was saying, just as Levin stood to one side to give the lady room to pass. Levin was on the lowest stair, and was just getting the cloak-check out of his waistcoat pocket, when the secretary found him.

"Excuse me, Konstantin Dmitriyevitch, they are baloting."

And the candidate who was now receiving votes was this very Nevyedovsky whose refusal had seemed to him so explicit!

Levin started to go into the hall. The door was locked; the secretary knocked; the door opened, and as he entered he met two very red-faced proprietors.

"I cannot endure it," said one of the red-faced proprietors.

Immediately behind the proprietor appeared the old government marshal. His face was terrible in its expression of fright and weakness.

"I told you not to let any one go out!" he shouted to the guard.

"I let some one in, your excellency."[1]

"O Lord!" and, sighing painfully, the old marshal, slinking along in his white pantaloons, with bowed head, went through the hall to the great table.

The vote was counted, and Nevyedovsky, as had been planned, was government marshal. Many were happy; many were satisfied, gay; many were enthusiastic; many were dissatisfied and unhappy. The old government marshal was in despair, and could not disguise it. When Nevyedovsky went out of the hall, the throng surrounded him and expressed their enthusiasm toward him as they had done toward the governor when he opened the election, and as they had done toward Snetkof when he was elected.

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[1] *Vashe prevoskhodityelstvo.*

CHAPTER XXXI

On this day the newly elected marshal of the government and many of the new party which triumphed with him dined with Vronsky.

The count came to the elections because it was tiresome in the country and it was necessary for him to assert his independence before Anna, and also because he wished to render a service to Sviazhsky in return for similar favors shown him at the zemstvo elections, and last and principally because he intended strictly to fulfil the duties which he imposed upon himself as a noble and a landowner.

But he had never anticipated the intense interest which he would take in the elections or the success with which he would play his part. He was a perfectly "new man" among the nobles, but he was evidently successful, and he was not mistaken in supposing that he already inspired confidence. This sudden influence was due to his wealth and distinction, to the fine house which he occupied in town, — a house which an old friend of his, Shirkof, a financier and the director of a flourishing bank at Kashin, had given up to him, — and partly to an excellent cook whom he brought with him, and to his friendship with the governor, who was his ally and a protecting ally; but above all to his simple and impartial treatment of every one, so that the majority of the nobles quickly changed their minds in regard to the reputation he had acquired of being proud. He himself felt that, with the exception of this silly gentleman who had married Kitty Shcherbatsky, and who *à propos de bottes* had been disposed foolishly to quarrel with him and say all manner of foolish things, everybody whom he met was disposed to side with him. He clearly saw, and others recognized the fact, that he had very largely contributed to Nevyedovsky's success. And now, as he sat at the head of his own table celebrating Nevyedovsky's election, he experienced a pleasant feeling of triumphant pride in his choice. He was so much interested in the election that he determined that, if he should be married at the end of the next three years, he would run as a candidate, just as once when, after having won a prize by means of his jockey, he had decided to run a race himself.

Now he was celebrating the triumph of his jockey. Vronsky sat at the head of the table, but he placed the young governor at his right. Vronsky saw that all looked upon him as the khozyaïn of the government, who had triumphantly opened the elections, who had gained by his speech great consideration and even worship; but for Vronsky he was nothing more than Katka Maslof, — such was his nickname at the Corps of Pages, — who used to be confused in his presence, and whom he tried to put at his ease.

At his left he placed Nevyedovsky, a young man with a sarcastic and impenetrable face. Toward him Vronsky showed respectful consideration.

Sviazhsky accepted his own failure gayly; indeed, as he said, lifting his glass to Nevyedovsky, he could not call it a failure; it would be impossible to find a better representative of the new tendencies which the nobility was to follow. And therefore, as he said, everything that was honorable stood on the side of the success just won, and triumphed with it.

Stepan Arkadyevitch also was gay, because he was having such a good time and because every one else was so happy.

During the admirable dinner they reviewed the various episodes of the elections. Sviazhsky gave a comical travesty of the former marshal's tearful discourse, and, turning to Nevyedovsky, he advised his excellency to choose a more complicated manner of verifying his accounts than by tears. Another noble with a turn for humor related how lackeys in short clothes had been ordered for the former marshal's ball, and how now these lackeys would have to be discharged unless the new marshal of the government should give balls with lackeys in short clothes.

During all the time of the dinner, whenever they addressed Nevyedovsky they called him "your excellency,"[1] and all spoke of him as "our government marshal."[2] This was spoken with the same sort of satisfaction as people feel when they address a newly married woman as madame and add her husband's name.

Nevyedovsky pretended that he was not only indifferent, but even scorned this new title, but it was evident that he was happy and was exercising self-control not to betray his enthusiasm, since to do so would not be becoming to the new liberal environment in which they all found themselves.

After dinner a number of telegrams were sent off to people who were interested in the result of the elections. And Stepan Arkadyevitch, who felt very gay, sent Darya Aleksandrovna a despatch thus worded: —

> Nevyedovsky elected by twenty majority. I am well. Regards to all.

He dictated it aloud, and added, "I want to make them feel happy." But when Darya Aleksandrovna received the despatch, she only sighed for the ruble which it cost, and she knew well that it was sent during a dinner. She knew that Stiva had a weakness at the end of dinners *faire jouer le télégraphe.*

The dinner was excellent, and the wines came from no Russian dealer, but were directly imported from abroad; and everything was noble, simple, and joyous. The guests, twenty in number, were selected by Sviazhsky from among the new liberal workers, and they were united in sentiments, keen-witted, and thoroughly well-bred. They drank many toasts, accompanied by witty speeches, in honor of the new marshal, and of the governor, and of the director of the bank, and of "our beloved host."

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[1] *Vashe prevoskhodityelstvo.*

[2] *Nash gubernsky predvodityel.*

Vronsky was contented. He had never expected to find in the provinces such distinguished society.

Toward the end of dinner the gayety redoubled, and the governor asked Vronsky to attend a concert arranged for the benefit of *our brothers* by his wife, who wanted to make his acquaintance.

"There will be a ball afterward, and you shall see our beauty. In fact, she is remarkable."

"*Not in my line,*" answered Vronsky in English; he liked the phrase, but he smiled and promised to go.

Just before they left the table, and while they were lighting their cigars, Vronsky's valet approached him, bringing a note on a tray.

"From Vozdvizhenskoye, by a special messenger," said the man, with a significant expression.

"It is remarkable how much he looks like the colleague of the prokuror Sventitsky," said one of the guests in French, referring to the valet, while Vronsky, with a frown on his brow, was reading the note.

The note was from Anna, and Vronsky knew, before he read it through, what was in it. He had promised, as the elections were to last five days, to return on Friday; but it was now Saturday, and he knew that the letter would be full of reproaches because he had not fulfilled his promise. The one he had sent off the afternoon before had evidently not been received.

The tenor of the note was what he expected; but its form was a great surprise, and extremely unpleasant to him.

Ani is very sick, and the doctor says it may be pneumonia. I shall go wild, here all alone. The Princess Varvara is only a hindrance instead of a help. I expected you day before yesterday, and now I send a messenger to know where you are and what you are doing. I wanted to come myself, but hesitated, knowing that it would be disagreeable to you. Send some answer, that I may know what to do.

The child was ill, and she had wished to come herself. A sick daughter, and this hostile tone!

Vronsky was impressed by the antithesis between the jolly, careless company, and the moody, exacting love to which he was obliged to return. But he was obliged to go, and he left by the first train that would take him home that night.

CHAPTER XXXII

Before Vronsky's departure for the election, Anna, coming to the conclusion that the scenes which had always taken place every time he left her for a journey might serve to cool his love rather than attach him more firmly to her, resolved to control herself to the best of her ability, so as to endure calmly the separation from him. But the cold, stern look which he had given her when he came to tell her about his journey had wounded her, and he was hardly out of her sight before her resolution was shaken.

In her solitude, as she began to think over his cold look, which seemed to hint at a desire for liberty, she came back, as she always did, to one thing — to the consciousness of her humiliation.

" He has the right to go when and where he pleases. Not only to go, but to abandon me. He has all the rights, and I have none! But as he knows this, he ought not to have done this. And yet what has he done? .... He looked at me with a hard, stern look. Of course, that is vague, intangible. Still, he did not formerly look at me so, and it signifies much," she thought; "that look proves that he is growing cold toward me."

And, although she was persuaded that he had begun to grow cold toward her, still there was nothing she could do, there was no change she could bring about in her relations toward him. Just as before, she could retain his affections only by her love, by her fascination. And, just as before, the only way she could keep herself from thinking what would happen if he should abandon her, she busied herself incessantly all day; at night she took morphine.

To be sure, there was one means left — not to keep him with her — for this she wished nothing else but his love — but to bind him to her, to be in such a relation to him that he would not abandon her. This means was divorce and marriage; and she began to desire it, and resolved that she would agree to it the first time he or Stiva spoke about it again. With such thoughts she spent five days without him, the five days he expected to be away.

Drives and walks, conversations with the Princess Varvara, visits to the hospital, and, above all, reading, the reading of one book after another, occupied her time. But on the sixth day, when the coachman returned without bringing Vronsky, she felt that she no longer had strength enough left to smother the thought about him and what he was doing at Kashin. Just at this very time her little girl was taken ill. Anna attended to her, but it did not divert her mind, the more as the little one was not dangerously ill. Do the best she could, she did not love this child, and she could not pretend to feelings which had no existence.

On the evening of the sixth day, while she was entirely alone, she felt such apprehension about him that she almost made up her mind to start for the city herself, but after a long deliberation, she wrote the prevaricating note and sent it by a special messenger.

When, the next morning, she received his letter, she regretted hers. With horror she anticipated the repetition of that severe look which he would give her on his return — especially when he learned that his daughter had not been dangerously ill. But still she was glad she had written him. Now Anna acknowledged to herself that he might be annoyed by her, that he might miss his liberty, but yet she was glad that he was coming; suppose he was annoyed by her, still he would be there with her so that she should see him, so that she should be aware of his every motion.

She was sitting in the parlor, by the lamp, reading a new book of Taine's, listening to the sound of the wind outside, and watching every moment for the arrival of the carriage. Several times she thought that she heard the rumble of wheels, but she was deceived. At last she distinctly heard not only the wheels, but the coachman's voice, and the carriage rolling under the covered porch.

The Princess Varvara, who was laying out a game of patience, heard it too. Anna's face flushed; she rose, but, instead of going down, as she had twice done already, she stopped. She was suddenly ashamed at her deception, and still more alarmed by the doubt as to how he would receive her. All her irritation had vanished. All she feared was Vronsky's displeasure. She remembered that her daughter for two days now had been perfectly well. She was annoyed that the child should recover just as she sent off the letter.

And then she realized that he was there, himself, with his eyes, his hands. She heard his voice, joy filled her heart, and, forgetting everything, she ran to meet him.

"How is Ani?" he asked anxiously, from the bottom of the stairs, as she ran swiftly down.

He was seated in a chair, and his lackey was pulling off his furred boots.

"All right; much better."

"And you?" he asked, shaking himself.

She seized his two hands, and drew him toward her, looking into his eyes.

"Well, I am very glad," he said, coldly surveying her, her head-dress, her whole toilet, which, as he knew, had been put on expressly for him.

All this pleased him, but how many times had the same thing pleased him! and that stony, severe expression, which Anna so much dreaded, remained on his face.

"Well! I am very glad; and how are you?" he asked, kissing her hand, after he had wiped his damp mustache.

"It is all the same to me," thought Anna, "if only he is here; and when he is here he cannot help loving me; he does not dare not to love me."

The evening passed pleasantly and merrily in the presence of the Princess Varvara, who complained to him that when he was away Anna took morphine.

"What can I do? I cannot sleep, — my thoughts are distracting; when he is here, I never take it, — almost never."

Vronsky told about the elections, and Anna, by her questions, cleverly led him to talk about what especially pleased him, his own success. Then she told him all the interesting things that had happened since he went away, and took care to speak of nothing unpleasant.

But late in the evening, when they were alone, Anna, seeing that she had him at her feet again, wished to efface the unpleasant effect of her letter; she said: —

"Confess that you were displeased to receive my letter, and that you did not believe me."

As soon as she spoke she saw that, though he was affectionately disposed toward her, he did not forgive this.

"Yes," answered he, "your letter was strange. Ani was sick, and yet you yourself wanted to come."

"Both were true."

"Well, I do not doubt it."

"Yes, you do doubt. I see that you are angry."

"Not for one minute; but what vexes me is that you will not admit that there are duties ...."

"What duties? Going to concerts?"

"We won't talk about it."

"Why not talk about it?"

"I only mean that imperious duties may meet us. Now, for instance, I shall have to go to Moscow on business. .... Akh! Anna, why are you so irritable? Don't you know that I cannot live without you?"

"If this is the way," said Anna, changing her tone suddenly, "then you are tired of this kind of life. .... Yes, you come home one day and go away the next ...."

"Anna, this is cruel; I am ready to give up my whole life .... "

But she would not listen to him.

"If you are going to Moscow, I shall go with you; I will not stay here alone..... We must either live together or separate."

"But you know I ask nothing more than to live with you, but for that...."

"The divorce is necessary. I will write him. I see that I cannot continue to live in this way..... But I am going with you to Moscow."

"You really threaten me; but all I ask in the world is not to be separated from you," said Vronsky, smiling.

As the count spoke these affectionate words, the look in his eyes was not only icy, but wrathful, like that of a man persecuted and exasperated.

She saw his look and accurately read its meaning.

"If this is so, then it is misfortune!" said this look. The expression was only momentary, but she never forgot it.

Anna wrote to her husband, begging him to grant the divorce, and toward the end of November, after separating from the Princess Varvara, who had to go to Petersburg, she went to Moscow with Vronsky. Expecting every day to get Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's reply, and immediately afterward to secure the divorce, they set up their establishment as if they were married.

PART SEVENTH

CHAPTER I

THE Levins had been in Moscow for two months, and the time fixed by competent authorities for Kitty's deliverance was already passed.

But she was still waiting, and there was no sign that the time was any nearer than it had been two months before. The doctor and the midwife and Dolly and her mother, and especially Levin, who could not without terror think of the approaching event, now began to feel impatient and anxious. Kitty alone kept perfectly calm and happy. She now clearly recognized in her heart the birth of a new feeling of love for the child which already partly existed for her, and she entertained this feeling with joy. The child was no longer only a part of her; even now it already lived its own independent life at times. This caused her suffering; but at the same time she felt like laughing, with a strange, unknown joy.

All whom she loved were with her, and all were so good to her, took such care of her, and tried so to make everything pleasant for her, that, if she had not known and felt that the end must soon come, this would have been the happiest and best part of her life. Only one thing clouded her perfect happiness, and this was that her husband was different from the Levin she loved or the Levin that lived in the country.

She had loved his calm, gentle, and hospitable ways in the country. In the city he seemed all the time restless and on his guard, as if he feared that some one was going to insult him or her. There in the country he was usefully occupied, and seemed to know that he was in his place. Here in the city he was constantly on the go, as if he were afraid of forgetting something; but he had nothing really to do. And she felt sorry for him.

But she knew that to his friends he was not an object of commiseration; and when in society she looked at him as one studies those who are beloved, endeavoring to look on him as a stranger, and see what effect he produced on others, she saw with anxiety the danger that she herself might become jealous of him for the reason that he was not at all pitiable, but was rather an exceedingly attractive man by reason of his dignified, rather old-fashioned, shy politeness to ladies, his strong physique, and his very expressive face. But she read his inner nature. She saw that he was not himself, otherwise she could not define his actions. But sometimes in her heart she reproached him because he could not adapt himself to city life. Sometimes even she confessed that it was really difficult for him to conduct his life so as to please her.

But, indeed, what could he find to do? He was not fond of cards. He did not go to the clubs. She now knew what it meant to frequent the company of high livers, like Oblonsky..... It meant to drink and to go to places — she could not think without horror of where these men were in the habit of going. Should he go into society? She knew that to enjoy that it would be necessary to find pleasure in the company of young ladies, and she could not desire that. Then, should he sit at home with her, with her mother, and her sister? But however pleasant these conversations might be to her, she knew that they must be wearisome to him. What, then, remained for him to do? Was he to go on with his book? He intended to do this, and began to make researches in the public library; but, as he confessed to Kitty, the more he had nothing to do, the less time he had. Moreover, he complained to her that too much was said about his book, and that therefore his ideas were thrown into confusion and that his interest in his work was flagging.

One result of their life in Moscow was that there were no more quarrels between them, either because city conditions were different, or because both were beginning to be more guarded and prudent; the fact remained that, since they left the country, the scenes of jealousy which they feared might again arise were not repeated.

In these circumstances one very important affair for them both took place: Kitty had a meeting with Vronsky.

Kitty's godmother, the old Princess Marya Borisovna, was always very fond of her, and wanted to see her. Kitty, though owing to her condition she was not going out now, went with her father to see the stately old princess; and there she met Vronsky. At this meeting Kitty could reproach herself only for the fact that for the moment when she first saw the features, once so familiar, she felt her heart beat fast, and her face redden; but her emotion lasted only a few seconds. The old prince hastened to begin an animated conversation with Vronsky; and by the time he had finished Kitty was ready to look at Vronsky, or to talk with him if need be, just as she was talking with the princess, and, what was more, without a smile or an intonation which would have been disagreeable to her husband, whose invisible presence, as it were, she felt near her at the moment.

She exchanged some words with Vronsky, smiled serenely when he jestingly called the assembly at Kashin "our parliament," — she had to smile so as to show that she understood the jest. Then she addressed herself to the old princess, and did not turn her head until Vronsky rose to take leave. Then she looked at him, but evidently it was only because it is impolite not to look at a man when he bows.

She was grateful to her father because he said nothing about this meeting with Vronsky; but Kitty understood from his especial tenderness after their visit, during their usual walk, that he was satisfied with her. She felt satisfied with herself. She had never anticipated that she should have the strength of mind to remember all the details of her former feelings toward Vronsky, and yet to seem and to feel perfectly indifferent and calm in his presence.

Levin turned far more crimson than she did, when she told him about her meeting with Vronsky at the house of the Princess Marya Borisovna. It was very hard for her to tell him about it, and still harder to go on relating the details of the meeting, for the reason that he did not ask her a question, but only gazed at her and frowned.

"It was such a pity that you were n't there," she said to her husband, — "not in the room, for before you I should not have been so self-possessed. I 'm blushing now ever and ever so much more than I did then," said she, blushing till the tears came, — "but if you could have looked through the keyhole."

Her sincere eyes told Levin that she was satisfied with her behavior, and, though she blushed, he immediately became calm; he asked her some questions, just as she wished him to do. When he had heard the whole story, even to the detail that she could not help blushing for the first second, and afterward was perfectly at her ease as if she had never met him before, Levin grew extraordinarily gay, and declared that he was very glad of it, and that in future he should not behave so foolishly as he had done at the elections, but that when he met Vronsky again he should be as friendly as possible.

"It is so painful to look on him almost as an enemy, whom it is hard to meet. I am very, very glad."

CHAPTER II

"PLEASE don't forget to call at the Bohls'," said Kitty, as her husband came to her room, about eleven o'clock in the morning, before going out. "I know that you are going to dine at the club, because papa wrote you. But what are you going to do this morning?"

"I 'm only going to Katavasof's."

"Why are you going so early?"

"He promised to introduce me to Metrof. He 's a famous scholar from Petersburg. I want to talk over my book with him."

"Oh, yes; wasn't it his article you were praising? Well, and after that?"

"Possibly to the tribunal, about that affair of my sister's."

"Aren't you going to the concert?" she asked.

"No; why should I go all alone?"

"Do go. They 're going to give those new pieces.... it will interest you. I should certainly go."

"Well, at all events, I shall come home before dinner," said he, looking at his watch.

"Put on your best coat, so as to go to the Countess Bohl's."

"Why, is that really necessary?"

"Akh! certainly. The count himself came here. Now, what does it cost you? You go, you sit down, you talk five minutes about the weather, then you get up and go."

"Well, you don't realize that I am so out of practice, that I feel abashed. How absurd it is for a strange man to come to a house, to sit down, to stay a little while without any business, to find himself in the way, feel awkward, and then go."

Kitty laughed.

"Yes; but didn't you use to make calls before you were married?"

"Yes, but I was always bashful," said he; "and now I am so out of the way of it, that, by Heavens,[1] I would rather not have any dinner for two days than make this call. I am so bashful. It seems to me as if they must take offense, and say, 'Why do you come without business?'"

"No, they don't take offense. I will answer that for you," said Kitty, looking brightly into his face. She took his hand. "Now, prashchaï! — please go!"

He kissed his wife's hand, and was about to go, when she stopped him.

"Kostia, do you know I have only fifty rubles left?"

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[1] *Yeï Bogu.*

"Well, I will go and get some from the bank. How much do you want?" said he, with his well-known expression of vexation.

"No, wait!" She detained him by the arm. "Let us talk about this a moment; this troubles me. I try not to buy anything unnecessary; still, the money runs away. We must retrench somehow or other."

"Not at all," said Levin, with a little cough, and looking askance upon her.

She knew this cough. It was a sign of strong vexation, not with her, but with himself. He was actually discontented, not because much money was spent, but because he was reminded of what he wanted to forget.

"I have ordered Sokolof to sell the corn, and to get the rent of the mill in advance. We shall have money enough."

"No; but I fear that, as a general thing.... "

"Not at all, not at all," he repeated. "Well, good-by, darling."[1]

"Sometimes I wish I had n't listened to mamma. How happy we were in the country! I tire you all, waiting for me; and the money we spend.... "

"Not at all, not at all! Not one single time since we were married till now have I thought that things would have been better than they are."

"Truly?" said she, looking into his face.

He said that, thinking only to comfort her. But when he saw her gentle, honest eyes turned to him with an inquiring look, he repeated what he had said with his whole heart; and he remembered what was coming to them so soon.

"How do you feel this morning? Do you think it will be soon?" he asked, taking both her hands in his.

"I sometimes think that I don't think and don't know anything."

"And don't you feel afraid?"

She smiled disdainfully: —

"Not the least bit. No, nothing will happen to-day; don't worry."

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[1] *Nu prashchaï, dushenka;* literally, Now, farewell, adieu, little soul.

"If that is so, then I am going to Katavasof's."

"I am going with papa to take a little walk on the boulevard. We are going to see Dolly. I shall expect you back before dinner. Oh, there! Do you know, Dolly's position is getting to be entirely unendurable? She is in debt on every side, and has n't any money at all. We talked about it yesterday with mamma and Arseny," — this was her sister Natali Lvova's husband, — "and they decided that you should scold Stiva. It is truly unendurable. It is impossible for papa to speak about it; but if you and he...."

"Well, what can we do?" asked Levin.

"You had better go to Arseny's, and talk with him; he will tell you what we decided about it."

"All right! I will follow Arseny's advice. Then, I will go directly to his house. By the way, if he is at the concert, then I will go with Natali. So good-by."

On the staircase, the old bachelor servant, Kuzma, who acted in the city as steward, stopped his master.

"Krasavtchika[1] has just been shod, and it lamed her," — this was Levin's left pole-horse, which he had brought from the country; — "what shall I do?" said he.

When Levin established himself in Moscow, he brought his horses from the country. He wished to set up as good a stable as possible, but not to have it cost too much. It seemed to him now that hired horses would have been less expensive; and even as it was, he was often obliged to hire of the izvoshchik.

"Take her to the veterinary; perhaps she is going to have a swimmer."

"Well, how shall you arrange for Katerina Aleksandrovna?" asked Kuzma.

Levin was now no longer troubled as he had been at first, when he first came to Moscow, that for the drive from Vozdvizhenko to Svintsef Vrazhek it was necessary to have a span of heavy horses harnessed into his heavy carriage and drive in it four versts through mealy snow, and keep them waiting four hours there, and have to pay five rubles for it. Now it seemed to him the natural thing to do.

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[1] Little Beauty.

"Get a pair of horses from the izvoshchik, and put them into our carriage."

"I will obey."

And having thus decided simply and quickly, thanks to his training in city ways, a labor which in the country would have cost him much trouble and attention, Levin went out on the porch, and, beckoning to an izvoshchik, took his seat in the cab, and rode off to the Nikitskaya Street.

On the way the question of money did not occupy him, but he thought over how he was about to make the acquaintance of the sociological savant from Petersburg, and what he should say to him in regard to his treatise.

It was only during the first part of his stay in Moscow that Levin, who had been used to the productive ways of the country, was amazed at the strange and unavoidable expenses which met him on every side. But now he was wonted to them. He had somewhat the same experience as he had been told drunken men went through: each successive glass made him more reckless.[1]

When Levin took the first hundred-ruble note for the purchase of liveries for the lackey and Swiss, he could not avoid the consideration that these liveries were wholly useless to any one; and yet they seemed to be unavoidable and indispensable, judging from the amazement of Kitty and her mother, when he made the remark that they might go without them — and he put it to himself that these liveries represented the wages of two laborers for a year, that is to say, about three hundred working days from early in the morning till late at night; so that the first hundred-ruble note corresponded to the first glass.[2]

But the second bill of twenty-eight rubles, expended for the purchase of provisions for a family dinner, cost him less trouble, though he still mentally computed that this money represented nine chetverts, or more than fifty bushels, of oats which these same workmen, at the cost of many groans, had mowed, bound into sheaves, threshed, winnowed, gathered up, and put into bags.

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[1] An untranslatable Russian proverb: *Piervaya riumka — kolom; vtoraya sokolom, a posle tretye — mielkimi ptashetchkami.*

[2] The *kolom*, or stake, of the proverb.

And now the money spent in this way had long ceased to evoke any such considerations, but they flew around him like little birds. He had long ceased to ask himself whether the pleasure purchased by his money was anywhere near commensurate with the labor spent in acquiring it. He also forgot the common principle of economics, that there is a certain price below which it is impossible to sell grain except at a loss. His rye, the price of which he had kept up so long, had to be sold at ten kopeks a bushel cheaper than he had sold it a month earlier. Even the calculation that if he kept on at his present rate of expenditure it would be impossible to get through the year without getting into debt, did not cause him any anxiety.

Only one thing troubled him: the keeping up his bank account, without asking how, so that there might be always enough for the daily needs of the household. And up to the present time he had succeeded in doing this. But now his deposit at the bank had run low, and he did not know exactly how to restore it. And this problem was causing him some anxiety just at the time when Kitty asked him for some more money. But he did not want to bother about that just now. So he drove away, thinking of Katavasof and his approaching acquaintance with Metrof.

CHAPTER III

During his present stay in Moscow Levin had once more come into intimate relationship with his old university friend, Professor Katavasof, whom he had not seen since the time of his marriage. Katavasof was agreeable to him because of the clearness and simplicity of his philosophy. Levin thought that the clearness of his philosophy arose from the poverty of his nature, while Katavasof thought that the incoherence of Levin's ideas arose from a lack of mental discipline. But Katavasof's lucidity was agreeable to Levin, and Levin's fecundity of undisciplined ideas was agreeable to Katavasof, and they both liked to meet and discuss together.

Levin had read several passages from his treatise to Katavasof, who had liked them. The evening before Katavasof, happening to meet Levin at a public lecture, told him that the celebrated scholar, Professor Metrof, whose article had pleased Levin, was in Moscow, and was greatly interested in what he had heard of Levin's work. He was to be at Katavasof's house the next day at eleven o'clock, and would be delighted to make Levin's acquaintance.

"Delighted to see you, batyushka," said Katavasof, receiving Levin in his reception-room. "I heard the bell, and wondered if it could be time..... And now what do you think of the Montenegrins? It looks to me like war."

"What makes you think so?" asked Levin.

Katavasof in a few words told him the latest news, and then, taking him into his library, introduced him to a short, thick-set, and very pleasant-looking man: it was Metrof. The conversation for a short time turned on politics, and on the views held by the high authorities in Petersburg in regard to the recent elections. Metrof, in regard to this, quoted some significant words spoken by the emperor and one of the ministers, which he had heard from a reliable source. Katavasof had heard from an equally reliable source that the emperor had said something quite different. Levin tried to imagine to himself the conditions in which the words in either case might have been said, and the conversation on this theme came to an end.

"Well! here is the gentleman who is writing a book on the natural condition of the laborer in relation to the soil," said Katavasof. "I am not a specialist, but it pleases me as a naturalist that he does not consider the human race outside of zoölogical laws, but recognizes man's dependence on his environment, and seeks to find in this dependence the laws of his development."

"That 's very interesting," said Metrof.

"I began simply to write a book on rural economy,"[1] said Levin, reddening; "but in studying the principal instrument, the laborer, I arrived at a decidedly unexpected conclusion, in spite of myself."

And Levin expatiated on his ideas, trying the ground carefully as he did so, for he knew that Metrof had written an article against the current views on political economy; and how far he could hope for sympathy in his new views, he did not know, and could not tell from the scholar's calm, intellectual face.

"How, in your opinion, does the Russian laborer differ from that of other peoples?" asked Metrof. "Is it from the point of view which you call zoölogical? or from that of the material conditions in which he finds himself?"

This way of putting the question proved to Levin how widely their opinions diverged; nevertheless, he continued to set forth his theory, which was based on the idea that the Russian people could not have the same relation to the soil as the other European nations; and to prove this position, he hastened to add that, in his opinion, the Russian people feels instinctively predestined to populate the immense uncultivated tracts stretching toward the East.

"It is easy to be mistaken about the general destiny of a people, by forming premature conclusions," said Metrof, interrupting Levin; "and the situation of the laborer will always depend on his relation to land and capital."

And, without giving Levin time to reply, he began to explain the peculiarity of his own views. Levin did not understand, because he did not try to understand, in what consisted the peculiarity of his views; he saw that Metrof, like all the rest, notwithstanding his article, in which he refuted the teachings of the economists, looked on the condition of the Russian people from the standpoint of capital, wages, and rent, though he was obliged to confess that for the eastern and by far the greater part of Russia, there was no such thing as rent; that for nine-tenths of Russia's eighty millions, wages consisted in a bare subsistence, and the capital did not yet exist, except as it was represented by the most primitive tools. Although Metrof differed from other political economists, in many ways he regarded the laborer from this point of view, and he had a new theory as to wages, which he demonstrated at length.

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[1] *Selskoye khozyaïstvo.*

Levin listened with some disgust, and tried to reply. He wanted to interrupt Metrof, in order to express his own opinions, which he felt deserved to be heard at far greater length. But, finally recognizing that they looked on the subject from such a radically opposite standpoint that they could never understand each other, he no longer tried to refute him, he let Metrof talk, and only listened. Though he was not at all interested in what he said, nevertheless he experienced a certain pleasure in listening to him. He was flattered that such a learned man would condescend to give him the benefit of his thoughts, sometimes by a hint pointing to a complete phase of the subject, and showing him so much deference as to one thoroughly versed in the subject. He ascribed this to his own merits; he did not know that Metrof, having talked this over with all his own intimates on this subject, was glad to have a new auditor; and, moreover, that he liked to talk with any one on the subjects that occupied him, so as to elucidate certain points for his own benefit.

"We shall be late," remarked Katavasof, consulting his watch as soon as Metrof had concluded his argument. "Yes! there is a special session to-day of the 'Society of Friends'[1] in honor of the semi-centennial of Svintitch," he added, in reply to Levin's question. "We meet at the house of Piotr Ivanuitch; I promised to speak on his work in zoölogy. Come with us; it will be interesting."

"Yes, it is high time," said Metrof. "Come with us, and then afterward, if you like, come home with me. I should greatly like to hear your work."

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[1] *Obshchestvo Liubitelye.*

"It is only a sketch, not worth much; but I should like to go with you to the session."

"What is that, batyushka? Have you heard? He gave a special opinion," said Katavasof, who was putting on his dress-coat in the next room.

And the talk turned on the university question.

The university question was a very important topic this winter in Moscow. Three old professors in the council would not accept the opinion of the younger ones; the younger ones expressed a special opinion. This opinion, according to some, was dreadful, according to others was the simplest and most righteous of opinions, and the professors were divided into two parties.

The one to which Katavasof belonged saw in the opposition dastardly violation of faith, and deception; the other side charged their opponents with childishness and lack of confidence in the authorities.

Levin, although he was not connected with the university, had heard and talked much during his stay in Moscow regarding this affair, and had his own opinion regarding it. So he took part in the conversation, which was continued even after they had got out into the street, and until they had all three reached the buildings of the old university.

The session had already begun. Six men were sitting around a table covered with a cloth; and one of them, nearly doubled up over a manuscript, was reading something. Katavasof and Metrof took their places at the table. Levin sat down in an unoccupied chair near a student, and asked him in a low voice what they were reading. The student, looking angrily at Levin, replied: —

"The biography."

Levin did not care much for the savant's biography, still he could not help listening, and he learned various interesting particulars of the life of the celebrated man.

When the reader came to an end, the chairman congratulated him, and then read some verses which had been sent to him in honor of the occasion by the poet Mient, of whose work he spoke eulogistically. Then Katavasof read in his loud, harsh voice a sketch of the work of Svintitch. When Katavasof had finished, Levin looked at his watch and found that it was already two o'clock; he realized that he should lose the concert if he should read his treatise to Metrof, and, moreover, he no longer cared to do it.

During the reading of the papers he had come to a conclusion regarding the conversation he had just had. It was clear to his own mind that, though Metrof's ideas very likely had some value, yet his own ideas also had value, and that ideas could be made clear and profitable only when every person should work separately in his chosen path, but that the communication of these ideas was perfectly profitless.

And, having decided to decline Metrof's invitation, Levin at the end of the session went up to him. Metrof introduced Levin to the chairman, with whom he was talking about the political news. Thereupon Metrof told the chairman what he had already told Levin, and Levin made the same remarks as he had made that morning, but for the sake of variety he also told his new theory which had just come into his mind. After this the conversation again turned on the university question. As Levin had already heard as much as he cared to about this, he made haste to tell Metrof that he regretted that he could not accept his invitation, bade him good-by, and hastened to Lvof's.

CHAPTER IV

Lvof, who had married Natalie, Kitty's sister, had spent his life in the European capitals, where he had not only received his education, but had also pursued his diplomatic career.

The year before he had resigned his diplomatic appointment, not because it was distasteful to him, — for he never found anything distasteful to him, — and had accepted a position in the department of the palace in Moscow, so that he might be able to give a better education to his two sons.

In spite of very different opinions and habits, and the fact that Lvof was considerably older than Levin, they had seen much of each other this autumn, and had become great friends.

Levin found his brother-in-law at home, and went in without ceremony.

Lvof, in a house-coat with a belt, and in chamois-skin slippers, was sitting in an arm-chair, and with blue glasses was reading a book which rested on a stand, while he held a half-burned cigar in his shapely hand. His handsome, delicate, and still youthful face, to which his shining, silvery hair gave an expression of aristocratic dignity, lighted up with a smile as he saw Levin.

"Good! I was just going to send to find out about you all. How is Kitty?" said he; and, rising, he pushed forward a rocking-chair. "Sit down here: you'll find this better. Have you read the last circular in the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg?* I find it excellent," said he, with a slight French accent.

Levin informed him of what he had heard as to the reports in circulation at Petersburg; and, after having spoken of politics, he told about his acquaintance with Metrof and the session at the university. This greatly interested Lvof.

"There! I envy you your intimacy in that learned society," said he, and he went on speaking, not in Russian, but in French, which was far more familiar to him. "True, I could not meet them very well. My public duties, and my occupation with the children, would prevent it; and then, I do not feel ashamed to say that my own education is too faulty."

"I can't think that," said Levin, with a smile, and, as always, touched by his modest opinion of himself, expressed not for the sake of bringing out a flattering contradiction, but genuine and honest.

"Oh, dear! I now feel how little I know. Now that I am educating my sons, I am obliged to refresh my memory. I learn my lessons over again. Just as in your estate, you have to have workmen and overseers, so here it needs some one to watch the teachers. But see what I am reading," — and he pointed to the grammar of Buslayef lying on the stand, — "Misha has to learn it, and it is so hard. .... Now explain this to me."

Levin wanted to explain to him that it was impossible to understand it, that it simply had to be learned. But Lvof did not agree with him.

"Yes, now you are making fun of it."

"On the contrary, you can't imagine how much I learn, when I look at you, about the way to teach children."

"Well! You could not learn much from me."

"I only know that I never saw children so well brought up as yours, and I should not want better children than yours."

Lvof evidently wanted to restrain himself so as not to betray his satisfaction, but his face lighted up with a smile.

"Only let them be better than I. That is all that I want. But you don't know the bother," he began, "with lads who, like mine, have been allowed to run wild abroad."

"You are regulating all that. They are such capable children. The main thing is — their moral training. And this is what I learn in looking at your children."

"You speak of the moral training. You can't imagine how hard it is. Just as soon as you have conquered one crop of weeds, others spring up, and there is always a fight. If you don't have a support in religion, — between ourselves, — no father on earth, relying on his own strength and without this help, could ever succeed in training them."

This conversation, which was extremely interesting to Levin, was interrupted by the pretty Natalie Aleksandrovna, dressed for going out.

"I did n't know you were here," said she to Levin, evidently not regretting, but even rejoicing, that she had interrupted his conversation, which was too long for her pleasure. "Well! and how is Kitty? I am going to dine with you to-day. See here, Arseny," she said, turning to her husband, "you take the carriage." ....

And between husband and wife began a discussion of the question how they should spend the day. As the husband had to attend to his official business, and the wife was going to the concert and to a public session of the Committee of the Southeast, it was needful to discuss and think it all over. Levin, as a member of the family, was obliged to take part in these plans. It was decided that he should go with Natalie to the concert and to the public meeting, and then send the carriage to the office for Arseny, who would come and take her to Kitty's, or if he was not yet ready Levin would serve as her escort.

"This man is spoiling me," said Lvof to his wife; "he assures me that our children are lovely, when I know that they are full of faults."

"Arseny goes to extremes. I always say so," said his wife. "If you expect perfection, you will never be satisfied. And papa is right in saying that when we were children they went to one extreme: they kept us on the *entresol*, while the parents lived in the *bel-étage;* but now, on the contrary, the parents live in the lumber-room, and the children in the *bel-étage.* The parents are now of no account; everything must be for the children."

"Supposing this is more agreeable?" suggested Lvof, with his winning smile, as he offered her his arm. "Any one not knowing you would think that you were not a mother, but a step-mother."

"No, it is not good to go to extremes in anything," said Natalie, gently, laying his paper-cutter in its proper place on the table.

"Ah, here they are! Come in, ye perfect children," said Lvof to the handsome lads, who came in, and, after bowing to Levin, went to their father, evidently wishing to ask some favor of him.

Levin wanted to speak with them, and to hear what they said to their father, but Natalie was talking with him; and just then Lvof's colleague, Makhotin, in his court-uniform, came into the room, and began a lively conversation about Herzegovina, the Princess Korzinsky, and the premature death of Madame Apraksin.

Levin forgot all about Kitty's message. He remembered it just as they reached the vestibule.

"Oh! Kitty commissioned me to speak with you about Oblonsky," said he, as Lvof went with them to the head of the staircase.

"Yes, yes! *maman* wants us, *les beaux-frères*, to attack him," said Lvof, turning red. "But how can I?"

"Then I'll undertake it," said the smiling Madame Lvof, who, wrapped in her white dogskin rotonda, was waiting till they should finish talking.

CHAPTER V

Two very interesting pieces were to be given at the matinée. One was a fantasia or symphonic poem called "The King Lear of the Steppes," the other was a quartette dedicated to the memory of Bach. Both pieces were new and of the new school, and Levin desired to form his own opinion in regard to them. So, after he had conducted his sister-in-law to her place, he took his stand near a column, and determined to listen as attentively and conscientiously as possible. He tried not to allow his attention to be distracted and his impressions spoiled by letting his eyes follow the white-cravatted kapellmeister's waving arms, which are always so disturbing to the musical attention, or by looking at the ladies in their hats, who for concerts take especial pains to tie ribbons round their ears, or at all those faces either occupied with nothing, or occupied with the most heterogeneous interests, music being the last. He tried to avoid meeting the connoisseurs and the chatterers, but he stood alone by himself, looking down and listening.

But the more he listened to the "King Lear" fantasia, the more he felt the impossibility of forming a clear and exact idea of it. The musical thought, at the moment of its development, was constantly interrupted by the introduction of new themes, or vanished, leaving only the impression of a complicated and laborious attempt at instrumentation. But these same new themes, beautiful as some of them were, gave an unpleasant impression, because they were not expected or prepared for. Gayety and sadness and despair and tenderness and triumph followed one another like the incoherent thoughts of a madman, to be themselves followed by others as wild.

During the whole performance, Levin experienced a feeling analogous to what a deaf man might have in looking at dancers. He was in a state of utter dubiety when the piece came to an end, and he felt a great weariness from the strain of intellectual intensity which was never rewarded.

On all sides were heard loud applause and clapping of hands. All got up and moved about, talking. Wishing to get some light on his doubts by the impressions of others, Levin began to walk about, seeking for the connoisseurs, and he was glad when at last he saw one of the best-known musical critics talking with his friend Pestsof.

"It's wonderful," said Pestsof, in his deep bass. "How are you, Konstantin Dmitritch? The passage that is the richest in color, the most statuesque, so to speak, is that where Cordelia appears, where woman, *das ewig Weibliche*, comes into conflict with fate. Don't you think so?"

"Why Cordelia?" asked Levin, with hesitation, for he had wholly forgotten that the symphonic poem had anything to do with King Lear.

"Cordelia appears here," said Pestsof, tapping with his finger on the satin program which he held in his hand. Then only did Levin notice the title of the symphonic poem, and he made haste to read the text of Shakespeare, translated into Russian and printed on the back of the program. "You can't follow it without that," said Pestsof, addressing Levin, now that his friend, the critic, had gone, and there was nothing more to talk with him about.

Levin and Pestsof spent the intermission in discussing the merits and defects of the Wagnerian tendencies in music. Levin maintained that the mistake of Wagner and all his followers consisted in transferring music to the domain of an alien art, that poetry made the mistake when it tried to depict the features of the human face, which it was the province of painting to do, and as a concrete example of this kind of a mistake he adduced the sculptor who should try to express in marble the shades of poetic imagery rising round the figure of the poet on the pedestal.

"These shades are so far from being shades in the case of the sculptor, that they even rest on the steps," said Levin. This phrase pleased him, but he had a lurking suspicion that he had once used this same phrase before, and to Pestsof himself, and he felt confused.

Pestsof argued that art is one, and that it can reach its loftiest manifestations only by combining all its forms.

Levin could not listen to the second number on the program. Pestsof, who was standing near him, kept talking to him most of the time, criticizing it for its excessive, mawkish, affected simplicity, and comparing it to the simplicity of the Pre-Raphaelites in painting.

On his way out, he met various acquaintances, with whom he exchanged remarks on politics, music, and other topics; among others he saw Count Bohl, and the call which he should have made on him came to mind.

"Well, go quickly," said Natalie, to whom he confided this. "Perhaps the countess is not receiving. If so, you will come and join me at the meeting. You will have plenty of time."

CHAPTER VI

"PERHAPS they are not receiving?" asked Levin, as he entered the vestibule of Count Bohl's house.

"Oh, yes! permit me!" answered the Swiss, resolutely taking the visitor's shuba.

"What a nuisance!" thought Levin, drawing off one of his gloves with a sigh, and turning his hat in his hands. "Now, why did I come? Now, what am I going to say to them?"

Passing through the first drawing-room, he met the Countess Bohl at the door, who, with a perplexed and severe face, was giving orders to a servant. When she saw Levin, she smiled, and invited him to walk into a small parlor, where voices were heard. In this room were sitting her two daughters and a Muscovite colonel whom Levin knew. Levin joined them, passed the usual compliments, and sat down near a divan, holding his hat on his knee.

"How is your wife? Have you been to the concert? We were not able to go. Mamma had to attend the requiem," said one of the young ladies.

"Yes, I heard about it — what a sudden death!" — said Levin.

The countess came in, sat down on the divan, and asked also about his wife and the concert.

Levin replied, and asked some questions about the sudden death of Madame Apraksin.

"But then, she was always in delicate health."

"Were you at the opera yesterday?"

"Yes, I was."

"Lucca was very good."

"Yes, very good," he said; and he began, seeing that it was entirely immaterial to him what they thought about him, to repeat what he had heard a hundred times about the singer's extraordinary talent. The Countess Bohl pretended that she was listening. Then, when he had said all he had to say, and relapsed into silence, the colonel, who had hitherto held his peace, began also to speak. The colonel also talked about the opera and about an illumination. Then, saying something about a supposititious *folle journée* at Turin, the colonel, laughing, got up, and took his departure. Levin also got up, but a look of surprise on the countess's face told him that it was not yet time for him to go. Two minutes more at least were necessary. He sat down.

But, as he thought what a foolish figure he was cutting, he was more and more incapable of finding a subject of conversation.

"Are you going to the public meeting?" asked the countess. "They say it will be very interesting."

"No, but I promised my *belle-sœur* that I would call for her there," replied Levin.

Silence again ensued; the mother exchanged a look with her daughter.

"Now it must be time to go," thought Levin; and he rose. The ladies shook hands with him, and charged him with *mille choses* for his wife.

The Swiss, as he put on his shuba for him, asked his address, and wrote it gravely in a large, handsomely bound book.

"Of course, it's all the same to me; but how useless and ridiculous it all is!" thought Levin, comforting himself with the thought that every one did the same thing, and he went to the public meeting of the committee, where he was to find his sister-in-law to bring her home with him.

At the public meeting of the committee there was a great throng of people, and society was well represented. Levin reached the place just in time to hear a sketch which all said was very interesting. When the reading of the sketch was finished, society came together, and Levin met Sviazhsky, who invited him to come that very evening to a meeting of the Society of Rural Economy,[1] at which a very important report was to be read. He also met Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had just returned from the races, and many other acquaintances, and Levin talked much and heard many opinions relating to the meeting and the new piece and the lawsuit. But apparently in consequence of his weariness and the strain which he began to feel, he made a blunder in speaking of a certain lawsuit, and this blunder he afterward remembered with annoyance. Speaking of the recent punishment of a foreigner who had been tried in Russia, and that it would have been irregular to punish him by exile, Levin repeated what he had heard the evening before in a conversation with a friend of his.

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[1] *Obshchestvo sielskava khozyaïstva.*

"I think that to send him abroad is just the same as to punish a fish by throwing it into the water," said Levin.

Too late he remembered that this comparison which he put forth to express his thought, though he had heard his friend use it, was really taken from a fable by Kruilof, and that his friend had taken it from the *feuilleton* of a newspaper.

Returning home with his sister-in-law, and finding Kitty well and happy, Levin went to the club.

CHAPTER VII

Levin reached the club very punctually. A number of the guests and members arrived there at the same time as he did. Levin had not been at the club very recently, indeed, not since the time when, having finished his studies at the university, he passed a winter at Moscow, and went into society. He remembered the club in a general sort of way, but had entirely forgotten the impressions which, in former days, it had made upon him. But as soon as he entered the great semicircular *dvor*, or court, sent away his izvoshchik, and mounted the steps and saw the liveried Swiss noiselessly open the door for him, and bow as he ushered him in; as soon as he saw in the cloak-room the galoshes and shubas of the members, who felt that it was less work to take them off down-stairs, and leave them with the Swiss, than to wear them up-stairs; as soon as he heard the well-known mysterious sound of the bell, and as soon as he mounted the easy flight of carpeted stairs and saw the statue on the landing, and on the upper floor recognized the third Swiss in his club livery, who, having grown older, displayed neither dilatoriness nor haste in opening the door for him, he once more felt the old-time impression of the club — the atmosphere of comfort, ease, and good-breeding.

"Your hat, if you please," said the Swiss to Levin, who had forgotten the rule of the club to leave hats at the cloak-room.

"It's a long time since you were here," said the Swiss. "The prince wrote to you yesterday. Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch has not come yet."

The Swiss knew not only Levin, but all his connections and family, and took pleasure in reminding him of his relationships.

Passing through the first connecting "hall" and the conversation-room at the right where the fruit-dealer sits, Levin, who walked faster than the old attendant, entered the dining-room, which was filled with a noisy throng. He made his way along by the tables, almost all of which were occupied. As he looked about him on all sides, he saw men of the most heterogeneous types, old and young, most of them acquaintances and many of them friends. It seemed as if all of them had left their cares and worries with their hats in the cloak-room, and had collected together to make the most of the material advantages of life. There were Sviazhsky and Shcherbatsky and Nevyedovsky and the old prince and Vronsky and Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"Ah, why are you late?" said the prince, with a smile, extending his hand to his son-in-law over his shoulder. "How is Kitty?" added he, putting a corner of his napkin into the button-hole of his waistcoat.

"She is well, and is dining with her sisters."

"Ah! the old gossips! Well, there's no room with us. Go to that table there and get a seat as quickly as you can ...." said the prince, taking with care a plate of *ukha*, or soup made of lotes.

"Here, Levin," cried a jovial voice from a table a little farther away.

It was Turovtsuin. He was sitting with a young officer, and near him were two chairs tilted up. Levin, with joy, went to join him. He always liked the good-hearted, prodigal Turovtsuin; his reconciliation with Kitty was connected with him, and now, especially, after all his wearisome intellectual conversations, the sight of his jolly face was delightful.

"These places were for you and Oblonsky. He will be here directly," said Turovtsuin; and then he introduced Levin to the young officer, who held himself very straight and had bright, laughing eyes, — Gagin, from Petersburg.

"Oblonsky is always late."

"Ah! here he is."

"You have only just come, have n't you?" asked Oblonsky of Levin, hurrying up to him. "Your health. Will you take vodka? Come on, then."

Levin got up, and went with him to a large table, on which all kinds of liquors and a most select zakuska were set out. It would seem as if the two dozen different kinds of drinks might have offered a choice, but Stepan Arkadyevitch thought good to ask for a special concoction, which a servant in livery hastened to get for him. They drank it from small glasses, and then returned to their places.

At the very first, even while they were eating their ukha, Gagin had champagne served, and he ordered the four glasses filled. Levin did not refuse the wine when it was offered to him, and he in turn ordered a bottle.

He was hungry, and ate and drank with great satisfaction; and with still greater satisfaction took part in the gay and lively conversation of his neighbors. Gagin, lowering his voice, told a new Petersburg anecdote; and, though it was indecorous and ridiculous, it was so funny that Levin laughed uproariously, till those around him looked at him in surprise.

"That is in the same kind as 'Alas, I cannot endure it,'" quoted Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Do you remember? Akh! it was lovely! Bring us another bottle," said he to the lackey, and he began to tell an anecdote.

"Piotr Ilyitch Vinovsky sends these," interrupted a little old lackey, addressing Stepan Arkadyevitch, and bringing two diminutive glasses of bubbling champagne, and offering them to Oblonsky and Levin. Stepan Arkadyevitch took the glass, and, exchanging glances with a bald, ruddy, mustachioed man, at the other end of the table, nodded to him and smiled.

"Who is that?" asked Levin.

"You met him at my house once, don't you remember? He's a very good fellow."

Levin followed Oblonsky's example, and took his glass. Stepan Arkadyevitch's anecdote was also very diverting. Then Levin had his story to tell, and it likewise raised a laugh. Then the conversation turned on horses, and the races that had taken place that day, and they told how brilliantly Vronsky's trotter, Atlasnui, had won the first prize.

"Ah, here they are!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, toward the end of the dinner, turning round in his chair to extend his hand to Vronsky, who was walking with a tall colonel of the Guards. Vronsky's face was also radiant with the good-natured gayety that reigned in the club. He leaned his elbow on Oblonsky's shoulder, and whispered some words in his ear with an air of good-humor, and extended his hand with a friendly smile to Levin.

"I am very glad to meet you," said he. "I looked for you after the elections, but they told me you had gone."

"Yes! I went away the same day..... We have just been speaking of your trotter. It was a very fast race."

"Yes, it was. Haven't you race-horses, too?"

"I? No. My father had horses, and I know about them."

"Where did you dine?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"At the second table, behind the columns."

"He has been loaded down with congratulations. It's very pretty .... a second imperial prize. I wish I could only have the same luck at play as he does with horses.

Now! how they waste golden time! I am going to the Infernalnaya," said the tall colonel; and he left them.

"That 's Yashvin," said Vronsky to Turovtsuin; and sat down in a vacant place near them. Having drained the glass of champagne which was filled for him, he also ordered a bottle. Either from the effect of the wine which he had drunk, or from the social atmosphere of the club, Levin talked cordially with him about the best breeds of cattle, and was happy to feel no more hatred against his former rival. He even told him, among other things, that he had heard from his wife of the meeting which had taken place at the house of the Princess Marya Borisovna.

"Akh! the Princess Marya Borisovna? She 's a charmer!" exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch; and he told an anecdote of the old lady which made every one laugh. Especially Vronsky laughed so heartily that Levin felt perfectly reconciled to him.

"Well, gentlemen, have we finished?" said Oblonsky, getting up and smiling. "Then let us go."

CHAPTER VIII

On leaving the table Levin, in company with Gagin, walked through the lofty rooms to the billiard-room, and he felt that his walk was singularly straight, and that his hands moved easily. In the large "hall" he met his father-in-law.

"Well! How do you like our Temple of Indolence?" asked the old prince, taking his son-in-law by the arm. "Come, take a turn."

"I should like to look around. It is interesting."

"Yes, to you; but my interest in it is different from yours. When you see old men like that," said he, indicating a member of the club who, with stooping shoulders and falling lip, was slowly shuffling along in soft boots across the hall, "you would think that they were born shliupiks."

"Why do you call them 'little sloops'?"

"Here you are, and don't know what that means! That is our club term. You know how eggs roll. Well, when any one goes with a gait like that, he becomes a shliupik. And so when any one of us goes stumbling through the club, he becomes a shliupik. You laugh, do you? but one has to look out else he finds himself one. Do you know Prince Chechensky?" he asked; and Levin saw by his face that he was going to tell some ridiculous yarn.

"No, I don't know him."

"Well, no matter. Prince Chechensky is famous. Well, that is neither here nor there. He's always playing billiards. Three years ago he wasn't among the shliupiks, but was a great galliard! He himself called other people shliupiks. Only he came one time.... but our Swiss — you know Vasili, our tall one? — he is a great *bonmotist.* Prince Chechensky asks him, 'Well, Vasili, is any one here yet? have any shliupiks come?' And Vasili answers, 'You are the third.' Now, brother! how is that?"

The two men walked on, chatting, and greeting their friends, and passed through all the rooms, — the main room, where men accustomed to one another as partners were playing cards for small stakes; the divan-room, where others were having games of chess, and Sergyeï Ivanovitch was talking with some one; the billiard-room, where, in the bay of the room, around a divan, a gay party, among them Gagin, had gathered and were drinking champagne. They glanced in also at the Infernalnaya, where, at the gambling-table, Yashvin, surrounded by men betting, was already established. With hushed voices, they entered the reading-room, where, under a shaded lamp, a young man with a stern face was turning over the leaves of one journal after another, while near by was a bald-headed general absorbed in reading. They passed quietly into a room which the prince called the Hall of the Wits,[1] and there they found three gentlemen talking politics.

"Prince, we're all ready, if you please," said one of his partners, finding him there. And the prince joined them.

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[1] *Umnaya Komnata*, the intellectual room.

Levin sat down, and listened to the three gentlemen, but, as he recalled all the conversations of the same kind he had heard since morning, he felt excessively bored. He got up, and went off to find Turovtsuin and Oblonsky, who were sure to be gay.

Turovtsuin was with the champagne-drinkers on the high divan in the billiard-room, and Stepan Arkadyevitch and Vronsky were talking in a corner near the door.

"Not that she finds it tedious," Levin heard in passing; "but it 's the uncertainty, the indefiniteness of her position."

He was about to pass on discreetly, but Stepan Arkadyevitch called him.

"Levin," said he; and Levin saw that there were in his eyes, not exactly tears, but moisture, as was always the case, either after he had been drinking, or when he was touched; and just now it was both. "Levin, don't go;" and he took him by the arm, and detained him. "He is my sincere, if not my best, friend," said he, addressing Vronsky. "You, too, are more like a kinsman and a friend to me. I want to bring you together, and see you friends. You ought to be good friends, because you are both good men."

"There 's nothing left for us but to give the kiss of friendship," said Vronsky, gayly, offering his hand to Levin, who pressed it cordially.

"I am very, very glad," said Levin.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne!" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"I am also very glad," said Vronsky.

But, in spite of Oblonsky's desires, and their mutual satisfaction, they had nothing to say, and both knew it.

"Do you know, he does n't know Anna?" remarked Oblonsky; "and I want to introduce him to her. Come on, Levin."

"Is it possible?" said Vronsky. "She will be very much pleased. I should beg you to come at once, but

I am troubled about Yashvin, and I want to stay here till he has finished playing."

"Is he going to lose?"

"All he has. I am the only one who has any influence over him," said Vronsky.

"What do you say, Levin, shall we have a game of pool? First-rate," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Place the pyramid," said he, addressing the marker.

"It is all ready," replied the marker, who had some time before put the balls in the triangular frame, and had placed the red ball in readiness to break the pyramid.

"Well, then, go ahead."

After their game, Vronsky and Levin sat down at Gagin's table, and Levin, at Stepan Arkadyevitch's instance, began to bet on the aces. Vronsky sat down for a time at the same table, where his acquaintances kept coming up and joining him; then, after a time, he went to the Infernalnaya to find out how Yashvin was getting along. Levin felt a pleasant sense of exhilaration after the intellectual weariness of the morning. He was pleased to have his unfriendly feelings toward Vronsky ended, and the impression of restfulness, good-fellowship, and comfort still remained by him.

When the game was ended, Stepan Arkadyevitch took Levin's arm, saying:—

"Well! let us go to see Anna. We need n't wait for Vronsky. What say you? She is at home. I promised her to bring you a long time ago. Where were you going this evening?"

"Nowhere in particular. I only told Sviazhsky I would go to the Society of Rural Economy. But I 'll go with you, if you wish."

"Excellent! let us go, then. See if my carriage has come," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, addressing a lackey.

Levin went to the desk, paid the forty rubles which he had lost at cards, in some mysterious way gave his fee to the old lackey who was standing by the door, and went through the long rooms down to the entrance.

CHAPTER IX

"Oblonsky's carriage!" cried the Swiss, in a portentous voice.

The carriage came up, and the two friends got in. Only as long as the carriage was still in the courtyard did Levin continue to experience the feeling of clubbish comfort, of satisfaction, and of indubitable decorum, which had surrounded him. But as soon as the carriage rolled out on the street, the jolting over the uneven pavement, the cries of an angry izvoshchik whom they met, and the sight of the red sign of a low public house and some shops lighted up, caused this impression to fade away, and he began to think over what follies he had committed, and to ask himself if he were doing right in going to see Anna. What would Kitty say? Stepan Arkadyevitch, as if he had divined what was passing in the mind of his companion, cut short his meditations.

"How glad I am," said he, "that you are going to know her! You know Dolly has been wishing it for a long time. Lvof goes to her house, too. Though she is my sister," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, "I am bold enough to say that she is a remarkable woman. You will see it. Her position is very hard, especially just now."

"Why do you say 'especially now'?"

"We are negotiating with her husband for a divorce, and he is willing; but there are difficulties on account of the son; and this matter, which ought to have been settled long ago, is dragging on now these three months. As soon as the divorce is granted, she will marry Vronsky. — How stupid it is, this old habit of dizziness, 'Isaiah rejoice,' in which no one believes, and which destroys the happiness of people," exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, interrupting what he was saying. Then he went on, "and then her position will become as regular as yours or mine."

"Where does the difficulty lie?"

"Akh! it is a long and tiresome story; everything is so undecided. But this is the point: she has been waiting three months for that divorce here in Moscow, where everybody knows her and him; and she does n't see a single woman but Dolly, because, don't you see, she does n't wish that any one should come to see her from pity. What do you think? That fool of a Princess Varvara left her because she considered it irregular. Any other woman than Anna would not have found resources in herself; but you shall see how she lives, how dignified and calm she is. — To the left, at the corner opposite the church," cried Oblonsky to the coachman, leaning out of the window. "Fu, how hot it is!" he added, throwing open his shuba in spite of twelve degrees of cold.

"Well, she has a daughter, has n't she, to take up her time and attention?"

"You seem to imagine every woman to be only a setting-hen, *une couveuse*," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Why, yes, of course, she gives her time and attention to her daughter; but she does n't make any fuss about it. She is occupied mainly with her writing. I see you smile ironically, but you are wrong. She has written a book for young people. She has n't spoken of it to any one, except to me; and I showed the manuscript to Vorkuyef, the publisher .... you know he is a writer himself, it seems. He is up in such matters, and he says that it is a remarkable thing. Do you think that she sets up for a bluestocking? Not at all. Anna is, above all things, a woman with a heart, as you will see. She has in her house a little English girl and a whole family, and is looking after them."

"What? Some philanthropical scheme?"

"Here you are immediately trying to turn it into something absurd! It is not for philanthropy's sake, but because she loves to do it. They had — that is, Vronsky had — an English trainer, a master in his calling, but a drunkard. He did nothing but drink — *delirium tremens* — and abandoned his family. Anna saw them, helped them, got drawn in more and more, and now has the whole family on her hands. I don't mean merely by giving them money. She herself teaches the boys Russian, so as to fit them for the gymnasium; and she has taken the little girl home with her. Well, you shall see her."

At this moment the carriage entered a courtyard. Stepan Arkadyevitch rang at the door before which they had stopped, and, without inquiring whether the mistress of the house was at home, went into the vestibule. Levin followed him, more and more uneasy as to the propriety of the step he was taking.

He saw, as he looked at himself in the glass, that he was very red in the face; but he knew that he was not tipsy. He went up the carpeted stairs after Oblonsky. On the second floor a servant received them with a bow; and Stepan Arkadyevitch, as if he were a connection, asked him, "Who is with Anna Arkadyevna?" and received the answer: —

"Mr. Vorkuyef."

"Where are they?"

"In the library."

They passed through a small, wainscoted dining-room, and walking along on the thick carpet they came to the library, dimly lighted by a single lamp with a huge shade. A reflector-lamp on the wall threw its rays on a full-length portrait of a woman, which instantly attracted Levin's attention. It was the portrait of Anna, painted by Mikhaïlof in Italy. While Stepan Arkadyevitch went on, and the man's voice, which had been heard, ceased speaking, Levin stood looking at the portrait which shone down from its frame, and he could not tear himself away. He forgot where he was; and, not hearing what was said, he kept his eyes fixed on the wonderful portrait. It was not a painting, but a living, beautiful woman, with her dark, curling hair, bare shoulders and arms, and a pensive half-smile on her lovely lips, and gazing at him triumphantly and yet tenderly from her entrancing eyes. Only because it was not alive did it seem more beautiful than life itself.

"*Ya otchen rada* — I am very glad," said a voice, suddenly, behind him, evidently addressed to him, — the voice of the same woman whom he admired in the picture.

It was Anna, who had been concealed by a lattice-work of climbing plants, and who rose to receive her visitor. And in the dusk of the library Levin recognized the original of the portrait, in a simple dark blue gown, not in the same position, not with the same expression, but with the same lofty beauty which had been represented by the artist in the painting. She was less brilliant in the reality, but the living woman had a new attraction which the portrait lacked.

CHAPTER X

She advanced to meet him, and did not conceal the pleasure which his visit caused her. With the ease and simplicity which Levin recognized as characteristic of a woman of the best society, she extended to him a small, energetic hand, introduced him to Vorkuyef, and called his attention to a light-complexioned and pretty little girl — her pupil, she said — who was seated with her work near the table.

"I am very, very glad," she repeated; and in these simple words, spoken by her, Levin found an extraordinary significance. "I have known you and liked you for ever so long, both because of your friendship with Stiva and because of your wife..... I knew her a very short time, but she gave me the impression of a flower, a lovely flower. And to think! she will soon be a mother!"

She talked freely and without haste, occasionally looking from Levin to her brother, and Levin was conscious that the impression which he produced was excellent, and he immediately felt perfectly at his ease with her and on the simplest and most friendly terms, as if he had known her from childhood.

To Oblonsky, who asked if smoking was allowed, she replied: —

"That is why we have taken refuge in Alekseï's study;"

and, looking at Levin, instead of asking "Do you smoke?" she held over a tortoise-shell cigar-case to him, and took a cigarette herself.

"How are you to-day?" asked her brother.

"Pretty well; a little nervous, as usual."

"Is n't it extraordinarily good?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, noticing Levin's admiration of the portrait.

"I never saw a better portrait."

"An extraordinary likeness, is n't it?" added Vorkuyef.

Levin looked from the portrait to the original. Anna's face lighted up with a peculiar glow as she felt conscious of his eyes resting on her. He blushed, and, to conceal his confusion, was just going to ask her when she had seen Darya Aleksandrovna. But at that instant Anna said: —

"Ivan Petrovitch and I were talking just now of Vashchenkof's pictures. Do you know them?"

"Yes; I have seen them," answered Levin.

"But I beg your pardon .... you were just going to ask me something?"

Levin asked whether she had seen Dolly lately.

"She was here yesterday. She was indignant at what happened to Grisha at the gymnasium. It seems his Latin teacher was unfair to him."

"Yes; I saw the pictures. They pleased me very much," said Levin, returning to the topic which they had begun to talk about.

What Levin now said was entirely free from the technical formality with which he had talked in the morning. Every word of the conversation with her seemed to be significant. And pleasant as it was to talk with her, it was still pleasanter to listen to her. Anna talked not only naturally and intelligently, but, though intelligently, still without pretense, not arrogating any great importance to her own thoughts but attributing great importance to what her friends said.

The conversation turned on the new tendencies of art and on some new illustrations to the Bible which a French artist had recently made.

Vorkuyef severely criticized the realism which the artist carried to brutality; Levin remarked that the French had carried conventionality in art to greater lengths than any other people, and that, therefore, they found especial merit in the reaction toward realism. They discovered poetry in the fact that they no longer lied.

Never had Levin said a clever thing which gave him anything like the pleasure that this did. Anna's face grew suddenly bright, as the full force of his remark dawned on her. She laughed.

"I am delighted," she said; "just as you are when you see a very lifelike portrait. What you just said is characteristic of all French art at the present time — painting and even literature: Zola, Daudet. But possibly this is always the way that men form their conceptions from imaginary, conventional figures, but afterward — all the *combinaisons* made, the imaginary figures weary, and people begin to invent more natural and truthful figures."

"That is perfectly true," said Vorkuyef.

"Have you been to the club?" asked Anna, turning to her brother.

"Yes, yes, here is a genuine woman," said Levin to himself, forgetting himself, and gazing steadily into her handsome, mobile face, which now suddenly changed its expression. Levin did not hear what she was talking about as she bent over toward her brother, but he was struck by the change in her expression. Beautiful as it had been before in repose, it now suddenly assumed a mixed expression of curiosity, wrath, and pride. But this lasted for only one minute. She half closed her eyes, as if she were trying to remember something.

"However, this is interesting to no one," said she, and she addressed the English girl in English. "*Please order the tea in the drawing-room.*"

The girl rose and went out.

"Well, has she passed the examination?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Perfectly. She is a very capable girl, and a lovely character."

"You will end by loving her better than your own daughter."

"That's just like a man. In love, there is no such a thing as more or less. I love my daughter in one way, and this girl in another."

"I tell Anna Arkadyevna," said Vorkuyef, "that if she would spend a hundredth part of the activity she devotes to this little English girl for the benefit of Russian children, what a service her energy would render. She would accomplish prodigies."

"Now there! What you want, I can't do! Count Alekseï Kirillovitch" — she glanced with an air of timid inquiry at Levin as she pronounced this name, and he involuntarily responded by a look which was encouraging, and full of admiration — "used to encourage me, when we were in the country, to visit the schools. I went a few times. They were very pleasant, but I could n't get interested in this occupation. You talk of energy; but the foundation of energy is love, and love does not come at will. So I love this little English girl, but I really don't know why."

She looked at Levin again; and her smile and her look all told him that she spoke only with the aim of gaining his approval, though sure in advance that they understood each other.

"I agree with you thoroughly," cried he. "You can't put your heart into schools and such things, and I think that from the same reason philanthropic institutions generally give such small results."

She was silent a moment, then she smiled. "Yes, yes," she replied, "I never could. *Je n'ai pas le cœur assez large* to love a whole asylum of wretched little girls, *cela ne m'a jamais réussi.* Women only do it to win for themselves *position sociale.* Even now, when I have so much need of occupation," added she with a sad, confiding expression, addressing Levin, though she was speaking to her brother, "even now I cannot." Then, suddenly frowning, — and Levin saw that she frowned because she had begun to speak of herself, — she changed the subject.

"I know about you," said she, smiling at Levin; "you have the reputation of being only an indifferent citizen, but I have always defended you as well as I could."

"How have you defended me?"

"That has depended on the attacks. But suppose we have some tea," said she. She rose and took a morocco-bound book which was lying on the table.

"Give it to me, Anna Arkadyevna," said Vorkuyef, pointing to the book, "it is well worth while."

"No; it 's all so unfinished!"

"I have told him about it," remarked Stepan Arkadyevitch, indicating Levin.

"You were wrong. My writings are like those little baskets and carvings made by prisoners, which Liza Myertsalova used to sell..... She managed the prisons for our society," said she, turning to Levin. "Those unfortunates used to do perfect miracles of patience."

Levin was struck by still a new feature in this remarkable, fascinating woman. Besides wit, grace, beauty, she had sincerity. She did not wish to conceal the thorns of her situation. As she said that she sighed, and her face suddenly assumed a stern expression, as if it were changed to stone. With this expression on her face, she was even more beautiful than before. But that expression was new; it was entirely alien to that which a few moments before had seemed to irradiate happiness, and which the artist had managed to reproduce in the portrait. Levin looked once more at the portrait and at the original of it, while Anna took her brother's arm, and a feeling of tenderness and pity came over him, surprising even himself. She let the two gentlemen pass into the parlor, and remained behind to speak to Stiva.

"What is she talking with him about? — the divorce? Vronsky? what he was doing at the club? about me?" thought Levin; and he was so stirred that he heard nothing that Vorkuyef was saying to him about the merits of the story for children which Anna Arkadyevna had written.

During tea, a pleasant conversation full of ideas was carried on. There seemed to be no lack of subjects at any moment; but it was felt that there was time to say all that any one wanted to say, and each was willing to listen when the other talked. And all that was said, not only by Anna herself, but by Vorkuyef and by Stepan Arkadyevitch, had a special significance, thanks to her interested attention and her pertinent remarks; so at least it seemed to Levin.

All the time they were talking Levin studied her, and admired her beauty and the cultivation of her mind, and not less her perfect simplicity and naturalness. He listened and talked, and all the time thought about her and her inner life, and tried to penetrate her feelings; and he, who had formerly criticized her so severely, now by some strange train of thought justified her and pitied her, and confessed to himself the fear that Vronsky did not wholly understand her.

It was more than eleven o'clock when Stepan Arkadyevitch rose to go. Vorkuyef had already left some time before. Levin rose, too, but with regret. He felt as if he had only just come.

"*Prashchaïte* — farewell," said Anna to him, holding his hand in hers, and looking into his eyes with a fascinating look. "I am glad *que la glace est rompue*."

She let go his hand, and her eyes twinkled.

"Tell your wife that I love her as I have always done; and, if she cannot forgive me my position, tell her how I hope she may never pardon me; for to pardon, it is necessary to understand what I have suffered; and God preserve her from that!"

"Yes! I will surely tell her," answered Levin, and the color came into his face.

CHAPTER XI

"What a wonderful, lovely, and pitiable woman!" thought Levin, as he went out with Stepan Arkadyevitch into the cold night air.

"There! what did I tell you?" demanded Oblonsky, as he saw that Levin was perfectly overcome. "Was n't I right?"

"Yes," answered Levin, thoughtfully, "an extraordinary woman! Not only intellectual, but she has a wonderfully warm heart. What a terrible pity it is about her!"

"Now, thank God, all will soon be arranged, I hope. Well, after this, don't form hasty judgments," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, opening his carriage-door. "*Proshchaï* — farewell; we go different ways."

Levin went home, never ceasing to think about Anna, recalling the smallest incidents of the evening, bringing back all the charm of her face, and understanding her situation better and better, and, at the same time, feeling the deepest commiseration for her.

When he reached his house, Kuzma told Levin that Katerina Aleksandrovna was well, and that her sisters had but just left her. He handed him at the same time two letters. Levin, as he stood in the vestibule, ran through them at once so as not to be distracted afterward. One was from his superintendent, Sokolof. Sokolof wrote that he had not found a purchaser who would give more than five and a half rubles for the wheat, and that he could not raise the money elsewhere. The other letter was from his sister. She reproached him because her affairs were not yet regulated.

"Well, we 'll sell for five rubles and a half if they won't give more," thought he, settling with extraordinary promptness the first question which had been troubling him.

"It is wonderful how the time here is occupied," he said to himself, thinking of the second letter. He felt that he was to blame toward his sister, because he had not yet accomplished what she had asked him to do for her. "To-day I did not get to the court either, but I did not have a moment's time." And, making up his mind that he would surely go the next day, he went to his wife's room. On his way, he cast a quick glance back at his day. There had been nothing except conversations, — conversations in which he had listened, and in which he had taken part. No one of the subjects touched on would have occupied him when in the country, but here they were very interesting. And all the conversations in which he had engaged were good: only in two places they were not absolutely good, — one was his remark about the fish at the club, the other was something intangibly wrong in his feeling of tender pity for Anna.

Levin found his wife sad and absent-minded. The dinner of the three sisters had been merry; but afterward they had waited and waited for him, and the evening had seemed long to them; and now Kitty was alone.

"Well, what have you been doing?" she asked him, looking at him, as she did so, with a suspicious light in her eyes; but she took good care to conceal her intentions, so as not to prevent him from telling her the whole story, and with an encouraging smile she listened as he told her how he had spent the evening.

"Well, I met Vronsky at the club, and I am very glad of it. I felt very much at my ease with him, and enjoyed it. Of course, I shall try to avoid him, but still henceforth I shan't feel that awkwardness in his society." As he said these words, he remembered that in order not to "avoid him," he had immediately gone to Anna's house, and his face grew red. "Here we say the peasantry drink; but I don't know which drink more, the peasantry, or men in society. The peasantry drink on festival days, but...."

Kitty was not interested in the question how much the peasantry drink. She saw her husband's face grow red, and she wanted to know the reason.

"Well, where else did you go?"

"Stiva insisted on my going with him to Anna Arkadyevna's," answered he, blushing more and more, and his doubts as to the propriety of his visit to Anna were decided for him. He now knew that he ought not to have done so.

Kitty's eyes opened wide and flashed lightning at the mention of Anna; but she restrained herself, and, concealing her emotion, she misled him.

She merely said, "Ah!"

"You are not going to be vexed because I went? Stiva begged me to go; and Dolly wanted me to."

"Oh, no!" said she; but in her eyes he saw a look which boded little good.

"She is a very charming woman, who is very much to be pitied, a good woman," continued Levin; and he described the life which Anna led, and gave her message of remembrance to Kitty.

"Yes, of course she is to be pitied," said Kitty, when he had finished. "Whom did you get a letter from?"

He told her, and, misled by her apparent calmness, went to undress.

When he came back, he found Kitty in the same armchair. When he approached, she looked at him, and burst into tears.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he asked, with some annoyance; for he understood the cause of her tears.

"You are in love with that horrid woman. She has bewitched you. I saw it in your eyes. Yes, yes! What will be the end of it? You were at the club; you drank too much; you gambled; and then you went — where! No! this shall not go on. We must leave. I am going home to-morrow!"

It was long before Levin could pacify his wife; and when at last he succeeded, it was only by acknowledging that his feeling of pity for Anna, together with the wine, had clouded his brain, and that he had fallen under her seductive influence, and by promising that he would avoid her. What he acknowledged with more sincerity was the ill effect produced on him by this idle life in Moscow, passed in eating, drinking, and gossiping. They talked till three o'clock in the morning. Only when it was three o'clock were they sufficiently reconciled to go to sleep.

CHAPTER XII

After having said good-by to her visitors, without sitting down Anna began to walk up and down the full length of her apartments.

Of late she had got into the habit of unconsciously doing all she could to attract young men to her; and so this whole evening she had striven to awaken a feeling of love in Levin. But though she knew that she had succeeded in doing this as far as it was possible with a chaste married man, and though he pleased her very much, — and in spite of the sharply defined dissimilarity between Vronsky and Levin, she as a woman was able to detect the subtile likeness between them which had caused Kitty to be in love with them both, — yet as soon as he had left the room she ceased to think about him.

One thought and one only in various guises followed her: —

"Why, since I have so evidently an attraction for others, — for this married man, who is in love with his wife, — why is *he* so cold to me?.... Yet not exactly cold; he loves me, I know; but lately something new has come between us. Why has he spent the whole evening away? He told Stiva that he could not leave Yashvin, but had to watch him while he played. Is Yashvin a baby? It must be true; he never tells lies. But there 's something else back of it. He is glad of the chance to show me that he has other duties. I know this. I don't object to it, but what need has he to assert it so? He wants to show that his love for me must not interfere with his independence! But the proof is not necessary. I must have his love. He ought to understand the wretchedness of the life I lead here in Moscow. Why am I living? I am not living, — only dragging out life, in hope of a turn in affairs, which never, never comes. And Stiva says that he can't go to Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch. And I can't write again. I cannot do anything, I can't begin anything, or make any changes, but only control myself, wait, and invent amusements — this English family, my reading, my writing; but it is all only to deceive myself, like this morphine. He ought to be sorry for me," she said, feeling how the tears of pity at her own lot filled her eyes.

She heard the door-bell Vronsky rang violently; and instantly she wiped away her tears, not only wiped away the tears, but sat down near the lamp with a book, and pretended to be calm. She felt that she must show her dissatisfaction because he had not returned as he had promised, but not to let her grief be seen. She might pity herself, but Vronsky must not be allowed to pity her. She did not want a contest, she blamed him because he wanted to quarrel, but she herself involuntarily took the attitude of an opponent.

"Well! you weren't lonely, were you?" said he, briskly and cheerfully, as he came toward her. "What a terrible passion gambling is."

"No, I was not lonely. I long ago learned not to be lonely. Stiva and Levin have been here to see me."

"Yes, I knew that they intended to come. Well, and how do you like Levin?" he asked, as he sat down near her.

"Very much. They have only just gone. How about Yashvin?"

"He had won seventeen thousand rubles. I got him away, but he escaped from me, and went back again; and now he 's losing."

"But why did you abandon him?" said Anna, suddenly raising her eyes to his. The expression of her face was cold and unpleasant. "You told Stiva that you were going to stay, to bring him away. Now you abandon him!"

"In the first place, I did not send any message to you; in the second place, I never tell lies; and chiefly, I wished to stay and I stayed," he answered angrily. "Anna, why, why do you do so?" added he, after a moment's silence, holding out his hand to her, in the hope that she would place hers in it.

She was glad of this appeal to her love, but some strange spirit of evil prevented her from yielding.

"Of course you stayed because you wanted to; you always do as you please. But why tell me so? What is the good?" answered she, growing more and more heated. "Who denies that you tell the truth? You wish to justify yourself, do so then!"

Vronsky drew back his hand, and his face became more set than before.

"For you this is a matter of obstinacy," she cried, looking at him fixedly, and suddenly finding the term by which to call the expression of his face which exasperated her — "sheer obstinacy. For you the question is to see whether you will win the victory over me. But the question for me...." and again the sense of her pitiable lot came over her, and she almost sobbed. "If you knew what it meant for me when I feel, as I do now, that you hate me,.... yes, hate me! If you knew what it meant for me! If you knew how near I am to horrible misfortune at these moments! how I fear.... how I fear for myself," — and she turned away to hide her sobs.

"But what's all this for?" said Vronsky, alarmed at this despair, and leaning toward Anna to take her hand and kiss it. "Do I seek outside diversion? Don't I avoid the society of women?"

"As if that were all!" said she.

"Well! Tell me what I must do to make you content. I am ready to do anything that you may be happy," said he, moved to see her in such despair. "What would I not do to spare you such grief, Anna!" he said.

"It's nothing, nothing," she replied. "I myself don't know. It's the loneliness: it's my nerves..... There, let's not talk about it any more..... Tell me what happened at the races. Why haven't you told me about it?" she asked, attempting to conceal the pride she felt at her victory, for she knew it rested with her.

Vronsky asked for some supper, and as he was eating described to her the incidents of the races; but from the sound of his voice, and from his glance, that grew colder and colder, she saw that he would not forgive her for the victory, that the sense of obstinacy which she had struggled to overcome was as firm in him as ever. He was colder toward her than before, as if he regretted having yielded to her. And as she remembered the words that won her the victory, especially the words, "How near I am to horrible misfortune, and I fear for myself," she realized that it was a dangerous weapon, and that she must never employ it again. But she felt that along with the love which united them, there stood between them an evil spirit of conflict which she had not the power to drive from his heart, and still less from her own.

CHAPTER XIII

There are no imaginable conditions to which a man cannot accustom himself, especially if he sees that all those who surround him are living in the same way.

Three months before Levin would not have believed that he could have slept tranquilly under the conditions in which he found himself at the present time, — that living an aimless, unprofitable life, spending more than his income, getting tipsy, — for he could not call his experience at the club anything else, — his absurd intimacy with a man with whom his wife had once been in love, and his still more absurd visit to a woman whom it was impossible to regard as respectable, and after the fascination which she had exerted over him and the mortification which he had caused his wife — that under all these conditions he could sleep serenely. But under the influence of his weariness, the long hours without a nap, and the wine which he had drunk, he slept soundly and serenely.

At five o'clock the noise of an opening door wakened him. He sat up and looked around; Kitty was not in bed next him. But behind a screen there was a light moving, and he heard her steps.

"What 's the matter?" he asked, still only half awake. "Kitty, what is it?"

"Nothing," answered she, coming from behind the screen with a candle in her hand, and smiling at him with a peculiarly sweet and significant smile; "I don't feel quite well."

"What! Is this the beginning? Must we send?" exclaimed he in alarm, and he began to dress as quickly as possible.

"No, no," said she, smiling, and holding his hand; "it 's nothing; I did not feel quite well; it 's all right now."

Going back to bed, she put out the light, and lay down again, keeping perfectly still, although her very stillness and the way she, as it were, held her breath, were suspicious, and still more so the expression of peculiar tenderness and alertness with which, as she came out from behind the screen, she said to him, "it 's nothing"; still, he was so overcome by drowsiness that he immediately went to sleep again.

It was only afterward that he realized the calmness of her spirit, and appreciated all that was passing in her dear, gentle heart as she lay thus motionless near him, awaiting the most solemn moment of a woman's life.

About seven o'clock he was awakened by her hand touching his shoulder and her low whisper. She apparently hesitated between the fear of waking him and the wish to speak to him.

"Kostia, don't be afraid, it 's nothing; but I think.... Lizavyeta Petrovna had better be called."

The candle was again lighted. She was sitting on the bed, holding the knitting on which she had been at work during the last few days.

"Please don't be alarmed. I 'm not in the least afraid," said she, seeing her husband's terrified face; and she pressed his hand to her breast, then to her lips.

Levin leaped from his bed, and, unconscious of himself, without taking his eyes off his wife for a moment, hurried on his dressing-gown. It was necessary for him to go, but he could not tear himself away. Dearly as he loved her face, well as he knew her expression, her eyes, yet never before had he seen her look as she did then. How ugly and horrible did he now seem as he saw her now, and remembered the mortification which he had caused her the evening before! Her flushed face, with the clustering soft curls escaping from under her nightcap, was radiant with joy and resolution.

Natural and simple as Kitty's character in general was, Levin was amazed by what unfolded itself before him now, when suddenly all the curtains were withdrawn, and the very essence of her soul shone in her eyes. And in this simplicity and revelation, she, her very self, whom he loved, was more apparent than ever. She looked at him, and smiled. But suddenly her brows contracted, she lifted her head, and, coming to him, took his hand, and clung to him, sighing painfully. She suffered, and yet she seemed to pity him for her sufferings. At first, as he saw this silent suffering, it seemed to him that he was to blame for it. But in her look there was tenderness which told him that she not only did not blame him, but that she loved him all the more for her suffering.

"If not I, who, then, is to blame for this?" he asked himself. She suffered, and she seemed to take pride in her pain, and to rejoice in it. He saw that in her soul some beautiful transformation was taking place; but what? he could not understand. It was above his comprehension.

"I have sent for mamma. Now go quick, and get Lizavyeta Petrovna .... Kostia .... it's nothing .... it is all over."

She went to the other side of the room, and rang the bell.

"There, now, please go. Pasha is coming; I want nothing." And Levin, with astonishment, saw her take up her work again.

As he went out of one door, he heard Pasha, the maid, come in at the other. He paused on the threshold and listened as Kitty gave directions for arranging the room, and as she herself began to move the bed.

He dressed, and when he had ordered his carriage, since it was too early for izvoshchiks, he flew up to her room again, not on tiptoes, but on wings, as it seemed to him. Two maids were busily engaged in moving something in the room. Kitty was walking up and down, knitting swiftly, slipping the knots, and giving directions.

"I 'm going for the doctor immediately. Lizavyeta Petrovna has been sent for, but I will call there. There 's nothing more, is there? Oh, yes, — Dolly."

She looked at him, evidently without hearing what he said. "Yes, yes, go," said she, and motioned to him with her hand. He was just passing through the drawing-room, when he heard a groan, pitiful, but instantly suppressed. He stood still, and could not make up his mind.

"It is she," he said to himself; and, putting his hands to his head, he rushed out.

"Lord have mercy on us! pardon us! save us!" he exclaimed; and these words, which suddenly and unexpectedly came to his lips, were not spoken merely by his lips, unbeliever though he was.

Now at this instant, he knew perfectly well that all his doubts and the impossibility which his reason found in belief, had not the slightest influence to prevent him from addressing himself to God. Everything of this sort now vanished like dust from his soul. To whom could he address himself if not to Him in whose hands he felt were held himself, and his soul, and his love?

The horse was not yet ready, but, feeling the special strain of physical powers unemployed, and of the work before him calling for his attention, he started on foot so as not to lose a single instant, and ordered Kuzma to follow him. At the corner of the street he met a night izvoshchik hurrying along. In the little sledge sat Lizavyeta Petrovna, in a velvet cloak, with her head wrapped up in a kerchief. "Thank God!"[1] he murmured, as he saw with joy her pale little face, which had a peculiarly serious, and even stern, expression. Not ordering the driver to stop, he ran along with it back to the house.

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[1] *Slava Bohu.*

"Only two hours? not more?" asked Lizavyeta Petrovna. "You may speak to Piotr Dmitritch, but don't hurry him. Yes, please get some opium at the apothecary's."

"Do you think all will go on well?" asked he. "God help us!" he added, as he saw his horse starting from the door; he got into the sledge alongside of Kuzma, and ordered him to hurry to the doctor's.

CHAPTER XIV

THE doctor was not yet up; and a servant, who was busy cleaning the lamps, announced that his master had gone to bed late, and had given orders not to be waked, but would be up before long.

The lackey was polishing lamp-chimneys and seemed very much absorbed in this occupation. At first this absorption of the lackey in his lamp-chimneys, and his indifference to what was going on at home, made Levin indignant; but on reflection he realized that no one knew anything about it or was obliged to share in his feelings, and that consequently it was incumbent on him to be calm, reasonable, and firm, so as to break down that wall of indifference, and attain his end.

"I must not spoil matters by haste," said Levin to himself, feeling all the time a growing intensity of physical energy and concentration on what was before him.

Now that he knew that the doctor was not up, and had given orders not to be disturbed, Levin thought over several plans which presented themselves to him, and finally decided on the following: to send Kuzma with a note to another doctor, to go himself to the apothecary's for the laudanum, and, if on his return the doctor was not up, then either by bribery or by main force, if the man would not consent, to waken the doctor at any cost.

At the apothecary's, the lean clerk, with the same indifference as the lackey cleaning the lamp-chimneys had shown, put a seal on the powders for the waiting coachman, and refused to deliver the opium. Striving not to get impatient or angry, and mentioning the doctor and midwife by name, and telling what it was needed for, Levin pleaded with him. The clerk asked his employer in German if it should be permitted, and, receiving a favorable reply from behind the screen, he proceeded to get out a bottle and a funnel, and slowly poured the liquid from it into a smaller vial, pasted on a label, sealed it, and in spite of Levin's urgency not to do so, was even going to wrap it up. This Levin could not endure; he resolutely snatched the vial out of the clerk's hands, and rushed through the great glass doors. .

The doctor was still asleep; and, this time, the servant was shaking the rugs.

Levin, leisurely getting from his pocket a ten-ruble note, and dwelling on his words, but not wasting time, gave him the money, and explained that Piotr Dmitrievitch — how great and significant now seemed this hitherto unimportant Piotr Dmitrievitch — had promised him to be on hand at any time, so that he would certainly not be angry, and that, therefore, he must instantly awaken him.

The lackey consented, and went up-stairs and showed Levin into the reception-room.

Levin could hear in the next room how the doctor coughed, walked about, washed his face and hands, and made some remark.

Three minutes passed; it seemed to Levin that it was more than an hour. He could no longer contain himself.

"Piotr Dmitrievitch! Piotr Dmitrievitch!" he cried, through the opened door, in a beseeching voice. "For God's sake, forgive me. Let me come in just as you are. It has been more than two hours now."

"I 'll be out immediately," replied a voice, and Levin to his surprise knew by the sound of the doctor's voice that he was smiling as he spoke.

"Just for one little minute."

"I'll be out immediately."

Two minutes more went by, while the doctor was putting on his boots, and another two minutes while he was brushing his hair and putting on his coat.

"Piotr Dmitrievitch," Levin was just saying once more; but at that instant the doctor came in, all ready dressed and with his hair brushed.

"These people have no hearts," thought Levin. "He can brush his hair, while we are dying."

"Good morning!" said the doctor, entering the reception-room serenely, and offering to shake hands. "Don't feel anxious. Well, how is it?"

Levin began at once a long and circumstantial account, filled with a crowd of useless details, and interrupted himself at every moment to urge the doctor to set out.

"Yes, but you must not be anxious. You see you don't know. I really am not needed yet; still I have promised, and I assure you I'll go. But there's no hurry. Please sit down; won't you have some coffee?"

Levin looked at him, with a questioning look, asking with his eyes if he were not laughing at him; but the doctor was in serious earnest.

"I know, I know," added the physician, smiling; "I myself am a family man, and we husbands cut a sorry figure in such cases. The husband of one of my patients always, on such occasions, goes off to the stable."

"But do you think, Piotr Dmitrievitch, — do you think she'll get on well?"

"All the indications point to a fortunate issue."

"Won't you come at once?" said Levin, looking with angry eyes at the servant who was bringing the coffee.

"Within an hour."

"For God's sake!"

"Well, let me take my coffee."

The doctor proceeded to take his breakfast. Both were silent.

"It seems the Turks are beating. Did you read the telegram last evening?" asked the doctor, biting into a roll.

"No; but I'm going," said Levin. "Will you come in a quarter of an hour?"

"Make it a half."

"On your honor?"

When Levin got home, he found the princess at the door, and they went to Kitty's room together. The princess had tears in her eyes, and her hands trembled. When she saw Levin, she threw her arms round him, and kissed him.

"How is it, Lizavyeta Petrovna, dearie,"[1] said she, seizing the midwife's hand as she came to meet them with a radiant but solicitous face.

"It is going well," said she. "It would be well for her to lie down. Try to persuade her. She would find it easier."

Ever since Levin, on waking, had understood the situation, he had made up his mind, without indulging in anxious thought, or forebodings, crushing down all his anxieties and feelings, firmly, without worrying his wife, but, on the contrary, calming her and sustaining her courage, that he would endure what was before him. Not allowing himself even to think of what was coming or how it might end, judging by answers to his questions, how long it generally lasted, Levin in his imagination prepared to have patience and hold his heart in his hands for five hours, and this seemed to him within the limit of possibility. But when he returned after his visit to the doctor's, and found Kitty still suffering, again he cried more and more frequently, "Lord, forgive us, and be merciful!" and he was afraid that he could not endure it, so terrible was it to him; thus an hour went by.

And after this another hour passed, and a second, and a third, and the five which he had set as the very ultimate limit of his endurance; and the situation was still the same, and still he was enduring the suspense, because there was nothing else to do except endure, thinking every moment that he had reached the last limit, and that his heart would burst with his agony. But the minutes still went by, hours and hours, and his feelings of agony and horror kept growing worse and more unendurable. All the ordinary conditions of life, without which it is impossible to take cognizance of anything, ceased to exist for Levin. He lost all consciousness of time. Now the minutes when she called him to her and he held her moist hand, which at one time would press his with extraordinary force, and again push him away, seemed hours; then again the hours would seem to him minutes.

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[1] *Dushenka*, little soul.

He was surprised when Lizavyeta Petrovna asked for a light, and he learned that it was five o'clock in the evening. If they had told him that it was only ten o'clock in the morning, he would have been just as much surprised. Where the time had gone, what he had done, where he had been, he could not have told. Sometimes he saw Kitty's flushed face, now troubled and piteous, then calm and almost smiling, as she tried to reassure him. Then he saw the princess, flushed with anxiety, her gray curls in disorder, swallowing down her tears and biting her lips to keep from crying. He had also seen Dolly, and the doctor smoking great cigarettes, and Lizavyeta Petrovna, with a calm, serious, but reassuring look, and the old prince, pacing the dining-room with a frowning face. But how they came and went, and where they had been, he could not tell.

The princess had been with the doctor in Kitty's room, then in the library, where a well-set table had appeared; then she disappeared, and Dolly was in her place.

Then Levin remembered that they sent him somewhere; he moved a divan and a table zealously, thinking it was for her sake; and only when it was done did he learn that they were preparing his own bed for the night.

He was sent to the library to ask the doctor something; the doctor replied, and then began to speak of the disorders of the *duma*, or town-council. Then they sent him to the princess's bedchamber to get a holy image made of silver, with a golden trimming, from there; and, with the aid of an old chambermaid of the princess's, he climbed up to get it from the cabinet; and, in doing so, broke a little lamp, and the old woman consoled him for this accident, and encouraged him about his wife. And he had carried the image to Kitty, and placed it at her head, carefully arranging it behind her pillow. But where, when, and why all this was done was more than he could tell.

Neither did he comprehend why the old princess took him by the hand, and, looking at him compassionately, begged him to calm himself; or why Dolly tried to persuade him to eat something, and led him from the room; or why even the doctor looked at him gravely and sympathetically, and offered him a pill.

He knew and felt conscious only that what was occurring was like that which had occurred the year before at the hotel of the government city, by the death-bed of his brother Nikolaï. That was grief, this was happiness. But that grief and this happiness were in the same way outside of the ordinary conditions of life; were in this peculiar life, as it were, the loopholes through which appeared something higher. And in exactly the same way, while the hard, painful event was accomplishing before him, in exactly the same way incomprehensible, his soul, at the contemplation of this loftiness, raised itself to a height which he had never before dreamed possible, and whither his reason could not follow.

"Lord, have mercy and aid us," he kept repeating, in spite of his long lack of practice, and yet feeling that he was addressing God with the same simplicity, the same confidence, as in his childhood and early youth. All this time he seemed to be leading two separate existences; one was away from Kitty, with the doctor smoking one fat cigarette after another, and knocking the ashes off against the rim of the unemptied ash-tray; or with Dolly and the old princess, who insisted on talking about dinner, politics, or the illness of Marya Petrovna, and with whom Levin suddenly, for an instant, would forget entirely what was taking place, and feel wide awake; and the other was in her presence, by her bedside, where his heart felt as if it would burst, and it almost did break with compassion, and where he did not cease to pray to God.

And every time when he would be aroused from momentary oblivion by a cry coming from her chamber, he would fall under the same strange delusion as had at the first moment taken possession of him; every time he heard the cry he would spring to his feet, hasten to her room, and on the way remember that he was not to blame, and would long to protect and help. And as he looked on her, he would see that there was no help to be given her; and again the pity would seize him, and he would pray, "Lord, forgive and help us!"

And in proportion as the time passed by, the stronger became the two conditions of mind, — he would be calmer at one moment, perfectly oblivious of her, while remaining out of her presence, and then again the more painful would become his sympathetic torments and the feeling of helplessness before them. He would spring to his feet, feel the impulse to escape somewhere, and hasten to her.

Sometimes when she would keep calling for him he would reproach her; but, seeing her submissive, smiling face, and hearing her words, "I have tired you out," he would reproach God; but, remembering what God was, he would beg for pardon and aid.

CHAPTER XV

He did not know whether it was late or early. The candles had already burned down. Dolly had just come into the library, and was proposing to the doctor to lie down. Levin had been sitting there listening to the doctor's story of the charlatanry of magnetizers, and looking at the ash at the end of his cigarette. It was one of the moments of rest, and he was oblivious. He had entirely forgotten what was taking place. He listened to the doctor, and followed him understandingly.

Suddenly was heard a cry unlike anything he had ever heard. This cry was so terrible that Levin did not even stir, but, holding his breath, he looked at the doctor with eyes full of questioning terror.

The doctor bent his head, as if to hear better, and smiled with an air of approbation. Levin had reached the point where nothing could surprise him; and he said inwardly, "Evidently that must be so; but why that cry?" He went back to the sick-room on tiptoe, passed round by Lizavyeta Petrovna and the princess, and stood in his place by the bedside. The cry had ceased, but evidently there was some change. What, he did not know, and did not care to know. But he saw it by the grave expression of Lizavyeta Petrovna's pale face. Her face was stern and pale, and just as resolute as ever, although her lower jaw trembled a little. Her eyes were kept steadily fixed on Kitty. Her flushed, tortured face, with the little tufts of hair clinging to it, was turned toward him, and her eyes sought his. She raised her hand and tried to take his. When once she had got hold of it, she tried with her moist hand to press it to her forehead.

"Don't go, don't go! I am not afraid," said she, quickly. "Mamma, take away my ear-rings; they annoy me. .... You are n't afraid? .... Lizavyeta Petrovna, quick, quick!" — She spoke rapidly, and tried to smile; but suddenly her face grew convulsed, and she pushed him away. "This is terrible! I shall die, I shall die! go! go!" Then came the same unearthly cry.

Levin seized his head in his hands, and rushed from the room.

"That is nothing; all is going well," said Dolly, following after him.

But, whatever they might say, he knew that now all was lost! Leaning his head against the lintel, he stood in the adjoining room and listened to screams and moaning — such sounds as he had never heard before, and he knew that what was making such animal-like noise was she who had once been Kitty. He had long ceased to care about the child. He now hated that child. He even went so far as not to wish for Kitty to live, provided only her horrible agonies might be ended.

"Doctor, what does that mean? My God!" he said, seizing the doctor's arm as he went in.

"It is the end," replied the doctor; and his face was so serious, as he said this, that Levin thought he meant that Kitty was dead.

Not knowing what would become of him, he went back to the bedroom.

What he first saw was Lizavyeta Petrovna's face; it was even more than before portentous and stern. It was no longer Kitty's face that was there; in the place where it had been before, there was something terrible both by reason of the agony which contracted it, and by reason of the sound that came from it. He bowed his head against the wooden frame of the bed, feeling that his heart would burst. The awful shriek still continued, it grew more piercing than ever, as if the last limit of horror had been reached. Then suddenly the shriek ceased. He could not believe it, but he could not doubt; and he heard a gentle rustling and a quick breathing, and his wife's living, loving, happy voice whispered, "*Kanetchna* — It is over!"

He raised his head. As she lay there, beautiful with a supernatural beauty, with her arms nervelessly resting on the counterpane, she looked at him, and tried to smile at him, but could not.

Coming suddenly out of that mysterious and terrible world where he had been living for twenty-two hours, Levin felt himself transported back into his ordinary every-day world of luminous happiness, and he could not bear it. The cords long tense snapped. He burst into tears; and the sobs of joy which he could not foresee shook his whole body so violently that he could not speak.

He knelt beside Kitty, and pressed his lips on her hand, and her gentle fingers answered his caress. And meantime, at the foot of the bed, in the skilful hands of Lizavyeta Petrovna, like the small, uncertain flame of a lamp, flickered the life of a human being, which just before had not been, and which with every right and every responsibility would live, and propagate its kind.

"He lives, he lives! Yes, it is a boy! Don't be worried," Levin heard Lizavyeta's voice saying, while with a trembling hand she slapped the little one's back.

"Mamma, is it true?" asked Kitty.

And the princess's sobs answered her.

And amid the silence, like an indubitable answer to the young mother's questions, was heard a voice, absolutely different from the subdued voices speaking in the room. It was the bold, decided, imperious, almost impertinent cry of the new human being, which had come whence no one knew.

Just before, if Levin had been told that Kitty was dead, that he himself had died with her, and that their children were angels, and that they were all in the presence of God, he would not have been surprised. And now that he had come back to reality, it took a prodigious effort of thought to comprehend that his wife was alive, that she was doing well, and that this desperately screeching creature was his son. Kitty was saved, her suffering was passed, and he was inexpressibly happy. That he could understand, and it made him happy; but the child! Whence? Why? What was it?.... He could not wont himself to the thought of it. It seemed to him somehow too much, too overwhelming; and it was long before he became accustomed to it.

CHAPTER XVI

The old Prince Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Stepan Arkadyevitch met at Levin's the next morning, about ten o'clock, and after they talked about the little mother, they began to converse about irrelevant topics. Levin listened to them, and involuntarily remembering what had taken place, what had been going on that morning, he also remembered what he himself had been but a few hours before.

It was as if a hundred years had passed since then.

He felt that he was on some unattainable height from which he endeavored to descend to their level, that he might not offend those with whom he was talking. While talking about indifferent things, he was thinking of his wife, of the state of her health, and of his son, to the idea of whose existence he was trying to accustom himself. The whole world of womanhood, which had taken on a new and incomprehensible significance to him, even after his marriage, occupied such a lofty place, that he could not begin to realize it. He heard the men talking about their dinner at the club; but he was thinking, "What is she doing now? Is she asleep? How is she? What is in her mind? Is the son Dmitri crying?" And, in the midst of the conversation, in the midst of a sentence, he sprang up, and left the room.

"Send word down if I may see her," said the old prince.

"Very good.... I will at once," replied Levin, and without pausing he went to her room.

She was not asleep, but was softly talking with her mother, making plans about the christening.

With clean clothes and with her hair brushed, she lay comfortably arranged in bed, with her hands resting on the counterpane, and a mob-cap with blue ribbons on her head, and as her eyes met his she drew him to her by their look. Her face lighted up more and more brightly as he approached her. There was in it that change from the earthly to the superhuman calm which one sees in death, but, instead of a farewell, she welcomed him to a new life. Again an emotion, like that which he had felt during her agony, seized his heart. She took his hand, and asked him if he had slept.

He could not answer, but turned his head away, yielding to his weakness.

"I have had a nap, Kostia," she said; "and I feel so well now."

She looked at him, and suddenly the expression of her face changed. She heard her baby cry.

"Give him to me, Lizavyeta Petrovna, and let me show him to his father," she said.

"There, now, let papa look," said Lizavyeta Petrovna, taking up and exhibiting something red, strange, and wobbling. "Wait, we must change it first," and Lizavyeta Petrovna deposited this red and wobbling something on the bed, and proceeded to unswathe it and then swathe it again, lifting and turning it over with one finger, and shaking some kind of powder over it.

Levin, as he looked at the poor little bit of humanity, tried in vain to discover within his soul some paternal sentiments toward it. His only feeling was one of repulsion; but when they took off its things, and he saw its little tiny delicate arms and legs, still saffron-colored, and its still tinier fingers, and even a thumb differentiated from the others, and when he saw Lizavyeta Petrovna handling its little, waving arms, just as if they were delicate springs, and putting them into linen garments, such pity seized him, and such terror lest she should hurt it, that he made a gesture to stop her.

Lizavyeta Petrovna laughed.

"Never fear, never fear," she said.

When the child was dressed, and metamorphosed into a regular doll, Lizavyeta Petrovna tossed him up and down, as if proud of her work, and held him off so that Levin might see his son in all his beauty.

Kitty, not taking her eyes from him, was alarmed.

"Give him to me, give him to me," she cried; and she even lifted herself up.

"But, Katerina Aleksandrovna, you must know that any such motions are forbidden. Be patient; I will give him to you. But we must let papasha see what a fine young man we are."

And Lizavyeta Petrovna handed to Levin with one hand — the other supported the limp occiput — this strange, weak, red creature, whose head fell limply on its swaddling-clothes. All that was to be seen of it was a nose, a pair of eyes that looked in two directions, and smacking lips.

"*Prekrasnui rebyonok* — a splendid baby," said Lizavyeta Petrovna.

Levin drew a deep breath of mortification. This splendid baby inspired him only with a feeling of pity and disgust. It was not at all the feeling that he expected.

He turned away while the nurse placed it in Kitty's arms. Suddenly a laugh caused him to raise his head. It was Kitty who laughed; the baby had taken the breast.

"There! that's enough, that's enough," said Lizavyeta Petrovna; but Kitty would not let go of her son, who had gone to sleep on her arm.

"Look at him now," said she, turning the child so that his father might see him. The little old face suddenly grew still more wrinkled, and the child sneezed.

Levin, smiling and hardly able to restrain his tears of tenderness, kissed his wife, and left the room.

The feelings which this little being awakened in him were entirely different from what he had expected! There was neither pride nor joy in the feeling, but rather a new and painful fear. It was the consciousness that he had become vulnerable in a new way. And this consciousness at first was so acute, his fear lest this poor, defenseless creature might suffer was so poignant, that it drowned the strange feeling of thoughtless joy, and even pride, that rose in his heart when the infant sneezed.

CHAPTER XVII

THE affairs of Stepan Arkadyevitch had reached a critical stage.

The money brought by the sale of two-thirds of the timber had long ago been spent, and he had obtained from the merchant at a discount of ten per cent a large part of the remaining third in advance. Now the merchant would not advance anything more; as Dolly, for the first time in her life asserting her rights to her personal property, had refused her signature to the contract when it was proposed to give a receipt for the sale of the last third of the wood. All the salary was used up for household expenses, and for the payment of unavoidable debts. There was absolutely no money to be had.

It was disagreeable and awkward, and Stepan Arkadyevitch felt that it ought not to be continued. The reason of it, in his opinion, lay in the fact that he got too small a salary. The place which he held had been very good five years before, but it was so no longer. Petrof, the director of a bank, got twelve thousand; Sventitsky, a member of the Council, got seventeen thousand; Mitin, the head of a bank, got fifty thousand.

"Apparently I have been asleep, and they have forgotten me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself; and he began to keep his eyes and ears open; and at the end of the winter he discovered a very good place, and matured his attack upon it, beginning at Moscow through his uncles, his aunts, and his friends, and then, when the time seemed ripe in the spring, he himself went down to Petersburg.

It was one of those lucrative sinecure places which nowadays are found, varying in importance, worth anywhere from 1000 to 50,000 rubles a year. This place was in the Commission of the Consolidated Agency for the Mutual Credit-Balance of the Southern Railway and Banking Establishments. This place, like all such places, required at once such varied talents and such extraordinary activity, that it was hard to find them united in one person; but since it was hopeless to find any one with all these qualities, it was certainly better that the man put in should be an honest rather than a dishonest man.

Now Stepan Arkadyevitch was an honest man in every sense of the term; for in Moscow the word *chestnui*, meaning honest, has two significations, depending on its accent. They speak of an honest agent, an honest writer, an honest journal, an honest institution; and it means not only that men or institutions are not dishonest, but that they know how to adapt themselves to circumstances. Stepan Arkadyevitch belonged in Moscow to that class of people who used that convenient word; and, as he passed for honest, he therefore felt that he had a better right than any one else to that place.

This place was worth from 7000 to 10,000 rubles a year; and Oblonsky could accept this position, and not resign his present duties. Everything depended on two ministers, a lady, and two Jews; and, although they were ready to grant what he wished, he had to go to Petersburg to solicit their aid. Moreover, he faithfully promised Anna that he would obtain from Karenin a decisive answer about the divorce, and, having extorted fifty rubles from Dolly, he set out for Petersburg.

Sitting in Karenin's library and listening to his exposition of a project for reforming the status of Russian finance, Stepan Arkadyevitch waited as patiently as he could till he might put in a word about his personal affairs and about Anna.

"Yes! That is very true," said he, when Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch took off the *pince-nez* without which he could not read now, and looked inquiringly at his brother-in-law; "that is very true in detail; but nevertheless, the leading principle of our age is liberty."

"Yes, but I advocate another principle which *embraces* freedom," replied Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, accenting the word "embraces," and putting on his *pince-nez* to read over the passage where he had said that very thing.

And, turning over the pages of his elegantly written manuscript, with its wide margins, he again read the concluding paragraph: —

"'For if I sustain the protectionist system, it is not for the advantage of private individuals, but for the general good, for all classes alike, both low and high;' and it is that which they will not understand," added he, looking over his *pince-nez* at Oblonsky, "absorbed as they are in their personal interests, and so easily satisfied with phrases."

Stepan Arkadyevitch knew that when Karenin began to speak of what was said and done by those who were opposed to his views, and who were the source of all evil in Russia, he was nearing the end; and so he willingly renounced his "principle of liberty," and agreed with him. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch came to a pause, and turned over the leaves of his manuscript with a thoughtful air.

"Oh, by the way," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, "I wanted to ask you, in case you should meet Pomorsky, to say a little word to him for me; that I should very much like to be appointed a member of the Commission of the Combined Agencies of the Mutual Credit-Balance of the Railways of the South." To Stepan Arkadyevitch the name[1] of this position which was so dear to his heart was already very familiar, and he could rattle it off with great rapidity and without making a mistake.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch asked what the functions of this new commission were to be, and then he reflected. It seemed to him that the existence of this commission was directly opposed to his projects of reform. But as the operations of this commission were very complicated, and his own projects of reform occupied a very vast field, he felt that he could not settle this question at a glance, and, taking off his *pince-nez,* he said: —

"Without doubt I could speak to him; but why are you especially desirous to have this place?"

"The salary is good, — nine thousand rubles, — and my means...."

"Nine thousand rubles!" repeated Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and he frowned. The high emolument of this position reminded him that Stepan Arkadyevitch's supposititious function was directly opposed to the principal feature of his projects, which always inclined to economy.

"I believe, and I show in my pamphlet, that in our day these enormous salaries are signs of the defectiveness of the economic *assiette* of our administration."

"Yes; but what would you have?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Now let us see! A bank director gets ten thousand, he is worth it; or an engineer gets twenty thousand. These are not sinecures."

"I opine that salaries are payments for merchandise, and ought to be subject to the law of supply and demand. If salaries are not subject to this law, — if, for example,

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[1] *Chlen komissii ot soyedinennava agenstva kreditno-vzaïmnava balansa yuzhno-zheleznuikh dorog.*

I see two engineers of equal capacity, having pursued the same studies at the institute, one receiving forty thousand rubles, while the other contents himself with two thousand; or if I see a hussar, who has no special knowledge, become director of a bank with a phenomenal salary, I conclude that these salaries are fixed, not in accordance with the law of supply and demand, but by sheer partiality. And so, here is an abuse, great in itself and disastrous in its influence on the imperial service. I opine …. "

Stepan Arkadyevitch made haste to interrupt his brother-in-law: —

"Yes, but you agree that a new and undoubtedly useful institution has been opened. It's a live thing, and it is certainly worth while to have it conducted honestly," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, emphasizing the adjective.

But the Muscovite signification of the adjective had no force for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"Honesty is only negative merit," he replied.

"But you will do me a great favor, nevertheless," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, "if you will speak a little word to Pomorsky. …. When you happen to meet him, you know."

"Yes, certainly; but it seems to me that this depends more on Bolgarinof," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"Bolgarinof on his part is well disposed," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, reddening. Stepan Arkadyevitch reddened at the remembrance of Bolgarinof, because that very morning he had been at the Jew's house, and this visit had remained as an unpleasant recollection.

Stepan Arkadyevitch knew perfectly well that the commission of which he wished to become a member was a new, important, and honorable enterprise; but that morning, when Bolgarinof, evidently with malice prepense, kept him with other petitioners waiting in his reception-room for two hours, the whole affair became awkward to him.

Whether it was awkward to him that he, a descendant of Rurik, a Prince Oblonsky, had to wait two hours in the Jew's reception-room, or because he, for the first time in his life, was not following the example of his ancestors in serving the government, but had got into a new field, at all events it was awkward.

During these two hours of waiting at Bolgarinof's, Stepan Arkadyevitch, briskly walking up and down through the reception-room, smoothing his side whiskers, occasionally entering into conversation with the other petitioners, and trying to work out a pun on his long waiting at the Jew's, diligently concealed from the others, and also from himself, the trying feeling. But all that time he felt awkward and annoyed, he did not know why; it was either because he had not succeeded very well with his pun on the word Jew — how he had to *chew*[1] on the cud of expectation — or for some other reason.

When at last Bolgarinof, with excessive humility, received him, evidently triumphing in his humiliation, and almost refused his request, Stepan Arkadyevitch made haste to forget it all. But now, remembering it again, he reddened with shame.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Now, I have yet one more thing to talk over with you; and you know what it is about, — Anna," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, after a moment's silence, and shaking off these disagreeable memories.

When Oblonsky spoke Anna's name, Karenin's face entirely changed; in place of its former vivacity it took on an expression of corpse-like rigidity and weariness.

"What more do you want of me?" said he, turning about on his arm-chair, and shutting his *pince-nez*.

"A decision .... some sort of a decision, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. I address you, not as .... " he was going to say "a deceived husband," but fearing it might hurt his cause he stopped, and substituted with little appropriateness, "not as a statesman, but simply as a man, and a good man and a Christian. You ought to have pity on her."

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[1] "Builo dyelo *do-Zhida* i ya *dozhida*-lsa."

"In what way could I, properly?" asked Karenin, quietly.

"Yes, have pity upon her. If you saw her as I do, — I have seen her all winter, — you would pity her. Her position is cruel."

"I thought," said Karenin, suddenly, in a piercing, almost whining voice, "that Anna Arkadyevna had obtained all that she wished."

"Oh! Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, for God's sake, let us not make recriminations. What is past is past; and you know what she is now waiting for and hoping for is .... the divorce."

"But I understood, that in case I kept my son, Anna Arkadyevna refused the divorce; and so my silence was equivalent to a reply, and I thought the question settled. I consider it settled," said he, with more and more warmth.

"For God's sake don't get angry," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching his brother-in-law's knee. "This question is not settled. If you will allow me to recapitulate, the affair stands thus: When you separated, you were as great, as magnanimous, as was possible to be. You granted her everything .... her freedom, even a divorce if she wanted one. She appreciated it. No, you don't think so; but she appreciated it absolutely, — to such a degree that, at first, feeling her guilt toward you, she did not, she could not, reason about it at all. She refused everything. But the reality and time have shown her that her position is painful and intolerable."

"Anna Arkadyevna's life cannot interest me," said Karenin, raising his eyebrows.

"Permit me to disbelieve that," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, gently. "Her position is painful to her, and without any escape whatever. She deserves it, you say. She acknowledges that, and does not complain. She says up and down that she should never dare to ask anything of you. But I, and all of her relatives, all who love her, beg and implore you to have pity on her. Why should she suffer? Whose advantage is it?"

"Excuse me; you seem to accuse me of being to blame." ....

"Oh! not at all, not at all, understand me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching Karenin's arm, as if he believed that personal contact would have a mollifying effect on his brother-in-law. "I merely say this. Her position is painful; and you can relieve it, and it will not cost you anything. I will so arrange the matter that you shall have no trouble about it. Besides, you have promised."

"My consent has been already given; and I had supposed that the question of our son had decided the matter. Besides, I hoped that Anna Arkadyevna would in her turn have the generosity to understand ...." his trembling lips could hardly utter the words, and he turned pale.

"She leaves all to your magnanimity. She asks, she implores, for only one thing — to be relieved from this unendurable position in which she finds herself. She asks for her son. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, you are a good man. Just enter for a moment into her feelings. The question of the divorce is for her a matter of life or death. If you had not given your promise, she would have been resigned to her situation, and lived in the country. But you did give your promise; and she wrote you, and came to Moscow. And there in Moscow, where every familiar face was a knife in her heart, she has been living for six months, every day expecting an answer. Her situation is that of a condemned criminal, who for months has had the rope around his neck, and does not know whether he is to expect pardon or execution. Pity her; and, besides, I will take care to arrange all .... *vos scrupules*." ....

"I am not speaking of that, not of that ...." said Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, with some disgust; "but perhaps I promised more than I had the right to promise."

"Then, you refuse to do what you have promised?" ....

"I never refused to do all that I could; but I must have time to consider how far what I promised is permissible."

"No, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," said Oblonsky, leaping to his feet, "I do not wish to believe this. She is as unhappy as it is possible for a woman to be; and you cannot refuse such ...."

"How far what I promised is permissible? *Vous professez d'être un libre penseur;* but I, as a believer, cannot defy the law of Christianity in a matter so important."

"But in Christian communities, and here in Russia, divorce is permitted," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Divorce is permitted by our Church, and we see ...."

"Permitted, but not in this sense."

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, I don't know you," said Oblonsky, after a moment's silence. "You are not the same man you were. Did you not forgive all? .... and did we not appreciate your magnanimity? .... were you not moved by genuine Christian feeling? Were n't you ready to sacrifice everything? You yourself said, 'If any man will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' And now ...."

"I beg of you," said Karenin, rising suddenly, and turning pale, and with a trembling jaw, "I beg of you," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "to cut short, to cut short this conversation!"

"Oh, well, pardon me, pardon me, if I have offended you!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, in confusion, holding out his hand; "but I had to fulfil the mission I was charged with."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch gave him his hand, and said, after a moment's reflection: —

"I must have time to think about it, and seek for light. You shall have my final answer day after to-morrow."

CHAPTER XIX

Stepan Arkadyevitch was going out, when Korneï came in, and announced, "Sergyeï Alekseyevitch."

"Who is Sergyeï Alekseyevitch?" Oblonsky began to ask, but in an instant he remembered.

"Oh, Serozha!" he exclaimed; "and here was I, thinking it was some *direktor* of a department," he said to himself. "Anna begged me to see him."

And he recalled the sad, timid expression with which, as he left her, Anna had said to him, "You will see him, and can find out what he is doing, and where he is, and who is taking care of him. And, Stiva .... if possible! Would it be possible?" ....

He knew what she meant by the words, "if possible"; if it were possible to get the divorce, so as to have her son. But now Stepan Arkadyevitch knew that this was out of the question. He was none the less glad to see his nephew again.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch reminded his brother-in-law that he must not talk to him of his mother, and begged him not even by a word to remind him of her.

"He was very ill after that interview with his mother, which we were not prepared for," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "and for a while we feared for his life. But sensible medical treatment and sea-bathing in the summer restored him to health, and I have followed the doctor's advice, and sent him to school. Activity, being with companions of his own age, have had a happy influence on him; his health is good, and he is studying well."

"Why, he 's become quite a young man! he is no longer Serozha; he is full-grown Sergyeï Alekseyevitch," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile, as a handsome, tall, robust boy, dressed in a *kurtotchka*, or jacket, and long trousers, came in briskly and without constraint. The boy had a look of sound health and good spirits. He bowed to his uncle as to a stranger. Then, as he remembered him, he reddened, and, as if offended and angry at something, turned away, and handed his school report to his father.

"Well, that is excellent," said Karenin; "now you may go and play."

"He has grown tall and slender, and lost his childish look and become a real boy; I like it," remarked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile. "Do you remember me?"

The boy quickly glanced at his father.

"I remember you, *mon oncle*," answered the boy, looking at Stepan Arkadyevitch, and then casting down his eyes.

The uncle called the lad to him, and took his hand. "Well, how are you?" he asked, wanting to talk, but not knowing what to say.

The boy, blushing, and not answering, hastily withdrew his hand, and, as soon as his uncle had released it, flew away like a bird set free.

A year had passed since Serozha had seen his mother for the last time. During this time he had not even heard anything about her. He had been sent to school, and had become acquainted with boys of his own age, and learned to like them. His dreams and recollections about his mother, which after his interview with her had made him ill, now no longer occupied his mind. When they recurred to him he even tried to get rid of them, regarding them as disgraceful for a boy and fit only for girls; he knew that his parents had quarreled and parted, and that he must accustom himself to the idea of remaining with his father.

The sight of his uncle, who looked like his mother, was unpleasant to him, because it awakened memories which caused him shame; and it was still more unpleasant, because, from certain words which he had caught as he entered the door, and by the peculiar expression of his father's and his uncle's faces, he knew that they were talking about his mother. And so as not to blame his father, with whom he lived and on whom he was dependent, and especially so as not to give way to a sentiment which he felt was too degrading, he tried not to look at his uncle, who had come to disturb his tranquillity, and not to think of the past.

But when, shortly after, Stepan Arkadyevitch went out, he found the boy on the stairs, and he called him to him, and asked him how he spent his spare time, now that he was at school. Serozha, out of his father's presence, talked freely.

"We have a railroad now," he said, in answer to his question. "Just see! These two are sitting on the seat; they are passengers; and there is one man trying to stand on the seat; and they are all going, and by means of our arms and our belts we go through the whole length of the hall, and the doors open in front. And I tell you it's very hard here for the conductor."

"Is that the one standing?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, amused.

"Yes. He has to be bold and skilful, because the train comes to a very sudden stop, and he might get thrown over."

"Well, that is no joke," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, sadly, as he looked at the boy's bright eyes, which were like his mother's, and which had already lost their childish look of innocence. And, although he had promised Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch not to speak of Anna, he could not resist.

"Do you remember your mother?" he asked suddenly.

"No, I do not," Serozha answered quickly, turning red; and his uncle could not make him talk any more.

When the Russian tutor found Serozha on the stairs, half an hour after, he could not make out whether he was crying or was sulky.

"Did you hurt yourself when you fell?" he asked. "I said this was a dangerous game, and I shall have to tell your father?"

"If I had, no one should find it out," answered the boy.

"Well, what's the matter, then?"

"Let me alone!.... What is it to him whether I remember or not?.... Why did he remind me?.... Let me be...." and the boy seemed to defy not only his tutor, but the whole world.

CHAPTER XX

Stepan Arkadyevitch, as usual, did not waste his time at Petersburg. He had not only his business to attend to: his sister's divorce and his new position to look after; but, moreover, as he said, to refresh himself after musty Moscow.

For Moscow, in spite of its *cafés-chantants*, and its omnibuses, was still only a stagnant marsh. Stepan Arkadyevitch always felt that this was so. Living in Moscow, especially in proximity to his family, he was conscious that his spirit flagged. When his life in Moscow was long unbroken by a trip to Petersburg, he even began to be annoyed by his wife's bad temper and reproaches, and to worry over his health, the education of his children, and the petty details of the household. He even went so far as to be disturbed about his debts.

As soon as he set foot in Petersburg, and entered that circle where life was really life, and not vegetating, as in Moscow, immediately all such thoughts disappeared like wax in the fire.

His wife?.... He had just been talking with Prince Chetchensky. Prince Chetchensky had a wife and family, — grown-up boys, pages now; and he had another establishment, outside the law, and in this also there were children. But, though the first family was well enough in its way, Prince Chetchensky felt happier with his second family; and he had introduced his oldest legitimate son into his other family; he told Stepan Arkadyevitch he considered it a good way to train him and develop him. What would have been said about that in Moscow?

Children? In Petersburg, fathers did n't trouble themselves with their children. Children were educated in institutions, and there was no sign of that crazy notion in vogue in Moscow — Lvof shared in it — that children should have all the luxuries, and their parents nothing but care and trouble.

The government service? The service, too, was not that tiresome, hopeless treadmill that it was in Moscow. Here there was interest in the service. Meetings with men in authority, mutual services, opportune words spoken, the knowledge of how to take advantage of chances — and a man might suddenly find himself high in his career, like Brianzef, whom Stepan Arkadyevitch met that evening, and who was now a leading dignitary

Yes, there was something interesting in the service here.

The Petersburg views about money especially appealed to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Bartnyansky, who now spent at least fifty thousand rubles, judging by the rate at which he was living, made a remark which deeply impressed him. Just before dinner, as they were talking together, Stepan Arkadyevitch had said: —

"You seem to have some connection with Mordvinsky. You might do me a favor; please say a little word to him in my behalf. It is a place which I should like to have, member of the commission." ....

"Well, I won't forget..... Only what pleasure can you have in attending to this railroad business with the Jews? .... Of course, if you want it; but still it's a wretched business."

Stepan Arkadyevitch did not say to him that it was "no sinecure." Bartnyansky would not have known what he meant.

"I need money; I must have something to live on."

"But don't you live, then?"

"Yes, but in debt."

"Much?" asked Bartnyansky, sympathetically.

"Yes; twenty thousand rubles."

Bartnyansky broke out into a gay laugh.

"Oh, happy man! I have a million and a half of debts, and not a ruble; and, as you see, I live all the same."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch saw that this was not mere words, but was actually true. Zhivakhof was in debt three hundred thousand, and had not a kopek. Petrovsky had spent five millions, and yet he went on living just as before, and had charge of the finances, and had only twenty thousand salary.

Petersburg had a delightful physical influence on Stepan Arkadyevitch. It made him feel younger. In Moscow he sometimes detected gray hairs, he would fall asleep after dinner, it made him breathe hard to go up-stairs, he was dull in the company of young women, he no longer danced at balls.

At Petersburg he experienced what the sixty-year-old Prince Piotr Oblonsky, who had just returned from abroad, told him one evening: —

"We don't know how to live here," said Piotr Oblonsky. "For example, I spent the summer at Baden, and now, honestly, I feel like a new man. I see a young woman, and .... I enjoy my dinner, I can take my wine; I'm well and vigorous. When I come back to Russia, I have to see my wife, have even to go into the country. You would n't believe it, but in a couple of weeks I am in my dressing-gown. Good-by to the young beauties. I am old, think only of the salvation of my soul. To make me over, I go to Paris."

Stepan Arkadyevitch felt the same difference as Piotr Oblonsky did. In Moscow he reached such a low ebb of vitality that he felt sure that, if he ever attained the same age, he too should be driven to thinking about the salvation of his soul; in Petersburg he was conscious of being a well-regulated man.

Between the Princess Betsy Tversky and Stepan Arkadyevitch there had been for a long time a very strange relationship. He always jested with her, and he always said very improper things by way of jest, knowing that they pleased her more than anything else. The day after his interview with Karenin, Stepan Arkadyevitch went to see her; and, feeling particularly young, he conducted himself with more than his usual levity; and went so far in his impropriety that he could not retrieve his steps, and, unfortunately, he felt that she was not only displeased, but was even opposed to him. Yet this tone had been established because it generally amused her. So he was glad to have the Princess Miagkaya interrupt their *tête-à-tête*.

"Ah, here you are!" said she, when she saw him. "Well! and how is your poor sister? Do not look at me so. Since women who are a thousand times worse than she throw stones at her, I think she did quite right. I can't forgive Vronsky for not letting me know that she was in Petersburg. I should have gone to see her, and gone with her everywhere. Give her my love. Now tell me about her."

"Well! her position is a very painful one; she...." Stepan Arkadyevitch began, in the simplicity of his heart, taking the princess's words as genuine money, when she said, "Tell me about your sister." But the princess, in her usual way, interrupted him, and began to talk herself. "She did what everybody but myself does and hides. But she was not willing to lie, and she did right; and she has at least bettered herself in having forsaken that imbecile, — I beg your pardon, — your brother-in-law. Everybody said he was a genius. A genius! I was the only one who said he was a goose; and people have come to be of my opinion, now that he has taken up with the Countess Lidia and Landau. I should like not to agree with everybody.... it's stupid; but this time I can't help it."

"Now please explain something to me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What does this mean? Yesterday I was at his house, talking of the divorce, and I asked him for a definite answer; my brother-in-law said to me that he could not give me an answer without reflection; and this morning I received an invitation from Lidia Ivanovna for this evening instead of an answer."

"Now! That's just it!" cried the princess, delighted. "They will consult Landau as to what to say."

"Why Landau? who is Landau?"

"What! you don't know Jules Landau.... *le fameux* Jules Landau, *le clairvoyant?* He also in my opinion is an imbecile, but on him depends your sister's fate. That's what comes of living in the provinces. Landau, you must know, was *commis* of a mercantile house at Paris, and went to see a doctor. He fell asleep in the waiting-room, and, while he was asleep, gave advice to all the sick.... most astonishing advice. Then Yuri Melyedinsky's wife — you know he was sick — called him to see her husband. He treated her husband. In my opinion, he did n't do him any good, for Melyedinsky is just as sick as he was before; but his wife and he believe in Landau. They took him into their house, and they brought him to Russia. Naturally, people here have thrown themselves at him. He treats everybody. He cured the Countess Bezzubof, and she fell so in love with him that she has adopted him."

"How! adopted him?"

"Yes, adopted him. He is n't Landau any more, but Count Bezzubof. But Lidia — and I like her very much, in spite of her crankiness — must needs be smitten with him; and nothing that she and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch take up is decided without consulting him. Your sister's fate is, therefore, in the hands of this Count Bezzubof, alias Landau."

CHAPTER XXI

After an excellent dinner with Bartnyansky, and considerable cognac, Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's a little later than the hour designated.

"Who is with the countess?.... the Frenchman?" he asked of the Swiss, as he noticed beside Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's well-known overcoat a curious mantle with clasps.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch Karenin and the Count Bezzubof," answered the servant, stolidly.

"Princess Miagkaya was right," thought Oblonsky, as he went up-stairs. "Strange! it would be a good thing to cultivate the countess. She has great influence. If she would say a little word in my behalf to Pomorsky, it would be just the thing."

It was still very light outdoors, but the blinds were drawn in the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's little drawing-room, and the lamps were lighted.

At a round table, on which was a lamp, the countess and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch were sitting, engaged in a confidential talk. A short, lean, pale man, with knock-kneed legs and a feminine figure, with long hair falling over his coat-collar, and handsome, glowing eyes, was examining the portraits on the wall at the other end of the room.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, after having greeted the countess and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, involuntarily turned round to look once more at this singular personage.

"Monsieur Landau," said the countess, gently, and with a precaution which struck Oblonsky. The introduction was made.

Landau hastily glanced around, and coming up, placed his moist, unresponsive hand in Oblonsky's, and immediately went back to look at the portraits. Lidia Ivanovna and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch exchanged significant glances.

"I am very glad to see you to-day," said the countess to Stepan Arkadyevitch, motioning him to a chair. "You noticed," added she, in a low voice, glancing at the Frenchman, "that I introduced him to you by the name of Landau; but his name is really Count Bezzubof, as you probably know. Only he is not fond of the title."

"Yes, I heard about it," said Stepan Arkadyevitch; "it is said he perfectly cured the Countess Bezzubof."

"She came to see me to-day," said the countess, addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "and it was sad to see her. This separation is terrible for her. It is such a blow to her."

"Then he is positively going?"

"Yes; he is going to Paris. Yesterday he heard a voice," said Lidia Ivanovna, looking at Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Oh, a voice?" repeated he, feeling that it was necessary to use great prudence among these people, where things occurred or might occur, without his being able to explain them.

A moment's silence ensued, at the end of which the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, as if accidentally stumbling on the chief topic of their conversation, said, with a sweet smile, addressing Oblonsky: —

"I have known of you for a long time, and I am delighted to make your acquaintance. *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis.* But to be truly friends, we must know what is passing in the souls of those we love; and I fear you do not with regard to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. You understand what I mean," said she, raising her beautiful, dreamy eyes.

"I understand in part that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's position...." answered Oblonsky, not understanding very well what she was talking about, and preferring to confine himself to generalities.

"The change is not in his external position," said the countess, solemnly, and at the same time looking tenderly at Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, who had risen to join Landau; "it is his heart which has changed, — a new heart has been given to him, — and I very much fear that you do not realize sufficiently the great transformation which has taken place in him."

"That is.... in a general way, I can perceive the change in him. We have always been friends, and now...." said Oblonsky, answering the deep gaze of the countess with a tender one, as he queried with which of the two ministers she could do him the most effective service.

"This transformation cannot diminish his love for his neighbor; on the contrary, the change which has taken place must increase love. But I fear you don't understand me..... Will you not have some tea?" she asked, looking toward a lackey who entered with a tea-tray.

"Not altogether, countess; of course, his misfortune...."

"Yes, he underwent a misfortune, but it became the highest happiness, because his heart was renewed," said she, raising her eyes lovingly to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"I believe I shall have to get her to speak to them both," thought Oblonsky. "Oh! assuredly, countess," said he, "but I think that these changes are so personal[1] that no one likes to speak of them, even to his most intimate friends."

"On the contrary, we ought to speak, and to help one another."

"Yes, without doubt; but there are such differences of conviction; and, moreover...." and Oblonsky smiled unctuously.

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[1] *Intimnui.*

"There cannot be differences in regard to sacred truth."

"Oh, yes, of course, but...."

Stepan Arkadyevitch grew confused, and stopped speaking. He perceived that the countess was talking about religion.

"It seems to me that he 's going to sleep," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, approaching the countess, and speaking in a significant whisper.

Stepan Arkadyevitch turned round. Landau was seated near the window, with his elbow leaning on the arm and back of a chair, and his head bowed as he saw the looks turned toward him. He raised his head and smiled in a naïve and childlike manner.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said the countess, pushing a chair toward Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "I have noticed...." she began, but was interrupted by a lackey bringing her a letter. She read it through with extraordinary rapidity, sent a reply, and resumed the thread of her discourse. "I have noticed that Muscovites, the men especially, are very indifferent to religion."

"Oh, no, countess! I think that Muscovites have the reputation of being very pious," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But as far as I have observed, you yourself," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with his weary smile, "I am sorry to say, belong to the category of the indifferents."

"Is it possible to be indifferent?" cried Lidia Ivanovna.

"I am not indifferent, but rather in the attitude of expectation," answered Oblonsky, with his most agreeable smile. "I do not think that the time for me to settle such questions has come yet."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and the countess exchanged glances.

"We can never know whether the time for us has come or not," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, sternly, "we ought not even to think whether we are prepared or not. The blessing does not follow human calculations, does not always light upon the most deserving, but comes to those who are unprepared; witness Saul."

"It seems that it is n't to be now," murmured the countess, following with her eyes the movements of the Frenchman. Landau got up and joined them.

"May I listen?" asked he.

"Oh, yes! I did not wish to disturb you," said the countess, tenderly. "Sit down with us."

"The essential thing is not to close one's eyes to the light," continued Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"Akh! if you knew what a blessing we experience when we feel His constant presence in our souls," said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, with an ecstatic smile.

"But a man may feel himself incapable of rising to such a height," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, convinced that the heights of religion were not his *forte*, but fearing to offend a person who, by one word to Pomorsky, might get him the place that he wanted.

"You mean that sin may prevent him?" asked Lidia Ivanovna. "But that is a mistaken view. For him who believes, there is no more sin. Sin is already redeemed. *Pardon*," she added, as the lackey brought her another note. She read it, and answered verbally, "Say to-morrow at the grand duchess's;" then she continued, "For the believer there is no sin."

"Yes; but 'faith without works is dead,'" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, recalling this phrase of his catechism, with a smile establishing his independence.

"That is the famous passage in the Epistle of St. James," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, in a reproachful tone, looking at the countess, as if to recall frequent discussions on the subject. "How much harm the false interpretation of that passage has done! It has driven more persons from the faith than anything else! 'I have no works, therefore I cannot believe,' is the logical conclusion from it. It means exactly the opposite."

"It is our monks who claim to be saved by works, by their fastings, their abstinences," said the countess, with an air of fastidious scorn. "Our way is far better and easier," she added, looking at Oblonsky with that scorching smile with which, at court, she was wont to wither young maids of honor, disconcerted at the newness of their position.

"We are saved by Christ who suffered for us; we are saved by faith," resumed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"*Vous comprenez l'anglais?*" asked Lidia Ivanovna; and, receiving an affirmative answer, she rose, and took a small book from a side-table. "I 'm going to read to you, 'Safe and Happy; or, Under the Wing,'" said she, with a look of interrogation at Karenin. "It is very short," added she, resuming her seat and opening the book. "Here the way is described by which faith is attained, and the joy which is higher than any that earth can give, which fills the soul of the believer. Man who believes cannot be unhappy, because he is no longer alone. Yes, and here you see...." She was about to go on reading, when again the lackey appeared. "From Borozdin? Say to-morrow, at two o'clock..... Yes," she said, with a sigh, marking the place in the book with her finger, and looking up with her pensive, loving eyes. "This is the way true faith is acquired. Are you acquainted with Marie Sanina? You have heard of her great affliction? She lost her only son. She was in despair. Well, how is it now? She found this friend. She thanks God for the death of her child. Such is the happiness faith can give!"

"Ah, yes; this is very...." murmured Stepan Arkadyevitch, glad to be able to keep silent during this reading, and to think over his affairs a little. "I shall do better not to ask anything to-day," thought he; "only how can I get out of this without compromising myself?"

"This will be dull for you," said the countess to Landau. "You don't understand English; but this is short."

"Oh! I shall understand," said he, with a smile; and he shut his eyes.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and the countess significantly looked at one another, and the reading began.

CHAPTER XXII

Stepan Arkadyevitch felt perfectly bewildered by these strange and to him unwonted discourses to which he had been listening. After the stagnation of Moscow, the complication of life in Petersburg as a general thing had an enlivening effect on him; but he liked it and was at home in it when he was among those whom he knew well. In this unfamiliar environment, he was bewildered and stupefied, and could not make anything out of it.

As he listened to the reading, and saw the brilliant eyes of Laudau — naïve or knavish, he could not tell which — fixed on him, he felt a peculiar heaviness in his head. The most heterogeneous thoughts went whirling through his brain.

"Marie Sanina is happy in having lost her son..... It would be good if I could only smoke!.... To be saved, one needs only to believe..... The monks do not understand about this, but the Countess Lidia Ivanovna does. What makes my head feel so heavy? Is it the brandy, or the strangeness of all this? I have done nothing out of the way as yet; but I shan't venture to ask anything to-day. It is said they make you say your prayers. Suppose they should make me say mine! That would be too nonsensical. What stuff that is she is reading! But she reads well. Landau Bezzubof.... why is he Bezzubof?"

Suddenly Stepan Arkadyevitch felt that his lower jaw was irresistibly beginning to accomplish a yawn. He smoothed his whiskers to conceal the yawn, and shook himself; but the next moment he felt sure that he was asleep, and even beginning to snore. The voice of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna waked him, saying: —

"He 's asleep.

Stepan Arkadyevitch waked with a start, feeling a consciousness of guilt. But instantly he was relieved to find that the words, "He 's asleep," had reference, not to himself, but to Landau. The Frenchman was as sound asleep as Stepan Arkadyevitch had been. But

Stepan Arkadyevitch's nap would have offended them, — he did not think of this at the time, so strange did everything seem, — but Landau's rejoiced them exceedingly, and especially the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

"*Mon ami,*" said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, cautiously, so as not to disturb him; and, picking up the folds of her silk gown, in the enthusiasm of the moment, calling Karenin, not Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, but, "*Mon ami, donnez lui la main! vous voyez?* Sh-h!" said she to the lackey, who once more entered the parlor with a message. "I can't receive it now."

The Frenchman slept, or pretended to sleep, leaning his head on the back of his arm-chair, and resting his hand on his knee, but making feeble gestures, as if he were trying to catch something.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch got up, and cautiously, though he tripped over a table as he did so, stepped over to the chair, and put his hand into the Frenchman's hand. Stepan Arkadyevitch also got up, and opening his eyes wide, and trying to decide whether he were asleep or not, looked from one to the other, and felt his ideas growing more and more confused.

"*Que la personne qui est arrivée la dernière, celle qui demande, qu'elle .... sorte. Qu'elle sorte,*"[1] murmured the Frenchman, without opening his eyes.

"*Vous m'excuserez, mais vous voyez — revenez vers dix heures, encore mieux demain.*"[2]

"*Qu'elle sorte,*" repeated the Frenchman, impatiently.

"*C'est moi, n'est ce pas?*" asked Oblonsky, and at an affirmative sign, forgetting what he was going to ask Lidia Ivanovna, forgetting his sister's affairs, with one single desire to escape as soon as possible, hastened out on his tiptoes and rushed down into the street, as if he were fleeing from a pest-house, and for a long time talked and jested with his driver, so as to bring back his spirits.

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[1] The person who came in last .... the one who is questioning .... let him go away.

[2] You will excuse me, but you understand .... come back at ten o'clock, or, still better, to-morrow.

At the French Theater, which he reached in time for the last act, and afterward over his champagne at the the Tartars', Stepan Arkadyevitch gradually began to breathe more freely in the familiar atmosphere. Nevertheless, all that evening he was very far from being himself.

When he returned to the house of Piotr Oblonsky, where he made his home in Petersburg, he found a note from Betsy. She wrote him that she was very desirous of finishing their talk, and urged him to call the next day. He had hardly finished reading this note and making up a face at it, when heavy shuffling steps were heard down-stairs as of men lifting some heavy object.

Stepan Arkadyevitch went out to see what it was. It was the rejuvenated Piotr Oblonsky, who was so tipsy that he could not walk up-stairs; but when he caught sight of Stepan Arkadyevitch, he ordered his attendants to put him on his feet, and, clinging to Stepan Arkadyevitch's arm, he managed to reach his room, where he began to relate how he had spent the evening, till he fell asleep.

Stepan Arkadyevitch himself was in such a weak state of mind, that, contrary to his custom, he did not fall asleep quickly. What he had heard and seen during the day was disgusting. But more disgusting than anything else was the recollection of the evening at the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's.

The next day he received from Alekseï Aleksandrovitch a flat refusal in the matter of the divorce, and knew that this decision was based on the words which the Frenchman had uttered during his slumber, real or feigned.

CHAPTER XXIII

In order that anything may be accomplished in family life, it is requisite that between the husband and wife there should be either absolute discord or loving harmony. But when the relations between the two are uncertain, and there is neither the one nor the other, nothing can be accomplished.

Many families remain for years in places of which the husband and wife both are tired and disgusted, simply because there is neither full discord nor full concord.

Unendurable to Vronsky and Anna was their life in Moscow, in the heat and dust, when the sun shone, not now with its springtime beauty, but with summer fervor, and all the trees along the boulevards had been long in leaf, and the leaves were already thick with dust. Though they had long before decided to remove to Vozdvizhenskoye, still they continued to live in Moscow, which was detestable to them both, and the reason for this was that of late there had been no harmony between them.

The exasperation which tended to keep them apart had no tangible cause, and all attempts at an explanation, instead of closing the chasm, only widened it. It was an internal irritation which, as far as she was concerned, had for its source the diminution of his love for her, and on his part his annoyance because, thanks to her, he found himself placed in an embarrassing position, which she, instead of trying to relieve, made still more difficult. Neither he nor she formulated any definite complaints, but each considered the other in the wrong, and at every opportunity tried to make this evident.

She considered that he, with all his habits, ideas, desires, with all his spiritual and physical tendencies, had one distinguishing quality, — the power of loving women; and this love, she felt, ought by good rights to be wholly concentrated on her. This love had diminished; consequently, in her opinion, a part of this love must necessarily be transferred to others or to some other woman, and — she was jealous. She was jealous, not of any definite woman, but of his diminished love for her.

Having as yet no definite object for her jealousy to rest on, she was on the watch for one. On the slightest pretext she would transfer her jealousy from one person to another. Sometimes she suspected him of low amours, which he might enter into as an unmarried man about town; sometimes she distrusted ladies whom he might meet in society; then again, with the imaginary young lady whom he would be likely to marry in case he broke with her. This form of jealousy especially tormented her, for the reason that he himself had carelessly, in a moment of confidence one day, spoken of his mother's lack of tact in having ventured to propose to him to marry the young Princess Sorokin.

And being thus jealous, Anna felt indignant with him and kept finding reasons for her indignation. For all the painfulness of her position she blamed him. She considered him responsible for her painful state of expectancy which she was enduring in Moscow, as it were suspended between heaven and earth, for the uncertainty in which she lived, for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's delay and indecision, and for her loneliness. If he loved her, he would understand the difficulty of her position, and save her from it. He was to blame because she was living in Moscow and not in the country. He could not live in the country, as she wanted to do. He wanted society, and so condemned her to this horrible position, the trials of which he could not comprehend. And, again, he was responsible for depriving her forever of her son. Even those rare moments of tenderness which they occasionally enjoyed did not appease her; she now detected in his tenderness a shade of calmness, of assurance, which he had never before shown, and which exasperated her.

It was getting dark. Vronsky was at a gentlemen's dinner; and Anna, while waiting for him, had taken refuge in his library, where the noise of the street was less oppressive than in the rest of the house. She walked up and down, going over in memory their last altercation.

As she recalled in memory the insulting words that had been spoken, and tried to think what had led to it, she at last remembered how the quarrel had begun. For some time she found it impossible to believe that any dissension could have arisen from such an inoffensive conversation, from a subject which was so unimportant to any one. But such was the fact. It all began from his having made sport of women's gymnasia, declaring them unnecessary, and she had taken up the cudgels in their defense. He had disrespectfully attacked the education of women in general, and had said that Hannah, Anna's English *protégée*, had not the slightest need of knowing anything about physics.

That had irritated Anna. She saw in it a derogatory reference to her own occupations, and she conjured up and uttered a phrase which was meant to repay him for the pain he inflicted on her.

"I did not expect that you would comprehend me and my feelings as a man who really loved would, but I expected at least some delicacy," said she.

And in reality he had reddened with vexation and made some unpleasant remark. She did not remember what retort she then made, but, whatever it was, he had said with the manifest intention of hurting her feelings: —

"I confess your devotion to that girl does not interest me, because I can see in it nothing but an affectation."

This cruelty of his, with which he demolished the fabric which she had with such labor erected so as to endure the trials of her life, this injustice of his in accusing her of pretense and affectation, drove her frantic.

"It is very unfortunate that only what is low and material is comprehensible to you," she had retorted, and she left the room.

When, in the evening, he came to see her, the discussion was not resumed, but they both felt that it was not forgotten.

All this day he had not been at home; and she was so lonely and wretched, as she thought of their quarrels, that she resolved to forget everything, to ask his forgiveness, and to take the blame on herself, so as to bring about a reconciliation at any cost.

"I am to blame; I am irritable; I am absurdly jealous. I will make it up with him, and we will leave for the country, and there I shall be calmer," she thought.

"Affectation!" — *nenaturalno*. She suddenly remembered the word which had so affronted her, above all in his intention of causing her pain by it.

"I know what he meant. He meant by affected that I did not love my daughter, but loved another's child. What does he know of the love a child can inspire? Has he the least idea what I sacrificed for him in giving up Serozha? But this desire to wound me! No, he loves another woman; it must be so."

And seeing that, even while she wanted to calm herself she was once more going over the circle she had so many times traversed, and was once more returning to the same state of irritation, she was horror-struck.

"Is it wholly out of the question? Can I not attach him to myself?" she queried, and then she began at the beginning again. "He is true, he is honorable, he loves me. I love him; in a day or two dissension will be ended. What is necessary? Calmness, gentleness, and I shall bring him back to me. Yes; now, when he comes, I will tell him that I was to blame .... although I was not to blame; .... and we will go off."

And, in order not to think any more, and not to give way to her irritation, she gave orders to bring down her trunks, to begin preparations for departure.

At ten o'clock Vronsky came in.

CHAPTER XXIV

"WELL, did you have a gay time?" asked Anna, going to meet him with an apologetic and affectionate look on her face.

"As such things usually are," answered he, noticing at once by her face that she was in one of her best moods. He was already accustomed to such metamorphoses, and this time he was particularly glad, because he himself was in his happiest frame of mind. "What do I see? This is good," he added, pointing to the trunks in the entry.

"Yes, we must go. I went out to walk to-day, and it was so good that I longed to get back to the country. There's nothing to keep you here, is there?"

"I should like nothing better. .... I will be back immediately, and we will talk it over; all I want is to change my coat. Have the tea brought."

There was something irritating in the tone in which he said, "This is good," as one speaks to a child which has ceased to be capricious, and still more irritating was the discrepancy between her apologetic and his self-confident tone, and for a moment she felt rising within her the desire to be pugnacious. But making an effort to restrain herself, she relinquished it, and met Vronsky as gayly as before.

When he came in, she told him calmly the incidents of the day, and her plans for departure, using in part the very words she had thought over.

"Do you know, it came over me like an inspiration," said she, — "why wait here for the divorce? Will it not be all the same when we are in the country? I cannot wait longer. I want to stop hoping about the divorce. I don't want to hear anything more about it. I think it won't have any more effect on my life. Don't you agree with me?"

"Oh, yes!" said he, looking with disquietude at Anna's excited face.

"Come, tell me what you did; who were there?" said she, after a moment's silence.

Vronsky named over the guests.

"The dinner was excellent. And we had a boat-race, and it was all very jolly. But in Moscow nothing can be done *sans ridicule*. Some woman, the swimming-teacher of the queen of Sweden, gave us an exhibition of her art."

"What! Did she swim for you?" demanded Anna, frowning.

"Yes, in an ugly red *costume de natation*. She was old and hideous. .... What day do we go?"

"What an inane idea! Was there anything extraordinary about her method of swimming?" asked Anna, not replying to his question.

"Not at all. I tell you it was horribly stupid. When have you decided to go?"

Anna tossed her head as if to get rid of a disagreeable thought.

"When shall we go? The sooner the better. To-morrow we can't, but the day after."

"Yes.... no.... wait! Day after to-morrow is Monday. I shall have to go to *maman*," said Vronsky, somewhat confused; because, as he mentioned his mother's name, he saw Anna's eyes fixed with a look of suspicion on him, and his confusion increased her distrust. She forgot the queen of Sweden's swimming-teacher in her alarm about the Princess Sorokin, who was living at a country seat in the suburbs of Moscow with the old countess.

"Can't you go there to-morrow?"

"Why, no! That's impossible. There is some business that I must attend to, — a power of attorney; and the money will not be ready to-morrow."

"If that is so, we won't go at all."

"But why not?"

"I won't go if it is put off later. Sunday or never!"

"Why so?" cried Vronsky, in astonishment. "There's no sense in that."

"It has no sense for you, because you never take me into account at all. You can't understand my life. The only thing that interests me here is Hannah. You say that it is hypocrisy. You said last evening that I did not love my daughter, but that I pretended to love this English girl, that this was affectation. I should like to know what can be natural in the life I lead here?"

For an instant she came to herself, and was frightened because she had broken her vow. But, though she knew that she was dashing to destruction, she could not resist the temptation of proving to him that he was in the wrong, she could not help heaping insults on him.

"I never said that: I said that I did not sympathize with this sudden tenderness for her."

"Why do you, who boast of being straightforward, tell me a lie?"

"I never boast, and I never tell lies," said he, repressing the anger which was rising within him; "and I am very sorry if you do not respect...."

"Respect! That was invented to cover up the lack of love. If you don't love me any more, it would be better and more honorable to say so."

"No! this is becoming intolerable," cried the count, suddenly leaping from his chair; and, standing in front of her, speaking in measured tones: "Anna," he asked, "why do you try my patience so?" and she could see how he was holding back the bitter words that were ready to escape him. "It has its limits."

"What do you mean by that?" she cried, looking with terror at the unconcealed expression of hate on his whole face, and especially in his fierce, cruel eyes.

"I mean...." he began. Then he stopped. "I have a right to demand what you wish of me."

"What can I wish? I can only wish that you do not abandon me, as you are thinking of doing," she said, comprehending all that he left unsaid. "Everything else is secondary. I wish to be loved; but love is gone. All is over."

She turned toward the door.

"Stop! sto-op!" said Vronsky, still darkly frowning, but holding her by the arm. "What is the trouble? I said that it is necessary to postpone our starting for three days, and you answer by saying that I lie and am dishonorable."

"Yes; and I repeat it that a man who throws it into my face that he has sacrificed everything for me," said she, alluding to a former quarrel, "is worse than dishonorable: he is heartless."

"That settles it; my patience is at an end," cried Vronsky, quickly dropping her hand.

"He hates me; that is certain," she thought, as she went from the room in silence with tottering steps. "He loves some other woman; that is more certain still," she said to herself, as she reached her room. "I wish to be loved, but love is gone. All is over." She repeated the words that she had said, — "I must put an end to it."

"But how?" she asked herself, sinking into a chair before her mirror.

The most heterogeneous thoughts crowded upon her. Where should she go? To her aunt, who had brought her up? To Dolly? or simply go abroad alone by herself? What was he doing alone in his study? Would the rupture be final, or was there a possibility of reconciliation? How would Alekseï Aleksandrovitch look upon it? and what would her former acquaintances in Petersburg say? Many other ideas of what would happen came into her mind, but she could not take any satisfactory account of them. A vague idea came into her mind, and awakened some interest, but she could not express it. Thinking once more of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, she recalled a phrase which she had used after her illness, and the feeling that clung to her,—"Why did n't I die?" and immediately the words awoke the feeling which they had at that time expressed. Yes, that was the idea which alone settled everything.

"Death, yes, that is the only way of escape. My terrible shame, and the dishonor which I have brought on Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and Serozha, all will be wiped away by my death. If I die, he will repent for me then; he will be sorry, he will love me, he will suffer for me."

A smile of pity for herself came over her face as she kept mechanically taking off and putting on the rings of her left hand, and with vivid imagination she pictured how he would feel after she was dead.

Approaching steps—his steps—caught her ears. She affected to be busily engaged in taking off her rings, and did not turn her head.

He came to her, and, taking her hand, said tenderly: "Anna, we will go day after to-morrow if you wish. I am ready for anything..... Well?" said he, waiting.

She did not speak.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"You yourself know," said she; and then, unable to control herself longer, she burst into tears. "Leave me, leave me," she murmured through her sobs. "I am going away to-morrow..... I will do more. What am I? A lost woman, a millstone about your neck. I don't want to torment you. I will set you free. You do not love me; you love another."

Vronsky begged her to be calm. He swore there was not the slightest ground for her jealousy, and that he had never ceased and never should cease to love her; that he loved her more than ever.

"Anna, why torture yourself and me so?" he asked, as he kissed her hand. His face expressed the deepest tenderness; and it seemed to her that her ears caught the sound of tears in his voice, and that she felt their moisture on her hand.

Passing suddenly from jealousy to the most passionate tenderness, she covered his head, his neck, his hands, with kisses.

CHAPTER XXV

Feeling that their reconciliation was complete, Anna the next morning eagerly made her preparations for departure. Although it was not yet definitely decided whether they should start on Monday or Tuesday, since both days had certain contingencies, Anna was busily making her preparations for the journey, feeling now perfectly indifferent whether they went a little sooner or a little later. She was engaged in her room taking various articles from an open trunk, when Vronsky, already dressed, came to her earlier than usual.

"I am going now to *maman*. Perhaps she can get me the money through Yegerof, and then I shall be ready to go to-morrow," he said.

She was feeling particularly cheerful, but his reference to his visit to his mother's datcha was like a stitch in the side.

"No; I shall not be ready myself;" and immediately she thought, "So then it *was* possible to arrange it so as to do as I wished." — "No; do just as you intended to. And now go to the dining-room, and I will join you as soon as I have taken out these unnecessary things," she added, giving something more to Annushka, whose arms were already laden with a heap of articles.

Vronsky was eating his beefsteak when she entered the dining-room.

"You can't realize how odious these apartments have become to me," she said, as she sat down by him. "Nothing is more detestable than these *chambres garnies*. There is no individuality in them, no soul. The clock, the curtains, and especially the wall-papers — they are a *cauchemar*. I think of Vozdvizhenskoye as of the promised land. Shall you not send on the horses in advance?"

"No, they will follow us. But were you going anywhere?"

"I wanted to go to the Wilsons'; I must get a gown. So it is decided that we go to-morrow, is it?" she added, in a joyous tone. But suddenly her face changed. Vronsky's valet came in, and asked him to sign a receipt for a despatch from Petersburg. Still there was nothing remarkable in Vronsky's receiving a telegram, but he acted as if he wanted to conceal something from her; and, saying that he would sign it in his library, he turned to her: —

"To-morrow without fail I shall have finished everything."

"From whom is the despatch?" she asked, not hearing him.

"From Stiva," answered the count, reluctantly.

"Why did n't you show it to me? What secret can there be between Stiva and me?"

Vronsky called the valet back, and ordered him to bring in the telegram.

"I did not care to show it because Stiva has a passion for telegraphing. Why need he send me a despatch to tell me that nothing was decided?"

"About the divorce?"

"Yes. He maintains that he cannot get a definite answer. Here, see for yourself."

Anna took the despatch with a trembling hand. It read as Vronsky had told her. At the end it said: —

"Little hope; but I shall do everything possible and impossible."

"I told you yesterday that it was absolutely immaterial to me when I received the divorce, or whether I get it at all," said she, flushing, "so it is perfectly useless to hide anything from me. In the same way, he can hide from me his correspondence with women," thought she.

"Yashvin wanted to come this morning with Voïtof," said Vronsky. "It seems that he has been gambling again, and has won from Pyebtsof all he has and more than he can pay .... about sixty thousand rubles."

"No," said she, vexed because by this change in the conversation he so evidently insinuated that she was vexed. "Why do you think that this news interests me so much that you must hide it from me? I told you that I did not want to think about it, and I should wish that you had as little interest in it as I."

"It interests me because I like clearness."

"Clearness! But in love, not in mere outside show," she said, getting more and more angry, not at his words, but at the tone of cool calmness in which he spoke. "Why do you want a divorce?"

"Bozhe moï! Always 'love,'" thought Vronsky, frowning. "You know very well why; it is for your sake and for the children we may have."

"There will not be any more children."

"I am sorry for that."

"You feel the need of it, because of the children; but don't you have some thought of me?" said she, forgetting that he had just said "for your sake and the children's."

The question of the possibility of having children had been long vexatious and trying to her. She took his desire to have children as a proof of indifference toward her beauty.

"Akh! I said *for your sake* .... more than all for your sake; for I am convinced that your irritability comes largely from the uncertainty of your position," he answered, scowling with annoyance.

"Yes, now he has ceased to pretend, and all his cold hatred of me is plain to be seen," she said to herself, not hearing his words, but gazing with horror at a cold and cruel judge who looked out of his eyes, and mocked her.

"That is not the cause," said she; "and I do not understand how my irritability, as you call it, can be caused by the fact that I have come absolutely into your power. How is my position indefinite? It seems to me the contrary."

"I am sorry that you are not willing to understand," he replied, obstinately determined to express his thought. "Its uncertainty comes from this, — that you think that I am free."

"Oh! as far as that goes, you can be perfectly easy," she said, turning from him, and beginning to drink her coffee. She took the cup, raising her little finger, and put it to her lips; and as she drank she looked at him, and by the expression of his face saw clearly that her motions and the sounds that she made in swallowing were repulsive to him.

"It is absolutely indifferent to me what your mother thinks, and how she intends to marry you off," said she, putting down the cup with trembling hand.

"We will not talk of that."

"Yes, we will too; and I assure you that a heartless woman, whether young or old, — your mother or anybody else, — does not interest me; and I don't want to know her."

"Anna, I beg you not to speak disrespectfully of my mother."

"A woman who has no conception of what the honor and happiness of her son consist in, has no heart."

"I repeat my request that you will not speak disrespectfully of my mother, whom I respect," reiterated the count, raising his voice, and looking severely at Anna.

She did not reply, but looked attentively at his face and his hands, and recalled with all its details the scene of the evening before, and his passionate caresses. "Just such caresses he has lavished, and will still continue to lavish, on other women," she thought.

"You don't love your mother. Those are simple words, words, words!" she said, looking at him with eyes full of hatred.

"If that is the case, it is necessary...."

"It is necessary to decide; and I have decided," said she, and was preparing to leave the room, when the door opened, and Yashvin entered.

She stopped immediately, and bade him good-morning.

Why, when her soul was full of bitterness; when she felt that she was at the turning-point of her life, which might take a terrible direction, — why, at this moment, she had to dissimulate before a stranger, who sooner or later would know all, she could not tell; but, calming the inner tumult of her feelings, she sat down again, and began to talk with the guest.

"Well, how are your affairs? Have they paid you your debt?" she asked.

"No; not yet. Probably I shall not get it all. And I 've got to leave Wednesday," said Yashvin, awkwardly, glancing at Vronsky, and evidently suspecting that a quarrel was in progress. "When do you leave?"

"Day after to-morrow, I think," said Vronsky.

"You have taken long to make up your minds."

"But now it is all decided," said Anna, looking straight into Vronsky's eyes with a look that told him how impossible it was to think of reconciliation.

"Did n't you feel sorry for that unlucky Pyebtsof?" asked Anna, addressing Yashvin.

"I have never asked myself whether I pitied a man or not, Anna Arkadyevna. My whole fortune is here," said he, pointing to his pocket. "Now I am a rich man, but I may come out of the club this evening a beggar. Whoever plays with me would gladly leave me without a shirt, and I him. Well! We engage in war, and that makes the fun."

"Well, but if you were married, how would it be fo
your wife?"

Yashvin laughed.

"But I am not married, and I don't expect to marry."

"But how about Helsingfors?" suggested Vronsky joining in the conversation, and looking at Anna's smiling face. But as she met his glance her face suddenly assumed a set and cold expression, as much as to say to him: "I have not forgotten. It 's still the same."

"And have n't you ever been in love?" she asked of Yashvin.

"Oh, Lord! plenty of times. Only remember, one may sit down to cards, but must be able to get up when the time comes for a *rendezvous;* but I interest myself in love-affairs in such a way that I need not be late to play my hand in the evening. And so I always arrange matters."

"You misunderstand; I did not ask about that, but about actual...." She wanted to say *Helsingfors*, but she did not like to use a word which Vronsky had just spoken.

Voïtof came at this moment to see about a horse which he had bought; Anna got up and left the room.

Before he left the house, Vronsky went to her room. She pretended to look for something on the table, but then, being ashamed of this dissimulation, she looked him straight in the face. She asked him coolly in French, "What do you want?"

"The certificate for Gambetta; I have sold him," answered Vronsky, in a tone which said louder than words, "I have not time for explanations, nor would they lead to anything."

"I 'm not to blame," thought he; "if she wants to punish herself, *tant pis pour elle.*"

However, as he left the room he thought she said something to him, and his heart was suddenly touched with compassion for her.

"What is it, Anna?" he asked.

"I said nothing," she answered coldly and calmly.

"Nothing! *tant pis*," he said again to himself. On his way out, as he passed a mirror, he caught sight in it of her pale face and trembling lips. He was tempted to go back and say some comforting words to her, but he was already too far on his way. He passed the entire day outside the house; and when he came home the maid informed him that Anna Arkadyevna had a headache, and begged him not to disturb her.

CHAPTER XXVI

Never before had they let a day end with a quarrel unsettled. This was the first time. This was not a mere quarrel; it was evidently the avowal of permanent coldness. How was it possible for him to look at her as he had done when he came into her room after his document? how could he look at her, and see that her heart was full of despair, and then go out with a calm, indifferent face? He had not only grown cold to her, but he hated her, because he loved some other woman. This was clear. And, as she recalled all the cruel words which he had said to her, Anna began to imagine also the words which she was certain he would like to say to her and might say, and she grew more and more irritated.

"I will not keep you," she imagined him saying. "You may go wherever you please. As you don't care to be divorced from your husband, you probably intend to go back to him. If you want money, I will give it to you. How many rubles do you want?"

All these insulting words which the cruel man might say were said merely in her imagination, but she could not forgive him any more than if he had really said them.

"But did he not swear to me only yesterday that he loved me? Is he not a sincere and honest man?" she said to herself a moment afterward. "Have I not been in despair several times before, all for nothing?"

She passed the entire day, except two hours during which she made a visit to her *protégés*, the Wilsons, in alternate doubt and hope. Was all at an end? Was there any chance of a reconciliation? Should she leave him then and there, or should she wait and see him once again? She waited for him all day; and in the evening she went to her room, telling Annushka to say that she had a headache.

"If he comes in spite of that, it will show that he loves me still; if not, it is over, and I shall make up my mind what there is for me to do."....

Late in the evening she heard his carriage-wheels on the pavement, his ring, and his steps, and his colloquy with the maid; he believed what he was told, he did not care to make any further inquiries, and he went to his room. Evidently all was at an end. And Death as the only means of establishing a love for her in his heart, of punishing him, and of winning the victory in the struggle which the evil spirit that had possession of her soul was waging with him, clearly, vividly, presented itself before her.

Now everything was a matter of indifference — whether they went to the country or not, whether she procured the divorce or not — it was unnecessary; the one essential thing was to punish him.

When she poured out her usual dose of opium, and it came over her that if she swallowed all that was in the vial she would die, it seemed so easy and simple that she felt a real joy in imagining how he would mourn, repent, and love her when it was too late. She lay on her bed with open eyes, and watched the dying candle-light on the molded cornice of the ceiling mingle with the shadow of the screen which divided the room; she vividly pictured to herself how he would think when she was no more, when she was only a memory. "How could I speak to her such cruel words?" he would say to himself. "How could I leave her without saying anything at all? and now she is no more; she has left us forever! She is there...."

Suddenly the shadow of the screen seemed to waver and cover the whole cornice, the whole ceiling; other shadows from the other sides joined in with it; for an instant they seemed to be running, then with new rapidity they trembled, melted together, and all became dark.

"Death!" thought she; and such a great terror seized upon her, that for a long time she did not know where she was; and it was long before her trembling hands could find the matches, in order to light another candle in place of the one that had burned down and gone out.

"No, no! anything .... only to live! I love him, and he loves me; these dreadful days will go by!" she said to herself, feeling that tears of joy poured down her cheeks at her return to life. And to escape her terror she fled to Vronsky's library.

He was in his library, soundly sleeping. She went to him, and, holding the candle above his face, looked at him a long time. Now, as he slept, she felt such love for him, that at the sight of him she could not refrain from tears of tenderness; but she knew that, if he woke he would look at her with a cold, self-justifying look, and that before she spoke a word of her love she would not be able to resist the temptation of proving to him how wrong he was.

Without waking him she went back to her room; and, after a second dose of opium, she fell into a heavy sleep which lasted till morning, and all the time she was conscious of herself.

Toward morning she had the frightful nightmare which she had experienced several times even before her *liaison* with Vronsky. She saw a little old man, with unkempt beard, doing something, bending over a gourd, and muttering unintelligible French words; and, as always when she had this nightmare, and therein lay the horror of the dream, she felt that the little old man paid no heed to her, but did this horrible something in the gourd over her head. She awoke in a cold perspiration.

When she got up, the events of the day before seemed enveloped in mist.

"There was a quarrel. It has happened several times before. I said I had a headache, and he didn't come to see me. That is all. To-morrow we shall go away. I must see him, and get ready for our departure," she said to herself; and, knowing that he was in his library, she started to go to him.

But, in crossing the drawing-room, her attention was arrested by the sound of a carriage stopping, and she looked out of the window and saw a carriage, from the window of which a young girl in a light hat was putting out her head, and giving orders to the footman, who was at the door-bell. After a colloquy in the vestibule, some one came up-stairs, and Anna heard Vronsky's steps in the room next the drawing-room. Then he ran swiftly down-stairs. Anna looked out again, and saw him go out to the door-steps bare-headed, and approach the carriage. The young girl in the lilac-colored hat handed him a package. Vronsky smiled as he spoke to her. The carriage drove away, and Vronsky came quickly up-stairs again.

The mist which enwrapped everything in Anna's soul suddenly cleared away. The feelings of the day before tore her anguished heart more cruelly than ever. She now could not understand how she could have so far debased herself as to stay a single day under his roof. She went to his library, to acquaint him with the resolution that she had taken.

"The Princess Sorokin and her daughter have brought me the money and papers from *maman*. I could not get them yesterday. How is your headache? better?" he said quietly, seeming not to notice the gloomy and solemn expression of Anna's face.

She did not reply; but, standing in the middle of the room, she looked fixedly at him. He glanced at her for an instant, his brows contracted, and he continued to read his letter. Without speaking, Anna turned slowly about, and left the room. He might yet detain her; but she had reached the door. He said not a word, the only sound heard was the rustling of the sheet of paper.

"Oh! by the way," he exclaimed, just as she was on the threshold, "do we really go to-morrow?"

"You, but not I," answered she, turning round on him.

"Anna, it is impossible to live in this way."

"You, not I," she repeated.

"It's becoming intolerable!"

"You .... you will be sorry for this," said she; and she went out.

Frightened at the despairing tone with which she spoke those last words, he sprang up and started to follow her; but, on reflection, he seated himself again, and, firmly clenching his teeth, he frowned. That unbecoming threat, as he termed it, irritated him. "I have tried every means," he said to himself: "the only thing left is to pay no attention;" and he made up his mind to go to the city and to his mother's again, to have her sign a deed.

Anna heard the sound of his steps in his library and the dining-room. He stopped at the drawing-room. But he did not come to her: he only gave some directions about sending the stallion to Voïtof. Then she heard the calash drive to the entrance, a door opened and Vronsky went out. Then he came back into the vestibule again and some one ran up-stairs. It was his valet, who was sent to get a pair of forgotten gloves. She went to the window, and saw Vronsky take his gloves, then touch the coachman's back, and say some words to him; and then, without glancing at the window, he sat down as usual, in the carriage, crossing one leg over the other. And, putting on the gloves, he turned the corner, and disappeared from Anna's sight.

CHAPTER XXVII

"He is gone. It's all over," said Anna to herself, as she stood at the window; and the impression of blackness which she had felt in the night at the dying candle and that of the nightmare blending in one, filled her heart with chill horror. "No, I cannot endure this," she cried, and, crossing the room, she rang the bell violently. She was so afraid to stay alone, that, without waiting, she went to meet the servant.

"Find out where the count has gone."

The man replied that he had gone to the stables. "He left word that the carriage would return immediately if you wished to go out."

"Very well. Wait, I am going to write a note, send Mikhaïl with it to the stables. Have him hurry."

She sat down and wrote:—

I am to blame. Come back. We must explain things. For Heaven's sake, come! I am frightened.

She sealed the note, and gave it to the servant; and, in her fear of being alone, she went to the nursery.

"Why, he is not the same as he was. Where are his blue eyes, and his pretty, timid smile?" was her first thought when she saw the plump and rosy little girl, with her dark curly hair, instead of Serozha, whom, in the confusion of her thoughts, she had expected to see.

The little girl was seated at the table, noisily tapping on it with a glass stopper. She looked unintelligently at her mother with two dark, currant-colored eyes. Answering the English nurse that she was well, and expected to go to the country the next day, Anna sat down beside the little girl, and began to spin the stopper from the carafe in front of her. The motion of the child's brows and her hearty laugh recalled Vronsky so vividly that Anna, choking down her sobs, rose suddenly, and hurried from the room.

"Is it possible that all is over? No, it cannot be," thought she. "He will return. But how can he explain that smile of his and his animation, after he spoke with *her?* But even if he does n't explain it, I shall believe him; if I do not believe, there is only one thing left, and that I do not want."

She looked at her watch. Twelve minutes had gone by.

"Now he must have received my note, and must come back in ten minutes. And what if he should n't come back? No, but that 's impossible. He must not find me with red eyes; I 'll go and bathe my face. There, there! Have I brushed my hair yet?" She could not remember. She put her hands to her head. "Yes, I brushed my hair, but I really don't remember when it was." She actually did not believe that her hands told her truly, and she went to the pier-glass to see. Her hair was properly arranged, but she could not remember anything about it.

"Who is this?" she asked herself, as she caught sight of a glowing face and strangely brilliant eyes gazing at her from the mirror. "Yes, it is I." And she suddenly seemed to feel his kisses; and she shivered, and shrugged her shoulders. Then she put her hand to her lips, and kissed it. "It must be that I am going out of my mind;" and she fled to her room, which Annushka was putting in order.

"Annushka," she said, as she stood before the maid, not knowing what to say.

"Will you go to Darya Aleksandrovna's?" said the maid, as if reading her thoughts.

"To Darya Aleksandrovna's? Yes, I will go there. Fifteen minutes to go, fifteen to come back. He ought to be here." She looked at her watch. "Oh! how could he leave me in such a condition? How can he live, and not be at peace with me?" She went to the window, and looked out into the street; perhaps she had made a mistake in calculating, and she began over again to count the minutes since he left.

Just as she was about going to consult the great clock, so as to verify hers, a carriage stopped before the door. It was the count's calash, but no one came up-stairs, and she heard voices in the vestibule. It was the messenger, who came back in the calash. She hurried down to him.

"They were too late for the count. He had gone to the Nizhegorodsky railway station."

"What is the matter? what is it?" she asked, addressing the ruddy, jolly Mikhaïl, who handed her back the note. Oh, yes; he did not receive it, she remembered.

"Go with this note to the Countess Vronsky's in the country, you understand? and bring an answer back to me immediately!"

"But what shall I do?" she thought. "Yes, I will go to see Dolly, to be sure, or else I shall go out of my mind. Ah! I might telegraph!" And she wrote the following despatch: —

I absolutely must speak to you. Come back immediately.

Having sent the telegram, she went and dressed; and then, with her hat on, she again looked at the stout, good-natured Annushka, whose little, gentle gray eyes were full of sympathy.

"Annushka, my dear, what am I to do?" murmured she, dropping into an arm-chair with a sob.

"You must n't excite yourself so, Anna Arkadyevna. Go out for a drive; that will divert you. These things will happen," said the maid.

"Yes, I am going out," said Anna, collecting her thoughts, and rising. "If a despatch comes while I am gone, send it to Darya Aleksandrovna's. Or .... no, I will come back — I must keep from thinking. I must do something, and go out, and, above all, get out of this house," thought she, listening, with alarm, to the wild beating of her heart. She hastened out and got into the calash.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked Piotr, just before he took his seat on the box.

"To Znamenko, to the Oblonskys'."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE weather was clear. A fine, thick rain had fallen all the morning, but now it had just cleared off. The roofs and flagstones and harnesses and the metal-work of the carriages glittered in the May sunshine. It was three o'clock, the liveliest time in the streets.

Sitting in the corner of the comfortable calash, which swung easily on its elastic springs as it rolled swiftly along, drawn by a pair of grays, Anna, soothed by the monotonous rumble of the wheels and the hurrying impressions that she received in the fresh, pure air, reviewed the events of the past few days, and her situation seemed entirely different from what it had been at home. Now, the idea of death did not frighten her so much, and death itself did not seem to her so inevitable. Now she blamed herself for the humiliation to which she had stooped.

"I begged him to forgive me. I bent before him. I accused myself. Why did I? Can't I live without him?"

And, leaving this question unanswered, she began to read the sign-boards mechanically.

"*Kontor i sklad. Zubnoï Vratch.*[1] — Yes, I will tell Dolly all about it. She does not love Vronsky. It will be hard, shameful, ... but I will confess everything. She loves me. I will follow her advice. I will not allow him to treat me like a child. *Philoppof — Kalatchi;* they say they send those loaves as far as Petersburg. The water at Moscow is so good; ah! the wells of Muitishchensky!"

And she remembered how long, long ago, when she was seventeen, she had gone with her aunt to the monastery of Troïtsa.[2]

"They traveled with horses in those days. Was it really I, with the red hands? How many things which seemed then beautiful and unattainable are worthless to me now! What I was then, is passed forever beyond recall! And ages could not bring me back. Would I have believed then that I could have fallen into such debasement? .... How proud and self-satisfied he will be when he reads my note! But I will tell him. .... How disagreeable this paint smells! Why are they always painting and building? *Modui i uborui. Fashionable Dressmaker,*" she read.

A man bowed to her; it was Annushka's husband.

"Our parasites, as Vronsky says. Ours? Why *ours?* Ah, if one could tear out the past by the roots! But that's impossible; one can only avoid thinking about it. And I do that."

And yet, here she recalled her past with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and how she had driven him out of her memory.

"Dolly will think that I am leaving the second husband, and that I am, therefore, really bad. Do I want to be good? I cannot." .... And she felt the tears coming. And, seeing two happy young girls going by, she fell to wondering why they were smiling at each other. "Probably about love. They don't know how sad and wretched it is..... The *boulevards* and the children! There are three little boys, playing horse. Serozha! my little Serozha. I shall lose all. I shall never have him again..... Well, if he does not come back, all is indeed lost. Perhaps he missed the train, and has already reached home. Do I wish to humiliate myself still more?" she said, reproaching herself for her weakness. "No, I'm going to Dolly's. I shall say to her, 'I am unhappy, I am suffering; I deserve it; but I am so unhappy, help me!' Oh, these horses, this calash! how I hate to use them! they are his. I will never see them again!"

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[1] Office and warehouse. Surgeon-Dentist.

[2] The *Troïtskaïa Lavra,* or Trinity Laura, near Moscow, founded by St. Sergius in the fourteenth century in the time of the Grand Prince Simeon; the richest and most famous institution of its kind in Russia. At one time it had 700 monks and 110,000 *souls,* or male serfs.

While thinking over what she should say to Dolly, and deliberately torturing her heart, she reached the house, and went up the steps.

"Is there any one here?" she asked, in the anteroom.

"Katerina Aleksandrovna Levina," answered the servant.

"Kitty, the same Kitty with whom Vronsky was once in love," thought Anna; "and he thinks of her with love, and is sorry that he did not marry her; and he thinks of me with hate, and is sorry that he ever met me."

When Anna arrived, the two sisters were talking over the subject of feeding babies. Dolly went alone to the drawing-room to receive the guest that had come to disturb their conversation.

"You have n't gone away yet? I was just going to your house," said Dolly. "I have a letter from Stiva to-day."

"We had a despatch," answered Anna, glancing round to see if Kitty was coming.

"He writes that he does not understand what Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch requires, but that he will not come away till he has a definite answer."

"I thought you had company. May I read the letter?"

"Yes, ... Kitty," said Dolly, confused; "she is in the nursery. You know she has been very ill."

"I heard so. May I read the letter?"

"Certainly; I 'll go and get it. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch does not refuse; on the contrary, Stiva is quite hopeful," said Dolly, stopping at the door.

"I neither hope nor want anything," said Anna.

"Does Kitty think it humiliating to meet me?" thought Anna, when she was left alone. "Perhaps she is right; but she who once loved Vronsky has no right to thrust it in my face, even if she is right. I know that a virtuous woman cannot receive me in my present position. I have given up everything for him, and this is my reward! Ah, how I hate him! Why did I come here? I am more wretched here than at home."

She heard the voices of the two sisters in an adjoining room.

"And what am I to say to Dolly? Delight Kitty with the spectacle of my misery? Submit to her condescension? Never! Even Dolly would n't understand. I will not say anything to her. All I should want to see Kitty for would be to show her that I am indifferent, — that I scorn every one and everything."

Dolly came in with the letter; Anna silently looked it through, and returned it.

"I knew all that," said she; "but it does n't interest me at all."

"Now, why not? I have good hopes," said Dolly, looking critically at Anna. She had never seen her in such a strange state of irritation. "When do you go away?"

Anna half closed her eyes, and looked before her without answering.

"Is Kitty afraid of me?" she asked, after a moment, glancing toward the door, with heightened color.

"Akh, what nonsense! But she is nursing the baby .... it does not go very well yet. .... I have been giving her some advice .... she will be delighted, and is coming directly," answered Dolly, awkwardly, not knowing how to tell a fib. "Oh, there she is now."

When Kitty heard that Anna was there, she had not wished to appear; but Dolly had persuaded her. Controlling her repugnance, she went to the parlor, and, blushing as she approached Anna, she held out her hand.

"I am very glad," said she, in a trembling voice.

Kitty was confused by the struggle between her dislike of this wicked woman and her desire to be polite to her; but, as soon as she saw Anna's beautiful, attractive face, all her unfriendliness vanished.

"I should not have been surprised if you had refused to see me; I am used to everything," said Anna. "You have been very ill; yes, you have changed."

Kitty felt that Anna looked at her with dislike, and she attributed her unfriendliness to the awkward position in which she stood in regard to herself, having once been her especial favorite. Her heart was filled with compassion.

They talked of Kitty's illness, about her baby, and of Stiva; but evidently nothing interested Anna.

"I came to bid you good-by," she said to Dolly, as she rose.

"When do you go?"

But, without answering her, Anna turned to Kitty.

"Well, I am very glad to have seen you again," said she, with a smile. "I 've heard so much about you from every one, and especially from your husband. He came to see me, and I liked him very much," she added, with a wicked emphasis. "Where is he?"

"He has gone to the country," answered Kitty, blushing.

"Give my love to him; now don't forget!"

"I will do it, certainly," said Kitty, simply, with a compassionate look.

"So, *prashchaï*, Dolly, good-by," said Anna, kissing her; and, shaking hands with Kitty, she hastened away.

"She is as fascinating as ever," remarked Kitty, to her sister, when Dolly rejoined Kitty. "And how beautiful she is! But there is something very painful about her .... terribly painful."

"She does n't seem to be in her usual state to-day. I thought she came near bursting into tears, when I accompanied her into the anteroom."

CHAPTER XXIX

Anna took her seat in her carriage in an even unhappier state of mind than she had been when she left her house. In addition to her former sufferings, she now felt the humiliation and sense of moral degeneracy which her meeting with Kitty had clearly made evident.

"Where would you wish to go now? Home?" asked Piotr.

"Yes, home," she replied, now not thinking at all where she was going.

"They looked on me as some strange, incomprehensible curiosity. — What can that man be saying so eagerly to the other?" thought she, seeing two passers-by talking together. "Is it possible to say what one really feels? I wanted to confess to Dolly, and I am glad that I kept still. How she would have rejoiced at my unhappiness! She would have tried to hide it, but at heart she would have been glad; she would have thought it just that I should be punished for that happiness which she begrudged me. And Kitty would have been still more pleased. How I read her through and through! She knows her husband liked me uncommonly well, and she is jealous, and hates me; and, what 's more, she despises me. In her eyes, I am an immoral woman. If I had been an immoral woman I might have made *him* fall in love with me, if I had wanted to! I confess I thought of it. — There goes a man who is delighted with his own looks," she said to herself, as a tall, florid man went by, and, mistaking her for an acquaintance, lifted his shiny hat from his shiny bald head, and instantly recognized his mistake.

"He thought he knew me! He knows me quite as well as any one in the world knows me. I don't know myself; I only know my *appetites*, as the French say. —

They covet some of that bad ice-cream," she said to herself, as she watched two little street children standing in front of a vender, who had just set down from his head his tub of ice-cream, and was wiping his face with a corner of his coat.

"We all want our sweet delicacies; if not sugar-plums, then bad ice-cream, just like Kitty, who, not catching Vronsky, took Levin. She envies me, she hates me; and we all hate one another, I Kitty, and Kitty me. That is a fact.— *Tiutkin coiffeur —Je me fais coiffer par Tiutkin.* .... I will tell *him* this nonsense when he comes," thought she, and smiled, and then instantly remembered that there was no one now to whom she could tell amusing things. "There is nothing amusing, nothing gay; it is all disgusting. The vesper-bell is ringing, and that storekeeper is crossing himself so quickly that one would think he was afraid of losing the chance.

"Why these churches, these bells, these lies? Just to hide the fact that we all hate one another, like those izvoshchiks who are swearing at each other so angrily. Yashvin was right when he said, 'He is after my shirt, and I am after his.' That is a fact."

She was so engrossed by these thoughts that she forgot her grief for a while, and was surprised when the carriage stopped in front of her house. The sight of the Swiss, coming to meet her, reminded her that she had sent a letter and a telegram.

"Is there an answer yet?"

"I will go and see," said the Swiss; and, looking on the secretary, he came back in a moment with a telegram in a thin, square envelop. Anna read: —

> I cannot be back before ten o 'clock. VRONSKY.

"And has the messenger come back?"

"Not yet," replied the Swiss.

"Ah! if that is so, then I know what I must do;" and, feeling a vague sense of anger and a desire for vengeance arising in her soul, she ran up-stairs.

"I myself will go and find him," thought she.

"Before I go away forever, I will tell him all. I never hated any one as I hate this man!"

And when she caught sight of Vronsky's hat hanging on the peg, she shivered with aversion. She did not reflect that the despatch was in answer to her telegram, and that he could not as yet have received her note. She imagined him now chatting gayly with his mother and the Princess Sorokin, without a thought of her suffering.

"Yes, I must go as quickly as possible," she said, not knowing at all whither she should go.

She felt that she must fly from the thoughts that oppressed her in this terrible house. The servants, the walls, the furniture, everything about it, filled her with disgust and pain, and crushed her with a terrible weight.

"Yes, I must go to the railroad station, and if not there, then somewhere else, to punish him."

She looked at the time-table in the newspaper. The evening train went at two minutes past eight.

"Yes, I shall have plenty of time."

She ordered the two other horses to be harnessed, and she had transferred from her trunk to her traveling-bag things enough to last for several days. She knew that she should never come back again. She revolved a thousand plans in her head, and determined that when she had done what she had in mind to do, either at the countess's country seat, or at the station, she would go to the first city on the Nizhni Novgorod Railway and stay there.

Dinner was on the table. She went to it, smelt the bread and cheese, and persuading herself that the odor of the victuals was repugnant to her, she ordered the carriage again, and went out. The house was already casting a shadow across the wide street; but the sky was clear, and it was warm in the sun. Annushka, who brought her things, and Piotr, who carried them to the carriage, and the coachman, who was evidently angry, all were disagreeable to her, and vexed her with their words and motions.

"I do not need you, Piotr."

"Who will get your ticket?"

"Well, go if you wish; it makes no difference to me," she said pettishly.

Piotr nimbly mounted the box, and, folding his arms, ordered the coachman to drive to the station.

CHAPTER XXX

"Now I am myself again. Now I remember it all," said Anna to herself, as soon as the calash started, and, rocking a little, rattled along over the cobble-stones of the pavement; and once more her impressions began to go whirling through her mind.

"Yes, what was that good thing that I was thinking about last? Tiutkin, the *coiffeur?* Oh, no; not that. Oh, yes; what Yashvin said about the struggle for existence, and hatred, the only thing that unites men. No; we go at haphazard."

She saw in a carriage drawn by four horses a party of merrymakers, who had evidently come to the city for a pleasure-trip.

"And the dog which you take with you does not help you at all. You can't get out of yourself." Glancing in the direction where Piotr was turning, she saw a working-man almost dead drunk, who, with a flopping head, was being led by a policeman. She added: "That man's way is quicker. Count Vronsky and I did not reach this pleasure, though we expected much."

And now for the first time Anna turned this bright light, all-revealing, upon her relations with the count; hitherto she had steadfastly refused to do so.

"What did he seek in me? A satisfaction for his vanity, rather than for his love!"

She remembered Vronsky's words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive dog, when they first met and loved. Everything seemed a confirmation of this thought.

"Yes; he cared for the triumph of success above everything. Of course, he loved me, but chiefly from vanity. Now that he is not proud of me any more, it is over. He is ashamed of me. He has taken from me all that he could take, and now I am of no use to him. I weigh upon him, and he does not want to be in dishonorable relationship with me. He said, yesterday, he wanted the divorce and to marry me so as to burn his ships. Perhaps he loves me still, — but how? The zest is gone," she said in English. — "That man likes to show off, and he is mighty proud of himself," she added, as she looked at a ruddy-faced man riding by on a hired horse.

"There is nothing about me any longer to his taste. If I leave him, he will rejoice in the bottom of his heart."

This was not mere hypothesis; she saw this clearly, in that penetrating light which now revealed to her the meaning of life and of her false relations.

"My love has been growing more and more passionate and selfish; his has been growing fainter and fainter. That is why we cannot get on together." She went on thinking. "There can't be any help for it. He is all in all to me. I struggle to draw him closer and closer to me, and he wants to fly from me. Up to the time of our union, we flew to meet each other; but now we move irresistibly apart. This cannot be altered. He accuses me of being absurdly jealous, — and I am; I confess that I am absurdly jealous, and yet I am not either. I am not jealous, but my love is no longer satisfied. But .... " she opened her mouth to speak, and, in the excitement caused by the stress of her thoughts, she changed her place in the carriage.

"If I could only be something else than a passionate mistress, but I cannot, and I do not wish to be; and by this very wish I awake his dislike of me, while he stirs up all my evil passions, and this cannot be otherwise.

"Don't I know that he would not deceive me, that he is no longer in love with Kitty, that he has no intention of marrying Sorokina? I know it well, but it is none the easier for me. If now that he no longer loves me, he is kind, affectionate to me, merely from a *sense of* *duty*, but cannot be what I must have, that would be a thousand times worse than to have him angry with me. That would be — hell! And so it is. He has long ceased to love me. When love ceases, hate begins. — I don't know these streets at all. What hosts of houses! in them, people, people, — no end of them! and they all hate one another!

"Well! let me think what could happen to me now that would give me happiness again? Suppose that Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch should consent to the divorce, and would give me back Serozha, and that I should marry Vronsky?"

And as she thought of Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, Anna could see him with extraordinary vividness before her, as if alive, with his dull, lifeless, faded eyes, his white, blue-veined hands, and his cracking joints, and the intonations of his voice, and, as she recalled their relation to each other, which had been called *love*, she shuddered with aversion.

"Well! Suppose I got the divorce, and were married to Vronsky, would not Kitty still look at me as she looked at me to-day? She certainly would. Would not Serozha ask and wonder why I had two husbands? But between me and Vronsky what new feeling could I imagine? Is it possible that our relations might be, if not pleasanter, at least not so tormenting as they are now? No, and no!" she replied, without the least hesitation. "Impossible! We are growing apart; and I make him unhappy; he makes me unhappy, and I cannot change him; every means has been tried. The screw has been turned for the last time. ....

"Now, there's a beggar with a child. She thinks she inspires pity. Were we not thrown into the world to hate one another, and to torment ourselves and everybody else? Here come the schoolboys out to play! Serozha?"

It reminded her of her son.

"I used to think that I loved him, and I was touched by his gentleness. I have lived without him, I have given him up for my love, and was not sorry for the change, as long as I was contented with him whom I loved."

And she remembered with disgust what she called that love. And the clearness with which she now saw her own life, as well as the lives of others, delighted her.

"Thus am I, and Piotr and the coachman, Feodor, and that merchant, and all people from here to the Volga, wherever these remarks are applicable.... and everywhere and always," she thought, as the carriage stopped in front of the low-roofed station of the Nizhni Novgorod Railway, and the porters came hurrying out to meet her.

"Shall I book you for Obiralovka?" asked Piotr.

She had entirely forgotten why she had come, and only by a great effort could she understand what he meant.

"Yes," she said, handing him her purse; and, taking her little red bag, she got out of the carriage. As she entered the waiting-room for the first-class passengers with the throng, she reviewed all the details of her situation and the plans between which she was halting. And again hope and despair in alternation irritated the wounds in her tortured, cruelly palpitating heart. As she sat on the stelliform divan waiting for the train, she looked with aversion on the people going and coming, — they were all her enemies, — and thought now of how, when she reached the station, she would write to him, and what she would write, and then how at this very moment he — not thinking of her suffering — was complaining to his mother of his position, and how she would go to his room, and what she would say to him.

The thought that she might yet live happily crossed her brain; and how hard it was to love and hate him at the same time! And, above all, how frightfully her heart was beating!

CHAPTER XXXI

A BELL sounded, and some impudent young men, ugly and vulgar, and yet mindful of the impression they produced, hurried before her. Then Piotr, in his livery and top-boots, with his dull, good-natured face, crossed the waiting-room, and came up to escort her to the carriage. The noisy men about the door stopped talking while she passed out on the platform; then one of them whispered to his neighbor some remark, which was apparently impudent. Anna mounted the high steps, and sat down alone in the compartment on the dirty sofa which once had been white, and laid her bag beside her on the springy seat. Piotr, at the window, raised his gold-laced hat, with an inane smile, for a farewell, and departed. The saucy conductor shut the door. A woman, deformed, and ridiculously dressed up, followed by a little girl laughing affectedly, passed below the car-window. Anna looked at her with disgust. "Katerina Andreyevna has everything, *ma tante*," screamed the little girl.

"That child, even she is grotesque and makes grimaces," thought Anna; and she seated herself at the opposite window of the empty apartment, to avoid seeing the people.

A dirty hunchback muzhik passed close to the window, and examined the car-wheels; he wore a cap, from beneath which could be seen tufts of disheveled hair.

"There is something familiar about that humpbacked muzhik," thought Anna; and suddenly she remembered her nightmare, and drew back, trembling with fright, toward the carriage-door, which the conductor was just opening to admit a lady and gentleman.

"Do you want to get out?"

Anna did not answer; under her veil the conductor and the passengers did not see the horror in her face. She returned to her corner and sat down again. The couple took seats opposite her, and cast stealthy but curious glances at her gown. The husband and wife were obnoxious to her. The husband asked her if she objected to smoking, — evidently not for the sake of smoking, but as an excuse for entering into conversation with her. Having obtained her permission, he remarked to his wife in French that he felt even more inclined to talk than to smoke. They exchanged stupid remarks, with the hope of attracting Anna's attention.

Anna clearly saw how they bored each other, how they hated each other. It was impossible not to hate such painful monstrosities.

The second gong sounded, and was followed by the rumble of baggage, noise, shouts, laughter. Anna saw so clearly that there was nothing to rejoice at, that this laughter roused her indignation, and she longed to stop her ears so as not to hear it.

At last the third signal was given, the locomotive whistled, there was a sound of escaping steam, the train started, and the gentleman crossed himself.

"It would be interesting to ask him what he meant by that," thought Anna, looking at him angrily. Then she looked past the woman's head, out of the car-window, at the people apparently moving backward even while they were standing and walking on the platform. The carriage in which Anna sat moved past the stone walls of the station, the switches, the other carriages. The wheels with a ringing sound moved more easily and smoothly over the rails; the rays of the setting sun slanted into the car-window, and a light breeze played through the slats of the blinds in the carriages, and Anna forgot her neighbors, breathed in the fresh air, and took up again the course of her thoughts.

"There! What was I thinking about? Oh, yes, I was just deciding that I could not imagine any situation in which my life could be anything but one long misery. We are all dedicated to unhappiness; we all know it, and only seek for ways to deceive ourselves. But when we see the truth, what is to be done?"

"Reason was given to man, that he might avoid what annoys him," remarked the woman, in French, apparently delighted with her sentence, and putting out her tongue.

The words fitted in with Anna's thought.

"To avoid what annoys him," she repeated, and a glance at the red-faced man, and his thin companion, showed her that the woman looked on herself as a misunderstood creature, and that her stout husband did not contradict this opinion, and took advantage of it to deceive her. Anna, as it were, read their history, and looked into the most secret depths of their hearts; but it was not interesting, and she went on with her reflections.

"Yes, it annoys me very much, and reason was given to avoid it; therefore it must be done. Why not extinguish the light when it shines on things disgusting to see? But how? Why does the conductor keep hurrying through the car? Why do the young people in this carriage scream so loud? Why do they speak? What are they laughing at? It is all false, all a lie, all deception, all vanity and vexation."

When the train reached the station, Anna went out with the other passengers, and, with the idea of avoiding too rude a contact with the bustling crowd, she hesitated on the platform, trying to recollect why she had come, and what she meant to do. All that seemed to her possible before to do, now seemed to her difficult to execute, especially amid this noisy crowd, which would not leave her in peace. Now the porters came to her, to offer her their services; now some young men, clattering with their heels up and down the platform, and talking loud, observed her curiously; now hurrying passengers pushed her aside.

Finally, remembering that she was proposing to go farther if there was no answer from Vronsky, she stopped an official, and asked him if a coachman had not been there with a letter for Count Vronsky.

"Count Vronsky? Just now some one was here. Princess Sorokin and her daughter met him. What kind of a looking man is this coachman?"

Even while she was talking with the official, the coachman Mikhaïl, rosy and gay in his elegant blue livery and watch-chain, immensely proud that he had fulfilled his commission so well, came to her and handed her a note.

Anna broke the seal, and her heart stood still even before she had read the carelessly written lines: —

I am very sorry that your note did not find me in Moscow. I shall return at ten o'clock.

"Yes, that is what I expected," she said to herself, with an angry grimace.

"Very good, you may go home," she said to Mikhaïl.

She spoke the words slowly and gently, because the tumultuous beating of her heart almost prevented her from breathing.

"No, I will not let you make me suffer so," thought she, addressing, with a threat, neither Vronsky nor her own self, so much as the thought that was torturing her; and she moved along the platform, past the station. Two chambermaids walking on the platform turned to look at her, and made audible remarks about her toilet. "She has genuine lace," they said. The young men would not leave her in peace. They stared at her, and passed her again and again, joking and talking with loud voices. The station-master came to her, and asked if she was going to take the train. A lad selling kvas did not take his eyes from her.

"*Bozhe moï!* where shall I go?" she said to herself, as she walked farther and farther along the platform.

When she reached the end of it, she stopped. Some women and children, who had come to the station to meet a man in spectacles, were talking and laughing. They too stopped talking, and turned to see Anna pass by. She hastened her steps, and reached the very limit of the platform. A freight-train was coming. The platform shook, and made her feel as if she were on a moving train.

Suddenly she remembered the man who was run over on the day when she met Vronsky for the first time, and she knew then what was left for her to do. With light and swift steps she descended the stairway which led from the water-tank at the end of the platform down to the rails, and stood very near the train, which was slowly passing by. She looked under the cars, at the chains and the brake, and at the high iron wheels of the first car, and she tried to estimate with her eye the distance between the fore and back wheels, and the moment when the middle would be in front of her.

"There," she said, looking at the shadow of the car thrown upon the black coal-dust which covered the sleepers, "there, in the center; he will be punished, and I shall be delivered from it all .... and from myself."

She was going to throw herself under the first car as its center came opposite where she stood. Her little red traveling-bag caused her to lose the moment; she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in the river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her soul a whole series of memories of her youth and childhood; and suddenly the darkness which hid everything from her was torn asunder. Life, with its elusive joys, glowed for an instant before her. But she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the center, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and, with outstretched hands, threw herself on her knees under the car. For a second she was horror-struck at what she was doing.

"Where am I? What am I doing? Why?"

She tried to get up, to draw back; but something monstrous, inflexible, struck her head, and threw her on her back.

"Lord, forgive me all!" she murmured, feeling the struggle to be in vain.

A little muzhik was working on the railroad, mumbling in his beard.

And the candle by which she had read the book that was filled with fears, with deceptions, with anguish, and with evil, flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness, then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever.

PART EIGHTH

CHAPTER I

ALMOST two months had passed by, half the hot summer was gone, but Sergyeï Ivanovitch had only just made up his mind to leave Moscow. An important event for him had just occurred. The year before he had finished his book, entitled, "An Essay on the Principles and the Forms of Government in Europe and in Russia," the fruit of six years of labor. The introduction, as well as some fragments from the book, had already appeared in the reviews, and certain parts had been read by the author to the people of his circle, so that the ideas contained in this treatise could not be a perfect novelty for the public; but nevertheless Sergyeï Ivanovitch expected that the book on its appearance would attract serious attention, and produce, if not a revolution in science, at least a powerful sensation in the learned world.

This book, after careful revision, had been published the year before, and distributed among the booksellers.

Though Sergyeï Ivanovitch answered reluctantly and with pretended indifference the questions of his friends who asked how the book was going, and though he refrained from inquiring of the booksellers how it was selling, nevertheless he followed eagerly and with strained attention every sign of the impression which his book was producing on society and literature.

But a week passed, a second, a third, and there was not a sign of any impression. His friends, specialists and savants, evidently out of politeness, spoke to him about it; but the rest of his acquaintances, not being interested in a book of scientific purport, did not speak about it at all. Society, also, which just at that time was preoccupied with entirely different matters, showed utter unconcern. In literary circles, also, during the lapse of a month, there was not a word about his book. Sergyeï Ivanovitch carefully calculated the time necessary for preparing critical reviews, but months passed by and there also was absolute silence.

Only in the *Northern Beetle*, in a facetious *feuilleton* regarding the singer Drabanti, who had lost his voice, a few scornful words were said in regard to Koznuishef's book, showing that it had already been criticized by all, and was given over to universal ridicule. At length, after three months, a critical article appeared in a journal of importance. Sergyeï Ivanovitch knew who the author was. He had met him once at Golubtsof's.

He was a very young and feeble critic, very clever as a writer, but perfectly uneducated, and cowardly in his private relations.

Notwithstanding Sergyeï Ivanovitch's contempt of the author, he began to read the article with extraordinary interest. It proved to be abominable.

Evidently, the critic understood the whole book just exactly as he should not have understood it. But he had so cleverly put together a selection of extracts, that for those who had not read the book — and apparently almost no one had read it — it was perfectly clear that the entire book, in spite of its high pretensions, was nothing but a tissue of pompous phrases, and these not always intelligible, as the critic's frequent interrogation points testified, and that the author of the work was a perfect ignoramus; and it was done in such a witty way that Sergyeï Ivanovitch himself could not deny the wit of it; but, after all, it was abominable.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch, in spite of the unusual conscientiousness with which he examined into the justice of these remarks, did not for a moment think of answering the ridiculous errors and blunders; but he could not help instantly remembering all the least details of his meeting and conversation with the author of the article. "Did I say anything to affront him?" said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

And remembering how, when he met the young author of the article, he had shown up his ignorance in conversation, he, therefore, understood the animus of the criticism.

The appearance of this article was followed by a silence, unbroken by either voice or journal, and Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch saw that his six years' labor, into which he had put so much of his heart and soul, had been wasted.

And his position was made all the more trying because, now that his book was off his hands, he had nothing especial to occupy the larger part of his time.

He was bright, well educated, in perfect health, and very active; and he did not know how to employ his industry. Conversations with callers, visits to the club, and the meetings of committees, where there was a chance for him to talk, took some of his time; but he, a man long wonted to life in the city, did not permit himself to talk with every one, as his inexperienced brother did when he was in Moscow; so that he had much leisure and a superfluity of intellectual energy.

To his joy, just at this time, which was so trying to him because of the failure of his book, and after his interest in dissenters, American subjects, the famine in Samara, expositions, spiritualism, was exhausted, the Slavic question began to engross public attention; and Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, who had been one of its earliest advocates, gave himself up to it with enthusiasm.

Among Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch's friends nothing else was thought about or talked about except the Serbian war. All the things that lazy people are accustomed to do was done for the help of these brother Slavs. Balls, concerts, dinners, matches, ladies' finery, beer, drinking-saloons, — everything bore witness of sympathy for the Slavs.

With much that was said and written on this subject, Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch could not agree. He saw that the Slav question was one of those fashionable movements that always carry people to extremes. He saw that many people with petty personal ends in view took part in it. He recognized that the newspapers made many useless and exaggerated statements, in order to attract attention to themselves, and belittle their rivals. He saw that in this common impulse of society, upstarts put themselves forward, and outdid one another in making a noise, — commanders-in-chief without an army, ministers without a ministry, journalists without a journal, party-leaders without partizans. He saw much that was childish and absurd; but he also saw and admired the enthusiasm which united all classes, and which it was impossible not to share.

The massacre of the Serbians, who professed the same faith, and spoke almost the same language, aroused sympathy for their sufferings, and indignation against their persecutors; and the heroism of the Serbs and Montenegrins, who were fighting for a great cause, aroused a universal desire to help their brethren, not only in word, but in deed.

But there was another phenomenon which delighted Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch especially. This was the manifestation of public opinion. Society actually spoke out its desires. "The national soul received expression," as Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch expressed it; and the more he studied this movement as a whole, the more evidently it seemed to him that it was destined to grow to enormous proportions and to constitute an epoch.

He devoted himself to the service of this great cause, and forgot to think about his book.

All his time was now so occupied that he could scarcely reply to the letters and demands made upon him.

He had worked all the spring and a part of the summer, and only in the month of July could he tear himself away to go to his brother in the country.

He went for a fortnight's vacation, and rejoiced to find even in the depths of the country, in the very holy of holies of the peasantry, the same awakening of the national spirit in which he himself and all the inhabitants of the capital and the large cities of the empire firmly believed.

Katavasof seized the opportunity to fulfil a promise he had made to visit Levin, and the two friends left town together.

CHAPTER II

Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Katavasof had just reached the station of the Kursk Railway, which was especially crowded that day, and, leaving their carriage, they were looking at a lackey who had followed them laden with various articles, when four cabs filled with volunteers also drove up. Ladies carrying bouquets met them, and accompanied by a crowd they entered the station.

One of the ladies who had come to meet the volunteers came out of the waiting-room and addressed Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"Did you also come to see them off?" she asked, speaking in French.

"No; I am going myself, princess, to have a little rest at my brother's. But are you still on escort duty?" he added, with a scarcely perceptible smile of amusement.

"I have to be," replied the princess. "But tell me, is it true that we have sent off eight hundred already? Malvinsky told me so."

"More than eight hundred. We 've sent off more than a thousand, if we count those not immediately from Moscow," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"There, I said so!" cried the lady, delighted. "And is it true that the subscriptions amount to nearly a million?"

"More than that, princess."

"Have you read the news? They have beaten the Turks again."

"Yes, I read about it," replied Sergyeï Ivanovitch. She referred to a recent despatch, which confirmed the report that three days before the Turks had been beaten at every point, and had fled, and that the next day a decisive battle was expected.

"Oh, by the way, do you know a splendid young fellow is petitioning to go? I don't see why they put obstacles in his way. I wanted to ask you to put your signature on his petition. I know him. He comes from the Countess Lidia Ivanovna."

After asking some particulars in regard to the young man, Sergyeï Ivanovitch went into the waiting-room, affixed his signature to the document, and handed it back to the princess.

"Do you know Count Vronsky, the famous, is going on this train?" said the princess, with a triumphant and significant smile, as he rejoined her and handed her the petition.

"I heard that he was going; but I did not know when. On this train?"

"I just saw him. He is here. His mother is the only one with him. All things considered, I do not think he could do anything better."

"Oh, yes! Of course."

During this conversation the crowd had rushed into the restaurant of the station, where a man with a glass in his hand was making an address to the volunteers: —

"For the service of our faith and humanity and our brethren," he said, raising his voice, "*Matushka Moskva* — Mother Moscow — gives you her blessing in this noble cause. May it prosper!" he concluded, with tears in his eyes. The crowd responded with cheers, and a fresh throng poured into the waiting-room, nearly overwhelming the princess.

"Ah, princess! What do you say to this?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch, who, with a radiant smile of joy, suddenly appeared in the midst of the throng. "Did n't he speak gloriously? Bravo! And here 's Sergyeï Ivanovitch. You ought to speak just a few words, you know, of encouragement, you do it so well," added Oblonsky, touching Koznuishef's arm, with an expression of suave, flattering deference.

"Oh, no; I am leaving immediately."

"Where?"

"To the country — to my brother's," replied Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"Then you'll see my wife. I have written her, but you'll see her before she gets my letter. Please tell her that you met me, and everything is *all right*, she will understand; and be so good as to tell her, too, that I got my place as member of the Commission of .... Well, she knows what that is, you know, *les petites misères de la vie humaine*," said he, turning to the princess, as if in apology. "Miagkaïa, not Liza, but Bibiche, sends a thousand guns and twelve hospital nurses. Did I tell you?"

"Yes; I heard about it," answered Koznuishef, coldly.

"But what a pity you are going away," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "We give a farewell dinner to-morrow to two volunteers, — at Dimer's, — Bartnyansky of Petersburg, and our Veslovsky — Grisha. Both are going. Veslovsky is just married. He's a fine lad. Is n't it so, princess?" he added, addressing the lady.

The princess did not reply, but looked at Koznuishef. The fact that the princess and Sergyeï Ivanovitch evidently wanted to get rid of him did not in the least disconcert Stepan Arkadyevitch. Smiling, he glanced now at the princess's hat plume, now off to one side or the other as if searching for a new subject; and, as he saw a lady going by with a subscription-box, he beckoned to her, and handed her a five-ruble note.

"I can't bear to see these subscription-boxes pass by me, now that I have ready money," he said. "What splendid news there is! Hurrah for the Montenegrins!"

"What's that you say?" he cried, when the princess told him that Vronsky was going by the first train. For an instant Stepan Arkadyevitch's face grew sad, but the next moment, slightly limping with both feet, and stroking his side-whiskers, he went off to the room where Vronsky was. He had already entirely forgotten the tears he had shed over his sister's grave, and saw in Vronsky only a hero and an old friend.

"One must do him justice, in spite of his faults," said the princess to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, when Oblonsky was gone. "He has the true Russian, the Slavic, nature. But I am afraid it will be disagreeable to the count to see him. Whatever people may say, I pity that unhappy man. Try to talk a little with him on the journey," said the princess.

"Certainly, if I have a chance."

"I never liked him, but what he is doing now makes up for much. He is not only going himself, but he's taking out a squadron of cavalry at his own expense."

"Yes, so I have heard."

The bell rang, and the crowd pressed toward the doors.

"There he is," said the princess, pointing out Vronsky, who was dressed in a long coat and a broad-brimmed black hat. His mother was leaning on his arm. Oblonsky followed them, talking vivaciously.

Vronsky was frowning, and looked straight ahead, as if not listening to what Stepan Arkadyevitch said.

Apparently at Oblonsky's suggestion, he looked in the direction where Sergyeï Ivanovitch and the princess were standing, and raised his hat silently.

His face, which had grown old and worn, was like stone. Going out on the platform, Vronsky, silently quitting his mother's side, vanished from sight in his compartment.

On the platform, men were singing the national hymn.[1] Then hurrahs and *vivas* resounded. One of the volunteers, a tall, very young man, with stooping shoulders, ostentatiously responded to the public, waving above his head a felt hat and a bouquet; while behind him two officers, and an elderly man with a full beard and a greasy cap, put out their heads, also bowing.

CHAPTER III

After Sergyeï Ivanovitch had taken leave of the princess, he and Katavasof, who had joined him, entered their carriage, which was packed, and the train started.

When the train rolled into the station at Tsaritsuino it was met by a chorus of young men singing the "Slav'sa." Again the volunteers put out their heads and bowed, but Sergyeï Ivanovitch paid no attention to them; he had had so much to do with volunteers that he already knew this general type, and it did not interest him. But Katavasof, who on account of his pedagogical occupations had not enjoyed any opportunity to observe the men who volunteered, was very much interested, and asked his friend about them.

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[1] *Bozhe Tsara Khrani*, "God bless the Tsar."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch advised him to look into their carriage and talk with some of them.

At the next station, Katavasof followed this advice. As soon as the train stopped, he went into the second-class carriage, and made the acquaintance of the volunteers.

Some of them were seated in a corner of the carriage, talking noisily, aware that they were attracting the attention of the other passengers and of Katavasof, whom they saw come in. The tall, sunken-chested young man was talking louder than the others. He was evidently tipsy, and was telling the story of something which had happened in their establishment.

Opposite him sat an old officer in the Austrian military jacket of the Guard uniform. He was listening with a smile to the narrator, and occasionally prompting him. A third volunteer, in an artillery uniform, was sitting on a box near them. A fourth was asleep.

Katavasof entered into conversation with the youth, and learned that he had been a rich merchant in Moscow, who, before he was twenty-two years old, had succeeded in squandering a considerable fortune. Katavasof did not like him, because he was effeminate, conceited, and sickly. He evidently felt, especially now that he was drunk, that he was doing a heroic deed; and he boasted in the most disagreeable manner.

The second, a retired officer, also impressed Katavasof unpleasantly; he was a man who had apparently tried his hand at everything; he had worked on a railway, and had been director of an estate, and had established a factory; and he talked of everything without any necessity of doing so, and often used words which showed his ignorance.

The third, the artilleryman, on the contrary, pleased Katavasof very much. He was a modest gentleman. He was evidently disgusted by the affected knowledge of the retired officer and the young merchant's boasted heroism, and he would say nothing about himself. When Katavasof asked him what induced him to go to Serbia, he answered modestly: —

"I am going because every one else is going. We must help the Serbians. It is too bad."

"They have very few of our artillerymen, I believe."

"My service in the artillery was very short. I may be assigned to the infantry or the cavalry."

"Why in the infantry, when they need artillerymen more than all?" asked Katavasof, gathering from the artillerist's age that he must have already reached a considerable rank.

"I did not serve very long in the artillery, but left the service when I was only a yunker."

And he began to explain why he had not passed his examination.

All this together produced on Katavasof a generally unpleasant impression, and when the volunteers rushed out into one of the stations to get something to drink, Katavasof felt the desire to talk with some one so as to confirm his unfavorable impression.

One of his fellow-travelers, a little old man in a military paletot, had been listening all the time to Katavasof's talk with the volunteers. As the two were left alone together in the carriage, Katavasof addressed him: —

"What a diversity in the condition of all these men that are going south," said Katavasof, vaguely, wishing to express his opinions and at the same time draw out the old man's views.

The old man was a soldier who had fought in two campaigns, and he knew what it meant to go to war; and in the actions and words of these gentlemen, the bravery with which they kept applying themselves to the flask, he read their inferiority as soldiers. Moreover, his residence was in a district city, and he wanted to relate how from that place a good-for-nothing fellow, a drunkard and thief whom no one would hire as a workman, had gone as a soldier. But, knowing by experience that in the present state of excitement under which society was laboring, it was dangerous to express himself frankly against the general sentiment, and especially to criticize the volunteers, he merely looked at Katavasof.

"Well, men are needed there," said he, smiling with his eyes.

And they began to talk over the latest war news, and each of them concealed from the other his doubt whether a battle was to be expected on the next day, since, according to the latest report, the Turks had been defeated at all points. And so they parted without either of them having expressed what he really thought.

When Katavasof returned to his own carriage, he told Sergyeï Ivanovitch, with some twinges of conscience, that he enjoyed talking with the volunteers, and he declared that they were excellent lads.

In the great station where they next stopped, the chorus, the cheers, the bouquets, and the beggars again appeared, and again the ladies with bouquets conducted the volunteers into the restaurant; but there was much less enthusiasm than there had been at Moscow.

CHAPTER IV

While the train stopped at a certain government capital, Sergyeï Ivanovitch did not go to the restaurant, but walked up and down the platform.

The first time he passed Vronsky's compartment, he noticed that the window was shaded. But, when he passed the second time, he saw the old countess at the window. She called him to her.

"You see, I am going as far as Kursk with him."

"Yes, I heard he was going," answered Koznuishef, stopping at the window, and looking in. "What a noble action on his part!" he added, seeing that Vronsky was not in the carriage.

"Well! What could he do after his misfortune?"

"What a horrible thing it was!" said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"Akh! What have I not been through! — Yes, do come in. — Akh! What have I not been through!" she repeated, as Sergyeï Ivanovitch came in and sat down on the seat beside her. "You could not imagine it. For six weeks he never said a word to any one, and he only ate when I begged him to do so. We dared not leave him alone a single instant; we took away everything which he might kill himself with. We lived on the first floor, but we had to be on the watch all the same. You know he shot himself once before, for her sake," said the old countess, her face clouding at this remembrance; "yes, she died as was fit for such a woman to die. Even the death she chose was low and wretched."

"It is not for us to judge her, countess," replied Sergyeï Ivanovitch, with a sigh. "But I can imagine what you have suffered."

"Akh! Don't speak of it! My son was with me at my country place. A note was brought him. He answered immediately. We did not know at all that she was at the station. That evening I had just gone to my room, and my Mary told me that a lady had thrown herself under the train. I felt something like a shock. I understood instantly what had happened; I knew it was she. My first words were, 'Let no one tell the count.' But they had just told him. His coachman was at the station when it happened, and saw it all. I ran to my son's room. He was beside himself; it was terrible to see him. Without speaking one word, he left the house; and what he found, I do not know; but they brought him back like one dead. I should never have known him. '*Prostration complète*,' the doctor said. Then he became almost insane..... Akh! What can be said?" cried the countess, waving her hands. "It was a terrible time. No; let people say what they will, she was a bad woman. Think! What a desperate passion she was in! She did it to make an extraordinary sensation, and she succeeded! She has done irreparable injury to the lives of two men of rare merit, — her husband and my son, — and ruined herself."

"How about her husband?"

"He has taken her little girl. At first Alyosha consented to everything; now he is awfully sorry, having given up his daughter to a stranger, but he could not take back his word. Karenin went to the funeral; we succeeded in preventing a meeting between him and Alyosha. For him, — that is, her husband, — this death is a deliverance; but my poor son gave up everything for her, sacrificed everything, — me, his position, his career, — and she was not contented with that, but wanted to ruin him besides. No! whatever you may say, her death is the death of a bad woman, a woman without religion. May God forgive me! but when I think of the harm she has done my son, I cannot help cursing her memory."

"How is he now?"

"This Serbian war is our salvation. I am old, and don't understand much about it; but God sent it for him. Of course, to me, as his mother, it is painful; and besides, they say *ce n'est pas très bien vu à Pétersburg*, but what can be done about it? This is the only thing that could save him. Yashvin, his friend, gambled away all he had, and enlisted. He came to Alyosha, and persuaded him to go to Serbia with him. Now this is occupying him. Do talk with him, I beg of you, he is so sad. And then, besides his other troubles, he has a toothache. But he will be glad to see you. Please talk with him. He is walking up and down on the other side of the track."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch said that he would be very glad to talk with the count, and went over to the side where Vronsky was.

CHAPTER V

In the oblique evening shadow cast by a heap of baggage piled on the platform, Vronsky, in his long paletot and slouch hat, with his hands in his pockets, was walking, like a wild beast in a cage, up and down a narrow space where he could not take more than a score of steps. It seemed to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, as he drew near, that Vronsky saw him, but pretended not to recognize him. But to Sergyeï Ivanovitch this was all the same. He was above any petty susceptibility.

At this moment, Vronsky, in his eyes, was an important actor in a grand event, and deserved to be sustained and encouraged. He approached the count.

Vronsky stopped, looked at him, recognized him, and, taking a few steps to meet him, cordially held out his hand.

"Perhaps you would prefer not to see me," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch; "but can I be of any service to you?"

"No one could be less unpleasant for me to meet than you," answered Vronsky.. "Pardon me. There is nothing pleasant for me in life."

"I understand, and I want to offer you my services," said Koznuishef, struck by the deep suffering that was apparent in the count's face. "Might not a letter to Ristitch or Milan be of some use to you?"

"Oh, no!" answered Vronsky, making an effort to understand. "If it is all the same to you, we will walk a little. It is so stifling in the train! A letter? No, thank you. One needs no letter of introduction to get killed. In this case, one to the Turks, perhaps," added he, with a smile at the corners of his mouth. His eyes kept the same expression of bitter sadness.

"Well! It would make it easier for you to come into relations with men prepared for action. Still, as you please; but I was very glad to learn of your decision. The very fact that a man of your standing has joined the volunteers will raise them above all cavil in the public estimation."

"My sole merit," replied Vronsky, "is that life is of no value to me. As to physical energy, I know it will not be wanting for any purpose; and I am glad enough to give my life, which is not only useless to me, but disgusting, to be useful to somebody;" and he made an impatient motion with his jaw, caused by his unceasing toothache, which prevented him from talking with the expression he desired.

"You will be regenerated, is my prediction," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, feeling touched. "The deliverance of one's oppressed brethren is an aim for which one might as well live as die. May God grant you full success, and fill your soul with peace!" he added, and held out his hand.

Vronsky pressed his hand cordially.

"As a field-piece, I may be of use..... But as a man, ... I am only a ruin," murmured the count, with intervals between the phrases. The throbbing pain in his tooth, which filled his mouth with saliva, made it an effort for him to speak. He stopped, and fixed his eyes mechanically on the engine-wheels, which advanced, revolving slowly and smoothly on the rails.

And suddenly a sense of intense spiritual anguish caused him for a moment to forget his toothache. At the sight of the engine and the rails, through the influence of his talk with an acquaintance whom he had not seen since his misfortune, she suddenly appeared to him, or, at least, that which remained of her, as, when he rushed like a madman into the barracks near the station, where they had carried her, he saw, lying on a table, shamelessly exposed to the sight of all, her bleeding body, which had so lately been full of life. Her head, uninjured, with its heavy braids, and its light curls clustering about the temples, was leaning back, with the eyes half closed; and in the lovely face hovered still a strange, wild expression, while her rosy lips, slightly opened, seemed prepared to utter once again that terrible menace, and predict to him, as she had in their dispute, that he "would repent."

And he tried to remember how she looked when he first met her, also at a railroad station, with that mysterious, poetic, charming beauty, overflowing with life and gayety, demanding and bestowing happiness, and not bitterly revengeful as he remembered her at their last interview. He tried to remember the happy moments he had spent with her, but these moments were forever spoiled for him. He remembered only her face, haughtily expressing her threat of unnecessary, but implacable, vengeance. He ceased to be conscious of his toothache, and sobs convulsed his face.

After walking up and down by the baggage once or twice, the count controlled himself, and spoke calmly with Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

" Have you seen the latest telegrams ? Yes ; they have fought three times, and another battle is expected to-morrow."

And, after a few words about King Milan's proclamation, and the immense effect which it might have, the two men separated at the ringing of the second bell and went to their respective compartments.

CHAPTER VI

As Sergyeï Ivanovitch had not known just when it would be possible for him to leave Moscow, he did not telegraph his brother to send for him. Levin was not at home when he and Katavasof, black as negroes with smoke and dust, reached Pokrovskoye about noon, in a tarantas which they hired at the station.

Kitty was sitting on the balcony with her father and sister when she saw her brother-in-law approaching, and she ran to meet him.

" Your conscience ought to prick you for not letting us know," said she, shaking hands with Sergyeï Ivanovitch, and offering her brow to be kissed.

" We got along splendidly, and we did not have to bother you. I am so dusty that I fear to touch you. I was so busy that I did not know when I could leave. And you look the same as ever," said he, smiling, "enjoying the gentle current of your softly flowing happiness. And here is our friend, Feodor Vasilyevitch, who has come at last."

"But I am not a negro. When I have washed, I shall look like a human being," said Katavasof, with his usual pleasantry, offering his hand, and laughing, so that his white teeth gleamed out from his dusty face.

"Kostia will be very glad. He is out on the farm, but he ought to be back by this time."

"Always occupied with his estate," said Katavasof. "The rest of us can think of nothing but the Serbian war. How does my friend regard this subject? He is sure not to think as other people do."

"Yes, he does, ... but .... perhaps not like everybody," said Kitty, a little confused, looking at Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "I will send some one to find him. We have papa with us just now; he has recently come back from abroad."

And Kitty, while making her arrangements to send for Levin, and to furnish her guests a chance to wash off the dust — the one in the library, the other in the room assigned to Dolly — and then to have luncheon ready for them, enjoyed the full power of quick motion which before her baby was born she had been so long deprived of. Then she went to the balcony where her father was: —

"It 's Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Professor Katavasof."

"Okh! in this heat! It will be a bore!"

"Not at all, papa; he is very nice, and Kostia loves him dearly," said Kitty, laughing at the expression of consternation on her father's face.

"Go entertain them, dushenka," she said to her sister. "They saw Stiva at the station; he was well. And I am going to the baby for a little while. I actually have not nursed him since morning; he will be crying if I don't go," and she, feeling the pressure of milk, hastened to the nursery. In reality it had not been guesswork with her, — the tie that bound her to the child was still unbroken, — she actually knew by the flow of milk that he needed something to eat. Even before she reached the nursery she knew that he would be crying. And, indeed, he was.

She heard his voice, and quickened her steps. But the more she hurried, the louder he cried. It was a fine, healthy scream, a scream of hunger and impatience.

"Am I late, nurse, late?" asked Kitty, sitting down, and getting ready to suckle the child. "There, give him to me, give him to me, quick. Akh, nurse! how stupid! Take off his cap afterward," said she, quite as impatient as her baby.

The baby screamed as if it were famished. "Now, now, it can't be helped, little mother!" said Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who could not keep out of the nursery. "You must do things in order. Agu, agu," she chuckled to the infant, not heeding Kitty's impatience.

The nurse gave the child to his mother. Agafya Mikhaïlovna followed the child, her face all aglow with tenderness.

"He knows me! He knows me! God is my witness, he knew me, Matushka Katerina Aleksandrovna," she cried.

But Kitty did not hear what she said. Her impatience was as great as the baby's. It hindered the very thing that they both desired. The baby, in his haste to suckle, could not manage to take hold, and was vexed. At last, after one final shriek of despair, the arrangements were perfected; and mother and child, simultaneously breathing a sigh of content, became calm.

"The poor little thing is all in a perspiration," whispered Kitty. "Do you really think he knew you?" she added, looking down into the child's eyes, which seemed to her to peep out roguishly from under his cap, as his little cheeks sucked in and out, while his little hand, with rosy palm, flourished around his head. "It cannot be. For, if he knew you, he would surely know me," continued Kitty, with a smile, when Agafya Mikhaïlovna persisted in her belief that he knew her.

She smiled, because though she said that he could not recognize her, yet she knew in her heart that he not only recognized Agafya Mikhaïlovna, but that he knew and understood all things, and knew and understood what no one else understood, and things which she, his mother, was now beginning to understand only through his teaching. For Agafya Mikhaïlovna, for the nurse, for his grandfather, even for his father, Mitya was just a little human being, who needed nothing but physical care; for his mother, he was a being endowed with moral faculties, who already had a whole history of spiritual relationships.

"You will see if he does n't when he wakes up. When I do this way, his face will light up, the little dove! It will light up like a bright day," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna.

"There! very well, very well, we shall see," whispered Kitty; "now go away; he is going to sleep."

CHAPTER VII

Agafya Mikhaïlovna went away on tiptoe; the nurse closed the blinds, chased away the flies which were hidden under the muslin curtain of the cradle; then she sat down, and began to wave a little withered branch over the mother and child.

"It's hot, hot! pray God, He may send a little shower," she said.

"Da! da! sh-sh-sh," was the mother's reply, as she rocked gently to and fro, and pressed Mitya to her breast. His eyelids now opened, and now closed; and he languidly moved his chubby arm. This little arm disturbed Kitty; she felt a strong inclination to kiss it, but she feared to do so lest it should wake him. At last the arm began to droop, and the eyes closed more and more. Only rarely now he would raise his long lashes, and gaze at his mother with his dark, dewy eyes. The nurse began to nod, and dropped off into a nap. Overhead she could hear the old prince's voice, and Katavasof's sonorous laugh.

"Evidently, they don't need me to help in the conversation," thought Kitty; "but it is too bad that Kostia is not there; he must have gone to his bees. Sometimes it disturbs me to have him spend so much time over them; but then, on the whole, I am glad; it diverts him, and he is certainly more cheerful than he was in the spring. Then he was so gloomy, and so unhappy! What a strange man he is!"

Kitty knew what caused her husband's disquiet. It was his doubting spirit; and although, if she had been asked if she believed that, in the world to come, he would fail of salvation owing to his want of faith, she would have been compelled to say yes, yet his skepticism did not make her unhappy; and she, who believed that there was no salvation for the unbelieving, and loved more than all else in the world her husband's soul, smiled as she thought of his skepticism, and called him a strange man.

"Why does he spend all his time reading those philosophical books? If all this is written in those books, then he can understand them. But if it is not true, why does he read them? He himself says that he longs for faith. Why does n't he believe? Probably he thinks too much; and he thinks too much because he is lonely. He is always alone. He can't speak out all his thoughts to us. I think he will be glad that these guests have come, especially Katavasof. He likes to discuss with him."

And immediately Kitty's thoughts were diverted by the question where it would be best for Katavasof to sleep. Ought he and Sergyeï Ivanovitch to have a room together or apart? And here a sudden thought made her start, so that she disturbed Mitya, who opened his eyes and looked at her reproachfully.

"The washerwoman has n't brought back the linen. I hope Agafya Mikhaïlovna has n't given out all we had!" and the color rushed to Kitty's forehead.

"There, I must find out myself," thought she; and, reverting to her former thoughts, she remembered that she had not finished the important train of spiritual thoughts which she had begun, and she once more repeated: —

"Yes, Kostia is an unbeliever;" and, as she did so, she smiled.

"Yes, he is an unbeliever, but I 'd far liefer he should always be one than a person like Madame Stahl, or as I wanted to be when I was abroad. At any rate, he will never be hypocritical." And a recent example of his goodness recurred vividly to her memory.

Several weeks before, Stepan Arkadyevitch had written Dolly a letter of repentance. He begged her to save his honor by selling her property to pay his debts.

Dolly was in despair. She hated her husband, despised him; and at first she made up her mind to refuse his request, and apply for a divorce; but afterward she decided to sell a part of her estate. Kitty, with an involuntary smile of emotion, recalled her husband's confusion, his various awkward attempts to find a way of helping Dolly, and how, at last, he came to the conclusion that the only way to accomplish it without wounding her was to make over to Dolly their part of this estate.

"How can he be without faith, when he has such a warm heart, and is afraid to grieve even a child? He never thinks of himself — always of others. Sergyeï Ivanovitch finds it perfectly natural to consider him his business manager; so does his sister. Dolly and her children have no one else but him to lean upon. He is always sacrificing his time to the peasants, who come to consult him every day.

"Yes; you cannot do better than to try to be like your father," she murmured, touching her lips to her son's cheek, before laying him into the nurse's arms.

CHAPTER VIII

Ever since that moment when, as he sat beside his dying brother, Levin had examined the problem of life and death in the light of the new convictions, as he called them, which from the age of twenty to thirty-four years had taken the place of his childhood's beliefs, he was terrified not only at death, but at life; because it seemed to him that he had not the slightest knowledge of its origin, its purpose, its reason, its nature. Our organism and its destruction, the indestructibility of matter, the laws of the conservation and development of forces, were words which were substituted for the terms of his early faith. These words, and the scientific theories connected with them, were doubtless interesting from an intellectual point of view, but they stood for nothing in the face of real life.

And Levin suddenly felt in the position of a man who in cold weather had exchanged his warm shuba for a muslin garment, and who for the first time should indubitably, not with his reason, but with his whole being, become persuaded that he was absolutely naked, and inevitably destined to perish miserably.

From that time, without in the least changing his outward life, and though he did not like to confess it, even to himself, Levin never ceased to feel a terror of his ignorance.

Moreover, he vaguely felt that what he called his convictions not only came from his ignorance, but were idle for helping him to a clearer knowledge of what he needed.

At first his marriage, with its new joys and its new duties, completely blotted out these thoughts; but they came back to him, with increasing persistence demanding an answer, after his wife's confinement, when he lived in Moscow without any serious occupation.

The question presented itself to him in this way: —

"If I do not accept the explanations offered me by Christianity on the problem of my existence, then what answer shall I find?"

And he scrutinized the whole arsenal of his scientific convictions, and found no answer whatever to his questions, and nothing like an answer.

He was in the position of a man who seeks to find food in a toy-store or a gun-shop.

Involuntarily and unconsciously he sought now in every book, in every conversation, and in every person whom he met, some sympathy with these questions and their solution.

More than by anything else, he was surprised and puzzled by the fact that the men of his class, who for the most part had, like himself, substituted science for religion, seemed to experience not the least moral suffering, but to live entirely satisfied and content. Thus in addition to the main question there were others which tormented him: Were these men sincere? Were they not hypocrites. Or did they understand more clearly than he did the answer science gave to these troublesome questions? And he took to studying these men, and books which might contain the solutions which he so desired.

One thing which he had discovered, however, since these questions had begun to occupy him, was that he had made a gross error in taking up with the idea of his early university friends, that religion had outlived its day, and no longer existed. The best people whom he knew were believers, — the old prince, Lvof, of whom he was so fond, Sergyeï Ivanovitch, and all women had faith; and his wife believed just as he had believed when he was a child, and nine-tenths of the Russian people — all people whose lives inspired the greatest respect — were believers.

Another strange thing was that, as he read many books, he became convinced that the men whose opinions he shared did not attach to them any importance; and that without explaining anything they simply ignored these questions, without an answer to which life seemed to him impossible, and took up others which were to him utterly uninteresting, — such, for example, as the development of the organism, the mechanical explanation of the soul, and others.

Moreover, at the time of his wife's illness, he had what to him seemed a most extraordinary experience: he, the unbeliever, had prayed, and prayed with sincere faith. But as soon as the danger was over, he felt that he could not give that temporary disposition any abiding-place in his life.

He could not avow that the truth appeared to him then, but that he was mistaken now; because, as he began calmly to analyze his feelings, they eluded him. He could not avow that he had been deceived then, because he had experienced a temporary spiritual condition; and if he pretended that he had succumbed to a moment of weakness, he would sully a sacred moment. He was in a state of internal conflict, and he strove with all the strength of his nature to free himself from it.

CHAPTER IX

These thoughts tormented him with varying intensity, but he could not free himself from them. He read and meditated; but the more he read and meditated, the end desired seemed to grow more and more remote.

During the latter part of his stay in Moscow, and after he reached the country, he became convinced of the uselessness of seeking in materialism an answer to his doubts; and he read over the philosophers whose explanations of life were opposed to materialism, — Plato and Spinoza, and Kant and Schelling, and Hegel and Schopenhauer.

These thoughts seemed to him fruitful while he was reading, or was contrasting their doctrines with those of others, especially with those of a materialistic tendency; but just as soon as he attempted, independently, to apply these guides to some doubtful point, he fell back into the same perplexities as before. The terms "*mind*," "*will*," "*freedom*," "*essence*," had a certain meaning to his intellect as long as he followed the clew established by the deductions of these philosophers, and allowed himself to be caught in the snare of their subtle distinctions; but when practical life asserted its point of view, this artistic structure fell, like a house built of cards; and it became evident that the edifice was built only of beautiful words, having no more connection than logic with the serious side of life.

Once, as he was reading Schopenhauer, he substituted the term "love" for that which this philosopher calls "will," and this new philosophy consoled him for a few days while he clung to it. But it also proved unsatisfactory when he regarded it from the standpoint of practical life; then it seemed to be the thin muslin without warmth as a dress.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch advised him to read Khomyakof's[1] theological writings: and though he was at first repelled by the excessive affectation of the author's style, and his strong polemic tendency, he was struck by their teachings regarding the Church; he was struck also by the development of the following thought:—

"Man when alone cannot attain the knowledge of theological truths. The true light is kept for a communion of souls who are filled with the same love; that is, for the Church."

He was delighted with the thought: How much easier it is to accept the Church, which united with it all believing people and was endowed with holiness and infallibility, since it had God for its head,—to accept its teachings as to Creation, the Fall, and Redemption, and through it to reach God,—than to begin with God, a far-off, mysterious God, the Creation, and the rest of it.

But, as he read, after Khomyakof, a history of the Church by a Catholic writer, and the history of the Church by an Orthodox writer, and perceived that the Orthodox Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church, both of them in their very essence infallible, were antagonistic, he saw that he had been deluded by Khomyakof's church-teachings; and this edifice also fell into dust, like the constructions of philosophy.

During this whole spring he was not himself, and passed hours of misery.

"I cannot live without knowing what I am, and why

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[1] Alekseï Stepanovitch Khomyakof was born in 1804; after serving in the Guard and taking active part in the Turkish campaign, he retired to private life. He wrote several romantic tragedies in verse, also a number of poems of Panslavonic tendencies; he is chiefly remembered as a theological writer, and some of his works have been translated into French and even English. In 1858 he was president of the Moscow Society of the Friends of Russian Literature. He died in 1860.—Ed.

I exist. Since I cannot reach this knowledge, life is impossible," said Levin to himself.

"In the infinitude of time, in the infinitude of matter, in the infinitude of space, an organic cell is formed, exists for a moment, and bursts. That cell is — I."

This was a cruel lie; but it was the sole, the supreme, result of the labor of the human mind for centuries.

It was the final creed on which were founded the latest researches of the scientific spirit; it was the dominant conviction; and Levin, without knowing exactly why, simply because this theory seemed to him the clearest, was involuntarily held by it.

But this conclusion was not merely a lie, it was the cruel jest of some evil spirit, — cruel, inimical, to which it was impossible to submit.

To get away from it was a duty; deliverance from it was in the power of every one, and the one means of deliverance was — death.

And Levin, the happy father of a family, a man in perfect health, was sometimes so tempted to commit suicide, that he hid ropes from sight, lest he should hang himself, and feared to go out with his gun, lest he should shoot himself.

But Levin did not hang himself, or shoot himself, but lived and struggled on.

CHAPTER X

When Levin puzzled over what he was, and why he was born, he found no answer, and fell into despair; but when he ceased to ask himself these questions, he seemed to know what he was and why he was alive, for the very reason that he resolutely and definitely lived and worked; even during the more recent months he had lived far more strenuously and resolutely than ever before.

Toward the end of June he returned to the country and resumed his ordinary work at Pokrovskoye. The superintendence of the estates of his brother and sister, his relations with his neighbors and his muzhiks, his family cares, his new enterprise in bee-culture, which he had taken up this year, occupied all his time. These interests occupied him, not because he carried them on with a view to their universal application, as he had done before, but, on the contrary, because being now on the one hand disillusionized by the lack of success in his former undertakings for the common good, on the other being too much engrossed by his own thoughts and the very multitude of affairs calling for his attention, he entirely relinquished all his attempts of coöperative advantage and he occupied himself with his affairs, simply because it seemed to him that he was irresistibly impelled to do what he did, and could not do otherwise.

Formerly — almost from childhood till he reached manhood — when he began to do anything that would be good for all, for humanity, for Russia, he saw that the thought of it gave him, in advance, a pleasing sense of joy; but the action in itself never realized his hopes, nor had he full conviction that the work was necessary, and the activity itself which seemed at first so important kept growing smaller and smaller, and came to naught.

But now that since his marriage he had become more and more restricted by life for its own sake, though he had no pleasure at the thought of his activity, he felt a conviction that his work was indispensable, and saw that the results gained were far more satisfactory than before.

Now, quite against his will, he cut deeper and deeper into the soil, like a plow that cannot choose its path, or turn from its furrow.

To live as his fathers and grandfathers had lived, to carry out their work so as to hand it on in turn to his children, seemed to him a plain duty. It was as necessary as the duty of eating when hungry; and he knew that, to reach this end, he was under obligation so to conduct the machinery of the estate[1] at Pokrovskoye that there might be profit in it. As indubitably as a debt required to be paid, so was it incumbent on him to preserve his paternal estate in such a condition that his son, receiving it in turn, might say, "Thank you, my father," just as Levin himself was grateful to his ancestors for what they had cleared and tilled. He felt that he had no right to rent his land to the muzhiks, but that he himself must keep everything under his own eye, — maintain his cattle, fertilize his fields, set out trees.

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[1] *Khozhyaïstvennaya mashina.*

It was as impossible not to look out for the interests of Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch and his sister, and all the peasants that came to consult him, as it was to abandon the child that had been given into his hands. He felt obliged to look after the interests of his sister-in-law, who with her children was living at his house, and of his wife with her child, and he had to spend with them at least a small part of his time. And all this, together with his hunting and his new occupation of bee-culture, filled to overflowing his life, the meaning of which he could not understand when he reflected on it.

Not only did Levin see clearly *what* it was his duty to do, but he saw *how* he must fulfil it, and what had paramount importance.

He knew that it was requisite to hire laborers as cheaply as possible; but to get them into his power by paying down money in advance, and getting them at less than market price, he would not do, although this was very advantageous. It was permissible to sell fodder to the muzhiks in time of scarcity, even though he felt sorry for those who were improvident; but he felt it his duty to do away with inns and drinking-places, even though they brought in great profit. On principle he punished as severely as he could thefts from his wood; but when he found cattle straying he was not inclined to exact a fine, and though it annoyed the guards and brought the punishment into contempt, he always insisted on having the cattle driven out again. He advanced money to Piotr, to save him from the claws of a money-lender, who charged him ten per cent a month; but he made no allowance for arrears in the obrok or money due him from negligent muzhiks. He found it impossible to pardon an overseer because a small meadow was not mowed and the grass was wasted; but he would not let them mow a piece of land amounting to eighty desyatins — or two hundred and sixteen acres — on which a young forest had been planted. He would not excuse a muzhik who went home in working hours because his father had died, — sorry as he was for him, — and he had to pay him lower wages for the costly months of idleness; but he was bound to give board and lodging to old servants who were superannuated.

Levin felt that it was right, on returning home, to go first to his wife, who was not well, though some muzhiks had been waiting for three hours to see him; and he knew, in spite of all the pleasure that he should have in seeing his bees hived, nevertheless he felt in duty bound to deprive himself of this pleasure and let his old beeman transfer the swarm without him, and go and talk with the muzhiks who had come to the apiary for him.

Whether he did well or ill, he knew not; and he did not try to settle it, but, moreover, he avoided all thoughts and discussions on the subject. Reasoning led him to doubt, and prevented him from seeing what was right to do, or not to do. When he ceased to consider, but simply *lived*, he never failed to find in his soul the presence of an infallible judge, telling him which of two possible courses was the best to take, and which was the worst; and when he failed to follow this inner voice, he was instantly made aware of it.

Thus he lived, not knowing, and not seeing the possibility of knowing, what he was, or why he lived in the world, and tortured by his ignorance to such a degree that he feared committing suicide and yet resolutely pursuing the course of life traced out for him.

CHAPTER XI

The day on which Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch reached Pokrovskoye had been unusually full of torment for Levin.

It was at that hurried, busy season of the year when all the peasantry are engaged in putting forth an extraordinary effort, and showing an endurance, which are quite unknown in the ordinary conditions of their lives, and which would be prized very highly if it were not repeated every year, and did not produce such very simple results. Mowing and sowing rye and oats, reaping, harvesting, threshing, — these are labors which seem simple and commonplace; but to accomplish them in the short time accorded by nature, every one, old and young, must set to work. For three or four weeks they must be content with the simplest fare, — black bread, garlic, and kvas; must sleep only a few hours, and must not pause night or day. And every year this happens throughout all Russia.

Having lived the larger part of his life in the country, and in the closest relations with the peasantry, Levin always at harvest-time felt that this universal activity among the people embraced his own life.

In the early morning he had gone to the field of early rye, to the field where they were carrying off the oats in ricks. Then he came back to breakfast with his wife and sister-in-law, and had afterward gone off on foot to the farm, where he was trying a new threshing-machine.

This whole day, Levin, as he talked with the overseer and the muzhiks in the field, as he talked at the house with his wife and Dolly and the children and his father-in-law, thought of only one thing; and constantly the same questions pursued him: "What am I? and where am I? and why am I here?"

As he stood in the cool shadow of his newly thatched barn, where the hazelwood timbers, still smelling of the fragrant leaves, held down the straw to the freshly peeled aspen timbers that made the roof, Levin gazed, now through the open doors, where whirled and played the dry and choking dust thrown off by the threshing-machine; now at the hot sunlight lying on the grass of the threshing-floor, and at the fresh straw just brought out of the barn; now at the white-breasted swallows with their spotted heads, as they flew about twittering, and settled under the eaves, or, shaking their wings, darted through the open doors; and then again at the peasantry, bustling about in the dark and dusty barn, and strange ideas came into his mind: —

"Why is all this done?" he asked himself. "Why am I standing here? Why am I compelling them to work, and why are they working so hard? Why are they doing their best in my presence? Why is my old friend Matriona putting in so with all her might? I cured her when a beam fell on her at the fire," he said to himself, as he looked at a hideous old baba, who was walking with bare, sunburned feet across the hard, uneven soil, and was plying the rake vigorously. "She got well then. But if not to-day or to-morrow, then in ten years, she must be borne to her grave, and there will be nothing left of her, nor of that pretty girl in red, who is husking corn with such graceful, swift motions. They will bury her. And that dappled gelding will soon die," he thought, as he looked at the horse, breathing painfully with distended nostrils and heavily sagging belly, as it struggled up the ever descending treadmill. "They will carry him off. And Feodor, the machine-tender, with his curling beard, full of chaff, and his white shoulder showing through a tear in his shirt — they will carry him off too. But now he gathers up the sheaves, and gives his commands, and shouts to the women, and, with quick motions, arranges the belt on the machine. And it will be the same with me. They will carry me away, and nothing of me will be left. Why?"

And, in the midst of his meditations, he mechanically took out his watch to calculate how much they threshed in an hour. It was his duty to do this, so that he could pay the men fairly for their day's work.

"So far, only three ricks," he said to himself; and he went to the machine-tender, and, trying to make his voice heard above the racket, told him to work faster.

"You put in too much at once, Feodor; you see it stops it, so it wastes time. Do it more regularly."

Feodor, his face black with dust and sweat, shouted back some unintelligible reply, but entirely failed to carry out Levin's directions.

He mounted the drum, took Feodor's place, and began to do the feeding.

He worked thus till it was the muzhiks' dinner-hour, not a very long time; and then, in company with Feodor, he left the barn, and talked with him, leaning against a beautifully stacked pile of yellow rye saved for planting.

Feodor was from a distant village, the very one where Levin had formerly let the association have some land. Now it was rented to a dvornik.

Levin talked with Feodor about this land, and asked him if it were not possible that Platon, a rich and trustworthy muzhik of his village, would take it for the next year.

"Price too high; won't catch Platon, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the muzhik, wiping the chaff from his sweaty chest.

"Yes; but how does Kirillof make money out of it?"

"Mitiukh!" — by this contemptuous diminutive Feodor called the dvornik, — "what does n't he make money out of! He puts on the screws and gets the last drop! He has no pity on the peasants. But Uncle Fokanuitch," — so he called the old man Platon, — "does he try to fleece a man? And he gives credit, when any one owes him. He does not try to squeeze it out of them. He's that kind of a man!"

"Yes; but why does he give credit?"

"Well, of course men differ. One lives for his belly, like Mitiukh; but Fokanuitch, — he's an honest man, — he lives for his soul. He remembers God."

"How does he remember God and live for his soul?" exclaimed Levin, eagerly.

"Why, that's plain enough. It's to live according to God, ... according to truth. People differ. Take you, Konstantin Dmitritch, for example; you could n't wrong a man." ....

"Yes, yes; *prashchaï* — good-by," exclaimed Levin, deeply moved; and, taking his cane, he turned toward the house.

As he recalled the muzhik's words, how "Fokanuitch lived for his soul, according to God .... according to truth," confused but weighty thoughts arose within him from some hidden source, and filled his soul with their brilliant light.

CHAPTER XII

Levin, with long steps, strode along the highway, filled, not so much with his thoughts, — he could not as yet get rid of them, — as with a spiritual impulse, such as he had never known before.

The peasant's words had had in his soul the effect of an electric spark, suddenly condensing the cloud of dim, incoherent thoughts, which had not ceased to fill his mind, even while he was talking about the letting of his field.

He felt that some new impulse, inexplicable as yet, filled his heart with joy.

"Not to live for one's self, but for God! What God? Could he have said anything more meaningless than what he said? He said that we must live, not for ourselves, that is, for what interests and pleases us, but for something incomprehensible, for God, whom no one knows or can define. Still, call it nonsense, did I understand Feodor? Did n't I also feel convinced of its truth? Did I find it either false or absurd?

"Nay; I understood it, and find in it the same meaning as he finds, and understood it more completely and clearly than anything else in life. And not alone I, but all, all the world, perfectly understand this and have no doubt of it, and are unanimous in its favor.

"And I was seeking for miracles, and regretting that I could not see one which might fill me with amazement. A material miracle would have seduced me. But the real miracle, the only one possibly existing, surrounds me on all sides — and I have not remarked it.

"Feodor says Kirillof, the dvornik, lives for his belly. I know what he means by that. No rational being, none of us, can live in any other way. But Feodor says, too, that it is wrong to live for the belly, but that we should live for truth, for God; and I know what that means as well. I, and millions of men, muzhiks, and sages who have thought and written on the subject, or in their obscure language have talked about it, in the past and in the present, — we are in accord on one point; and that is, that we should live for 'the good.' The only knowledge that I and all men possess that is clear, indubitable, absolute, is here. We have not reached it by reason. Reason excludes it, for it has neither cause nor effect. 'The good,' if it had a cause, would cease to be the good; if it had an effect, — a reward, — it would cease to be the good. The good must be outside of the chain of cause and effect. And I know this, and we all know it. Can there be greater miracle than this?

"Have I really found the solution of my doubts? Shall I cease to suffer?" Levin asked himself as he followed the dusty road, insensible to weariness and heat, and feeling that his long travail was at an end. The sensation was so delightful, that he could not believe that it was true. He choked with emotion; his strength failed him; and he left the highroad, and went into the woods, and sat down under the shadow of an aspen on the unmown grass. He uncovered his moist forehead, and stretched himself out on the succulent wood-grass, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Yes, I must reflect and consider," he thought, looking attentively at the untrodden grass in front of him, and watching the movements of an earth-beetle crawling up the stalk of couch-grass, and stopped by a leaf. "What discovery have I made?" he said to himself, removing the leaf from the beetle's way, and bending down another stalk of couch-grass to help the beetle on. "What makes me so happy? What discovery have I made?

"I have made no discovery. I have only opened my eyes to what I already know. I have learned to recognize that power which formerly gave me life, and gives me life again to-day. I have freed myself from error. I have come to know my master.

"I used to say that there was going on in my body, in the body of this grass, in the body of this beetle," — the beetle did not want to go to the other stalk, but spread its wings, and flew away, — "incessant change of matter, in conformity to certain physical, chemical, and physiological laws; and in all of us, together with the aspens and the clouds, and the nebulæ, there was evolution. Evolution from what? into what? Endless evolution and conflict. — But was conflict with the Infinite possible? And I was surprised to find nothing along this line, in spite of my best efforts, which could reveal to me the meaning of my life, my motives, my longings. But the consciousness that there is a meaning is, nevertheless, so strong and clear, that it forms the very foundation of my existence; and I marveled and rejoiced when the muzhik said, 'To live for God, for the soul.'

"Now I can say that I know the meaning of life: it is to live for God, for my own soul. And this meaning, in spite of its clearness, is mysterious and miraculous. And such is the meaning of all existence. Yes, there is pride," said he to himself, turning over on his stomach and beginning to tie into a knot the stalks of grass, while trying not to break them. "Not only pride of intellect, but the stupidity of intellect. Yes, it is the wickedness of intellect," he repeated.

He succinctly went over in memory the course of his thought for the last two years, from the day when the idea of death struck him, on seeing his beloved brother hopelessly sick.

Then he had clearly resolved that, since man had no other prospect than suffering, death, and eternal oblivion, he must either commit suicide, or find the explanation of the problem of existence, and in such manner as to see in it something more than the cruel irony of a malevolent spirit.

But he had not done either, but continued to live, to think, and to feel. He had married, and had experienced new joys, which made him happy when he did not ponder on the meaning of life.

What did this mean? It meant that he was thinking badly, and living well. Without knowing it, he had been sustained by those spiritual verities which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, and he indulged in thought, not only now not recognizing those truths, but even strenuously avoiding them. Now it was clear to him that he could live only through the blessed influence of the faith in which he had been taught.

"What should I have been, how should I have lived, if I had not absorbed these beliefs.... if I had not known that I must live for God, and not for the satisfaction of my desires? I should have been a thief, a liar, a murderer. Nothing of what seems the chief joy of my life would have had any existence for me."

And, though he made the most strenuous efforts of his imagination, he could not picture to himself what kind of a wild creature he might have been, if he had not really known the aim of his existence.

"I was in search of an answer to my question; thought could not give it, for the problem was too lofty. Life itself, with the innate knowledge of good and evil, alone could give me an answer. And this knowledge I did not acquire. It was given to me, like all the rest; *given,* I could not know where to get it. Did I get it from reason? But would reason ever have proved to me that I ought to love my neighbor, instead of choking him? I was taught it in my childhood; but I believed it gladly, because it was already existent in my soul. Reason discovered the struggle for existence, — that law which demands the overthrow of every obstacle in the way of our desires. That is the result of reason; but reason has nothing to do with loving our neighbor."

CHAPTER XIII

Levin remembered a recent scene between Dolly and her children. The children had been left alone, and had amused themselves by making raspberry jam over a candle, and throwing milk into each other's faces. Their mother, catching them in the act, scolded them in their uncle's presence, and sought to make them understand how much work was involved in what they were destroying, that the labor was performed for their benefit; that, if they broke the cups, they could n't have anything to drink from; and if they wasted their milk, they would n't have any more, and would starve to death.

Levin was struck by the indifference and skepticism with which the children heard their mother's words. They were only sorry to have their interesting sport interrupted, and they did not believe a word of what she said. They did not believe, because they did not know the value of what they were playing with, and did not understand that they were destroying their own means of subsistence.

"That is all very well," they thought; "but there is nothing interesting or worth while in it, because it is always the same, and always will be. And it is monotonous. We don't have to think about it, it is done for us; but we do like to do something new and original; and here we were making jam in a cup over the candle, and squirting the milk into each others' faces. It is fun. It is new, and not half so stupid as to drink milk out of a cup."

"Is it not thus that we act, is it not the way I have acted, in trying to penetrate by reasoning the secrets of nature and the problem of human life? Is it not the same that all the philosophers have done with their theories which lead, by a course of reasoning strange and unnatural to man, to the knowledge of what he long has known, and known so surely that without it he could not live? Do we not see clearly, in the development of the theory of each, that the real meaning of human existence is as indubitably known as it is known to Feodor, the muzhik; and do they see any more clearly than he does the principal meaning of life? Do they not all come back to this, even though it be by a route which is often equivocal? If we were to leave the children to get their own living, make their own utensils, do the milking, instead of playing pranks, they would die of hunger.

"There, now! give us over to our own ideas and passions, with no knowledge of our Creator, without the consciousness of moral good and evil, and what would be the result? We reason because we are spiritually satiated. We are children. Whence comes this joyous knowledge, which I share with the muzhik, and which alone gives me serenity of spirit? Where did I get it? Here am I, a Christian, brought up in the faith, surrounded by the blessings of Christianity, living upon these spiritual blessings without being conscious of them; and like children I have been reasoning, or at least trying to reason, out the meaning of life.

"But in the serious moments of life, in the hour of suffering, just as when children are cold and hungry, I turn to Him, and, like these same children whom their mother reprimands for their childish faults, I feel that my childish efforts to get out of the mad circle of reasoning have done me no good.

"Yes, reason has taught me nothing. What I know has been given, revealed to me through the heart, and especially through faith in the teachings of the Church.

"The Church, the Church?" repeated Levin, turning over again, and, as he rested his head on his hand, looking at a herd of cattle down by the river at a distance. "Can I really believe all that the Church teaches?" said he, to test himself, and to bring up everything that might destroy his present feeling of security. He expressly called to mind the Church teachings which more than all had seemed strange to him, and disgusted him.

"Creation? Yes; but how did I myself explain existence? existence? the devil? sin? How did I explain evil? redemption?

"But I know nothing and can know nothing except what is told me and every one else."

And now it seemed to him that not one of these Church dogmas was inimical to the great objects of life, — faith in God, in goodness.

On the contrary, all tended to produce that greatest of miracles, that which consists in enabling the whole world, with its millions of human beings, young and old, the muzhik and Lvof, and Kitty and peasants and tsars, married and single, to comprehend the same great truths, so as to live that life of the soul which alone is worth living, and which is our only aim.

Lying on his back, he looked up into the high, cloudless sky. "Do I not know," thought he, "that that is infinity of space, and not a vault of blue stretching above me? But, however I strain my sight, I can see only a vaulted dome; and, in spite of my knowledge of infinite space, I have more satisfaction in looking at it as a blue, vaulted dome, than when I try to look beyond."

Levin stopped thinking. He listened to the mysterious voices which seemed to wake joyfully in him.

"Is it really faith?" he thought, fearing to believe in his happiness. "My God, I thank Thee!" he cried; and he swallowed down the sobs that arose, and brushed away with both hands the tears that filled his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV

Levin looked away, and saw the herd, and his one-horse telyega and his coachman, who approached the herd of cattle, and began to talk to the herdsman. Then he heard the sound of wheels and the neighing of the horse; but he was so occupied with his thoughts that he did not think why it was that his coachman was coming for him.

He only realized it when the coachman, while still some distance off, cried: —

"The mistress sent for you. Your brother and another barin have come."

Levin got in at once, and took the reins.

As if awakened from sleep, it was long before he could collect his thoughts. He looked at the well-fed horse, and at the spot on his neck where the harness rubbed; and he looked at Ivan, the coachman, sitting beside him; and he thought of how he had been expecting his brother, and that his wife was probably troubled because he was gone so long, and he tried to guess who the unknown guest who had come with his brother might be. And his brother and his wife and the unknown guest now seemed to him different from what they had been before. He felt that henceforth all his relations with these friends would be more pleasant than they had been.

"Now there shall be no more of that coldness, such as there used to be, between my brother and me .... no more disputes. Nor will Kitty and I quarrel any more; and whoever my guest is I shall be polite to him, and kind to the servants and to Ivan .... all will be different."

And holding in his good horse, which was whinnying with impatience and pleading for permission to show his paces, Levin kept looking at Ivan, who was sitting next him, not knowing what to do with his idle hands, and constantly pulling down his shirt, which the wind tugged at; and in his attempt to find a pretext for beginning a conversation with the man, he thought of saying that the horse's girth was buckled up too tightly, but then this seemed like censuring him, and he wanted to say something pleasant.

"You had better turn to the right and avoid that stump," said the coachman, taking hold of one of the reins.

"Please not touch, or try to give me lessons," said Levin, exasperated by his coachman's interference. Just the same as always he was made angry by any interference with his affairs, and he immediately became conscious how mistaken he was in supposing for a moment that his new spiritual condition could keep its character unchanged on contact with the reality.

When they had arrived within a quarter of a verst of the house, Levin saw Grisha and Tania running to meet him.

"Uncle Kostia, mamma is coming, and grandpa and Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch and some one else," they cried, as they ran up to the cart.

"Tell me, who is it?"

"Oh, he's an awful, horrid man, who does so with his arms," said Tania, climbing up into the cart and mimicking Katavasof.

"Tell me, is he young or old?" asked Levin, laughing, reminded of some one by Tania's performance.

"Akh, I only hope he is not a bore," said Levin to himself.

As soon as they reached a turn in the road and saw the party approaching, Levin recognized Katavasof, who was in a straw hat, and gesticulating exactly as Tania had represented it.

Katavasof was very fond of talking philosophy, and his conceptions were wholly drawn from the natural sciences, which had always been his specialty; and in Moscow Levin had frequently had discussions with him.

And one of these discussions, in which Katavasof had evidently felt that he was victorious, occurred to Levin's mind as soon as he saw him.

"Henceforth," he said to himself, "I will not enter into discussions, or express myself so flippantly."

Leaping from the cart and joining Katavasof and his brother, he asked where Kitty was.

"She has taken Mitya to Kolok," — Kolok was a piece of woodland near the house, — "she wanted to get him established there, it was so hot at the house," said Dolly.

Levin always advised his wife against taking the baby to the woods, because he felt it was dangerous; so this news was not pleasant to him.

"She carries that son of hers from one place to another," said the old prince. "I told her she'd better try the ice-house."

"She wanted to go to the beehives. She thought you were there," added Dolly. "That is where we were going."

"Well, what have you been doing that's good?" said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, dropping behind the others, and walking with his brother.

"Oh, nothing particular; as usual, busy with the farming.[1] You 'll stay with us awhile, now? We 've been expecting you a long time."

"Only a fortnight. I have a great deal to do at Moscow."

At these words the two brothers looked at one another, and Levin, in spite of his usual and now especially strong desire to have friendly, and above all simple, relations with his brother, felt that it was awkward for him to look at him. He dropped his eyes and was at a loss what to say.

Trying to select some topic of conversation which would be agreeable to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, and avoiding the Serbian war and the Slavonic question, a hint at which Sergyeï Ivanovitch's remark about his occupation in Moscow gave, Levin began to talk about his brother's book.

"Well," he asked, "have there been many reviews of your book?"

Sergyeï Ivanovitch smiled at the intention of the question.

"No one thinks anything about it, — I, least of all," he said. "You see, Darya Aleksandrovna, we 're going to have a shower," he added, pointing with his umbrella to the white clouds which were piling up above the aspen-tops.

It was evident by these words that the relationship between the brothers, which Levin wanted to overcome, was just the same as of old, — if not unfriendly, at least cool.

Levin approached Katavasof.

"How good it was of you to come to us!" said he.

"I have wanted to come for a long time. Now we shall have time to talk. Have you read Spencer?"

"Not thoroughly, I don't get anything out of him."

"How so? that is interesting. Why is that?"

"I have definitely made up my mind that the answers to certain questions which interest me are not to be found in him or his followers. Now...."

But he was suddenly struck by the pleasant and serene expression of Katavasof's face, and he felt so sorry at having evidently disturbed his mental equilibrium by his remark, that, suddenly remembering his resolution, he stopped short. "However, we will talk about that by and by," he added. "If we are going to the apiary let us go this way, by this path," he said, turning to the others.

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[1] *Khozyaïstvo.*

Passing through a narrow path along by an unmown field, covered on one side with an abundance of those bright flowers called Ivan-da-Marya, and in the midst of which grew frequent patches of the tall, dark green hellebore, Levin led his guests — who were afraid of being stung — to the cool dense shade of some young aspens, and established them on some benches and logs especially prepared for the purpose of receiving the beehives, and he himself went to the storehouse to fetch for the children, and the grown people as well, some bread, cucumbers, and fresh honey.

Trying to make as little disturbance as possible, and listening to the bees, which came flying more and more thickly around him, he strode along the path that led to the izba. At the very door, a bee entangled in his beard began to buzz, but he carefully freed himself from it. Going into the cool entry, he took his wire mask down from the peg where it hung, and put it on, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he went into the inclosure of the apiary, where, amid a smoothly shaven lawn, stood in straight rows on linden stakes all the old hives, each having for him its own special history, while the newer ones which had been set up that year were ranged along the wall. At the entrance of the hives he could see the young bees and the drones clustering together and tumbling over one another, while in their midst the working bees were industriously darting off in a straight line toward the forest, where the linden trees were in bloom, and quickly returning laden with their pollen.

His ears were filled with the incessant, monotonous humming made by the workers as they flew in with their burdens, by the drones enjoying their holiday, and by the guardian bees giving warning of the approach of an enemy and ready to sting.

On one side of the inclosure the old bee-keeper was smoothing a hoop, and did not see Levin; and Levin, without speaking to him, stood in the midst of his apiary.

He was glad of the chance of being alone so as to collect himself in face of the reality which had so suddenly come into vivid contrast with his recent state of mind.

He remembered that he had already been angry with Ivan, had shown coldness to his brother, and had spoken foolishly with Katavasof.

"Can it be possible that my happiness was only a transitory feeling, which will pass away, and leave no trace behind?"

But at the same moment as he analyzed his state of mind, he felt with joy that his experience had left new and important results. Practical life had only temporarily disturbed the spiritual calm which he had found; but in his heart it was still intact. Just as the bees, buzzing around him, threatened him, and robbed him of his physical calm, and compelled him to defend himself, so did the cares which surrounded him, as he sat in his little cart, disturb his spiritual calm; but this lasted only while he was in their midst. Just as his physical strength was intact while he was defending himself against the bees, so his newly attained spiritual power was also unimpaired.

CHAPTER XV

"Do you know, Kostia, whom Sergyeï Ivanovitch found on the train?" said Dolly, after she had given her children their cucumbers and honey. "Vronsky. He's going to Serbia."

"Yes! and not alone either. He's taking out a squadron of cavalry at his own expense," said Katavasof.

"That's like him," answered Levin. "But are volunteers still going off?" added he, looking at Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch was busy with a knife-blade rescuing a live bee from the honey that had flowed out of the white honeycomb at the bottom of his cup, and he did not answer.

"Indeed! I should say so!" said Katavasof, biting into a cucumber. "If you had only seen them at the station this morning!"

"Now, what an idea this is! For Christ's sake, tell me, Sergyeï Ivanovitch, where all these volunteers are going, and whom they are going to fight with?" asked the old prince, evidently pursuing a conversation which they had begun before Levin joined them.

"With the Turks," answered Sergyeï Ivanovitch, smiling quietly, as he at last rescued the helpless honey-smeared bee on the point of his knife, and set him on an aspen leaf.

"But who has declared war on the Turks? Is it Ivan Ivanovitch Ragozof and the Countess Lidia Ivanovna and Madame Stahl?"

"No one has declared war; but the people sympathize with their oppressed brethren, and want to help them," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"The prince was not speaking of help, but of war," said Levin, coming to the assistance of his father-in-law. "The prince means that private persons have no right to take part in a war without being authorized by the government."

"Kostia, look out! there 's a bee! Won't he sting?" cried Dolly, defending herself from a wasp.

"That 's not a bee; that 's a wasp!" said Levin.

"Come, now! give us your theory," demanded Katavasof, evidently provoking Levin to a discussion. "Why should n't private persons have that right?"

"Well, my theory is this: war, on the one hand, is such a terrible, such an atrocious, thing that no man, at least no Christian man, has the right to assume the responsibility of beginning it; but it belongs to government alone, when it becomes inevitable. On the other hand, both in law and in common sense, where there are state questions, and above all in matters concerning war, private citizens have no right to use their own wills."

Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch and Katavasof were both ready at the same instant with answers.

"That 's where you 're mistaken, batyushka," said Katavasof. "There may be cases when government does not carry out the will of its citizens, and then society declares its own will."

But Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch did not approve of this reply. He frowned as Katavasof spoke, and put it another way: —

"You state the question all wrong. Here there is no declaration of war, but simply an expression of human, of Christian, sympathy. Our brethren, men of the same blood, the same faith, are butchered. Now, we do not merely regard them as brethren and as coreligionists, but as women, children, old men. Our feelings are stirred, and the whole Russian people fly to help check these horrors. Suppose you were walking in the street, and saw a drunken man beating a woman or a child. I think you would not stop to ask whether war had been declared or had not been declared on such a man before you attacked him and protected the object of his fury."

"No; but I should not kill him."

"Yes, you might even kill him."

"I don't know. If I saw such a sight, I might yield to the immediate feeling. I cannot tell how it would be. But in the oppression of the Slavs, there is not, and cannot be, such a powerful motive."

"Perhaps not for you, but other people think differently," said Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, angrily. "The people still keep the tradition of sympathy with brethren of the orthodox faith, who are groaning under the yoke of the 'unspeakable Turk.' They have heard of their terrible sufferings, and are aroused."

"That may be," answered Levin, in a conciliatory tone, "only I don't see it. I myself am one of the people, and I don't feel it."

"I can say the same," put in the old prince. "I was living abroad; I read the newspapers, and I learned about the Bulgarian atrocities; but I never could understand why all Russia took such a sudden fancy for their Slavic brethren. I am sure I never felt the slightest love for them. I was greatly ashamed. I thought I must be either a monster, or that Carlsbad had a bad effect on me. But since I have come back, I don't feel stirred at all; and I find that I am not the only one who is not so much interested in the Slav brethren as in Russia. Here is Konstantin."

"Private opinions are of no consequence — there is no meaning in private opinions — when all Russia, when the whole people, signified what they wished," said Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch.

"Yes. Excuse me. I don't see this. The people don't know anything," said the prince.

"But, papa, how about that Sunday in church?" said Dolly, who had been listening to the conversation. — "Get me a towel, please," she said in an aside to the old bee-keeper, who was looking at the children with a friendly smile. "It can't be that all...."

"Well! What about that Sunday at church? They tell the priest to read a prayer. He reads it. Nobody understands one word. They snore just as they do during the whole sermon," continued the prince. "Then they tell them that the salvation of their souls is in question. Then they pull out their kopeks, and give them, but why they have not the least idea."

"The people cannot know their destiny. They have an instinctive feeling, and at times like these they show it," said Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, looking at the old bee-keeper.

The handsome, tall old man, with his black beard, wherein a few gray hairs were beginning to show, and with his thick, silvery hair, stood motionless, holding a cup of honey in his hand, looking at the gentlemen with a mild, placid air, evidently not understanding a word of the conversation, nor caring to understand.

He nodded his head with deliberation as he heard Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch's words, and said: —

"That's certainly so."

"Well, now! Ask him about it," said Levin. "He does n't know. He does n't think. — Have you heard about the war, Mikhaïluitch?" asked he of the old man. "You know what was read on Sunday at church, don't you? What do you think? Ought we to fight for the Christians?"

"Why should we think? Our Emperor Aleksander Nikolayevitch will think for us, as in everything else. He knows what to do. — Should you like some more bread? shall I give some to the little lad?" asked he, turning to Darya Aleksandrovna, and pointing to Grisha, who was munching a crust.

"What's the use of asking him?" said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "We have seen, and still see, hundreds and hundreds of men abandoning all they possess, giving their last penny, enlisting and trooping from every corner of Russia, all clearly and definitely expressing their thought and purpose. What does that signify?"

"It signifies, in my opinion," said Levin, beginning to get excited, "that out of eighty millions of men, there will always be found hundreds, and even thousands, who have lost their social position, are restless, and are ready to take up the first adventure that comes along, whether it is to follow Pugatchof or to go to Khiva or to fight in Serbia."

"I tell you they are not adventurers who devote themselves to this work, but they are the best representatives of the nation," cried Sergyeï Ivanuitch, excitedly, as if he were defending his last position. "There are the contributions; is n't that a test of popular feeling?"

"That word 'people' is so vague," said Levin; "long-haired scribblers, professors, and perhaps one in a thousand among the peasants understand what it is all about, but the rest of the eighty millions do as Mikhaïluitch here does. They not only don't express their will, but they have n't the slightest idea that they have any will to express. What right, then, have we to say that this is the will of the people?"

CHAPTER XVI

Sergyeï Ivanovitch was skilled in dialectics, and without replying he took up another side of the question.

"Yes, if you want to get at the mind of the nation by an arithmetical process, of course it will be very hard work. We have not the proper gifts, and cannot reckon it that way. But there are other means of learning it besides arithmetic. It is felt in the air, it is felt in the heart, not to speak of those submarine currents which flow through the stagnant ocean of the people and which are evident to every unprejudiced person. Take society in a narrower sense. Take the intelligent classes, and see how on this point even the most hostile parties combine. There is no longer a difference of opinions; all the organs of society express the same thing. They have all become aware of an elemental force which fills the nation with its own motive power."

"Yes; the newspapers all say the same thing, that is true," said the old prince, "but then, so do all the frogs croak before a storm. That does n't signify much."

"Whether frogs or not, — I don't edit newspapers, and I don't set up to defend them. I am talking of the unanimity of opinion among intelligent people," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, turning to his brother.

Levin was about to reply, but the old prince took the words from his mouth: —

"Well, something else may be said in regard to that unanimity. Here 's my son-in-law, Stepan Arkadyevitch, you know. He has just been appointed member of some committee, commission, or other, — I don't know what, — with a salary of eight thousand a year, and nothing to do. — Now, Dolly, that 's not a secret. — Ask him if his office is useful; he will tell you that it is indispensable. And he is an upright man; but you could not make him cease to believe in his full eight thousand salary."

"Oh, yes! he told me to tell Darya Aleksandrovna that he had got that place," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, angrily, considering that the prince's remark was not *à propos*.

"Of course the newspapers are unanimous. That is easily explained. War will double their circulation. How can they help supporting the Slavic question and the national instinct?"

"I don't like many of the papers, but you are unjust," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"I will only add one more suggestion," said the old prince. "Alphonse Karr wrote a clever thing just before the Franco-Prussian war, when he said, 'You say this war is absolutely necessary? very good; go to the front, then, and be under the first fire, and lead the first onslaught.'"

"Good editors would be glad to do that," said Katavasof, with a loud laugh, and trying to imagine certain editorial friends of his in this chosen legion.

"Yes; but when they ran away," said Dolly, "they'd bother the others."

"Just as soon as they begin to run put a *mitrailleuse* behind them, or some Cossacks with whips," said the prince.

"Well, that's a joke, but not a very good joke; excuse me, prince," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"I don't think it was a joke," said Levin; "it was...."

But his brother interrupted him.

"Every member of society is called upon to do his duty," said he, "and thoughtful men perform theirs by giving expression to public opinion; and the unanimous and full expression of public opinion is creditable to the press, and at the same time a good symptom. Twenty years ago we should have kept quiet; to-day we hear the voice of the Russian people, which is ready to rise like one man, and ready to sacrifice itself for its oppressed brethren. It is a great step taken, — a proof of power."

"Yes, not only to avenge their brethren, but to kill the Turks," said Levin, timidly. "The people will sacrifice itself and be ready to sacrifice itself for the salvation of their souls, but not for murder," he added, involuntarily connecting this conversation with the thoughts of the morning.

"What do you mean by soul? That, to a naturalist, you must remember, is a very puzzling expression. What is the soul?" demanded Katavasof, with a smile.

"Oh, you know."

"'Pon my word,[1] I have n't the least idea," and the professor broke into a burst of laughter.

"Christ said, 'I am come not to bring peace, but a sword,'" remarked Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, quoting as simply as if it were something comprehensible, a passage from the Gospel which had always troubled Levin.

"That 's just so," repeated the old bee-keeper, who had been standing near them, in response to a chance look directed to him.

"Come, batyushka, you 're beaten, you 're beaten, — wholly beaten!" cried Katavasof, gayly.

Levin reddened with vexation, not because he was beaten, but because he had been drawn into discussion again.

"No; it is impossible for me to dispute with them," he thought; "their armor is impenetrable, and I am defenseless."

He saw that he could not defeat his brother and Katavasof, and it was equally impossible to agree with them. Their arguments were the fruit of that same pride of the intellect which had almost ruined him. He could not admit that a handful of men, his brother among them, had the right, on the ground of what was told them by a few hundred eloquent volunteers who came to the capital, to claim that they and the newspapers expressed the will and sentiment of the people, especially when this sentiment expressed itself in vengeance and butchery.

He could not agree with this because he did not discover the expression of these thoughts among the people in whose midst he lived, and he did not find them in himself — and he could not consider himself as anything else than one of the men constituting the Russian nation — but principally because he did not, any more than the rest of men, know — nor could he know — what constituted the general good; but he firmly believed that the attainment of this general good was brought about only by the strenuous fulfilment of that law of right which is revealed to every one, and therefore he could not desire war, or preach it as a means of attaining any general end whatever.

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[1] *Vot yeĭ Bogu*, literally, "Here by God."

He and Mikhaïlovitch, and the people in general, expressed themselves in somewhat the same language as was used when the early Russians invited the Variags to come from Scandinavia: —

"Come and rule over us, we gladly promise absolute submission. We are enduring all trials, all humiliations, all sacrifices, but we do not judge and we do not decide."

And now, according to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, the people were ready to turn their backs on a right which they had purchased at such a price!

He wanted to say in addition that if the general opinion is an infallible judge, then why should not the Revolution, the Commune, be as useful to the Slavs as lawful means?

But all these were thoughts which could not decide anything. The only thing that he could clearly see was that at the present moment the discussion was exasperating to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, and therefore it was wrong to discuss it. So Levin held his peace, and turned the attention of his guests to the clouds that were rolling up, and he advised them to hurry home if they did not want to get wet.

CHAPTER XVII

The prince and Sergyeï Ivanovitch seated themselves in the cart and drove on; the rest of the party, quickening their steps, started back on foot.

But the thunder-storm, white on top, black underneath, came up so rapidly that they had to hurry so as to reach the house before the rain was on them. The clouds coming on as the vanguard, hung low, were as black as soot, and drove across the sky with extraordinary rapidity. They had reached within two hundred feet of the house, and already the wind had begun to rise, and the downpour might be expected at any second.

The children ran on ahead laughing and screaming with delight and terror. Darya Aleksandrovna, struggling with her skirts, which the wind blew round her legs, no longer walked, but ran, not letting the children out of her sight. The gentlemen, holding on their hats with difficulty, walked with long strides. They had just reached the porch when the great drops began to strike and splash against the edge of the iron gutter. The children, and just behind them their elders, with gay exclamations ran under the shelter of the porch.

"Where is Katerina Aleksandrovna?" asked Levin of Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who was coming out of the door, loaded with shawls and plaids.

"We supposed she was with you."

"And Mitya?"

"He must be in the Kolok woods with his nurse."

Levin seized the plaids, and started for Kolok.

In the few minutes that had elapsed, the storm had reached beyond the sun, and it was as dark as if there was an eclipse. The wind blew obstinately as if insisting on its own way, tried to stop Levin, and, tearing off the leaves and flowers from the lindens, and rudely and strangely baring the white branches of the birches, bent everything to one side, — acacias, flowers, burdocks, the grass, and the tree-tops. The girls working in the garden ran squealing under the shelter of the servants' quarters. The white screen of the pouring rain had already cut off the distant forest and half of the adjacent field, and was rapidly advancing on Kolok. The dampness of the shower was felt in the atmosphere like fine drops.

Bending his head, and fighting vigorously against the gale, which tugged at his shawls, Levin was already on his way to Kolok. He thought he already saw white forms behind a well-known oak, when suddenly a glare of light seemed to burst from the ground before him, and the vault of the sky above him to fall with a crash. When he opened his dazzled eyes, he looked through the thick curtain formed by the rain, which cut him off from the Kolok woods, and saw, to his horror, that the green top of a well-known oak which stood in the forest had strangely changed its position. Even before he could ask, "Can the lightning have struck it?" he saw it bending over more and more rapidly, and then disappearing behind the other trees, and he heard the crash the great oak made as it fell, carrying with it the neighboring trees. The glare of the lightning, the crash of the thunder, and the sensation of chill running over his whole body blended for Levin in one impression of horror.

"My God! my God! keep them safe," he exclaimed.

And though he instantly felt the absurdity of the prayer, since the oak had already fallen, he nevertheless said it over and over, for he knew that, absurd as it was, he could not do anything else to help them.

He hastened toward the spot where they generally went, but he did not find them. They were in another part of the woods under an old linden, and they called to him. Two figures dressed in dark clothes — they usually wore white — were bending over something under the trees. It was Kitty and the nurse. The rain had stopped, and it was beginning to grow lighter when Levin reached them. The bottom of the nurse's dress was dry, but Kitty's gown was wet through and clung to her. Though it was no longer raining, they were standing just as they had been when the shower began. Both were leaning over the baby-carriage, with its green parasol.

"Alive? safe? God be praised!" he cried, as, splashing through the puddles, he ran to them with his shoes full of water.

Kitty's glowing face, all wet, was turned to him, and she smiled timidly from under her hat, which had lost its shape in the rain.

"There now, aren't you ashamed? I can't understand how you could do such a careless thing," he began, in his vexation scolding his wife.

"Goodness,[1] it was not my fault. We were just starting to go when he began to be restless. We had to change him. We were just...." Kitty said, trying to defend herself.

Mitya was safe, dry, and still soundly sleeping.

"Well! God be thanked! I don't know what I'm saying."

They hastily picked up the wet diapers, the nurse took the baby, and Levin, ashamed of his vexation, gave his arm to his wife, and led her away, pressing her hand gently.

CHAPTER XVIII

In the course of all that day, during the most varied conversations in which Levin took part, as it were, only with the external side of his mind, and notwithstanding his disillusion at finding that the moral regeneration had not taken place in his nature after all, he did not cease to be pleasantly conscious that his heart was full.

After the shower, it was too wet to go out for a walk, and, moreover, other threatening clouds were piling up on the horizon, and here and there reaching up high into the sky, black, and laden with thunder. All the household spent the rest of the day within doors.

Discussions were avoided, and after dinner all were in the gayest frame of mind.

Katavasof at first kept the ladies laughing by his original turns of wit, which always pleased people when they made his acquaintance; then afterward being drawn out by Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, he related his very interesting observations on the different characteristics and features of male and female flies, and their habits.

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[1] *Yeĭ Bogu.*

Sergyeï Ivanovitch also was very gay; and at tea he explained the future of the Eastern question so simply and well that all could follow him. Kitty alone did not hear him. She had been summoned to the nursery to give Mitya his bath.

A few moments after Kitty had left the room, Levin also was called to follow her.

Leaving his tea, and feeling regretful at having an interesting conversation interrupted, and at the same time troubled because they had called him to the nursery, a thing which had hitherto happened only in cases of emergency, Levin followed his wife.

In spite of the fact that he was greatly interested in his brother's partly outlined scheme of making the newly enfranchised world of forty millions of Slavs join with Russia in establishing a new epoch in history — for it was something entirely novel to him, in spite of his curiosity and anxiety at having been summoned to the nursery, as soon as he had left the drawing-room and was once more alone, he immediately remembered his thoughts of the morning. And all these theories as to the significance of the Slav element in the universal history seemed to him so insignificant in comparison with what was taking place in his own soul, that for a moment he forgot all about it, and returned to the moral state that had so delighted him at the beginning of the day.

This time he did not wholly retrace the course of thought which had led him to this state of mind, nor was it necessary. He was borne immediately back to that feeling which had guided him, which had been connected with those thoughts, and he now found the feeling stronger and more definite in his soul than ever before. Now there was no longer what had always marked his previous imaginary attempts at gaining spiritual calmness, when he had been obliged to call a halt to the whole course of his thoughts in order to find the feeling; now, on the contrary, the feeling of joy and calmness was more vivid than before, but thought did not overtake the feeling. He walked along the terrace, and saw two stars glowing in the already darkening sky, and suddenly he remembered a course of reasoning: —

"Yes," said he to himself, "as I looked at the heavens I thought that the vault which I gaze at is not a lie. But there was the something that remained half thought out in my mind, — something that I hid from myself. Now, what was it? There cannot be an answer. If one could think it out, all things would be explained."

Just as he entered the child's chamber, he remembered what it was that he hid from himself. It was this: —

"If the chief proof of the existence of God lies in the revelation of good, why should this revelation be limited to the Christian Church? How about those millions of Buddhists and Mohammedans, who are also seeking for the truth and doing right?"

It seemed to him that there must be an answer to this question, but he could not find and express it before entering the room.

Kitty, with her sleeves rolled up, was bending over the bath-tub, in which she was washing the baby. As she heard her husband's steps, she turned her face to him, and with a smile called him to her. With one hand she was supporting the head of the plump little fellow, who was floating on his back in the water and kicking with his legs; with the other she was squeezing the sponge on him.

"Come here! look, look!" said she, as her husband came up to her. "Agafya Mikhaïlovna is right; he knows us."

The fact was that Mitya to-day for the first time gave indubitable proof that he knew his friends.

As soon as Levin went to the bath-tub, the experiment was tried, and it was wholly successful. A cook, who was called for the purpose, bent over the tub. The baby frowned and shook his head. Kitty bent over him, and he smiled radiantly, and clung with his little hands to the sponge and sucked with his lips, producing such a strange and contented sound that not only the mother and the nurse, but Levin himself, were enchanted.

They took the baby from the water, wiped him, and, after he had expressed his disapprobation with a piercing scream, they gave him to his mother.

"Well, I am very glad to see that you begin to love him," said Kitty, as she sat down in a comfortable seat, with the child at her breast. "I am very glad. It really troubled me when you said you had n't any feeling for him."

"No! did I say that I had no feeling for him? I only said that I was disappointed."

"How were you disappointed?"

"I was n't disappointed in him, but in the feeling that he would arouse. I expected more. I expected as a surprise some new and pleasant feeling; and instead of that, it was pity, disgust."

She listened to him as she put on her slender fingers the rings which she had taken off while bathing the baby.

"And more of fear and pity than of satisfaction. I never knew until to-day, after the storm, how I loved him."

Kitty smiled with radiant joy.

"Were you very much afraid?" she asked. "And so was I. But it seems more terrible to me now when the danger is all past. I shall go and look at the oak to-morrow. How nice Katavasof is! Well, the whole day has been so pleasant. You are so delightful with your brother when you want to be..... Well, go to them. It is always hot and stifling here after the bath."

CHAPTER XIX

Levin, on leaving the nursery and finding himself alone, began to follow out his line of thought, in which there had been something obscure.

Instead of going back to the drawing-room, where he heard the sound of voices, he remained on the terrace, and, leaning over the balustrade of the terrace, he looked at the sky. It had grown very dark, and there was not a cloud in the south where he was looking. The clouds were all in the opposite quarter. From time to time it would lighten, and the distant thunder would be heard. Levin listened to the drops of rain falling rhythmically from the lindens, and looked at the stars and then at the Milky Way. Whenever the lightning flashed, then not only the Milky Way but also the bright stars would disappear from his vision; but by the time the thunder sounded they would reappear in their places as if a careful hand had readjusted them in the firmament.

"Well, now what is it that troubles me?" Levin asked himself, already beginning to feel that a resolution of his doubts, though it had not yet become a matter of knowledge, was ready in his soul.

"Yes, there is one evident, indubitable manifestation of the Divinity, and that is the laws of right which are made known to the world through Revelation, and of which I am conscious as existing in myself, and in the recognition of them I am in spite of myself, willingly or unwillingly, united with other men into one brotherhood of believers, which is called the Church.

"Yes; but are Hebrews, Confucians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, in the same relation?" he asked himself, recurring to the dilemma which had seemed so portentous to him. "Can these hundreds of millions of men be deprived of the greatest of blessings, of that which alone gives a meaning to life?"

He paused, but immediately recovered his train of thought.

"What am I asking myself?

"I am questioning the relation of the various forms of human belief to Divinity. I am questioning the relation of God to the whole universe, with all its nebulæ. But what am I doing? And at the moment when knowledge, sure, though inaccessible to reason, is revealed to me, shall I still persist in dragging in logic?

"Do I not know that the stars do not move?" said he, noticing the change that had taken place in the position of the brilliant planet which he had seen rising over the birches; "but, seeing the stars change place, and not being able to imagine the revolution of the earth, then I should be right in saying that they moved. Could the astronomers have made any calculations, and gained any knowledge, if they had taken into consideration the varied and complicated motions of the earth? Have not their marvelous conclusions as to the distances, the weight, the motions, and revolutions of the celestial bodies all been based on the apparent movements of the stars around a motionless earth, — these very movements which I now witness, as millions of men for centuries have witnessed them, and which can always be verified? And just as the conclusions of the astronomers would have been inaccurate and false if they had not been based on their observations of the heavens such as they appeared relatively to a single meridian and a single horizon, so all my conclusions as to the knowledge of good and evil would be inaccurate and false if they were not founded on that comprehension of good and evil which for all men always has been and always will be one and the same, and which Christianity has revealed to me and which my soul can always verify. The relations of human belief to God must, for me, remain unfathomable; to search them out belongs not to me."

"Have n't you gone in yet?" said Kitty's voice, suddenly. She was on her way to the drawing-room by the way of the terrace. "There 's nothing that troubles you, is there?" asked she, looking wistfully up into her husband's face and trying to study its expression by the starlight. By the light of a flash of lightning on the horizon, she saw that he was calm and happy, and she smiled.

"She understands me," thought he. "She knows what I am thinking. Shall I tell her, or not? Yes, I will tell her."

But just as he was about to speak, Kitty broke in.

"Kostia," said she, "do be so kind and go to the corner room and see how they have arranged for Sergyeï

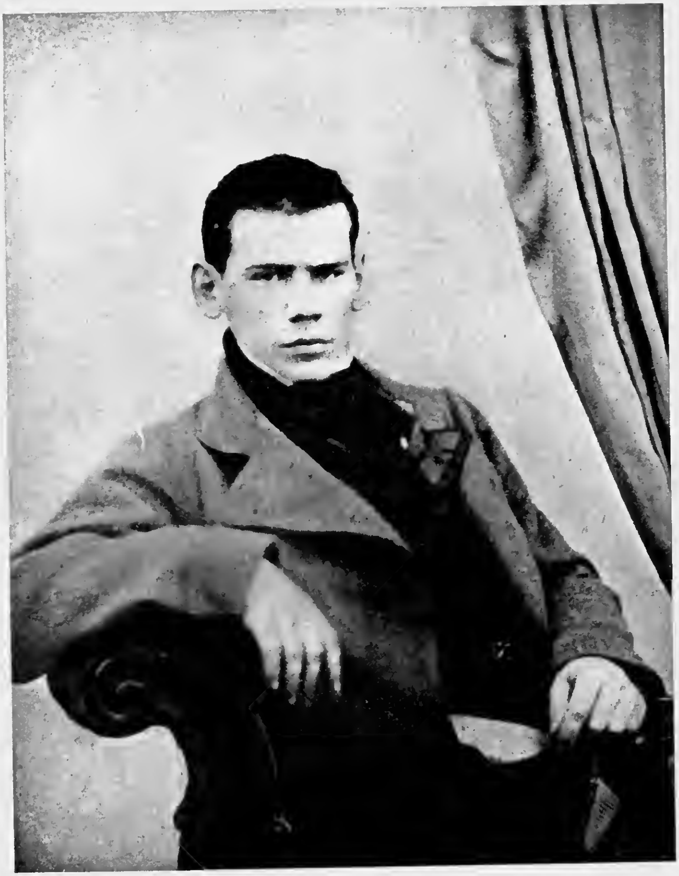
Ivanovitch. I don't like to. See if they put in the new washstand properly."

"Certainly, I 'll go," answered Levin, rising, and kissing her.

"No; better be silent," thought he, as she went past; "this secret has no importance save for me alone, and words could not explain it. This new feeling has neither changed me nor suddenly enlightened me nor made me happy, as I imagined it would. It is just like my feeling for my son. There is no element of surprise in it. But it is faith .... no, not faith .... I know not what it is. But the feeling stole into my soul through suffering, and there it is firmly established.

"I shall continue to be vexed with Ivan the coachman, and get into useless discussions, and express my thoughts blunderingly. I shall always be blaming my wife for what annoys me, and repenting at once. I shall always feel a certain barrier between the Holy of Holies of my inmost soul, and the souls of others, even my wife's. I shall continue to pray without being able to explain to myself why. But my whole life, every moment of my life, independently of whatever may happen to me, will be, not meaningless as before, but full of the deep meaning which I shall have the power to impress upon it."

THE END



COUNT L. N. TOLSTOÏ.

From a daguerreotype, 1848.

CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD
YOUTH

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PREFACE

COUNT TOLSTOÏ is unquestionably one of the most interesting personalities of the period. Anything, therefore, which can add to our knowledge of him as a man, cannot fail to be welcome to those who have already made his acquaintance through his writings on religion, and through those characters in his novels which reflect himself. These Memoirs, which in the Russian bear no common title, are of particular interest, since they show that many of the author's ideas of thirty years ago were precisely similar to those which he is putting in practice to-day in his own person. There are also points which every one will recognize as having been true of himself at the ages herein dealt with. It is to be regretted that the original plan has not been carried out. This comprised a great novel, founded on the reminiscences and traditions of his family. The first instalment, "Childhood," was written while he was in the Caucasus, and published in 1852 in the *Contemporary* (*Sovremennik*). The last, "Youth," was written after the conclusion of the Crimean War, in 1855, "Boyhood" having preceded it. "Childhood" was one of the first things he wrote; his "Cossacks," which Turgeneff admired extremely, having been written about the same time, though it was not printed until long afterward. The most important of his other writings are already before the public.

That the Memoirs reflect the man, and his mental and moral youth, there can be no doubt, and the characters depicted are founded upon real persons, as, for instance, Karl Ivanitch, whose grave is not far from Yasnaya Polyana; but they do not *strictly* conform to facts in other respects, and therefore merit the titles which he gave them, "Novels."

THE TRANSLATOR.

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KARL IVANITCH

CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER I

THE TUTOR KARL IVANITCH

ON the 12th of August, 18—, the third day after my birthday, when I had attained the age of ten, and had received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivanitch woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking at a fly directly above my head, with a flapper made of sugar-paper and fastened to a stick. He did it so awkwardly that he entangled the image of my angel, which hung upon the oaken headboard of the bed; and the dead fly fell straight upon my head. I thrust my nose out from under the coverlet, stopped the image, which was still rocking, with my hand, flung the dead fly on the floor, and regarded Karl Ivanitch with angry although sleepy eyes. But attired in his motley wadded dressing-gown, girded with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skullcap with a tassel, and soft goatskin shoes, he pursued his course along the walls, taking aim and flapping away.

"Suppose I am little," I thought, "why should he worry me? Why does n't he kill the flies around Volodya's bed? There are quantities of them there. No; Volodya is older than I; I am the youngest of all, and that is why he torments me. He thinks of nothing else in life," I whispered, "except how he may do unpleasant things to me. He knows well enough that he has waked me up and frightened me; but he pretends not to see it, — the hateful man! And his dressing-gown, and his cap, and his tassel — how disgusting!"

As I was thus mentally expressing my vexation with Karl Ivanitch, he approached his own bed, glanced at the watch which hung above it in a slipper embroidered with glass beads, hung his flapper on a nail, and turned toward us, evidently in the most agreeable frame of mind.

"Get up, children, get up. It's time! Your mother is already in the hall!"[1] he cried in his kindly German voice; then he came over to me, sat down at my feet, and pulled his snuff-box from his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. First Karl Ivanitch took a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose, cracked his fingers, and then turned his attention to me. He began to tickle my heels, laughing the while. "Come, come, lazybones," he said.

Much as I dreaded tickling, I neither sprang out of bed nor made any reply, but buried my head deeper under the pillow, kicked with all my might, and used every effort to keep from laughing.

"How good he is, and how he loves us, and yet I could think so badly of him!"

I was vexed at myself and at Karl Ivanitch; I wanted to laugh and to cry; my nerves were upset.

"Oh, let me alone, Karl Ivanitch!" I cried, with tears in my eyes, thrusting my head out from beneath the pillows. Karl Ivanitch was surprised; he left my soles in peace, and began anxiously to inquire what was the matter with me: had I had a bad dream? His kind German face, the sympathy with which he strove to divine the cause of my tears, caused them to flow more abundantly. I was ashamed; and I could not understand how, a moment before, I had been unable to love Karl Ivanitch, and had thought his dressing-gown, cap, and tassel disgusting; now, on the contrary, they all seemed to me extremely pleasing, and even the tassel appeared a plain proof of his goodness. I told him that I was crying because I had had a bad dream,

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[1] Karl Ivanitch generally speaks in German. — The "hall" in Russian houses is an apartment which serves for many purposes: as ball-room, music-room, and play-room for the children in bad weather. At Yasnya Polyana it serves also as the dining-room. — Tr.

NIKOLAI - MARYA IVANOVNA

— I thought mamma was dead, and they were carrying her away to bury her. I invented all this, for I really did not know what I had been dreaming that night; but when Karl Ivanitch, touched by my tale, began to comfort and soothe me, it seemed to me that I actually had seen that dreadful vision, and my tears flowed from another cause.

When Karl Ivanitch left me, and, sitting up in bed, I began to draw my stockings upon my little legs, my tears ceased in some measure; but gloomy thoughts of the fictitious dream did not leave me. Dyadka[1] Nikolaï came in, — a small, neat little man, who was always serious, precise, and respectful, and a great friend of Karl Ivanitch. He brought our clothes and shoes; Volodya had boots, but I still had those intolerable slippers with ribbons. I was ashamed to cry before him; besides, the morning sun was shining cheerfully in at the window, and Volodya was imitating Marya Ivanovna (my sister's governess), and laughing so loudly and merrily as he stood over the wash-basin, that even grave Nikolaï, with towel on shoulder, the soap in one hand and the hand-basin in the other, smiled and said: —

Niko

"Enough, Vladimir Petrovitch, please wash yourself." I became quite cheerful.

"Are you nearly ready?" called Karl Ivanitch's voice from the school-room.

His voice was stern, and had no longer that kindly accent which had moved me to tears. In the school-room Karl Ivanitch was another man: he was the tutor. I dressed quickly, washed, and, with brush in hand, still smoothing my wet hair, I appeared at his call.

Karl Ivanitch, with spectacles on nose, and a book in his hand, was sitting in his usual place, between the door and the window. To the left of the door were two shelves of books: one was ours — the children's; the other was Karl Ivanitch's particular property. On ours were all sorts of books, — school-books and others; some stood upright, others were lying down. Only two big volumes of "Histoire des Voyages," in red bindings, leaned in a stately way against the wall; then came long, thick, big, and little books,—covers without books, and books without covers. All were piled up and pushed in when we were ordered to put the library, as Karl Ivanitch loudly called this shelf, in order before our play-hour. If the collection of books on his private shelf was not as large as ours, it was even more miscellaneous. I remember three of them,—a German pamphlet on the manuring of cabbage-gardens, without a cover; one volume of the history of the "Seven Years' War," in parchment, burned on one corner; and a complete course of hydrostatics. Karl Ivanitch passed the greater part of his time in reading, and even injured his eyesight thereby; but he never read anything except these books and "The Northern Bee."

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[1] Children's valet.

Among the articles which lay on Karl Ivanitch's shelf, was one which recalls him to me more than all the rest. It was a circle of cardboard fixed on a wooden foot, upon which it revolved by means of pegs. Upon this circle was pasted a picture representing caricatures of some lady and a wig-maker. Karl Ivanitch pasted very well, and had himself invented and manufactured this circle in order to protect his weak eyes from the bright light.

I seem now to see before me his long figure, in its wadded dressing-gown, and the red cap beneath which his thin gray hair is visible. He sits beside a little table, upon which stands the circle with the wig-maker, casting its shadow upon his face; in one hand he holds a book, the other rests on the arm of the chair; beside him lies his watch, with the huntsman painted on the face, his checked handkerchief, his round black snuff-box, his green spectacle-case, and the snuffers on the tray. All these lie with so much dignity and precision, each in its proper place, that one might conclude from this orderliness alone that Karl Ivanitch has a pure conscience and a restful spirit.

If you stole up-stairs on tiptoe to the school-room, after running about down-stairs in the hall as much as you pleased, behold — Karl Ivanitch was sitting alone in his arm-chair, reading some one of his beloved books, with a proud, calm expression of countenance. Sometimes I found him at such times when he was not reading: his spectacles had dropped down on his big aquiline nose; his blue, half-shut eyes had a certain peculiar expression; and his lips smiled sadly. All was quiet in the room; his even breathing, and the ticking of the hunter-adorned watch, alone were audible.

He did not perceive me; and I used to stand in the door, and think: "Poor, poor old man! There are many of us; we play, we are merry; but he — he is all alone, and no one treats him kindly. He tells the truth, when he says he is an orphan. And the history of his life is terrible! I remember that he related it to Nikolaï; it is dreadful to be in his situation!" And it made one so sorry, that one wanted to go to him, take his hand, and say, "Dear Karl Ivanitch!" He liked to have me say that; he always petted me, and it was plain that he was touched.

On the other wall hung maps, nearly all of them torn, but skilfully repaired by the hand of Karl Ivanitch. On the third wall, in the middle of which was the door leading down-stairs, hung two rulers: one was all hacked up — that was ours; the other — the new one — was his own private ruler, and employed more for encouraging us than for ruling proper. On the other side of the door was a blackboard, upon which our grand misdeeds were designated by circles, and our small ones by crosses. To the left of the board was the corner where we were put on our knees.

How well I remember that corner! I remember the grated stove-door, and the slide in it, and the noise this made when it was turned. You would kneel and kneel in that corner until your knees and back ached, and you would think, "Karl Ivanitch has forgotten me; he must be sitting quietly in his soft arm-chair, and reading his hydrostatics: and how is it with me?" And then you would begin to hint of your existence, to softly open and shut the heat-damper, or pick the plaster from the wall; but if too big a piece suddenly fell noisily to the floor, the fright alone was worse than the whole punishment. You would peep round at Karl Ivanitch; and there he sat, book in hand, as though he had not noticed anything.

In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a ragged black oil-cloth, beneath which the edge, hacked in places with penknives, was visible in many places. Around the table stood several unpainted stools, polished with long use. The last wall was occupied by three little windows. This was the view which was had from them: Directly in front of the windows ran the road, every hollow, pebble, and rut of which had long been familiar and dear to me; beyond the road was a close-trimmed linden alley, behind which the wattled fence was visible here and there. A field could be seen through the alley; on one side of this was a threshing-floor, on the other a forest; the guard's little cottage was visible far away in the forest. To the right, a part of the terrace could be seen, upon which the grown-up people generally sat before dinner. If you looked in that direction while Karl Ivanitch was correcting your page of dictation, you could see mamma's black hair, and some one's back, and hear faint sounds of conversation and laughter; and you would grow vexed that you could not be there, and think, "When I grow up, shall I stop learning lessons, and sit, not over conversations forever, but always with those I love?" Vexation changes to sorrow; and God knows why and what you dream, until you hear Karl Ivanitch raging over your mistakes.

Karl Ivanitch took off his dressing-gown, put on his blue swallow-tailed coat with humps and folds upon the shoulders, arranged his necktie before the glass, and led us down-stairs to say good-morning to mamma.

CHAPTER II

MAMMA

Mamma was sitting in the parlor, and pouring out the tea; in one hand she held the teapot, with the other the faucet of the samovar, from which the water flowed over the top of the teapot upon the tray beneath. But though she was gazing steadily at it, she did not perceive it, nor that we had entered.

So many memories of the past present themselves when one tries to revive in fancy the features of a beloved being, that one views them dimly through these memories, as through tears. These are the tears of imagination. When I try to recall my mother as she was at that time, nothing appears to me but her brown eyes, which always expressed love and goodness; the mole on her neck a little lower down than the spot where the short hairs grow; her white embroidered collar; her cool, soft hand, which petted me so often, and which I so often kissed: but her image as a whole escapes me.

To the left of the divan stood the old English grand piano; and before the piano sat my dark-complexioned sister Liubotchka, playing Clementi's studies with evident effort, and with rosy fingers which had just been washed in cold water. She was eleven. She wore a short frock of coarse linen with white lace-trimmed pantalets, and could only manage an octave as an arpeggio. Beside her, half turned away, sat Marya Ivanovna, in a cap with rose-colored ribbons, a blue jacket, and a red and angry face, which assumed a still more forbidding expression when Karl Ivanitch entered. She looked threateningly at him; and, without responding to his salute, she continued to count, and beat time with her foot, *one, two, three,* more loudly and commandingly than before.

Karl Ivanitch, paying no attention whatever to this, according to his custom, went straight to kiss my mother's hand with a German greeting. She recovered herself, shook her little head as though desirous of driving away painful thoughts with the gesture, gave her hand to Karl Ivanitch, and kissed him on his wrinkled temple, while he kissed her hand.

"Thank you, my dear Karl Ivanitch." And continuing to speak in German, she inquired: —

"Did the children sleep well?"

Karl Ivanitch was deaf in one ear, and now heard nothing at all on account of the noise from the piano. He bent over the divan, rested one hand on the table as he stood on one foot; and with a smile which seemed to me then the height of refinement, he raised his cap above his head, and said: —

"Will you excuse me, Natalya Nikolaevna?"

Karl Ivanitch, for the sake of not catching cold in his bald head, never took off his red cap; but each time he entered the drawing-room he begged permission to keep it on.

"Put on your cap, Karl Ivanitch..... I ask you if the children slept well?" said mamma, moving nearer to him, and speaking louder.

But again he heard nothing, covered his bald spot with his red cap, and smiled more amiably than ever.

"Stop a minute, Mimi," said mamma to Marya Ivanovna, with a smile; "we can hear nothing."

Beautiful as was mamma's face, it became incomparably more lovely when she smiled, and seemed to enliven everything about her. If in life's trying moments I could catch but a glimpse of that smile, I should not know what grief is. It seems to me that what is called beauty of face consists in the smile alone: if the smile adds charm to the face, then the face is very fine; if it does not alter the countenance, then the latter is ordinary; if it spoils it, then it is bad.

When greeting me, mamma took my head in both her hands, and bent it back, looked intently at me, and said:

"You have been crying this morning?"

I made no reply. She kissed me on the eyes, and asked in German: —

R ALEXANDRITCH - PAPA

"What were you crying about?"

When she spoke pleasantly to us, she always addressed us in that tongue, which she knew to perfection.

"I cried in my sleep, mamma," I said, recalling my fictitious dream with all the details, and I involuntarily shuddered at the thought.

Karl Ivanitch confirmed my statement, but held his peace about the dream. After discussing the weather, in which conversation Mimi also took part, mamma laid six pieces of sugar on the tray for some of the favored servants, and went to her embroidery-frame which stood in the window.

"Now go to your father, children, and tell him that he must come to me without fail before he goes to the threshing-floor."

The music, counting, and black looks began again, and we went to papa. Passing through the room which had borne the title of the butler's pantry since grandfather's time, we entered the study.

CHAPTER III

PAPA

He was standing by his writing-table, and pointing to some envelops, papers, and bundles of bank-notes. He was angry, and was discussing something sharply with the overseer, Yakoff Mikhaïlof, who, standing in his usual place, between the door and the barometer, with his hands behind him, was moving his fingers with great vivacity in various directions.

The angrier papa grew, the more swiftly did the fingers move, and on the contrary, when papa ceased speaking, the fingers also stopped; but when Yakoff began to talk himself, his fingers underwent the greatest disturbance, and jumped wildly about in all directions. It seemed to me that Yakoff's secret thoughts might be guessed from their movements: but his face was always quiet; it expressed a sense of his own dignity and at the same time of subordination, that is to say, "I am right, but nevertheless have your own way!"

When papa saw us, he merely said: —

"Wait, I'll be with you presently."

And he nodded his head toward the door, to indicate that one of us was to shut it.

"Ah, merciful God! what's to be done with you now, Yakoff?" he went on, speaking to the overseer, shrugging his shoulders (which was a habit with him). "This envelope with an inclosure of eight hundred rubles...."

Yakoff moved his abacus, counted off eight hundred rubles, fixed his gaze on some indefinite point, and waited for what was coming next.

".... is for the expenses of the farming during my absence. Do you understand? From the mill you are to receive one thousand rubles; is that so, or not? You are to receive back eight thousand worth of loans from the treasury; for the hay, of which, according to your own calculation, you can sell seven thousand poods,[1] — at forty-five kopeks, I will say, — you will get three thousand; consequently, how much money will you have in all? Twelve thousand; is that so, or not?"

"Exactly, sir," said Yakoff.

But I perceived from the briskness with which his fingers moved, that he wanted to answer back; papa interrupted him.

"Now, out of this money, you will send ten thousand rubles to the Council for Petrovskoe. Now, the money which is in the office," continued papa (Yakoff mixed up this twelve thousand, and told off twenty-one thousand), "you will bring to me, and charge to expenses on this present date." (Yakoff shook up his abacus again, and turned it, indicating thereby, it is probable, that the twenty-one thousand would disappear also.) "And this envelope containing money you will forward from me to its address."

I was standing near the table, and I glanced at the inscription. It read: "Karl Ivanitch Mauer."

Papa must have perceived that I had read what it was not necessary that I should know; for he laid his hand on my shoulder, and with a slight movement indicated that I was to go away from his table. I did not understand whether it was a caress or a hint; but, whatever it meant, I kissed the large, sinewy hand which rested on my shoulder.

---

[1] A *pood* is about forty pounds.

"Yes, sir," said Yakoff. "And what are your orders with regard to the Khabarovka money?"

Khabarovka was mamma's village.

"Leave it in the office, and on no account make use of it without my orders."

Yakoff remained silent for a few seconds, then his fingers twisted about with increased rapidity, and altering the expression of servile stupidity with which he had listened to his master's orders, to the expression of bold cunning which was natural to him, he drew the abacus toward him, and began to speak.

"Permit me to report, Piotr Alexandritch, that it shall be as you please, but it is impossible to pay the Council on time. You said," he continued, his speech broken with pauses, "that we must receive money from the loans, from the mill, and from the hay." As he mentioned these statistics, he calculated them on the abacus. "I am afraid that we may be making some mistake in our reckoning," he added, after a pause, glancing with deep thoughtfulness at papa.

"How?"

"Please to consider; with regard to the mill, since the miller has been to me twice to ask for delay, and has sworn by Christ our God that he has no money ... and he is here now. Will you not please to talk with him yourself?"

"What does he say?" asked papa, signifying by a motion of his head that he did not wish to speak with the miller.

"The same old story. He says that there was no grinding; that what little money he got, he put into the dam. If we take him away, sir, will it be of any advantage to us? With regard to the loans, as you were pleased to mention them, I think I have already reported that our money is sunk there, and we shall not be able to get at it very soon. I sent a load of flour into the city a few days ago, to Ivan Afanasitch, with a note about the matter; he replied that he would be glad to exert himself in Piotr Alexandrovitch's behalf, but the affair is not in my hands, and it is evident from the general aspect of things that you will hardly receive your quittance under two months. You were pleased to speak of the hay; suppose it does sell for three thousand."

He marked off three thousand on his abacus, and remained silent for a moment, glancing first at his calculating-frame and then at papa's eyes, as much as to say: —

"You see yourself how little it is. Yes, and we will chaffer about the hay again if it is to be sold now, you will please to understand."

It was plain that he had a great store of arguments; it must have been for that reason that papa interrupted him.

"I shall make no change in my arrangements," he said; "but if any delay should actually occur in receiving this money, then there is nothing to be done; you will take what is necessary from the Khabarovka funds."

"Yes, sir."

It was evident from the expression of Yakoff's face and fingers, that this last order afforded him the greatest satisfaction.

Yakoff was a serf, and a very zealous and devoted man. Like all good overseers, he was extremely parsimonious on his master's account, and entertained the strangest possible ideas as to what was for his master's interest. He was eternally fretting over the increase of his master's property at the expense of that of his mistress, and tried to demonstrate that it was indispensable to employ all the revenue from her estate upon Petrovskoe (the village in which we lived). He was triumphant at the present moment, because he had succeeded on this point.

Yakoff - peasant - serf.

Papa greeted us, and said that it was time to put a stop to our idleness; we were no longer small children, and it was time for us to study seriously.

"I think you already know that I am going to Moscow to-night, and I shall take you with me," he said. "You will live with your grandmother, and mamma will remain here with the girls. And you know that she will have but one consolation, — to hear that you are studying well, and that they are pleased with you."

Although we had been expecting something unusual, from the preparations which had been making for several days, this news surprised us terribly. Volodya turned red, and repeated mamma's message in a trembling voice.

"So that is what my dream foretold," I thought. "God grant there may be nothing worse!"

I was very, very sorry for mamma; and, at the same time, the thought that we were grown up afforded me pleasure.

"If we are going away to-night, we surely shall have no lessons. That's famous," I thought. "But I'm sorry for Karl Ivanovitch. He is certainly going to be discharged, otherwise that envelope would not have been prepared for him. It would be better to go on studying forever, and not go away, and not part from mamma, and not hurt poor Karl Ivanitch's feelings. He is so very unhappy!"

These thoughts flashed through my mind. I did not stir from the spot, and gazed intently at the black ribbons in my slippers.

After speaking a few words to Karl Ivanitch about the fall of the barometer, and giving orders to Yakoff not to feed the dogs, in order that he might go out after dinner and make a farewell trial of the young hounds, papa, contrary to my expectations, sent us to our studies, comforting us, however, with a promise to take us on the hunt.

On the way up-stairs, I ran out on the terrace. Papa's favorite greyhound, Milka, lay blinking in the sunshine at the door.

"Milotchka," I said, petting her and kissing her nose, "we are going away to-day; good-by! We shall never see each other again."

My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears.

CHAPTER IV

LESSONS

Karl Ivanitch was very much out of sorts. This was evident from his frowning brows, and from the way he flung his coat into the commode, his angry manner of tying his girdle, and the deep mark which he made with his nail in the conversation-book to indicate the point which we must learn by heart. Volodya studied properly; but my mind was so upset that I positively could do nothing. I gazed long and stupidly at the conversation-book, but I could not read for the tears which gathered in my eyes at the thought of the parting before us. When the time for recitation came, Karl Ivanitch listened with his eyes half shut (which was a bad sign); and just at the place where one says, "Where do you come from?" and the other answers, "I come from the coffee-house," I could no longer restrain my tears; and sobs prevented my uttering, "Have you not read the paper?" When it came to writing, I made such blots with my tears falling on the paper, that I might have been writing with water on wrapping-paper.

Karl Ivanitch became angry; he put me on his knees, declared that it was obstinacy, a puppet comedy (this was a favorite expression of his), threatened me with the ruler, and demanded that I should beg his pardon, although I could not utter a word for my tears. He must have recognized his injustice at length, for he went into Nikolaï's room and slammed the door.

The conversation in the dyadka's room was audible in the school-room.

"You have heard, Nikolaï, that the children are going to Moscow?" said Karl Ivanitch, as he entered.

"Certainly, I have heard that."

Nikolaï must have made a motion to rise, for Karl Ivanitch said, "Sit still, Nikolaï!" and then he shut the door. I emerged from the corner, and went to listen at the door.

"However much good you do to people, however much you are attached to them, gratitude is not to be expected, apparently, Nikolaï," said Karl Ivanitch, with feeling.

Nikolaï, who was sitting at the window at his shoemaking, nodded his head affirmatively.

"I have lived in this house twelve years, and I can say before God, Nikolaï," continued Karl Ivanitch, raising his eyes and his snuff-box to the ceiling, "that I have loved them, and taken more interest in them than if they had been my own children. You remember, Nikolaï, when Volodenka had the fever, how I sat by his bedside, and never closed my eyes for nine days. Yes; then I was good, dear Karl Ivanitch; then I was necessary. But now," he added with an ironical smile, "now *the children are grown up; they must study in earnest*. Just as if they were not learning anything here, Nikolaï!"

"So they are to study more, it seems?" said Nikolaï, laying down his awl, and drawing out his thread with both hands.

"Yes; I am no longer needed, I must be driven off. But where are their promises? Where is their gratitude? I revere and love Natalya Nikolaevna, Nikolaï," said he, laying his hand on his breast. "But what is she? Her will is of no more consequence in this house than that;" hereupon he flung a scrap of leather on the floor with an expressive gesture. "I know whose doing this is, and why I am no longer needed; because I don't lie, and pretend not to see things, like *some people*. I have always been accustomed to speak the truth to every one," said he, proudly. "God be with them! They won't accumulate wealth by getting rid of me; and God is merciful, — I shall find a bit of bread for myself ... shall I not, Nikolaï?"

Nikolaï raised his head and looked at Karl Ivanitch, as though desirous of assuring himself whether he really would be able to find a bit of bread; but he said nothing.

Karl Ivanitch talked much and long in this strain. He said they had been more capable of appreciating his services at a certain general's house, where he had formerly lived (I was much pained to hear it). He spoke of Saxony, of his parents, of his friend the tailor, Schönheit, and so forth, and so forth.

I sympathized with his sorrow, and it pained me that papa and Karl Ivanitch, whom I loved almost equally, did not understand each other. I betook myself to my corner again, crouched down on my heels, and pondered how I might bring about an understanding between them.

When Karl Ivanitch returned to the school-room, he ordered me to get up, and prepare my copy-book for writing from dictation. When all was ready, he seated himself majestically in his arm-chair, and in a voice which appeared to issue from some great depth, he began to dictate as follows: —

"'Of all pas-sions the most re-volt-ing is,' have you written that?" Here he paused, slowly took a pinch of snuff, and continued with renewed energy, — "'the most revolting is In-grat-i-tude' .... a capital *I*."

I looked at him after writing the last word, in expectation of more.

"Period," said he, with a barely perceptible smile, and made us a sign to give him our copy-books.

He read this apothegm, which gave utterance to his inward sentiment, through several times, with various intonations, and with an expression of the greatest satisfaction. Then he set us a lesson in history, and seated himself by the window. His face was not so morose as it had been; it expressed the delight of a man who had taken a proper revenge for an insult that had been put upon him.

It was quarter to one, but Karl Ivanitch had no idea of dismissing us, apparently; in fact, he gave out some new lessons.

Ennui and hunger increased in equal measure. With the greatest impatience, I noted all the signs which betokened the near approach of dinner. There came the woman with her mop to wash the plates; then I could hear the dishes rattle on the sideboard. I heard them move the table, and place the chairs; then Mimi came in from the garden with Liubotchka and Katenka (Katenka was Mimi's twelve-year-old daughter); but nothing was to be seen of Foka, the majordomo, who always came and announced that dinner was ready. Then only could we throw aside our books without paying any attention to Karl Ivanitch, and run down-stairs.

Then footsteps were audible on the stairs, but that was not Foka! I knew his step by heart, and could always recognize the squeak of his boots. The door opened, and a figure which was totally unknown to me appeared.

CHAPTER V

THE FOOL

Grischa

Into the room walked a man of fifty, with a long, pale, pock-marked face, with long gray hair and a sparse reddish beard. He was of such vast height, that, in order to pass through the door, he was obliged to bend not only his head, but his whole body. He wore a ragged garment which resembled both a kaftan and a cassock; in his hand he carried a huge staff. As he entered the room, he smote the floor with it with all his might; opening his mouth, and wrinkling his brows, he laughed in a terrible and unnatural manner. He was blind of one eye; and the white pupil of that eye hopped about incessantly, and imparted to his already homely countenance a still more repulsive expression.

"Aha! I've found you!" he shouted, running up to Volodya with little steps; he seized his head, and began a careful examination of his crown. Then, with a perfectly serious expression, he left him, walked up to the table, and began to blow under the oil-cloth, and to make the sign of the cross over it. "O-oh, it 's a pity! o-oh, it 's sad! The dear children .... will fly away," he said, in a voice quivering with tears, gazing feelingly at Volodya; and he began to wipe away the tears which were actually falling, with his sleeve.

His voice was coarse and hoarse, his movements hasty and rough; his talk was silly and incoherent (he never used any pronouns); but his intonations were so touching, and his grotesque yellow face assumed at times such a frankly sorrowful expression, that, in listening to him, it was impossible to refrain from a feeling of mingled pity, fear, and grief.

This was the fool and pilgrim Grischa.

Whence was he? Who were his parents? What had induced him to adopt the singular life which he led? No one knew. I only knew that he had passed since the age of fifteen as a fool who went barefoot winter and summer, visited the monasteries, gave little images to those who struck his fancy, and uttered enigmatic words which some people accepted as prophecy; that no one had ever known him in any other aspect; that he occasionally went to grandmother's; and that some said he was the unfortunate son of wealthy parents, and a genuine fool; while others held that he was a simple peasant and lazy.

At length the long-wished-for and punctual Foka arrived, and we went down-stairs. Grischa, who continued to sob and talk all sorts of nonsense, followed us, and pounded every step on the stairs with his staff. Papa and mamma entered the drawing-room arm in arm, discussing something in a low tone. Marya Ivanovna was sitting with much dignity in one of the arm-chairs, symmetrically arranged at right angles to the divan, and giving instructions in a stern, repressed voice to the girls who sat beside her. As soon as Karl Ivanitch entered the room, she glanced at him, but immediately turned away; and her face assumed an expression which might have been interpreted to mean: "I do not see you, Karl Ivanitch." It was plain from the girls' eyes, that they were very anxious to impart to us some extremely important news as soon as possible; but it would have been an infringement of Mimi's rules to jump up and come to us. We must first go to her, and say, "*Bonjour*, Mimi!" and give a scrape with the foot; and then it was permissible to enter into conversation.

What an intolerable creature that Mimi was! It was impossible to talk about anything in her presence; she considered everything improper. Moreover, she was constantly exhorting us to speak French, and that, as if out of malice, just when we wanted to chatter in Russian; or at dinner — you would just begin to enjoy a dish, and want to be let alone, when she would infallibly say, "Eat that with bread," or, "How are you holding your fork?" — "What business is it of hers?" you think. "Let her teach her girls, but Karl Ivanitch is there to see to us." I fully shared his hatred for *some people*.

"Ask mamma to take us on the hunt," whispered Katenka, stopping me by seizing my round jacket, when the grown-up people had passed on before into the dining-room.

"Very good; we will try."

Grischa ate in the dining-room, but at a small table apart; he did not raise his eyes from his plate, made fearful grimaces, sighed occasionally, and said, as though speaking to himself: "It's a pity .... she[1] has flown away .... the dove will fly to heaven. ..... Oh, there's a stone on the grave!" and so on.

Mamma had been in a troubled state of mind ever since the morning; Grischa's presence, words, and behavior evidently increased this perturbation.

"Ah, I nearly forgot to ask you about one thing," she said, handing papa a plate of soup.

"What is it?"

"Please have your dreadful dogs shut up; they came near biting poor Grischa when he passed through the yard. And they might attack the children."

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[1] It is indispensable to the sense in English to employ pronouns, occasionally. This may be considered a specimen of Grischa's prophecy, the pronoun being indicated by the termination of the verb. — TR.

Hearing himself mentioned, Grischa turned toward the table, and began to exhibit the torn tails of his garment, and to speak with his mouth full.

"They wanted to bite to death..... God did not allow it..... It 's a sin to set the dogs on! Don't beat the bolschak[1].... why beat? God forgives.... times are different now."

"What 's that he 's saying?" asked papa, gazing sternly and intently at him. "I don't understand a word."

"But I understand," answered mamma; "he told me that some huntsman set his dogs on him, on purpose, as he says, 'that they might bite him to death, but God did not permit it;' and he begs you not to punish the man for it."

"Ah! that 's it," said papa. "How does he know that I mean to punish the huntsman? You know that I 'm not overfond of these gentlemen," he added in French, "and this one in particular does not please me, and ought.... "

"Ah, do not say that, my dear," interrupted mamma, as if frightened at something. "What do you know about it?"

"It seems to me that I have had occasion to learn these people's ways by heart; enough of them come to you. They 're all of one cut. It 's forever and eternally the same story."

It was plain that mamma held a totally different opinion on this point, but she would not dispute.

"Please give me a patty," said she. "Are they good to-day?"

"Yes, it makes me angry," went on papa, taking a patty in his hand, but holding it at such a distance that mamma could not reach it; "it makes me angry, when I see sensible and cultivated people fall into the trap."

And he struck the table with his fork.

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[1] Elder of a village, family, or religious community. Grischa called all peasants thus, without regard to their status.

"I asked you to hand me a patty," she repeated, reaching out her hand.

"And they do well," continued papa, moving his hand farther away, "when they arrest such people. The only good they do is to upset the weak nerves of certain individuals," he added with a smile, perceiving that the conversation greatly displeased mamma, and gave her the patty.

"I have only one remark to make to you on the subject: it is difficult to believe that a man who, in spite of his sixty years, goes barefoot summer and winter, and wears chains weighing two poods, which he never takes off, under his clothes, and who has more than once rejected a proposal to lead an easy life,—it is difficult to believe that such a man does all this from laziness.

"As for prophecy," she added with a sigh, after a pause, "I have paid for my belief; I think I have told you how Kiriuscha foretold the very day and hour of papa's death."

"Ah, what have you done to me!" exclaimed papa, smiling, and putting his hand to his mouth on the side where Mimi sat. (When he did this, I always listened with strained attention, in the expectation of something amusing.) "Why have you reminded me of his feet? I have looked at them, and now I shall not be able to eat anything."

The dinner was nearing its end. Liubotchka and Katenka winked at us incessantly, twisted on their chairs, and evinced the greatest uneasiness. The winks signified: "Why don't you ask them to take us hunting?" I nudged Volodya with my elbow; Volodya nudged me, and finally summoned up his courage: he explained, at first in a timid voice, but afterwards quite firmly and loudly, that, as we were to leave on that day, we should like to have the girls taken to the hunt with us, in the carriage.[1] After a short consultation among the grown-up people, the question was decided in our favor; and, what was still more pleasant, mamma said that she would go with us herself.

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[1] A *lineika*, or "little line,"—that is, a long, generally springless, uncovered conveyance, somewhat of the jaunting-car pattern, suitable for rough driving.—Tr.

CHAPTER VI

PREPARATIONS FOR THE HUNT

During dessert, Yakoff was summoned, and received orders with regard to the carriage, the dogs, and the saddle-horses, — all being given with the greatest minuteness, and every horse specified by name. Volodya's horse was lame; papa ordered the hunter to be saddled for him. This word "hunter" always sounded strange in mamma's ears; it seemed to her that it must be something in the nature of a wild beast, and that it would infallibly run away with and kill Volodya. In spite of the exhortations of papa and of Volodya, who with wonderful boldness asserted that that was nothing, and that he liked to have the horse run away extremely, poor mamma continued to declare that she should be in torments during the whole of the excursion.

Dinner came to an end; the big people went to the study to drink their coffee, while we ran into the garden, to scrape our feet along the paths covered with the yellow leaves which had fallen, and to talk. The conversation began on the subject of Volodya riding the hunter, and how shameful it was that Liubotchka ran more softly than Katenka, and how interesting it would be to see Grischa's chains, and so on; not a word was said about our separation. Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the carriage, upon each of whose springs sat a servant-boy. Behind the carriage came the huntsmen with the dogs; behind the huntsmen Ignat, the coachman, on the horse destined for Volodya, and leading my old Kleper by the bridle. First we rushed to the fence, whence all these interesting things were visible, and then we flew up-stairs shrieking and stamping, to dress ourselves as much like hunters as possible. One of the chief means to this end was tucking our trousers into our boots. We betook ourselves to this without delay, making haste to complete the operation, and run out upon the steps to enjoy the sight of the dogs and horses, and the conversation with the huntsmen.

The day was warm. White clouds of fanciful forms had been hovering all the morning on the horizon; then the little breezes drove them nearer and nearer, so that they obscured the sun from time to time. But black and frequent as were these clouds, it was plain that they were not destined to gather into a thunder-storm and spoil our enjoyment on our last opportunity. Toward evening they began to disperse again: some grew pale, lengthened out, and fled to the horizon; others, just overhead, turned into white transparent scales; only one large black cloud lingered in the east. Karl Ivanitch always knew where every sort of cloud went; he declared that this cloud would go to Maslovka, that there would be no rain, and that the weather would be fine.

Foka, in spite of his advanced years, ran down the steps very quickly and cleverly, cried, "Drive up!" and, planting his feet far apart, stood firm in the middle of the entrance, between the spot to which the carriage should be brought, and the threshold, in the attitude of a man who does not need to be reminded of his duty. The ladies followed, and after a brief dispute as to who should sit on which side, and whom they should cling to (although it seemed to me quite unnecessary to hold on), they seated themselves, opened their parasols, and drove off. When the lineika started, mamma pointed to the hunter, and asked the coachman in a trembling voice: —

"Is that the horse for Vladimir Petrovitch?"

And when the coachman replied in the affirmative, she waved her hand and turned away. I was very impatient; I mounted my horse, looked straight between his ears, and went through various evolutions in the courtyard.

"Please not to crush the dogs," said one of the huntsmen.

"Rest easy; this is not my first experience," I answered proudly.

Volodya mounted the hunter, not without some quaking in spite of his resolution of character, and asked several times as he patted him: —

"Is he gentle?"

He looked very handsome on horseback, — just like a grown-up person. His thighs sat so well on the saddle that I was envious, — particularly as, so far as I could judge from my shadow, I was far from presenting so fine an appearance.

Then we heard papa's step on the stairs; the dog-feeder drove up the scattered hounds; the huntsmen with greyhounds called in theirs, and began to mount. The groom led the horse to the steps; papa's leash of dogs, which had been lying about in various picturesque poses, ran to him. After him, in a bead collar jingling like iron, Milka sprang gayly out. She always greeted the male dogs when she came out; she played with some, smelled of others, growled a little, and hunted fleas on others.

Papa mounted his horse, and we set out.

CHAPTER VII

THE HUNT

The huntsman in chief, who was called Turka, rode in front on a dark gray Roman-nosed horse; he wore a shaggy cap, a huge horn over his shoulder, and a knife in his belt. From the man's fierce and gloomy exterior, one would sooner imagine that he was going to deadly conflict than on a hunting expedition. About the hind heels of his horse ran the hounds, clustered together in a many-hued, undulating pack. It was pitiful to contemplate the fate which befell any unfortunate dog who took it into his head to linger behind. His companion was forced to drag him along with great effort; and when he had succeeded in this, one of the huntsmen who rode in the rear never failed to give him a cut with his whip, saying, "To the pack with you!" When we emerged from the gates, papa ordered us and the huntsmen to ride along the road, but he himself turned into a field of rye.

The grain harvest was in full swing. The shining yellow field, extending farther than the eye could reach, was closed in on one side only by a lofty blue forest which seemed to me then a very distant and mysterious place, behind which the world came to an end, or some uninhabited region began. The whole field was covered with shocks of sheaves and with people. Here and there amid the tall rye, on some spot that had been reaped, the bended back of a reaper was visible, the swing of the ears as she laid them between her fingers, a woman in the shade, bending over a cradle, and scattered sheaves upon the stubble strewn with cornflowers. In another quarter, peasants in their shirt-sleeves, standing on carts, were loading the sheaves, and raising a dust in the dry, hot fields. The starosta (overseer), in boots, and with his armyak [1] thrown on without the sleeves, and tally-sticks in his hand, perceiving papa in the distance, took off his felt cap, wiped his reddish head and beard with a towel, and shouted at the women. The sorrel horse which papa rode had a light, playful gait; now and then he dropped his head on his breast, pulled at the reins, and with his heavy tail brushed away the horse-flies and common flies which clung thirstily to him. Two greyhounds, with their tails curved in the shape of a sickle, lifted their legs high and sprang gracefully over the tall stubble, behind the horse's heels; Milka ran in front, and, with head bent low, was watching for the scent. The conversation of the people, the noise of the horses and carts, the merry whistle of the quail, the hum of insects which circled in motionless swarms in the air, the scent of the wormwood, the straw, and the sweat of the horses, the thousands of varying hues and shadows which the glowing sun poured over the bright yellow stubble-field, the blue of the distant forest and the pale lilac of the clouds, the white spider's webs which floated through the air or lay upon the stubble, — all this I saw, heard, and felt.

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[1] A long, wide coat worn by peasants.

When we reached Kalinovoe (viburnum) woods, we found the carriage already there, and, beyond all our expectations, a one-horse cart, in the midst of which sat the butler. Under the hay we caught glimpses of a samovar, a cask with a form of ice-cream, and some other attractive parcels and baskets. It was impossible to make any mistake; there was to be tea, ice-cream, and fruit in the open air. At the sight of the cart, we manifested an uproarious joy; for it was considered a great treat to drink tea in the woods on the grass, and especially in a place where nobody had ever drunk tea before.

Turka came to this little meadow-encircled wood, halted, listened attentively to papa's minute directions how to get into line, and where to sally forth (he never minded these directions, however, and did what seemed good to him), uncoupled the dogs, arranged the leashes in a leisurely manner, mounted his horse, and disappeared behind the young birches. The first thing the hounds did on being released was to express their joy by wagging their tails, shaking themselves, putting themselves in order; and then, after a little scamper, they smelled each other, wagged their tails again, and set off in various directions.

"Have you a handkerchief?" asked papa.

I pulled one from my pocket and showed it to him.

"Well, take that gray dog on your handkerchief...."

"Zhiran?" I inquired, with a knowing air.

"Yes, and run along the road. When you come to a little meadow, stop and look about you; don't come back to me without a hare."

I wound my handkerchief about Zhiran's shaggy neck, and started at a headlong pace for the spot indicated to me. Papa laughed and called after me: —

"Faster, faster, or you 'll be too late."

Zhiran kept halting, pricking up his ears, and listening to the galloping of the huntsmen. I had not the strength to drag him from the spot, and I began to shout, "Catch him! catch him!" Then Zhiran tore away with such force that I could hardly hold him, and I fell down more than once before I reached my post. Selecting a shady and level place at the root of a lofty oak, I lay down on the grass, placed Zhiran beside me, and waited. My imagination, as always happens in such cases, far outran reality. I fancied that I was already coursing my third hare, when the first hound gave tongue in the woods. Turka's voice rang loudly and with animation through the forest; the hound was whimpering, and its voice was more and more frequently audible. Another voice, a bass, joined in, then a third and a fourth. These voices ceased, and again they interrupted each other. The sounds grew gradually louder and more unbroken, and at length merged into one ringing, all-pervading roar. The meadow-encircled clump of trees was one mass of sound, and the hounds were burning with impatience.

When I heard that, I stiffened at my post. Fixing my eyes upon the edge of the woods, I smiled foolishly; the perspiration poured from me in streams, and although the drops tickled me as they ran down my chin, I did not wipe them off. It seemed to me that nothing could be more decisive than this moment. This attitude of expectancy was too unnatural to last long. The hounds poured into the edge of the woods, then they retreated from me; there was no hare. I began to look about. Zhiran was in the same state; at first he tugged and whimpered, then lay down beside me, put his nose upon my knees, and became quiet.

Around the bare roots of the oak tree under which I sat, upon the gray, parched earth, amid the withered oak leaves, acorns, dry moss-grown sticks, yellowish green moss, and the thin green blades of grass which pushed their way through here and there, ants swarmed in countless numbers. They hurried after each other along the beaten paths which they had themselves prepared, some with burdens, some unladen. I picked up a dry stick, and obstructed their way with it. You should have seen how some, despising danger, climbed over it, while others, especially those who had loads, quite lost their heads and did not know what to do; they halted, and hunted for a path round it, or turned back, or crawled upon my hand from the stick, with the intention, apparently, of getting under the sleeve of my jacket. I was diverted from these interesting observations by a butterfly with yellow wings, which hovered before me in an extremely attractive manner. No sooner had I directed my attention to it than it flew away a couple of paces, circled about a nearly wilted head of wild white clover, and alighted upon it. I do not know whether it was warming itself in the sun, or drawing the sap from this weed, but it was evident that it was enjoying itself. Now and then it fluttered its wings and pressed closer to the flower, and at last became perfectly still. I propped my head on both hands and gazed at it with pleasure.

All at once, Zhiran began to howl, and tugged with such force that I nearly fell over. I glanced about. Along the skirt of the woods skipped a hare, with one ear drooping, the other raised. The blood rushed to my head, and, forgetting everything for the moment, I shouted something in a wild voice, loosed my dog, and set out to run. But no sooner had I done this than my repentance began. The hare squatted, gave a leap, and I saw no more of him.

But what was my mortification, when, following the hounds, who came baying down to the edge of the woods, Turka made his appearance from behind a bush! He perceived my mistake (which consisted in not *holding out*), and, casting a scornful glance upon me, he merely said, "*Eh, bárin!*"[1] But you should have heard how he said it. It would have been pleasanter for me if he had hung me to his saddle like a hare.

For a long time I stood in deep despair, rooted to the spot. I did not call the dog, and only repeated as I beat my thighs, "Heavens, what have I done!"

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[1] Master.

I heard the hounds coursing in the distance; I heard them give tongue on the other side of the wood-island, and kill a hare, and Turka summoning the dogs with his long whip; but still I did not stir from the spot.

CHAPTER VIII

GAMES

The hunt was at an end. A cloth was spread under the shadow of the young birches, and the whole company seated themselves around it. Gavrilo, the butler, having trodden down the lush green grass about him, wiped the plates, and emptied the baskets of the plums and peaches wrapped in leaves. The sun shone through the green branches of the young birches, and cast round quivering gleams upon the patterns of the tablecloth, upon my feet, and even upon Gavrilo's polished perspiring head. A light breeze fluttering through the leaves, upon my hair and my streaming face, was very refreshing.

When the ices and fruits had been distributed to us, there was nothing more to be done at the cloth; and in spite of the sun's scorching, oblique rays, we rose and began to play.

"Now, what shall it be?" said Liubotchka, blinking in the sun, and dancing up and down upon the grass. "Let us have Robinson!"

"No, it's tiresome," said Volodya, rolling lazily on the turf, and chewing a leaf; "it's eternally Robinson! If you insist upon it, though, let's build an arbor."

Volodya was evidently putting on airs; it must have been because he was proud of having ridden the hunter, and he feigned to be very much fatigued. Possibly, also, he had too much sound sense, and too little force of imagination, fully to enjoy a game of Robinson. This game consisted in acting a scene from the "Robinson Suisse,"[1] which we had read not long before.

"Now, please .... why won't you do this to please us?" persisted the girls. "You shall be Charles or Ernest or the father, whichever you like," said Katenka, trying to pull him from the ground by the sleeves of his jacket.

"I really don't want to; it's tiresome," said Volodya, stretching himself, and smiling in a self-satisfied way.

"It's better to stay at home if nobody wants to play," declared Liubotchka, through her tears.

She was a horrible cry-baby.

"Come along, then; only please don't cry. I can't stand it."

Volodya's condescension afforded us but very little satisfaction; on the contrary, his bored and lazy look destroyed all the illusion of the play. When we sat down on the ground, and, imagining that we were setting out on a fishing expedition, began to row with all our might, Volodya sat with folded hands, and in an attitude which had nothing in common with the attitude of a fisherman. I remarked on this to him; but he retorted that we should gain nothing and do no good by either a greater or less flourish of hands, and should not travel any farther. I involuntarily agreed with him. When I made believe go hunting with a stick on my shoulder, and took my way to the woods, Volodya lay down flat on his back, with his hands under his head, and said it was all the same as though he went, too. Such speeches and behavior cooled us toward this game, and were extremely unpleasant; the more so as it was impossible not to admit in one's own mind that Volodya was behaving sensibly.

I knew myself that not only could I not kill a bird with my stick, but that it was impossible to fire it off. That was what the game consisted in. If you judge things in that fashion, then it is impossible to ride on chairs; but, thought I, Volodya himself must remember how, on long winter evenings, we covered an arm-chair with cloths, and made a calash out of it, while one mounted as coachman, the other as footman, and the girls sat in the middle, with three chairs for a troïka of horses, and we set out on a journey. And how many adventures happened on the way! and how merrily and swiftly the winter evenings passed! Judging by the present standard, there would be no games. And if there are no games, what is left?

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[1] "The Swiss Family Robinson."

CHAPTER IX

SOMETHING IN THE NATURE OF FIRST LOVE

Pretending that she was plucking some American fruits from a tree, Liubotchka tore off a leaf with a huge caterpillar on it, flung it on the ground in terror, raised her hands, and sprang back as though she feared that something would spout out of it. The game came to an end; we all flung ourselves down on the ground with our heads together, to gaze at this curiosity.

I looked over Katenka's shoulder; she was trying to pick the worm up on a leaf which she placed in its way.

I had observed that many girls have a trick of twisting their shoulders, endeavoring by this movement to bring back their low-necked dresses, which have slipped down, to their proper place. I remember that this motion always made Mimi angry: "It is the gesture of a chambermaid," she said. Katenka made this motion as she bent over the worm, and at the same moment the wind raised her kerchief from her white neck. Her little shoulder was within two fingers' length of my lips. I no longer looked at the worm; I stared and stared at Katenka's shoulder, and kissed it with all my might. She did not turn round, but I noticed that her cheeks crimsoned up to her very ears. Volodya did not raise his head, but said scornfully: —

"What tenderness!"

The tears came into my eyes.

I never took my eyes from Katenka. I had long been used to her fresh little blond face, and I had always loved it. But now I began to observe it more attentively, and I liked it still better. When we went back to the grown-up people, papa announced, to our great joy, that, at mamma's request, our departure was postponed until the following day.

We rode back in company with the carriage. Volodya and I, desirous of outdoing each other in the art of horsemanship and in boldness, pranced around it. My shadow was longer than before, and, judging from it, I imagined that I must present the effect of a very fine rider; but the feeling of self-satisfaction which I experienced was speedily destroyed by the following circumstance. Desiring completely to fascinate all who rode in the carriage, I fell behind a little; then, with the assistance of my whip and my feet, I started my horse forward, and assumed an attitude of careless grace, with the intention of dashing past them like a whirlwind on the side where Katenka sat. The only point I was in doubt about was: Would it be better to gallop by in silence, or to cry out? But the hateful horse came to a standstill so unexpectedly when he came up with the carriage-horses, that I flew over the saddle upon his neck, and almost tumbled off his back.

CHAPTER X

WHAT KIND OF A MAN MY FATHER WAS

HE was a man of the last century, and possessed that indefinable chivalry of character, enterprise, self-confidence, amiability, and rakishness which was common to the youth of that period. He looked with disdain upon the people of the present century; and this view proceeded quite as much from innate pride as from a secret feeling of vexation that he could not wield that influence or enjoy those successes in our age which he had enjoyed in his own. His two principal passions in life were cards and women: he had won several millions during his lifetime, and had had *liaisons* with an innumerable number of women of all classes.

A tall, stately figure, a strange, tripping gait, a habit of shrugging his shoulders, little eyes which were always smiling, a large aquiline nose, irregular lips which closed awkwardly but agreeably, a defect in speech, a lisp, and a large bald spot extending all over his head — such was my father's appearance from the time I first recollect him, — an appearance by means of which he not only managed to make the reputation of a man *à bonnes fortunes*, but to be so and to please every one without exception, — people of all classes and conditions, and especially those whom he desired to please.

He understood how to get the upper hand in all his dealings. Without ever having been a member of the *very highest society*, he had always had intercourse with individuals belonging to that circle, and of such a sort that he was always respected. He understood that extreme measure of pride and self-confidence which, without offending others, raised him in the estimation of the world. He was original, though not always, and employed his originality as an instrument which in some cases takes the place of worldly wisdom or wealth. Nothing in the world could arouse in him a sensation of wonder: however brilliant his position, he seemed born to it. He understood so well how to hide from others, and put away from himself, that dark side of life which is familiar to every one, and filled with petty vexations and griefs, that it was impossible not to envy him.

He was a connoisseur of all things which afford comfort or pleasure, and understood how to make use of them. His hobby was his brilliant connections, which he possessed partly through my mother's relations and partly through the companions of his youth, with whom he was secretly enraged, because they had all risen to high official positions, while he had remained only a retired lieutenant in the Guards. Like all men who have once been in the army, he did not know how to dress fashionably; nevertheless, his dress was original and elegant. His clothes were always very loose and light, his linen of the most beautiful quality, his large cuffs and collars were turned back. And it all suited his tall figure, his muscular build, his bald head, and his calm, self-confident movements. He was sensitive, and even easily moved to tears. Often, when he came to a pathetic place while reading aloud, his voice would begin to tremble, the tears would come; and he would drop the book in vexation. He loved music, and sang, to his own piano accompaniment, the romances of his friend A., gipsy songs, and some airs from the operas; but he did not like scientific music, and said frankly, without heeding the general opinion, that Beethoven's sonatas drove him to sleep and *ennui;* and that he knew nothing finer than "Wake the young girl not," as sung by Madame Semenoff, and "Not alone," as gipsy Taniuscha sang it. His nature was one of those to whose good deeds a public is indispensable. And he only considered that good which was so reckoned by the public. God knows whether he had any moral convictions. His life was so full of passions of every sort, that he never had any time to make an inventory of them, and he was so happy in his life that he saw no necessity for so doing.

A fixed opinion on things generally, and unalterable principles, formulated themselves in his mind as he grew older — but solely on practical grounds. Those deeds and that manner of life which procured him happiness and pleasure, he considered good; and he thought that every one should always do the same. He was a very delightful talker; and this quality, it seems to me, heightened the flexibility of his principles: he was capable of depicting the same act as a charming bit of mischief, or as a piece of low-lived villainy.

CHAPTER XI

OCCUPATIONS IN THE STUDY AND THE DRAWING-ROOM

It was already dusk when we reached home. Mamma seated herself at the piano, and we children fetched our paper, pencils, and paints, and settled ourselves about the round table at our drawing. I had only blue paint; nevertheless, I undertook to depict the hunt. After representing, in very lively style, a blue boy mounted on a blue horse, and some blue dogs, I was not quite sure whether I could paint a blue hare, and ran to papa in his study to take advice on the matter. Papa was reading; and, in answer to my question, "Are there any blue hares?" he said, without raising his head, "Yes, my dear, there are." I went back to the round table, and painted a blue hare; then I found it necessary to turn the blue hare into a bush. The bush did not please me either; I turned it into a tree, and the tree into a stack of hay, and the haystack into a cloud; and finally I blotted my whole paper so with blue paint, that I tore it up in vexation, and went off to doze on the long sofa-chair.

Mamma was playing the Second Concerto of Field — her teacher. I dreamed, and light, bright, transparent recollections penetrated my imagination. She played Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and my memories became painful, dark, burdensome. Mamma often played those two pieces; therefore I well remember the feeling which they aroused in me. It resembled memories; but memories of what? I seemed to remember something which had never happened.

Opposite me was the door into the study, and I saw Yakoff enter, and some other people with kaftans and beards. The door immediately closed behind them. "Now business has begun!" I thought. It seemed to me that nothing in the world could be more important than the business which was being transacted in that study; this idea of mine was confirmed by the fact that all who entered the study door generally did so on tiptoe and exchanging whispers. Papa's loud voice was audible; and the smell of cigars, which always attracted me very much, I know not why, was perceptible. All at once, I was much surprised in my half slumber by the familiar squeak of boots in the butler's pantry. Karl Ivanitch walked up to the door on tiptoe, but with a gloomy and decided countenance, and some papers in his hand, and knocked lightly. He was admitted, and the door was slammed again.

"Some misfortune must have happened," I thought. "Karl Ivanitch is angry; he is ready for anything."

And again I fell into a doze.

But no misfortune had occurred. In about an hour, the same squeaking boots woke me up. Karl Ivanitch emerged from the door, wiping away the tears which I espied on his cheeks, with his handkerchief, and went up-stairs, muttering something to himself. Papa came out after him, and entered the drawing-room.

"Do you know what I have just decided upon?" he said in a gay voice, laying his hand on mamma's shoulder.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I shall take Karl Ivanitch with the children. There is room for him in the britchka. They are used to him, and it seems that he is very much attached to them; and seven hundred rubles a year does not count for much: and then he is a very good sort of fellow at bottom."[1]

I could not in the least understand why papa called Karl Ivanitch names.

"I am very glad," said mamma, "both for the children's sake and for his; he is a fine old fellow."

"If you could only have seen how much affected he was when I told him that he was to keep the five hundred rubles as a gift! But the most amusing thing of all is this account which he brought me. It 's worth looking at," he added, with a smile, handing her a list in Karl Ivanitch's handwriting; "it is delightful."

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[1] "*— et puis, au fond, c'est un très bon diable.*"

This was what the list contained: —

"Two fish-hooks for the children, seventy kopeks.

"Colored paper, gold binding, a syringe and jumping-jack, for a little box for a present, six rubles fifty-five kopeks.

"Books and bows, presents to the children, eight rubles sixteen kopeks.

"Trousers for Nikolaï, four rubles.

"The gold watch promised by Piotr Alexandrovitch, to be got from Moscow in 18—, one hundred and forty rubles.

"Total due Karl Mauer, above his salary, one hundred and fifty-nine rubles seventy-nine kopeks."

After reading this list, in which Karl Ivanitch demanded payment of all the sums which he had expended for presents, and even the price of the gifts promised to himself, any one would think that Karl Ivanitch was nothing more than an unfeeling, covetous egoist — and he would be very much mistaken.

When he entered the study with this account in his hand, and a speech ready prepared in his head, he intended to set forth eloquently before papa all the injustice that he had endured in our house; but when he began to speak in that touching voice, and with the feeling intonations which he usually employed when dictating to us, his eloquence acted most powerfully on himself; so that when he reached the place where he said, "Painful as it is to me to part from the children," he became utterly confused, his voice trembled, and he was forced to pull his checked handkerchief from his pocket.

"Yes, Piotr Alexandritch," he said, through his tears (this passage did not occur in the prepared speech), "I have become so used to the children, that I do not know what I shall do without them. It will be better for me to serve you without salary," he added, wiping away his tears with one hand, and presenting the bill with the other.

That Karl Ivanitch was sincere when he spoke thus, I can affirm with authority, for I know his kind heart;

but how he reconciled that account with his words remains a mystery to me.

"If it is painful for you, it would be still more painful for me to part with you," said papa, tapping him on the shoulder. "I have changed my mind."

Not long before supper Grischa entered the room. From the moment he had come to the house, he had not ceased to sigh and weep; which, according to the opinion of those who believed in his power of prophecy, presaged some evil to our house. He began to take leave, and said that he should proceed farther the next morning. I winked at Volodya, and went out.

"What is it?"

"If you want to see Grischa's chains, let's go up-stairs to the men's rooms immediately. Grischa sleeps in the second chamber. We can sit in the garret perfectly well, and see everything."

"Splendid! Wait here; I'll call the girls."

The girls ran out, and we betook ourselves up-stairs. It was settled, not without some disputing, however, who was to go first into the dark garret; and we sat down and waited.

CHAPTER XII

GRISCHA

THE darkness oppressed all of us; we pressed close to each other, and did not speak. Grischa followed us almost immediately, with his quiet steps. In one hand he carried his staff, in the other a tallow candle in a brass candlestick. We held our breaths.

"Lord Jesus Christ! Most Holy Mother of God! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" he repeated several times, with various intonations and abbreviations which are peculiar to those only who repeat these words often, as he drew the air into his lungs.

Having placed his staff in the corner, and inspected his bed during his prayer, he began to undress. He unfastened his old black belt, removed his tattered nankeen smock, folded it carefully, and laid it over the back of a chair. His face did not now express haste and stupidity, as usual; on the contrary, it was composed, melancholy, and even majestic. His movements were deliberate and thoughtful.

Clad in his underclothes alone, he sank gently down upon the bed, made the sign of the cross over it on all sides, and with an evident effort (for he frowned) he adjusted the chains beneath his shirt. After sitting there awhile and anxiously examining several rents in his linen, he rose, lifted the candlestick on a level with the shrine in the corner, which contained several images, repeating a prayer meantime, crossed himself before them, and turned the candle upside down. It sputtered and went out.

The moon, which was almost full, shone in through the window, looking toward the forest. The long white figure of the fool was illuminated on one side by the pale, silvery rays of the moon: on the other it was in deep obscurity; his shadow fell on the floor and walls, and reached to the ceiling in company with the shadows from the window-frame. The watchman beat on the copper plate in the courtyard.

Grischa folded his huge arms across his breast, bent his head, sighing heavily, and without intermission, and stood in silence before the images; then he knelt, with difficulty, and began to pray.

At first he softly recited the familiar prayers, merely accentuating certain words; then he repeated them, but in a loud voice, and with much animation. He began to employ his own words, endeavoring, with evident effort, to express himself in Slavic. His words were incoherent but touching. He prayed for all his benefactors (as he called those who entertained him), among them mamma and us; he prayed for himself, besought God to forgive him his grievous sins, and said: "O God, forgive my enemies!" He rose with a groan, and, repeating the same words over and over, he fell to the ground again, and again rose, notwithstanding the weight of the chains, which emitted a harsh, sharp sound as they struck the floor.

Volodya gave me a painful pinch on my leg, but I did not even look round; I merely rubbed the spot with one hand, and continued to observe all Grischa's words and motions with a sentiment of childish wonder, pity, and reverence.

Instead of the merriment and laughter upon which I had reckoned when I entered the garret, I felt a trembling and sinking at my heart.

Grischa remained in this state of religious exaltation for a long time, and improvised prayers. He repeated "*Lord, have mercy,*" several times in succession, but each time with fresh force and expression. Then he said: "*Forgive me, Lord; teach me what I should do; teach me what I should do, Lord!*" with an expression as though he expected an immediate response to his words; then several lamentable groans were audible. He rose to his knees, crossed his hands upon his breast, and became silent.

I put my head softly out of the door, and held my breath. Grischa did not stir; heavy sighs forced themselves from his breast; a tear stood in the dim pupil of his blind eye, which was illuminated by the moon.

"Thy will be done!" he cried suddenly, with an indescribable expression, fell with his forehead to the floor, and sobbed like a child.

A long time has passed since then; many memories of the past have lost all significance for me, and have become like confused visions; even pilgrim Grischa has long ago taken his last journey: but the impression which he made upon me, and the feeling which he awakened, will never die out of my memory.

O great Christian Grischa! Thy faith was so strong, that thou didst feel the nearness of God; thy love was so great, that thy words poured from thy lips of themselves, — thou didst not revise them with thy judgment. And what lofty praise didst thou offer to His majesty, when, finding no words, thou didst fling thyself to the earth in tears!

The emotion with which I listened to Grischa could not last long; in the first place, because my curiosity was satisfied, and, in the second, because my legs were stiff with sitting in one position, and I wanted to join in the general whispering and movement which was audible behind me in the dark garret. Some one caught my hand, and said, "Whose hand is this?" It was perfectly dark, but I immediately recognized Katenka by the touch of the hand, and by the voice which was just above my ear.

It was quite without premeditation that I grasped her arm, on which the sleeve reached only to the elbow, and pressed my lips to it. Katenka was evidently surprised at this, and pulled her hand away; this movement caused her to strike a broken chair which stood in the garret. Grischa raised his head, glanced quietly about, repeating a prayer, and began to make the sign of the cross on all the corners. We ran out of the garret whispering, and making a great commotion.

CHAPTER XIII

NATALYA SAVISCHNA

About the middle of the last century, a plump, red-cheeked, barefooted, but merry girl, Nataschka, used to run about the courtyard in the village of Khabarovka in a tattered dress. My grandfather had taken her *up-stairs* as one of grandmother's female servants, on account of the services of her father Savva, the clarinet player, and at his request. *Nataschka*, as a maid, was distinguished for her gentleness of nature and her zeal. When mamma was born, and a nurse was required, this service was intrusted to *Nataschka;* and in this new career she won both praises and rewards for her activity, faithfulness, and attachment to her young mistress.

But the powdered head, stockings, and buckles of the dashing young majordomo Foka, who, in virtue of his office, was often brought in contact with Natalya, captivated her rough but loving heart. She even made up her mind to go herself to grandfather, and ask permission to marry Foka. Grandfather looked upon her request as ingratitude, turned her away, and sent poor Natalya to the cattle-yard, in a village of the steppe, to punish her. But within six months Natalya was restored to her former duty, since no one could fill her place. On returning from banishment, she entered grandfather's presence, threw herself at his feet, and besought him to restore her to favor and affection, and to forget the folly which had come upon her, and to which she swore not to return. And she kept her word.

From that day Nataschka became Natalya Savischna, and wore a cap. All the treasures of love which she possessed she transferred to her young mistress.

When, later on, a governess replaced her with mamma, she received the keys of the storehouse, and all the linen and provisions were given into her charge. She fulfilled these new duties with the same love and zeal. Her whole life was devoted to the welfare of her master and mistress; she saw waste, ruin, robbery, on every side, and endeavored by every means in her power to counteract them.

When mamma married, desiring in some way to show her gratitude to Natalya Savischna for her labor and attachment of twenty years, she had her summoned; and, expressing in the most flattering terms all her love and obligations, she handed her a sheet of stamped paper, which declared that Natalya Savischna was a free woman; and she said that whether the latter should continue to serve in our house or not, she would always receive a yearly pension of three hundred rubles. Natalya Savischna listened to all this in silence; then, taking the document in her own hands, she looked angrily at it, muttered something between her lips, and flew out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Not understanding the cause of this strange behavior, mamma, after waiting a little, went to Natalya's room. The latter was sitting on her chest, with tear-swollen eyes, twisting her handkerchief in her fingers, and intently regarding the tattered fragments of her emancipation paper, which were scattered over the floor before her.

"What is the matter, dearest Natalya Savischna?" asked mamma, taking her hand.

"Nothing, mátushka,"[1] she replied. "I must be repulsive to you in some way, that you drive me from the house. Well, I will go."

She pulled away her hand, and, with difficulty restraining her tears, she made a motion to leave the room. Mamma detained her, embraced her, and they both wept in company.

From the time when I can recollect anything, I remember Natalya Savischna, her love and caresses; but only now am I able to appreciate their worth, — but then it never entered my mind to think what a rare and wonderful being that old woman was. Not only did she never speak, but she seemed never even to think, of herself; her whole life was love and self-sacrifice. I was so accustomed to her tender, unselfish love for us, that I did not even imagine that it could be otherwise; was not in the least grateful to her, and never asked myself, Is she happy? Is she content?

Sometimes, under the plea of imperative necessity, I would run away from my lessons to her room, and begin to dream aloud, not in the least embarrassed by her presence. She was always busy over something; she was either knitting a stocking, or turning over the chests with which her room was filled, or taking account of the linen, and listening to all the nonsense which I uttered; how, "when I got to be a general, I would marry a wonderful beauty, buy myself a sorrel horse, build a glass house, and send for all Karl Ivanitch's relatives from Saxony," and so on; she would say, "Yes, bátiushka,[2] yes." Generally, when I rose and prepared to take my departure, she opened a blue chest, — on the inside of whose cover, as I now remember, there were pasted a picture of a hussar, a picture from a pomade-box, and a drawing by Volodya, — and took from it a stick of incense, lighted it, and said, as she waved it about: —

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[1] Little mother; a term of endearment.

[2] Little father, my dear.

"This, my dear, is *Otchakoff*, incense. When your late grandfather — may the kingdom of heaven be his! — went against the Turks, he brought this back. This is the last bit," she added, with a sigh.

Positively, there was everything in the chests with which her room was filled. Whatever was needed, the cry always was, "We must ask Natalya Savischna;" and, in fact, she always found the article required, after a little rummaging, and said, "It 's well that I hid it away." In those chests were thousands of things which nobody in the house, except herself, ever knew or troubled themselves about.

Once I was angry with her. This is how it was. I dropped the decanter when I was pouring myself some kvas at dinner, and spilled it on the table-cloth.

"Call Natalya Savischna, that she may take pride in her favorite," said mamma.

Natalya Savischna came, and, on seeing the puddle which I had made, she shook her head; then mamma whispered something in her ear, and she went out, shaking her finger at me.

After dinner, I was on my way to the hall, and skipping about in the most cheerful frame of mind, when, all at once, Natalya Savischna sprang out from behind the door, with the table-cloth in her hand, caught me, and, in spite of desperate resistance on my part, began to rub my face with the wet place, crying, "Don't spot the table-cloth, don't spot the table-cloth!" I was so offended that I roared with rage.

"What!" I said to myself, as I walked up and down the room and gulped down my tears, "Natalya Savischna, plain *Natalya*, calls *me* 'thou,' and strikes me in the face with a wet table-cloth to boot, as if I were a servant-boy! This is horrible!"

When Natalya Savischna saw that I was gasping with rage, she immediately ran off, and I went on pacing to and fro, and meditating how I might pay off that impudent Natalya for the insult which she had inflicted on me.

In a few minutes Natalya Savischna returned, approached me timidly, and began to exhort me.

"Enough, my dear, don't cry. Forgive me, I was foolish. I am in the wrong. You will forgive me, my dove. Here, this is for you."

From beneath her kerchief she drew a horn of red paper, in which were two caramels and one grape, and gave it to me with a trembling hand. I had not the strength to look the good old woman in the face; I turned away, took her gift, and my tears flowed still more abundantly, but from love and shame now, and no longer from anger.

CHAPTER XIV

PARTING

At twelve o'clock on the day following the events which I have described, the calash and britchka stood at the door. Nikolaï was dressed for traveling; that is to say, his trousers were tucked into his boots, and his old coat was very closely belted. He stood by the britchka, packing the overcoats and cushions under the seat; when the pile seemed to him too high, he seated himself on the cushions, jumped up and down, and flattened them.

"Do me an unutterable favor, Nikolaï Dmitritch; can't we put the master's strong box in?" said papa's panting valet, leaning out of the calash; "it is small."

"You should have said so before, Mikheï Ivanitch," answered Nikolaï, quickly and angrily, flinging a parcel with all his might on the floor of the britchka. "O Lord, my head is going round, and here you come with your box!" he added, pulling off his cap, and wiping the big drops of perspiration from his burning brow.

Men-servants in coats, kaftans, shirts, without hats, women in striped petticoats and striped dresses, with children in their arms, and barefooted children stood about the steps, stared at the equipages, and talked among themselves. One of the post-boys — a bent old man in a winter cap and armyak — held in his hand the pole of the calash, moved it back and forth, and thoughtfully surveyed its action; the other, a good-looking young fellow, clad only in a white shirt with shoulder-gussets of red kumatch,[1] and a conical black felt cap, which he tilted first over one ear and then over the other as he scratched his blond curls, placed his long coat on the box, flung the reins there also, and, cracking his braided knout, gazed now at his boots, now at the coachmen who were greasing the britchka. One of them, after having finished his labors, was straining himself and holding the steps; another was bending over the wheel, and carefully greasing axle and box, and even smearing it from below in a circle, in order that the oil upon his cloth might not be wasted. The broken-down post-horses of various colors stood at the fence, and brushed away the flies with their tails. Some of them planted their shaggy, swollen legs far apart, closed their eyes, and dozed; some scratched each other from *ennui*, or nipped the fronds and stalks of the harsh, dark green ferns which grew beside the porch. Several greyhounds breathed heavily as they lay in the sun; others got into the shade beneath the calash and britchka, and licked the tallow around the axles. The whole atmosphere was filled with a kind of dusty mist; the horizon was of a grayish lilac hue, but there was not so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. The strong west wind raised pillars of dust from the roads and fields, bent the crests of the lofty lindens, and the birches in the garden, and bore far away the falling yellow leaves. I sat by the window, and awaited with impatience the completion of the preparations.

When all were assembled around the large table in the drawing-room, in order to spend a few minutes together for the last time, it never entered my mind what a painful moment was awaiting us. The most trivial thoughts wandered through my brain. I asked myself, Which post-boy would drive the calash, and which the britchka? who would travel with papa, and who with Karl Ivanitch? and why was it indispensable to wrap me up in a scarf and a long wadded overcoat?

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[1] A red cotton material.

"Am I so delicate? I shall not freeze. I wish they would get through this as quickly as possible! I want to get in and ride off."

"To whom shall I give the list of the children's linen?" asked Natalya Savischna, coming in with tear-swollen eyes and the list in her hand, as she addressed mamma.

"Give it to Nikolaï, and come back to say good-by to the children."

The old woman tried to say something, but suddenly paused, covered her face with her handkerchief, and left the room with a wave of the hand.

My heart contracted with pain when I saw that motion; but impatience to start was stronger than that feeling, and I continued to listen indifferently to papa's conversation with mamma. They talked of things which evidently interested neither of them: What was it necessary to purchase for the house? what was to be said to Princess Sophie and Madame Julie? and would the traveling be good?

Foka entered, and, halting on the threshold, said, "The horses are ready," in exactly the same tone with which he announced, "Dinner is served." I noticed that mamma shuddered and turned pale at this announcement, as though she had not expected it.

Foka was ordered to close all the doors of the room. I was very much amused at this: "as though they were hiding themselves from somebody."

When all sat down, Foka also seated himself on the edge of a chair; but no sooner had he done so than a door squeaked, and all glanced round. Natalya Savischna entered in haste, and, without raising her eyes, took refuge near the door on the same chair with Foka. I seem now to see Foka's bald head and wrinkled, immovable face, and the kind, bent form in the cap beneath which the gray hair was visible. They crowded together on the one chair, and both felt awkward.

I remained unconcerned and impatient. The ten seconds during which we sat there with closed doors seemed a whole hour to me. At length we all rose, crossed ourselves, and began to take leave. Papa embraced mamma, and kissed her several times.

"Enough, my dear," said papa. "We are not parting forever."

"It is painful, nevertheless," said mamma, in a voice which quivered with tears.

When I heard that voice, and beheld her trembling lips and her eyes filled with tears, I forgot everything, and everything seemed to me so sad and miserable and terrible that I would rather have run away than have said good-by to her. At that moment I realized that, when she embraced papa, she had already taken leave of us.

She kissed and crossed Volodya so many times, that, supposing that she would now turn to me, I stepped forward. But she continued to bless him and to press him to her bosom. Finally I embraced her, and, clinging to her, I wept without a thought beyond my grief.

When we went out to get into the carriage, the tiresome servants stepped forward in the anteroom to say farewell. Their "Your hand, please, sir," their noisy kisses on our shoulders, and the smell of the tallow on their heads, aroused in me a sentiment nearly akin to that of bitterness in irritable people. Under the influence of this feeling I kissed Natalya Savischna very coldly on her cap when, bathed in tears, she bade me farewell.

It is strange that I can even now see the faces of all those servants, and I could draw them with all the most minute details; but mamma's face and attitude have utterly escaped my mind, perhaps because during all that time I could not once summon up courage to look at her. It seemed to me that, if I did so, her sorrow and mine must increase to the bounds of impossibility.

I flung myself first of all into the calash, and placed myself on the back seat. As the hood was up, I could see nothing, but some instinct told me that mamma was still there.

"Shall I look at her again, or not? Well, for the last time, then!" I said to myself, and leaned out of the calash toward the porch. At that moment mamma had come to the other side of the carriage with the same intent, and called me by name. When I heard her voice behind me, I turned round, but I did it so abruptly that we bumped our heads together. She smiled mournfully, and kissed me long and warmly for the last time.

When we had driven several rods, I made up my mind to look at her. The breeze raised the blue kerchief which was tied about her head; with bended head, and face covered with her hands, she was entering the porch slowly. Foka was sustaining her.

Papa sat beside me, and said nothing. I was choking with tears, and something oppressed my throat so that I was afraid I should stifle. As we entered the highway, we saw a white handkerchief which some one was waving from the balcony. I began to wave mine, and this movement calmed me somewhat. I continued to cry, and the thought that my tears proved my sensitiveness afforded me pleasure and consolation.

After we had traveled a verst, I sat more composedly, and began to observe the nearest objects which presented themselves to my eyes, — the hind quarters of the side horse which was on my side. I noticed how this piebald animal flourished his tail, how he set one foot down after the other, how the post-boy's braided knout reached him, and his feet began to leap together. I noticed how the harness leaped about on him, and the rings on the harness; and I gazed until the harness was covered around the tail with foam. I began to look about me, upon the undulating fields of ripe rye, on the dark waste land, on which here and there plows, peasants, and mares with their foals were visible; on the verst-stones; I even glanced at the carriage-box to find out which post-boy was driving us; and the tears were not dry on my face, when my thoughts were already far from the mother whom I had left perhaps forever. But every recollection led me to the thought of her. I recalled the mushroom which I had found the day before in the birch-alley, and remembered that Liubotchka and Katenka had disputed as to who should pluck it, and I remember how they had wept at parting from us.

I was sorry for them, and for Natalya Savischna, and the birch-alley, and Foka. I was even sorry for malicious Mimi. I was sorry for everything, everything! But poor mamma? And the tears again filled my eyes, but not for long.

CHAPTER XV

CHILDHOOD

Happy, happy days of youth which can never be recalled! How is it possible not to love it, to cherish memories of it? Those memories refresh and elevate my soul, and serve me as the fountain of my best enjoyment.

— You have run your fill. You sit at the tea-table, in your high chair; you have drunk your cup of milk and sugar long ago; sleep is gluing your eyes together, but you do not stir from the spot, you sit and listen. And how can you help listening? Mamma is talking with some one, and the sound of her voice is so sweet, so courteous. That sound alone says so much to my heart! With eyes dimmed with slumber, I gaze upon her face, and all at once she has become small, so small — her face is no larger than a button, but I see it just as plainly still. I see her look at me and smile. I like to see her so small. I draw my eyelids still closer together, and she is no larger than the little boys one sees in the pupils of the eyes; but I moved, and the illusion was destroyed. I close my eyes, twist about, and try in every way to reproduce it, but in vain.

I rise, tuck my feet under me, and settle myself comfortably in an easy-chair.

"You will go to sleep again, Nikolenka," says mamma; "you had better go up-stairs."

"I don't want to go to bed, mamma," you reply, and sweet, dim fancies fill your brain; the healthy sleep of childhood closes your lids, and in a moment you lose consciousness, and sleep until they wake you. You feel in your dreams that somebody's soft hand is touching you; you recognize it by that touch alone; and still sleeping you involuntarily seize it, and press it warmly, so warmly, to your lips.

Every one has already departed; one candle only burns in the drawing-room. Mamma has said that she would wake me; it is she who has sat down on the chair in which I am sleeping, and strokes my hair with her wonderfully soft hand, and in my ears resounds the dear, familiar voice.

"Get up, my darling, it is time to go to bed."

She is not embarrassed by any one's indifferent glances; she does not fear to pour out upon me all her tenderness and love. I do not move, but kiss her hand yet more earnestly.

"Get up, my angel."

She takes me by the neck with her other hand, and her slender fingers rouse me and tickle me; she touches me, and I am conscious of her perfume and her voice. All this makes me spring up, encircle her neck with my arms, press my head to her bosom with a sigh, and say: —

"Oh, dear, dear mamma, how I love you!"

She smiles, with her sad, bewitching smile, takes my head in both her hands, kisses my brow, and sets me on her knees.

"So you love me very much?" She is silent for a moment, then speaks: "See that you always love me, and never forget me. If you lose your mamma, you will not forget her? you will not forget her, Nikolenka?"

She kisses me still more tenderly.

"Stop! don't say that, my darling, my precious one!"

I cry, kissing her knees; and the tears stream in floods from my eyes, — tears of love and rapture.

After that, perhaps, when you go up-stairs, and stand before the images in your wadded dressing-gown, what a wonderful sensation you experience when you say, "O Lord! save papa and mamma!" In repeating the prayers which my mouth lisped for the first time after my beloved mother, the love of her and the love of God are united, in some strange fashion, in one feeling.

After your prayer you wrap yourself in the bedclothes, with a spirit light, bright, and inspiring; one dream succeeds another, but what are they all about? They are indescribable; but full of pure love, of hope and bright happiness. You perhaps recall Karl Ivanitch and his bitter lot, — the only unhappy man I knew, — and you are so sorry for him, you love him so, that tears trickle from your eyes, and you think, "May God give him happiness; may He grant me power to help him, to lighten his sorrow; I am ready to sacrifice everything for him." Then you thrust your favorite porcelain plaything — a dog or a hare — into the corner of the down pillow, and it pleases you to think how warm and comfortable it will be there. You pray again that God will grant happiness to all, that every one may be content; and that the weather to-morrow may be good for walking; you turn on the other side; your thoughts and dreams mingle confusedly, and intertwine, and you fall asleep quietly, calmly, your face still wet with tears.

Will that freshness, that happy carelessness, that necessity for love and strength of faith, which you possessed in childhood, ever return? Can any time be better than that when the two greatest of virtues — innocent gayety and unbounded thirst for love — were the only requirements in life?

Where are those burning prayers? Where is that best gift of all, those pure tears of emotion? The angel of comfort flew thither with a smile, and wiped away those tears, and instilled sweet visions into the uncorrupted imagination of infancy.

Has life left such heavy traces in my heart that those tears and raptures have deserted me forever? Do the memories alone abide?

CHAPTER XVI

VERSES

Nearly a month after we removed to Moscow, I was sitting up-stairs in grandmamma's house, at a big table, writing. Opposite me sat the drawing-master, making the final corrections in a pencil sketch of the head of some Turk or other in a turban. Volodya was standing behind the master, with outstretched neck, gazing over his shoulder. This little head was Volodya's first production in pencil; and it was to be presented to grandmamma that day, which was her saint's day.

"And you would not put any more shading here?" said Volodya, rising on tiptoe, and pointing at the Turk's neck.

"No, it is not necessary," said the teacher, laying aside the pencil and drawing-pen in a little box with a lock; "it is very good now, and you must not touch it again. Now for you, Nikolenka," he added, rising, and continuing to gaze at the Turk from the corner of his eye, "reveal your secret to us. What are you going to carry to your grandmother? To tell the truth, another head just like this would be the best thing. Good-by, gentlemen," said he, and, taking his hat and note, he went out.

I had been thinking myself, at the moment, that a head would be better than what I was working at. When it had been announced to us that grandmamma's name-day was near at hand, and that we must prepare gifts for the occasion, I had immediately made up a couple of verses, hoping soon to find the rest. I really do not know how such a strange idea for a child entered my mind; but I remember that it pleased me greatly, and that to all questions on the subject I replied that I would give grandmamma a present without fail, but that I would not tell any one of what it was to consist.

Contrary to my expectations, and in spite of all my efforts, I could not compose any more than the two stanzas which I had thought out on the spur of the moment. I began to read the poems in our books; but neither Dmitrieff nor Derzhavin afforded me any assistance. Quite the reverse: they but convinced me more thoroughly of my own incapacity. Knowing that Karl Ivanitch was fond of copying poetry, I went to rummaging among his papers on the sly; and among the German poems I found one Russian, which must have been the product of his own pen:—

TO MADAME L.

Remember me near;
Remember me afar;
Remember me
Now and forever;
Remember even to my grave
How faithfully I can love.[1]

KARL MAUER.

PETROVSKOE, 1828, June 3.

This poem, transcribed in a handsome round hand, on a thin sheet of note-paper, pleased me because of the touching sentiment with which it was permeated. I immediately learned it by heart, and resolved to take it for a pattern. The matter progressed much more easily then. On the name-day a congratulation in twelve verses was ready, and as I sat in the school-room, I was copying it on vellum paper.

Two sheets of paper were already ruined; not because I had undertaken to make any alterations in them,—the verses seemed to me very fine,—but from the third line on, the ends began to incline upward more and more, so that it was evident, even at a distance, that it was written crookedly, and was fit for nothing.

The third sheet was askew like the others; but I was determined not to do any more copying. In my poem I congratulated grandmamma, wished her many years of health, and concluded thus: —

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[1] It hardly comes under the head of poetry, even in the original.—TR.

"To comfort thee we shall endeavor,
And love thee like our own dear mother."

It seemed to be very good, yet the last line offended my ear strangely.

I kept repeating it to myself, and trying to find a rhyme instead of "mother."[1] "Well, let it go. It's better than Karl Ivanitch's, anyway."

So I transcribed the last stanza. Then I read my whole composition over aloud in the bedroom, with feeling and gesticulations. The verses were entirely lacking in rhythm, but I did not pause over them; the last, however, struck me still more powerfully and unpleasantly. I sat down on the bed and began to think.

"Why did I write *like our own dear mother?* She's not here, and it was not necessary to mention her. I love grandma, it's true; I reverence her, but still she is not the same. Why did I write that? Why have I lied? Suppose this is poetry; it was not necessary, all the same."

At this moment the tailor entered with a new jacket.

"Well, let it go," I said, very impatiently, thrust my verses under my pillow in great vexation, and ran to try on my Moscow clothes.

The Moscow coat proved to be excellent. The cinnamon-brown half-coat, with its bronze buttons, was made to fit snugly, — not as they made them in the country. The black trousers were also tight; it was wonderful to see how well they showed the muscles, and set upon the shoes.

"At last I've got some trousers with real straps," I thought, quite beside myself with joy, as I surveyed my legs on all sides. Although the new garments were very tight, and it was hard to move in them, I concealed the fact from everybody, and declared that, on the contrary, I was extremely comfortable, and that if there was any fault about the clothes, it was that they were, if anything, a little too large. After that I stood for a long time before the glass, brushing my copiously pomaded hair; but, try as I would, I could not make the tuft where the hair parts on the crown lie flat; as soon as I ceased to press it down with the brush, in order to see if it would obey me, it rose, and projected in all directions, imparting to my face the most ridiculous expression.

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[1] *Mat* (mother), as a rhyme to *utyeschat* (to comfort), is the difficulty. Nikolaï tries to fit in *igrat* (to play) and *krovat* (bed), in elderly rhymester fashion. — Tr.

Karl Ivanitch was dressing in another room; and his blue swallow-tailed coat, and some white belongings, were carried through the school-room to him. The voice of one of grandmamma's maids became audible at the door which led down-stairs. I went out to see what she wanted. In her hand she held a stiffly starched shirt-front, which she told me she had brought for Karl Ivanitch, and that she had not slept all the previous night, in order that she might get it washed in season. I undertook to deliver it, and asked if grandmamma had risen.

"Yes, indeed, sir! She has already drunk her coffee, and the protopope[1] has arrived. How fine you are!" she added, glancing at my new suit, with a smile.

This remark made me blush. I whirled round on one foot, cracked my fingers, and gave a leap, wishing by this means to make her feel that she did not thoroughly appreciate, as yet, how very grand I was.

When I carried the shirt-front to Karl Ivanitch, he no longer needed it; he had put on another, and, bending over before the little glass which stood on the table, he was holding the splendid bow of his cravat with both hands, and trying whether his clean-shaven chin would go into it easily and out again. After smoothing our clothes down on all sides, and requesting Nikolaï to do the same for him, he led us to grandmamma. I laugh when I remember how strongly we three smelt of pomade as we descended the stairs.

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[1] Archpriest.

Karl Ivanitch had in his hands a little box of his own manufacture, Volodya had his drawing, I had my verses; each one had upon his tongue the greeting with which he intended to present his gift. At the very moment when Karl Ivanitch opened the drawing-room door, the priest was putting on his robes, and the first sounds of the Te Deum service resounded.

Grandmamma was already in the hall: she was standing by the wall, supporting herself on the back of a chair, over which she bent, and was praying devoutly; beside her stood papa. He turned toward us, and smiled, as he saw us hide our gifts in haste behind our backs, and halt just inside the door, in our endeavor to escape being seen. The whole effect of unexpectedness upon which we had counted was ruined.

When the time came to go up and kiss the cross, I suddenly felt that I was under the oppressive influence of an ill-defined, benumbing timidity, and, realizing that I should never have courage to present my gift, I hid behind Karl Ivanitch, who, having congratulated grandmamma in the choicest language, shifted his box from his right hand to his left, handed it to the lady whose name-day it was, and retreated a few paces in order to make way for Volodya. Grandmamma appeared to be in ecstasies over the box, which had gilt strips pasted on the edges, and expressed her gratitude with the most flattering of smiles. It was evident, however, that she did not know where to put the box, and it must have been for this reason that she proposed that papa should examine with what wonderful taste it was made.

After satisfying his curiosity, papa handed it to the protopope, who seemed exceedingly pleased with this trifle. He dandled his head, and gazed curiously now at the box, and again at the artist who could make such a beautiful object. Volodya produced his Turk, and he also received the most flattering encomiums from all quarters. Now it was my turn; grandmamma turned to me with an encouraging smile.

Those who have suffered from shyness know that that feeling increases in direct proportion to the time which elapses, and that resolution decreases in an inverse ratio; that is to say, the longer the sensation lasts, the more unconquerable it becomes, and the less decision there is left.

The last remnants of courage and determination forsook me when Karl Ivanitch and Volodya presented their gifts, and my shyness reached a crisis; I felt that the blood was incessantly rushing from my heart into my head, that one color succeeded another on my face, and that great drops of perspiration broke out upon my nose and forehead. My ears burned; I felt a shiver and a cold perspiration all over my body; I shifted from foot to foot, and did not stir from the spot.

"Come, Nikolenka, show us what you have, — a box or a drawing?" said papa. There was nothing to be done. With a trembling hand, I presented the crumpled, fateful scroll; but my voice utterly refused to serve me, and I stood before grandmamma in silence. I could not get over the thought that, in place of the drawing which was expected, my worthless verses would be read before every one, including the words *like our own dear mother*, which would clearly prove that I had never loved her and had forgotten her. How convey an idea of my sufferings during the time when grandmamma began to read my poem aloud, and when, unable to decipher it, she paused in the middle of a line in order to glance at papa with what then seemed to me a mocking smile; when she did not pronounce to suit me, and when, owing to her feebleness of vision, she gave the paper to papa before she had finished, and begged him to read it all over again from the beginning? It seemed to me that she did it because she did not like to read such stupid and crookedly written verses, and in order that papa might read for himself that last line which proved so clearly my lack of feeling. I expected that he would give me a fillip on the nose with those verses, and say, "You good-for-nothing boy, don't forget your mother — take that!" But nothing of the sort happened; on the contrary, when all was read, grandmamma said, "Charming!" and kissed my brow.

The little box, the drawing, and the verses were laid out in a row, beside two cambric handkerchiefs and a snuff-box with a portrait of mamma, on the movable table attached to the long sofa-chair in which grandmamma always sat.

"Princess Varvara Ilinitchna," announced one of the two huge lackeys who accompanied grandmamma's carriage.

Grandmamma gazed thoughtfully at the portrait set in the tortoise-shell cover of the snuff-box, and made no reply.

"Will your illustrious highness receive her?" repeated the footman.

CHAPTER XVII

PRINCESS KORNAKOFF

"Ask her in," said grandmamma, sitting back in her long sofa-chair.

The princess was a woman of about forty-five, small, fragile, dry, and bitter, with disagreeable grayish green eyes, whose expression plainly contradicted that of the preternaturally sweet pursed-up mouth. Beneath her velvet bonnet, adorned with an ostrich plume, her bright reddish hair was visible; her eyebrows and lashes appeared still lighter and redder against the unhealthy color of her face. In spite of this, thanks to her unconstrained movements, her tiny hands, and a peculiar coldness of feature, her general appearance was rather noble and energetic.

The princess talked a great deal, and by her distinct enunciation belonged to the class of people who always speak as though some one were contradicting them, though no one has uttered a word; she alternately raised her voice and lowered it gradually, and began all at once to speak with fresh animation, and gazed at the persons who were present but who took no part in the conversation, as though endeavoring to obtain support by this glance.

In spite of the fact that the princess kissed grandmamma's hand, and called her *ma bonne tante* incessantly, I observed that grandmamma was not pleased with her; she twitched her brows in a peculiar manner while listening to her story about the reason why Prince Mikhaïlo could not possibly come in person to congratulate grandmamma, in spite of his ardent desire to do so; and, replying in Russian to the princess's French, she said, with a singular drawl, "I am very much obliged to you, my dear, for your attention; and as for Prince Mikhaïlo not coming, it is not worth mentioning, he always has so much to do; and what pleasure could he find in sitting with an old woman?"

And, without giving the princess time to contradict her, she went on:—

"How are your children, my dear?"

"Thank God, aunt, they are growing well, and studying and playing pranks, especially Étienne. He is the eldest, and he is getting to be so wild that we can't do anything with him; but he 's clever,—*a promising boy.*[1]—Just imagine, *cousin*," she continued, turning exclusively to papa, because grandmamma, who took no interest in the princess's children, and wanted to brag of her own grandchildren, had taken my verses from the box with great care, and was beginning to unfold them,—"just imagine, *cousin*, what he did the other day." And the princess bent over papa, and began to relate something with great animation. When she had finished her tale, which I did not hear, she immediately began to laugh, and looking inquiringly at papa, said:—

"That 's a nice kind of boy, *cousin?* He deserved a whipping; but his caper was so clever and amusing, that I forgave him, *cousin*."

And, fixing her eyes on grandmamma, the princess went on smiling, but said nothing.

"Do you *beat* your children, my dear?" inquired grandmamma, raising her brows significantly, and laying a special emphasis on the word *beat*.

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[1] The italicized words in the princess's remarks are in French in the original.—Tr.

"Ah, *my good aunt*," replied the princess, in a good-natured tone, as she cast a swift glance at papa, "I know your opinion on that point; but you must permit me to disagree with you in one particular: in spite of all my thought and reading, in spite of all the advice which I have taken on this subject, experience has led me to the conviction that it is indispensable that one should act upon children through their fears. Fear is requisite, in order to make anything out of a child; is it not so, *my cousin?* Now, *I ask you*, do children fear anything more than the rod?"

With this, she glanced inquiringly at us, and I confess I felt rather uncomfortable at that moment.

"Whatever you may say, a boy of twelve, or even one of fourteen, is still a child; but a girl is quite another matter."

"How lucky," I thought to myself, "that I am not her son!"

"Yes, that's all very fine, my dear," said grandmamma, folding up my verses, and placing them under the box, as though, after that, she considered the princess unworthy of hearing such a production; "that's all very fine, but tell me, please, how you can expect any delicacy of feeling in your children after that."

And, regarding this argument as unanswerable, grandmamma added, in order to put an end to the conversation:—

"However, every one has a right to his own opinion on that subject."

The princess made no reply, but smiled condescendingly, thereby giving us to understand that she pardoned these strange prejudices in an individual who was so much respected.

"Ah, pray make me acquainted with your young people," she said, glancing at us, and smiling politely.

We rose, fixed our eyes on the princess's face, but did not in the least know what we ought to do in order to show that the acquaintance had been made.

"Kiss the princess's hand," said papa.

"I beg that you will love your old aunt," she said, kissing Volodya on the hair; "although I am only a distant aunt, I reckon on our friendly relations rather than on degrees of blood relationship," she added, directing her remarks chiefly to grandmamma; but grandmamma was still displeased with her, and answered: —

"Eh! my dear, does such relationship count for anything nowadays?"

"This is going to be my young man of the world," said papa, pointing to Volodya; "and this is the poet," he added, just as I was kissing the princess's dry little hand, and imagining, with exceeding vividness, that the hand held a rod, and beneath the rod was a bench, and so on, and so on.

"Which?" asked the princess, detaining me by the hand.

"This little fellow with the tuft on his crown," answered papa, smiling gayly.

"What does my tuft matter to him? Is there no other subject of conversation?" I thought, and retreated into a corner.

I had the strangest possible conceptions of beauty. I even considered Karl Ivanitch the greatest beauty in the world; but I knew very well that I was not good-looking myself, and on this point I made no mistake; therefore any allusion to my personal appearance offended me deeply.

I remember very well how once — I was six years old at the time — they were discussing my looks at dinner, and mamma was trying to discover something handsome about my face: she said I had intelligent eyes, an agreeable smile, and at last, yielding to papa's arguments and to ocular evidence, she was forced to confess that I was homely; and then, when I thanked her for the dinner, she tapped my cheek, and said: —

"You know, Nikolenka, that no one will love you for your face; therefore you must endeavor to be a good and sensible boy."

These words not only convinced me that I was not a beauty, but also that I should, without fail, become a good, sensible boy.

In spite of this, moments of despair often visited me;

I fancied that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small gray eyes as I had; I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present, or might have in the future, I would give in exchange for a handsome face.

CHAPTER XVIII

PRINCE IVAN IVANITCH

When the princess had heard the verses, and had showered praises upon the author, grandmamma relented, began to address her in French, ceased to call her *you*,[1] and *my dear*, and invited her to come to us in the evening, with all her children, to which the princess consented; and after sitting awhile longer, she took her departure.

So many visitors came that day with congratulations, that the courtyard near the entrance was never free, all the morning, from several carriages.

"Good-morning, cousin," said one of the guests, in French, as he entered the room, and kissed grandmamma's hand.

He was a man about seventy years of age, of lofty stature, dressed in a military uniform with big epaulets, from beneath the collar of which a large white cross was visible, and with a calm, frank expression of countenance. The freedom and simplicity of his movements surprised me. His face was still notably handsome, in spite of the fact that only a thin semicircle of hair was left on the nape of the neck, and that the position of his upper lip betrayed the lack of teeth.

Prince Ivan Ivanitch had enjoyed a brilliant career while he was still very young at the end of the last century, thanks to his noble character, his handsome person, his noteworthy bravery, his distinguished and powerful family, and thanks especially to good luck.

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[1] That is to say, she called her *thou*.

He remained in the service, and his ambition was very speedily so thoroughly gratified that there was nothing left for him to wish for in that direction. From his earliest youth he had conducted himself as if preparing himself to occupy that dazzling station in the world in which fate eventually placed him. Therefore, although he encountered some disappointments, disenchantments, and bitterness in his brilliant and somewhat vainglorious life, such as all people undergo, he never once changed his usual calm character, his lofty manner of thought, nor his well-grounded principles of religion and morality, and won universal respect, which was founded not so much on his brilliant position as upon his firmness and trustworthiness. His mind was small; but, thanks to a position which permitted him to look down upon all the vain bustle of life, his cast of thought was elevated. He was kind and feeling, but cold and somewhat haughty in his intercourse with others. This arose from the circumstance that he was placed in a position where he could be of use to many people, and he endeavored by his cold manner to protect himself against the incessant petitions and appeals of persons who only wished to take advantage of his influence. But this coldness was softened by the condescending courtesy of a man of *the very highest society*.

He was cultivated and well-read; but his cultivation stopped at what he had acquired in his youth, that is to say, at the close of the last century. He had read everything of note which had been written in France on the subject of philosophy and eloquence during the eighteenth century; he was thoroughly acquainted with all the best products of French literature, so that he was able to quote passages from Racine, Corneille, Boileau, Molière, Montaigne, and Fénelon, and was fond of doing so; he possessed a brilliant knowledge of mythology, and had studied with profit the ancient monuments of epic poetry in the French translations; he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of history from Ségur; but he knew nothing at all of mathematics beyond arithmetic, nor of physics, nor of contemporary literature; he could maintain a courteous silence in conversation, or utter a few commonplaces about Goethe, Schiller, and Byron, but he had never read them. In spite of this French and classical cultivation, of which so few examples still exist, his conversation was simple; and yet this simplicity concealed his ignorance of various things, and exhibited tolerance and an agreeable tone. He was a great enemy of all originality, declaring that originality is the bait of people of bad tone. Society was a necessity to him, wherever he might be living; whether in Moscow or abroad, he always lived generously, and on certain days received all the town. His standing in town was such that an invitation from him served as a passport to all drawing-rooms, and many young and pretty women willingly presented to him their rosy cheeks, which he kissed with a kind of fatherly feeling; and other, to all appearances, very important and respectable people were in a state of indescribable joy when they were admitted to the prince's parties.

Very few people were now left, who, like grandmamma, had been members of the same circle, of the same age, possessed of the same education, the same view of matters; and for that reason he especially prized the ancient friendly connection with her, and always showed her the greatest respect.

I could not gaze enough at the prince. The respect which every one showed him, his huge epaulets, the particular joy which grandmamma manifested at the sight of him, and the fact that he alone did not fear her, treated her with perfect ease, and even had the daring to address her as *ma cousine*, inspired me with a reverence for him which equaled if it did not excel that which I felt for grandmamma. When she showed him my verses, he called me to him, and said:—

"Who knows, cousin, but this may be another Derzhavin?"

Thereupon he pinched my cheek in such a painful manner that if I did not cry out it was because I guessed that it must be accepted as a caress.

The guests dispersed. Papa and Volodya went out;

only the prince, grandmamma, and I remained in the drawing-room.

"Why did not our dear Natalya Nikolaevna come?" asked Prince Ivan Ivanitch, suddenly, after a momentary silence.

"Ah! *mon cher*," replied grandmamma, bending her head and laying her hand upon the sleeve of his uniform, "she certainly would have come had she been free to do as she wished. She writes to me that Pierre proposed that she should come, but that she had refused because they had had no income at all this year; and she writes: 'Moreover, there is no reason why I should remove to Moscow this year with the whole household. Liubotchka is still too young; and as for the boys who are to live with you, I am more easy about them than if they were to live with me.' All that is very fine!" continued grandmamma, in a tone which showed very plainly that she did not consider it fine at all. "The boys should have been sent here long ago, in order that they might learn something, and become accustomed to society. What kind of education was it possible to give them in the country? Why, the eldest will soon be thirteen, and the other eleven. You have observed, cousin, that they are perfectly untamed here; they don't know how to enter a room."

"But I don't understand," replied the prince; "why these daily complaints of reduced circumstances? *He* has a very handsome property, and Natascha's Khabarovka, where I played in the theater with you once upon a time, I know as well as the five fingers on my own hand. It's a wonderful estate, and it must always bring in a handsome revenue."

"I will tell you, as a true friend," broke in grandmamma, with an expression of sadness: "it seems to me that all excuses are simply for the purpose of allowing *him* to live here alone, to lounge about at the clubs, at dinners, and to do God knows what else. But she suspects nothing. You know what an angel of goodness she is; she believes *him* in everything. He assured her that it was necessary to bring the children to

Moscow, and to leave her alone with that stupid governess in the country, and she believed him. If he were to tell her that it was necessary to whip the children as Princess Varvara Ilinitchna whips hers, she would probably agree to it," said grandmamma, turning about in her chair, with an expression of thorough disdain. "Yes, my friend," pursued grandmamma, after a momentary pause, taking in her hand one of the two handkerchiefs, in order to wipe away the tear which made its appearance; "I often think that *he* can neither value her nor understand her, and that, in spite of all her goodness and love for him, and her efforts to conceal her grief, — I know it very well, — she cannot be happy with him; and mark my words, if he does not ...."

Grandmamma covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Eh, my good friend," said the prince, reproachfully, "I see that you have not grown any wiser. You are always mourning and weeping over an imaginary grief. Come, are you not ashamed of yourself? I have known *him* for a long time, and I know him to be a good, attentive, and very fine husband, and, what is the principal thing, a perfectly honest man."

Having involuntarily overheard this conversation, which I ought not to have heard, I took myself out of the room, on tiptoe, in violent emotion.

CHAPTER XIX

THE IVINS

"VOLODYA! Volodya! the Ivins!" I shouted, catching sight from the window of three boys in blue overcoats, with beaver collars, who were crossing from the opposite sidewalk to our house, headed by their young and dandified tutor.

The Ivins were related to us, and were of about our own age; we had made their acquaintance and struck up a friendship soon after our arrival in Moscow.

The second Ivin, Serozha, was a dark-complexioned, curly-headed boy, with a determined, turned-up little nose, very fresh red lips, which seldom completely covered the upper row of his white teeth, very handsome dark blue eyes, and a remarkably alert expression of countenance. He never smiled, but either looked quite serious, or laughed heartily with a distinct, ringing, and very attractive laugh. His original beauty struck me at first sight. I felt for him an unconquerable liking. It was sufficient for my happiness to see him: at one time, all the powers of my soul were concentrated upon this wish; when three or four days chanced to pass without my having seen him, I began to feel bored and sad even to tears. All my dreams, both waking and sleeping, were of him; when I lay down to sleep, I willed to dream of him; when I shut my eyes, I saw him before me, and cherished the vision as the greatest bliss. I could not have brought myself to confess this feeling to any one in the world, so greatly did I prize it. He evidently preferred to play with Volodya and to talk with him, rather than with me, possibly because it annoyed him to feel my restless eyes constantly fixed upon him, or simply because he felt no sympathy for me: but nevertheless I was content; I desired nothing, demanded nothing, and was ready to sacrifice everything for him. Besides the passionate attachment with which he inspired me, his presence aroused another feeling in a no less powerful degree, — a fear of paining or offending him in any way, or of displeasing him. I felt as much fear for him as love, perhaps because his face had a haughty expression, or because, despising my own appearance, I valued the advantage of beauty too highly in others, or, what is most probable of all, because this is an infallible sign of love. The first time Serozha spoke to me, I lost my wits to such a degree at this unexpected bliss, that I turned pale, blushed, and could make no reply. He had a bad habit of fixing his eyes upon some one spot, when he was thinking, and of winking incessantly, at the same time twitching his nose and eyebrows. Every one thought that this trick spoiled him; but I thought it so charming that I involuntarily acquired the same habit; and a few days after I had become acquainted with him, grandmamma inquired, Did my eyes pain me, that I was blinking like an owl? Not a word about love was ever uttered between us; but he felt his power over me, and exercised it unconsciously but tyrannically in our childish intercourse. And, no matter how hard I tried to tell him all that was in my mind, I was too much afraid of him to resolve on frankness; I endeavored to seem indifferent, and submitted to him without a murmur. At times his influence appeared to me oppressive, intolerable; but it was not in my power to escape from it.

It saddens me to think of that fresh, beautiful feeling of unselfish and unbounded love, which died away without having found vent, or met with a return.

It is strange how, when I was a child, I strove to be like a grown-up person, and how, since I have ceased to be a child, I have often longed to be like one.

How many times did this desire not to seem like a child in my intercourse with Serozha restrain the feeling which was ready to pour forth, and cause me to dissimulate! I not only did not dare to kiss him, which I very much wanted to do at times, to take his hand, to tell him that I was glad to see him, but I did not even dare to call him Serozha, but kept strictly to Sergieĭ. So it was settled between us. Every expression of sentiment betrayed childishness, and that he who permitted himself anything of the sort was still a *little boy.* Without having, as yet, gone through those bitter trials which lead adults to caution and coldness in their intercourse with each other, we deprived ourselves of the pure enjoyment of tender, childish affection, simply through the strange desire to imitate *grown-up people.*

I met the Ivins in the anteroom, exchanged greetings with them, and then flew headlong to grandmamma. I announced that the Ivins had arrived; and, from my expression, one would have supposed that this news must render her completely happy. Then, without taking my eyes from Serozha, I followed him into the drawing-room, watching his every movement. While grandmamma was telling him that he had grown a great deal, and fixed her penetrating eyes upon him, I experienced that sensation of terror and hope which a painter must experience when he is awaiting the verdict upon his work from a judge whom he respects.

Herr Frost, the Ivins' young tutor, with grandmamma's permission, went into the little garden with us, seated himself on a green bench, crossed his legs picturesquely, placing between them a cane with a bronze head, and began to smoke his cigar with the air of a man who is very well satisfied with his own conduct.

Herr Frost was a German, but a German of a very different stamp from our good Karl Ivanitch. In the first place he spoke Russian correctly, he spoke French with a bad accent, and generally enjoyed, especially among the ladies, the reputation of being a very learned man; in the second place, he wore a red mustache, a big ruby pin in his black satin cravat, the ends of which were tucked under his suspenders, and light blue trousers with spring bottoms and straps; in the third place he was young, had a handsome, self-satisfied exterior, and remarkably fine muscular legs. It was evident that he set a particular value on this last advantage; he considered its effect irresistible on members of the female sex, and it must have been with this view that he tried to exhibit his legs in the most conspicuous place, and, whether standing or sitting, always put his calves in motion. He was a type of the young Russian German who aspires to be a gay fellow and a lady's man.

It was very lively in the garden. Our game of robbers could not have been more successful; but one circumstance came near ruining everything. Serozha was the robber; as he was hastening in pursuit of travelers, he stumbled, and in full flight struck his knee with so much force against a tree that I thought he had shivered it into splinters. In spite of the fact that I was the gendarme, and that my duty consisted in capturing him, I approached, and sympathetically inquired whether he had hurt himself. Serozha got angry with me; he clenched his fists, stamped his foot, and in a voice which plainly betrayed that he had injured himself badly, he shouted at me: —

"Well, what 's this? After this we 'll have no more games! Come, why don't you catch me? why don't you catch me?" he repeated several times, glancing sideways at Volodya and the elder Ivin, who, in their character of travelers, were leaping and running along the path; and all at once he gave a shriek, and rushed after them with a loud laugh.

I cannot describe how this heroic conduct impressed and captivated me. In spite of the terrible pain, he not only did not cry, but he did not even show that he was hurt, and never for a moment forgot the game.

Shortly after this, when Ilinka Grap also joined our company, and we went up-stairs to wait for dinner, Serozha had another opportunity of enslaving and amazing me with his marvelous manliness and firmness of character.

Ilinka Grap was the son of a poor foreigner who had once lived at my grandfather's, was indebted to him in some way, and now considered it his imperative duty to send his son to us very often. If he supposed that an acquaintance with us could afford any honor or satisfaction to his son, he was entirely mistaken; for we not only did not make friends with Ilinka, but we only noticed him when we wanted to make fun of him. Ilinka Grap was a thin, tall, pale boy of thirteen, with a bird-like face and a good-naturedly submissive expression. He was very poorly dressed, but his hair was always so excessively greased that we declared that, on sunny days, Grap's pomade melted and trickled down under his jacket. As I recall him now, I find that he was very willing to be of service, and a very quiet, kind boy; but at that time he appeared to me as a contemptible being, whom it was not necessary to pity or even to think of.

When the game of robbers came to an end, we went up-stairs and began to cut capers, and to show off various gymnastic tricks before each other. Ilinka watched us with a timid smile of admiration, and when we proposed to him to do the same, he refused, saying that he had no strength at all. Serozha was wonderfully charming. He took off his jacket. His cheeks and eyes were blazing; he laughed incessantly, and invented new tricks; he leaped over three chairs placed in a row, trundled all over the room like a wheel, stood on his head on Tatischeff's lexicon, which he placed in the middle of the room for a pedestal, and at the same time cut such funny capers with his feet that it was impossible to refrain from laughing. After this last performance he became thoughtful, screwed up his eyes, and went up to Ilinka with a perfectly sober face. "Try to do that; it really is not difficult." Grap, perceiving that general attention was directed to him, turned red, and declared, in a scarcely audible voice, that he could do nothing of the kind.

"And why won't he show off anyway? What a girl he is! he must stand on his head."

And Serozha took him by the hand.

"You must, you must stand on your head!" we all shouted, surrounding Ilinka, who at that moment was visibly terrified, and turned pale; then we seized his arms, and dragged him to the lexicon.

"Let me go, I'll do it myself! You'll tear my jacket," cried the unhappy victim. But these cries of despair imparted fresh animation to us; we were dying with laughter; the green jacket was cracking in every seam.

Volodya and the eldest Ivin bent his head down and placed it on the dictionary; Serozha and I seized the poor boy's thin legs, which he flourished in all directions, stripped up his trousers to the knee, and with great laughter turned them up; the youngest Ivin preserved the equilibrium of his whole body.

After our noisy laughter, we all became suddenly silent; and it was so quiet in the room, that the unfortunate Grap's breathing alone was audible. At that moment I was by no means thoroughly convinced that all this was so very laughable and amusing.

"There 's a fine fellow, now," said Serozha, slapping him.

Ilinka remained silent, and in his endeavor to free himself flung his legs out in all directions. In one of these desperate movements, he struck Serozha in the eye with his heel in such a painful manner, that Serozha immediately released his leg, clasped his own eye, from which the unbidden tears were streaming, and pushed Ilinka with all his might. Ilinka, being no longer supported by us, went down on the floor with a crash, like some lifeless object, and all he could utter for his tears was: —

"Why do you tyrannize over me so?"

The woeful figure of poor Ilinka, with his tear-stained face, disordered hair, and his tucked-up trousers, under which his dirty boot-legs were visible, impressed us; we did not speak, and we tried to smile in a constrained fashion.

Serozha was the first to recover himself.

"There 's a woman, a cry-baby," he said, pushing him lightly with his foot; "it 's impossible to joke with him. Come, enough of that; get up."

"I told you that you were a good-for-nothing little boy," said Ilinka, angrily, and turning away he sobbed loudly.

"What! you use your heels, and then scold!" screamed Serozha, seizing the lexicon and swinging it over the head of the wretched boy, who never thought of defending himself, and only covered his head with his hands.

"There! there! Let 's drop him, if he can't understand a joke. Let 's go down-stairs," said Serozha, laughing in an unnatural way.

I gazed with sympathy at the poor fellow, who lay on the floor, hiding his face on the lexicon, and crying so that it seemed as if he were on the point of dying of the convulsions which shook his whole body.

"Hey, Sergieï!" I said to him, "why did you do that?"

"That 's good! I did n't cry, I hope, when I cut my knee nearly to the bone to-day."

"Yes, that's true," I thought; "Ilinka is nothing but a cry-baby; but there's Serozha, he is so brave. What a manly fellow he is!"

I had no idea that the poor boy was crying, not so much from physical pain, as from the thought that five boys, whom he probably liked, had all agreed, without any cause, to hate and persecute him.

I really cannot explain to myself the cruelty of this conduct. Why did I not go to him, protect him, comfort him? What had become of that sentiment of pity, which had formerly made me cry violently at the sight of a young daw which had been thrown from its nest, or a puppy which was to be thrown out of the garden, or a chicken which the cook was carrying off for soup? Had this beautiful feeling been destroyed in me, by love for Serozha, and the desire to appear as manly in his sight as he was himself? That love and that desire to appear manly were not enviable qualities. They were the cause of the only dark spots in the pages of my childish memories.

CHAPTER XX

THE GUESTS ASSEMBLE

Judging from the special activity perceptible in the butler's pantry, the brilliant illumination which imparted a new and festive aspect to objects in the drawing-room and hall, which had long been familiar to me, and particularly judging from the fact that Prince Ivan Ivanitch would not have sent his music for nothing, a large number of guests were expected for the evening.

I ran to the window at the sound of every passing carriage, put the palms of my hand to my temples and against the glass, and gazed into the street with impatient curiosity. Through the darkness, which at first covered all objects from the window, there gradually appeared, across the way, a long familiar shop, with a lantern; in an oblique line, a large house with two lighted windows on the lower floor; in the middle of the street some *Vanka*,[1] with two passengers, or an empty calash returning home at a foot-pace; but now a carriage drove up to the porch, and in the full conviction that it was the Ivins, who had promised to come early, I ran down to meet them in the anteroom. Instead of the Ivins, two ladies made their appearance behind the liveried arm which opened the door: one was large, and wore a blue cloak with a sable collar; the other, who was small, was all wrapped up in a green shawl, beneath which her little feet, shod in fur boots, alone were visible. Paying no attention to my presence in the anteroom, although I considered it my duty to make my bow when these persons appeared, the little one silently walked up to the big one, and halted in front of her. The big one unwound the kerchief which covered the little one's head, unbuttoned her cloak, and when the liveried footman took charge of these things, and pulled off her little fur boots, there appeared from this much-wrapped-up individual a wonderful twelve-year-old little girl, dressed in a low-necked white muslin frock, white pantalets, and tiny black slippers. There was a black velvet ribbon on her little white neck; her head was a mass of dark chestnut curls which suited her lovely face admirably, and fell upon her white shoulders behind so beautifully, that I would not have believed Karl Ivanitch himself if he had told me that they curled so because they had been twisted up in bits of *The Moscow Gazette* ever since the morning, and pinched with hot irons. She seemed to have been born with that curly head.

A striking feature of her face was the unusual size of her prominent, half-closed eyes, which formed a strange but agreeable contrast to her small mouth. Her lips were tightly closed; and her eyes had such a serious look, and the general expression of her face was such, that you would not look for a smile on it; and therefore a smile was all the more enchanting.

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[1] Local term for a poor, rustic driver, who enters service for the winter in town.

I crept to the door of the hall, endeavoring to remain unperceived, and decided that it would be well to walk back and forth feigning meditation, and that I was not aware that guests had arrived. When they had traversed half the apartment, I apparently came to myself, made my bow, and informed them that grandmamma was in the drawing-room. Madame Valakhin, whose face pleased me extremely, especially because I discerned in it a strong resemblance to her daughter Sonitchka, nodded graciously to me.

Grandmamma appeared to be very glad to see Sonitchka; she called her close to her, adjusted one of her curls which had fallen over her forehead, and, gazing attentively at her face, she said in French, "What a charming child!" Sonitchka smiled and blushed so prettily that I blushed also as I looked at her.

"I hope you will not be bored here, my little friend," said grandmamma, taking hold of her chin, and raising her little face. "I beg that you will be merry and dance as much as possible. Here are one lady and two cavaliers," she added, turning to Madame Valakhin, and touching me with her hand.

This bringing us together pleased me so much that it made me blush again.

Conscious that my shyness was increasing, and hearing the noise of another carriage as it drove up, I deemed it best to make a retreat. In the anteroom I found Princess Kornakoff with her son and an incredible number of daughters. The daughters were all exactly alike in countenance, — they resembled the princess, and were ugly; therefore no one of them arrested my attention. As they took off their cloaks, and shook out their trains, they all began suddenly to talk in thin little voices as they fussed and laughed at something — probably because there were so many of them. Étienne was a tall, fleshy lad of fifteen, with a thin, bloodless face, sunken eyes with blue circles beneath them, and hands and feet which were enormous for his age; he was awkward, had a rough and disagreeable voice, but appeared very well satisfied with himself, and, according to my views, he was precisely the sort of boy who gets whipped with a switch.

We stood for quite a while opposite each other, without uttering a word, examining each other attentively. Then we approached a little nearer, apparently with the desire to kiss each other, but we changed our minds, for some reason or other, after we had looked into each other's eyes again. When the dresses of all his sisters rustled past us, I inquired, for the sake of beginning the conversation, whether they were not crowded in the carriage.

"I don't know," he answered carelessly, "for I never ride in the carriage, because just as soon as I take my seat I begin to feel ill, and mamma knows it. When we go anywhere in the evening I always sit on the box. It 's much jollier; you can see everything, and Philip lets me drive, and sometimes I have the whip. Sometimes I do *so* to the passers-by," he added, with an expressive gesture; "it 's splendid!"

"Your illustrious highness," said the footman, entering the anteroom, "Philip wants to know where you were pleased to put the whip?"

"What 's that? Where did I put it? Why, I gave it to him."

"He says that you did not."

"Well, then I hung it on the lantern."

"Philip says that it is not on the lantern; and you had better say that you took it and lost it, or Philip will have to pay for your pranks out of his small wages," continued the angry footman, with increasing animation.

The footman, who seemed to be a respectable but sullen man, appeared to take Philip's side, and was resolved to clear up this matter at any cost. From an involuntary feeling of delicacy I stepped aside as though I had observed nothing. But the lackeys who were present behaved quite differently; they came nearer, and gazed approvingly at the old servant.

"Well, I lost it, I lost it," said Étienne, avoiding further explanations. "I 'll pay him what the whip is worth. This is amusing!" he added, approaching me, and leading me toward the drawing-room.

"No, master, how will you pay? I know you have been eight months paying Marya Vasilievna twenty kopeks, and it 's the same in my case, and it 's two years since Petrushka...."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the young prince, turning pale with rage. "I 'll tell all about it."

"You 'll tell all, you 'll tell all!" went on the footman. "This is bad, your illustrious highness," he added, with a peculiar expression, as we entered the hall, and he went to the wardrobe with the cloaks.

"That 's right, that 's right!" said an approving voice behind us in the anteroom.

Grandmamma had a peculiar gift for expressing her opinion of people by adding to a certain tone, on certain occasions, the singular and plural pronouns of the second person. Although she employed *you* and *thou* in direct opposition to the generally received usage, these shades of meaning acquired an entirely different significance in her mouth. When the young prince approached her, she at first addressed a few words to him, calling him *you*, and regarding him with such an expression of scorn that, had I been in his place, I should have become utterly abashed. But evidently Étienne was not a boy of that stamp; he not only paid no heed to grandmamma's reception, but even to her person, and saluted the whole company, if not gracefully, at least without the slightest constraint. Sonitchka occupied all my attention. I remember that when Volodya, Étienne, and I were talking together in a part of the room from which Sonitchka was visible, and she could see and hear us, I spoke with pleasure; when I had occasion to utter what seemed to me an amusing or manly remark, I spoke loudly, and glanced at the drawing-room door; but when we changed to another place, from which it was impossible to be seen or heard from the drawing-room, I remained silent, and found no further pleasure in the conversation.

The drawing-room and hall gradually filled with guests. As always happens at children's parties, there were several large children among the number who were not willing to miss an opportunity of dancing and making merry, if only for the sake of pleasing the hostess.

When the Ivins arrived, instead of the pleasure which I generally experienced at meeting Serozha, I was conscious of a certain strange vexation because he would see Sonitchka and would show off to her.

CHAPTER XXI

BEFORE THE MAZURKA

"Eh! you are evidently going to have dancing," said Serozha, coming from the drawing-room, and pulling a pair of new kid gloves from his pocket; "I must put on my gloves."

"What's that for? we have no gloves," I thought; "I must go up-stairs and hunt for some."

But although I rummaged all the drawers, all I found was, in one, our green traveling mittens; in another, one kid glove which was of no service whatever to me, in the first place, because it was very old and dirty, in the second, because it was too large for me, and especially because the middle finger was missing, having been cut off long ago, probably by Karl Ivanitch, for a sore hand. Nevertheless I put this remnant of a glove upon my hand, and regarded intently that place upon my middle finger which was always smeared with ink.

"If Natalya Savischna were only here, she would surely find me some gloves." It was impossible to go down-stairs in such a plight, because, if they asked me why I did not dance, what could I say? To remain here was equally impossible, because I should infallibly be caught. "What am I to do?" I said, flourishing my hands.

"What are you doing here?" asked Volodya, running in; "go engage your lady, it will begin directly."

"Volodya," I said to him, displaying my hand, with two fingers sticking out of the dirty glove, and expressing in my voice that I was in a state which bordered on despair, — "Volodya, you never thought of this."

"Of what?" said he, impatiently. "Ah! gloves," he added quite indifferently, catching sight of my hand. "No, I didn't, in fact. You must ask grandmamma. What will she say?" and, without pausing to reflect, he ran down-stairs.

The cold-bloodedness with which he expressed himself on a point which seemed to me so weighty reassured me, and I hastened to the drawing-room, totally oblivious of the grotesque glove on my left hand.

Approaching grandmamma's arm-chair with caution, and touching her mantle lightly, I said in a whisper: —

"Grandmamma! what are we to do? We have no gloves!"

"What, my dear?"

"We have no gloves," I repeated, drawing nearer and nearer, and laying both hands on the arm of her chair.

"And what is this?" she said, all at once seeing my left hand. "See here, my dear," she went on in French, turning to Madame Valakhin, "this young man has made himself elegant in order to dance with your daughter."

Grandmamma held me firmly by the hand, and gazed seriously but inquiringly at her guests until all had satisfied their curiosity and the laugh had become general.

I should have been very much mortified if Serozha had seen me during the time, when, frowning with shame, I vainly endeavored to tear my hand free; but I was not at all pained in the presence of Sonitchka, who laughed until her eyes were filled with tears, and all her curls fluttered about her rosy little face. I understood that her laugh was too loud and natural to be mocking; on the contrary, we laughed together, and seemed to come nearer to each other as we exchanged glances. This episode of the glove, although it might end badly, gained me this advantage, that it placed me on easy terms with a circle which had always seemed to me most terrible, — the drawing-room circle; I felt not the slightest timidity in the hall.

The sufferings of shy people arise from their uncertainty as to the opinion which people have formed of them; as soon as this opinion is openly demonstrated, — in whatever form it may occur, — this suffering ceases.

How charming Sonitchka Valakhin was, as she danced opposite me in the French quadrille with the clumsy young prince! How sweetly she smiled when she gave me her little hand in the chain! How prettily her golden curls waved in measure, how naïvely she brought her tiny feet together! When, in the fifth figure, my partner left me and went to the other side, while I waited for the time and prepared to execute my solo, Sonitchka closed her lips seriously and looked aside. But her fear for me was unnecessary. I boldly made my *chassé* to the front, *chassé* to the rear, and my glide; and when I approached her, I playfully showed her my glove with my two fingers sticking out. She laughed excessively, and her little feet tripped about upon the waxed floor more bewitchingly than ever. I still remember how, when we formed a circle and all joined hands, she bent her little head, and, without removing her hand from mine, scratched her little nose with her glove. I can still see all this as though it were directly before my eyes, and I still hear the quadrille from "The Maid of the Danube," to whose music all this took place.

The second quadrille arrived, and I danced it with Sonitchka. After seating myself beside her, I felt extremely awkward, and did not know in the least what to say to her. When my silence had lasted too long, I began to fear that she would take me for a fool; and I resolved to rescue her from any such error on my account, at any cost. "You are an inhabitant of Moscow?" I said to her in French; and, after receiving an answer in the affirmative, I went on, "For my part, I have never yet frequented the capital," with a calculation as to the effect which the word "frequent" would produce. Nevertheless, I felt that although this was a very brilliant beginning, and fully proved my knowledge of the French tongue, I was incapable of continuing the conversation in this strain. Our turn to dance would not come very soon, but the silence was renewed. I gazed at her uneasily, desirous of knowing what impression I had produced, and awaiting her assistance. "Where did you find such a funny glove?" she inquired suddenly; and this question caused me the greatest pleasure and relief. I explained that the glove belonged to Karl Ivanitch, went into some rather ironical details concerning Karl Ivanitch's person, — how ridiculous he was when he took off his red cap; and how he had once fallen from a horse, when dressed in his green overcoat, straight into a puddle, and so forth. The quadrille passed off without our perceiving it. All this was very delightful; but why did I ridicule Karl Ivanitch? Should I have lost Sonitchka's good opinion if I had described him with the love and respect which I felt for him?

When the quadrille came to an end, Sonitchka said, "Thank you," in French, with as sweet an expression as though I had really deserved her gratitude. I was in ecstasies. I was beside myself with joy, and did not know myself whence I had obtained such daring, confidence, and even boldness. "Nothing can confuse me," I thought, promenading about the hall quite unembarrassed; "I am ready for anything."

Serozha proposed to me to be his *vis-à-vis*. "Very well," said I, "I have no partner, but I will find one." Casting a decisive glance about the room, I perceived that all the ladies were engaged with the exception of one big girl, who was standing at the parlor door. A tall young man approached her with the intention, as I concluded, of inviting her to dance; he was within a couple of paces of her, but I was at the other end of the hall. In the twinkling of an eye, I flew across the space which separated me from her, sliding gracefully over the polished floor, and with a scrape of my foot and a firm voice, I invited her for the contra-dance.

The big girl smiled patronizingly, gave me her hand, and the young man was left partnerless.

I was so conscious of my power, that I paid no heed to the young man's vexation; but I afterwards learned that he inquired who that frowsy boy was, who had jumped in front of him and taken away his partner.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MAZURKA

THE young man whom I had robbed of his lady danced in the first couple of the mazurka. He sprang from his place, holding his lady by the hand, and, instead of making the *pas de Basques* as Mimi had taught us, he simply ran forward. When he had reached the corner, he halted, stamped his heels, spread his legs apart, turned around, and went skipping on farther.

As I had no partner for the mazurka, I sat behind grandmamma's high chair, and looked on.

"Why does he do that?" I pondered. "That's not at all as Mimi taught us. She declared that everybody danced the mazurka on their toes, bringing their feet round in a gliding circular form; and it turns out that they don't dance that way at all. There are the Ivins and Étienne and all of them dancing, and they are not doing the *pas de Basques*. And our Volodya has picked up the new fashion! It's not bad! And how lovely Sonitchka is! There she goes!"

I was very merry.

The mazurka was nearing its end. Several elderly ladies and gentlemen came up to take leave of grandmamma, and departed. The lackeys, skilfully keeping out of the way of the dancers, brought the dishes into the back rooms. Grandmamma was evidently weary, and seemed to speak unwillingly and in a very drawling way; the musicians indolently began the same air for the thirtieth time. The big girl with whom I had danced caught sight of me as she was going through a figure, and, smiling treacherously, — she must have wanted to please grandmamma, — she led Sonitchka and one of the innumerable princesses up to me. "Rose or nettle?" said she, in French.

"Ah, so you are here!" said grandmamma, turning round in her chair. "Go, my dear, go."

Although at that moment I would much rather have hid my head under grandmamma's chair, than emerge from behind it, how could I refuse? I stood up, and said "Rose," as I glanced timidly at Sonitchka. Before I could recover myself, some one's hand in a white kid glove rested in mine, and the princess started forward with a pleasant smile, without the least suspicion that I did not in the least know what to do with my feet.

I knew that the *pas de Basques* was out of place, unsuitable, and that it might even put me to shame; but the well-known sounds of the mazurka, acting upon my ear, communicated a familiar movement to the acoustic nerves, which, in turn, communicated it to my feet; and the latter, quite involuntarily, and to the amazement of all beholders, began the fatal circular gliding step on the tips of the toes. As long as we proceeded straight ahead, we got on after a fashion; but when we turned I observed that, unless I took some precautions, I should certainly get in advance. In order to avoid such a catastrophe I stopped short, with the intention of making the same kind of *knee* which the young man in the first couple made so beautifully. But at the very moment when I separated my feet, and was preparing to spring, the princess, circling hastily around me, looked down at my feet with an expression of stupid curiosity and amazement. That look finished me. I lost my self-command to such an extent that, instead of dancing, I stamped my feet up and down in one spot in a fashion which resembled nothing on earth, and finally came to a dead standstill. Every one stared at me, some with surprise, others with curiosity, with amusement, or sympathy; grandmamma alone looked on with complete indifference.

"You should not dance if you do not know how," said papa's angry voice in my ear; and, thrusting me aside with a light push, he took my partner's hand, danced a turn with her in antique fashion, to the vast delight of the lookers-on, and led her to her seat. The mazurka immediately came to an end.

Lord! why dost thou chastise me so terribly.

* * * * * *

"Everybody despises me, and will always scorn me. The paths to everything, love, friendship, honor, are shut to me. All is lost! Why did Volodya make signs to me which every one saw, and which could render me no assistance? Why did that hateful princess look at my feet like that? Why did Sonitchka — she was lovely, but why did she smile just then? Why did papa blush, and seize my hand? was even he ashamed of me? Oh, this was frightful! If mamma had been there, she would not have blushed for her Nikolenka." And my fancy bore me far away to this sweet vision. I recalled the meadow in front of the house, the tall linden trees in the garden, the clear pond over which the swallows fluttered, the blue sky in which hung transparent white clouds, the perfumed stacks of fresh hay; and many other joyous, soothing memories were borne in upon my distracted imagination.

CHAPTER XXIII

AFTER THE MAZURKA

At supper, the young man who had danced in the first couple sat down at our children's table, and paid special attention to me, which would have flattered my vanity not a little, if I had been capable of any sentiment whatever after the catastrophe which had occurred to me. But the young man seemed determined to cheer me up on any terms. He played with me, he called me a fine fellow; and, when none of the grown-up people were looking at us, he poured me glasses of wine out of various bottles, and made me drink them. At the end of the supper, when the butler poured me only a quarter of a glass of champagne from his napkin-wrapped bottle, and the young man insisted that he should pour it full, and made me swallow it at one gulp, I felt an agreeable glow through all my body, and a special kindliness toward my jolly protector, and I laughed excessively over something.

All at once the sounds of the *grandfather dance* resounded from the hall, and the guests began to rise from the table. My friendship with the young man immediately came to an end; he went off to the big people, and I, not daring to follow, approached with a curiosity to hear what Madame Valakhin was saying to her daughter.

"Just another little half-hour," said Sonitchka, entreatingly.

"It is really impossible, my angel."

"Come, for my sake, please," she said coaxingly.

"Will it make you happy if I am ill to-morrow?" said Madame Valakhin, and was so imprudent as to smile.

"Oh, you permit it! we may stay?" cried Sonitchka, dancing with joy.

"What is to be done with you? Well then, go dance. Here 's a cavalier for you," she said, pointing at me.

Sonitchka gave me her hand, and we ran into the hall.

The wine which I had drunk, Sonitchka's presence and gayety, caused me completely to forget my miserable scrape in the mazurka. I cut the most amusing capers with my feet; I imitated a horse, and went at a gentle trot, lifting my legs proudly; then I stamped on one spot like a ram who is angry at a dog, and laughed heartily without caring in the least what impression I might produce upon the spectators. Sonitchka, too, never ceased to laugh; she laughed when we circled round hand in hand, she laughed when she looked at some old gentleman who lifted his feet with care and stepped over a handkerchief, pretending that it was very difficult for him to do it, and she nearly died of laughter when I leaped almost to the ceiling in order to display my agility.

As I passed through grandmamma's study, I glanced at myself in the mirror: my face was bathed in perspiration, my hair was in disorder, the tuft on the crown of my head stood up worse than ever; but the general expression of my countenance was so merry, kind, and healthy, that I was even pleased with myself.

"If I were always like this," I thought, "I might be able to please."

But when I glanced again at the very beautiful little face of my partner, there was in it, besides the expression of gayety, health, and freedom from care which had pleased me in my own, so much gentle and elegant beauty, that I was vexed with myself. I comprehended how stupid it was of me to hope to call the attention of such a wonderful being to myself.

I could not hope for a reciprocal feeling, and, indeed, I did not think of it; my soul was filled with bliss independent of that. I did not understand that in return for the love which filled my soul with joy, still greater happiness might be demanded, and that something more was to be desired than that this feeling might never end. All was well with me. My heart fluttered like a dove, the blood poured into it incessantly, and I wanted to cry.

When we went through the corridor, past the dark store-room under the stairs, I glanced at it and thought: "What bliss it would be if I could live forever with her in that dark store-room! and if nobody knew that we lived there."

"It's very jolly now, is n't it?" I said, in a quiet, trembling voice, and hastened my steps, frightened not so much at what I had said, but at what I had been minded to say.

"Yes, very," she replied, turning her little head toward me, with such a frank, kind expression that my fears ceased.

"Especially after supper. But if you only knew how sorry" — I wanted to say *pained*, but did not dare —

"I am that you are going away so soon, and that we shall not see each other any more!"

"Why shall we not see each other?" said she, regarding intently the toes of her slippers, and drawing her fingers along the lattice-work screen which we were passing. "Mamma and I go to the Tverskoy boulevard every Tuesday and Friday. Don't you go to walk?"

"I shall ask to go without fail on Tuesday; and if they won't let me go, I will run away alone, and without my hat. I know the way."

"Do you know," said Sonitchka, suddenly, "I always say *thou* to some little boys who come to our house; let us call each other *thou.* Wilt thou?" she added, throwing back her little head, and looking me straight in the eye.

At this moment we entered the hall, and the second, lively part of *grandfather* was beginning. "Do," I said at a point when the noise and music could drown my words.

"Say *thou*,"[1] corrected Sonitchka, with a laugh.

Grandfather ended, and I had not managed to utter a single phrase with *thou*, although I never ceased inventing such as would allow of several repetitions of that pronoun. I had not sufficient courage. "Wilt thou?" resounded in my ears, and produced a kind of intoxication. I saw nothing and nobody but Sonitchka. I saw them lift her locks, and tuck them behind her ears, disclosing portions of her brow and temples which I had not seen before; I saw them wrap her up in the green shawl so closely, that only the tip of her little nose was visible; I observed that if she had not made a little aperture near her mouth with her rosy little fingers, she would infallibly have suffocated; and I saw how she turned quickly toward us, as she descended the stairs with her mother, nodded her head, and disappeared through the door.

Volodya, the Ivins, the young prince, and I were all in love with Sonitchka, and we followed her with our eyes as we stood on the stairs. I do not know to whom in particular she nodded her little head; but at that moment I was firmly convinced that it was done for me.

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[1] Nikolaï used *davai-te,* the second person plural. Sonitchka said *davai,* second person singular. — Tr.

As I took leave of the Ivins, I conversed and shook hands quite unconstrainedly, and even rather coldly, with Serozha. If he understood that on that day he had lost my love, and his power over me, he was surely sorry for it, though he endeavored to appear quite indifferent.

For the first time in my life I had changed in love, and for the first time I experienced the sweetness of that feeling. It delighted me to exchange a worn-out sentiment of familiar affection for the fresh feeling of a love full of mystery and uncertainty. Moreover, to fall out of love and into love at the same time means loving with twice the previous fervor.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN BED

"How could I love Serozha so passionately, and so long?" I meditated, as I lay in bed. "No, he never understood, he never was capable of prizing my love, and he was never worthy of it. And Sonitchka? how charming! 'Wilt thou?' 'It is thy turn to begin.'"

I sprang up on all fours, as I pictured to myself her little face in lively colors, covered my head with the coverlet, tucked it under me on all sides, and when no opening remained anywhere, I lay down, with a pleasant sensation of warmth, and buried myself in sweet visions and memories. Fixing my gaze immovably upon the lining of the wadded quilt, I saw her as clearly as I had seen her an hour before; I conversed with her mentally, and that conversation, though utterly lacking in sense, afforded me indescribable delight, because *thee*, to *thee*, and *thine* occurred in it constantly.

These visions were so clear that I could not sleep for sweet emotion, and I wanted to share my superabundance of bliss with some one.

"The darling!" I said almost aloud, turning abruptly on the other side. "Volodya! are you asleep?"

"No," he replied, in a sleepy voice; "what is it?"

"I am in love, Volodya. I am decidedly in love with Sonitchka."

"Well, what of it?" he answered, stretching himself.

"Oh, Volodya! you cannot imagine what is going on within me; here I was just now lying tucked up in the coverlet, and I saw her so plainly, so plainly, and I talked with her; it was simply marvelous! And, do you know, when I lie and think of her I grow sad, and I want to weep dreadfully, God knows why."

Volodya moved.

"There's only one thing I wish," I went on; "that is, to be always with her, to see her always, and nothing else. And are you in love? Confess the truth, Volodya!"

It's odd, but I wanted everybody to be in love with Sonitchka, and then I wanted them all to tell me.

"What is that to you?" said Volodya, turning his face toward me, — "perhaps."

"You don't want to sleep; you were making believe!" I cried, perceiving by his shining eyes that he was not thinking of sleep in the least; and I flung aside the coverlet. "Let's discuss her. She's charming, is n't she? So charming that if she were to say to me: 'Nikolenka! jump out of the window, or throw yourself into the fire,' — well, I swear I should do it immediately," said I, "and with joy. Ah, how bewitching!" I added, as I called her before me in imagination, and in order to enjoy myself in this manner to the fullest extent, I rolled abruptly over on the other side, and thrust my head under the pillow. "I want to cry dreadfully, Volodya!"

"What a fool!" said he, smiling, and then was silent for a while. "I'm not a bit like you; I think that, if it were possible, I should like first to sit beside her and talk."

"Ah! so you are in love too?" I interrupted.

"And then," continued Volodya, smiling tenderly, "then I would kiss her little fingers, her eyes, her lips, her nose, her tiny feet,—I would kiss all."

"Nonsense!" cried I, from under the pillow.

"You don't understand anything about it," said Volodya, contemptuously.

"Yes, I do understand, but you don't, and you're talking nonsense," I said, through my tears.

"Well, there's nothing to cry about. You're a regular girl!"

CHAPTER XXV

THE LETTER

On the sixteenth of April, nearly six months after the day which I have described, father came up-stairs to us, during our lesson hour, and announced to us that we were to set out for the country with him that night. My heart contracted at this news, and my thoughts turned at once to my mother.

The following letter was the cause of our unexpected departure:—

PETROVSKOE, April 12.

I have but just received your kind letter of April 3, at ten o'clock in the evening, and, in accordance with my usual custom, I answer it immediately. Fedor brought it from town last night, but, as it was late, he gave it to Mimi this morning. And Mimi, under the pretext that I was ill and unnerved, did not give it to me for a whole day. I really have had a little fever, and, to tell the truth, this is the fourth day that I have been too ill to leave my bed.

Pray do not be alarmed, my dear; I feel very well, and if Ivan Vasilitch will permit me, I intend to get up to-morrow.

On Friday of last week, I went to ride with the children; but the horses stuck in the mud close to the entrance to the highway, near that very bridge which has always frightened me. The day was very fine, and I thought I would go as far as the highway on foot, while they pulled the calash out. When I reached the chapel, I was very much fatigued, and sat down to rest; and as about half an hour elapsed while they were summoning people to drag the carriage out, I felt cold, particularly in my feet, for I had on thin-soled shoes, and they were wet through. After dinner I felt a chill and a hot turn, but I continued to walk according to the usual program, and after tea I sat down to play a duet with Liubotchka. (You would not recognize her, she has made such progress!) But imagine my surprise, when I found that I could not count the time. I began to count several times, but my head was all in confusion, and I felt a strange noise in my ears. I counted one, two, three, then all at once eight and fifteen; and the chief point was that I saw that I was lying, and could not correct myself. Finally Mimi came to my assistance, and put me to bed, almost by force. This, my dear, is a circumstantial account of how I became ill, and how I myself am to blame. The next day, I had quite a high fever, and our good old Ivan Vasilitch came; he still lives with us, and promises to set me free speedily in God's world once more. A wonderful old man is that Ivan Vasilitch! When I had the fever, and was delirious, he sat beside my bed all night, without closing his eyes; and now he knows that I am writing, he is sitting in the boudoir with the girls, and from my bedroom I can hear him telling them German tales, and them dying with laughter as they listen.

La belle Flamande, as you call her, has been staying with me for two weeks past, because her mother has gone off visiting somewhere, and she evinces the most sincere affection by her care for me. She intrusts me with all her secrets of the heart. If she were in good hands, she might turn out in every respect a very fine girl, with her beautiful face, kind heart, and youth; but she will be utterly ruined in the society in which she lives, judging from her own account. It has occurred to me that, if I had not so many children, I should be doing a good deed in taking charge of her.

Liubotchka wanted to write to you herself; but she has already torn up the third sheet of paper, and says: "I know what a scoffer papa is; if you make a single mistake, he shows it to everybody." Katenka is as sweet as ever, Mimi as good and stupid.

Now I will talk to you about serious matters. You write that your affairs are not going well this winter, and that it is indispensable that you should take the money from Khabarovka. It surprises me that you should even ask my consent to that. Does not what belongs to me belong equally to you?

You are so kind and good, my dear, that you conceal the real state of things, from the fear of troubling me; but I guess that you have probably lost a great deal at play, and I assure you that I am not angry at you; therefore, if the matter can only be arranged, pray do not think too much of it, and do not worry yourself needlessly. I have become accustomed not to count upon your winnings for the children, but even (excuse me) on your whole estate. Your winnings cause me as little pleasure as your losses cause pain; the only thing which does pain me is your unhappy passion for gambling, which deprives me of a portion of your tender attachment, and makes me tell you such bitter truths as I tell you now; and God knows how this hurts me! I shall not cease to pray God for one thing, that he will save you, not from poverty (what is poverty?), but from that frightful situation, when the interests of the children, which I am bound to protect, shall come into conflict with ours. Heretofore the Lord has fulfilled my prayer; you have not passed the line beyond which we must either sacrifice our property, — which no longer belongs to us, but to our children, — or — and it is terrible to think of, but this horrible misfortune continually threatens us. Yes, it is a heavy cross which the Lord has sent to both of us.

You write about the children, and return to our old dispute; you ask me to consent to send them to some educational institution. You know my prejudices against such education.

I do not know, my dear friend, whether you will agree with me; but I beseech you, in any case, to promise, out of love for me, that as long as I live, and after my death, if it shall please God to part us, never to do this.

You write that it is indispensable that you should go to Petersburg about our affairs. Christ be with you, my friend; go and return as speedily as possible. It is so wearisome for all of us without you! The spring is wonderfully beautiful. The balcony door has already been taken down, the paths to the green-house were perfectly dry four days ago, the peach trees are in full bloom, the snow lingers in a few spots only, the swallows have come, and now Liubotchka has brought me the first spring flowers. The doctor says I shall be quite well in three days, and may breathe the fresh air, and warm myself in the April sun. Farewell, dear friend; pray do not worry about my illness, nor about your losses; finish your business as speedily as possible, and come to us with the children for the whole summer. I am making famous plans for passing it, and you alone are lacking to their realization.

The remaining portion of the letter was written in French, in a cramped and uneven hand, on a second scrap of paper. I translate it word for word: —

Do not believe what I wrote to you about my illness; no one suspects how serious it is. I alone know that I shall never rise from my bed again. Do not lose a moment; come and bring the children. Perhaps I may be able to embrace them once again, and bless them; that is my last wish. I know what a terrible blow I am dealing you, but it matters not; sooner or later you would receive it from me, or from others. Let us try to bear this misfortune with firmness, and hope in God's mercy. Let us submit to His will.

Do not think that what I write is the raving of a delirious imagination; on the contrary, my thoughts are remarkably clear at this moment, and I am perfectly composed. Do not comfort yourself with vain hopes that these are but the dim, deceitful presentiments of a timid soul. No, I feel, I know — and I know because God was pleased to reveal this to me — that I have not long to live.

Will my love for you and the children end with this life? I know that this is impossible. I feel too strongly at this moment to think that this feeling, without which I cannot conceive of existence, could ever be annihilated. My soul cannot exist without its love for you; and I know that it will exist forever, from this one thing, that such a sentiment as my love could never arise, were it ever to come to an end.

I shall not be with you, but I am firmly convinced that my love will never leave you; and this thought is so comforting to my heart, that I await my fast approaching death calmly, and without terror.

I am calm, and God knows that I have always regarded death, and still regard it, as a passage to a better life; but why do tears crush me? Why deprive the children of their beloved mother? Why deal you so heavy, so unlooked-for a blow? Why must I die, when your love has rendered life boundlessly happy for me?

May His holy will be done!

I can write no more for tears. Perhaps I shall not see you.

I thank you, my precious friend, for all the happiness with which you have surrounded me in this life; I shall pray God there, that he will reward you. Farewell, dear friend; remember, when I am no more, that my love will never abandon you, wherever you may be. Farewell Volodya, farewell my angel, farewell Benjamin, my Nikolenka.

Will they ever forget me?

This letter inclosed a note in French, from Mimi, which read as follows:—

The sad presentiments of which she speaks are but too well confirmed by the doctor's words. Last night she ordered this letter to be taken to the post at once. Thinking that she said this in delirium, I waited until this morning, and then made up my mind to open it. No sooner had I done so, than Natalya Nikolaevna asked me what I had done with the letter, and ordered me to burn it if it had not been sent. She keeps speaking of it and declares that it will kill you. Do not delay your coming, if you wish to see this angel while she is still left with us. Excuse this scrawl. I have not slept for three nights. You know how I love her!

Natalya Savischna, who had passed the entire night of the eleventh of April in mamma's chamber, told me that, after writing the first part of the letter, mamma laid it on the little table beside her, and went to sleep.

"I confess," said Natalya Savischna, "that I dozed in the arm-chair myself, and my stocking fell from my hands. But, about one o'clock, I heard, in my dreams, that she seemed to be conversing with some one; I opened my eyes, and looked; she was sitting up in bed, my little dove, with her little hands folded thus, and her tears were flowing in streams. 'So all is over?' she said, and covered her face with her hands. I sprang up, and began to inquire, 'What is the matter with you?'

"'Ah, Natalya Savischna, if you only knew whom I have just seen!'

"But, in spite of all my questions, she would say no more; she merely ordered me to bring the little table, wrote something more, commanded me to seal the letter in her presence, and send it off immediately. After that, things grew worse and worse."

CHAPTER XXVI

WHAT AWAITED US IN THE COUNTRY

On the twenty-fifth of April we descended from the traveling carriage at the porch of the Petrovskoe house. Papa had been very thoughtful when we left Moscow, and when Volodya asked him whether mamma was not ill, he looked sadly at him, and nodded in silence. During the journey he evidently grew more composed; but as we approached home his face assumed a more and more mournful expression, and when, on alighting from the calash, he asked Foka, who ran panting out, "Where is Natalya Nikolaevna?" his voice was not firm, and there were tears in his eyes. Good old Foka glanced at us, dropped his eyes, and, opening the door of the anteroom, he turned aside and answered: —

"She has not left her room in six days."

Milka, who, as I afterwards learned, had not ceased to howl mournfully since the very day that mamma was taken ill, sprang joyously at papa, leaped upon him, whined, and licked his hands; but he pushed her aside, and went into the drawing-room, thence into the boudoir, from which a door led directly into the bedroom. The nearer he came to the room, the more evident became his disquiet, as was shown by all his movements; as he entered the boudoir, he walked on tiptoe, hardly drew his breath, and crossed himself before he could make up his mind to grasp the handle of the closed door. At that moment Mimi, disheveled and tear-stained, ran in from the corridor. "Ah, Piotr Alexandrovitch," she said, in a whisper, with an expression of genuine despair, and then, observing that papa was turning the handle, she added almost inaudibly, "it is impossible to pass here; the spring is gone."

Oh, how sadly this affected my childish imagination, which was attuned to sorrow, with a fearful foreboding!

We went to the maids' room. In the corridor we encountered Akim, the little fool, who always amused us with his grimaces; but at that moment he not only did not seem laughable to me, but nothing struck me so painfully as his mindless, indifferent face. In the maids' room two maids, who were sitting over their work, rose in order to salute us, with such a sorrowful expression that I was frightened. Traversing Mimi's room next, papa opened the door of the bedroom, and we entered. To the right of the door were two windows, hung with cloths; at one of them sat Natalya Savischna, with her spectacles on her nose, knitting a stocking. She did not kiss us as she generally did, but merely rose, looked at us through her spectacles, and the tears poured down her face in streams. I did not like it at all to have people begin to cry as soon as they looked at us, when they had been quite calm before.

At the left of the door stood a screen, and behind the screen the bed, a little table, a little cabinet spread with medicines, and the big arm-chair in which dozed the doctor; beside the bed stood a young, extremely fair, and remarkably pretty girl, in a white morning dress, who, with her sleeves turned back, was applying ice to mamma's head, which I could not see at that moment. This girl was *la belle Flamande*, of whom mamma had written, and who, later on, played such an important *rôle* in the life of our whole family. As soon as we entered, she removed one hand from mamma's head, and arranged the folds on the bosom of her gown, then said in a whisper, "She is unconscious."

I was very wretched at that moment, but I involuntarily noted all these trifles. It was nearly dark in the room, it was hot, and there was a mingled odor of mint, cologne-water, camomile, and Hoffmann's drops. This odor impressed me to such a degree that when I smell it, or when I even recall it, fancy immediately bears me back to that dark, stifling chamber, and reproduces every detail, even the most minute, of that terrible moment.

Mamma's eyes were open, but she saw nothing. Oh, I shall never forget that dreadful look! It expressed so much suffering.

They led us away.

When I afterward asked Natalya Savischna about mamma's last moments, this is what she told me: —

"After you were taken away, my dear one was restless for a long time as though something oppressed her, then she dropped her head on her pillow, and dozed as quietly and peacefully as an angel from heaven. I only went out to see why they did not bring her potion. When I returned my darling was throwing herself all about, and beckoning your papa to her; he bent over her, and it was evident that he lacked the power to say what he wished to; she could only open her lips, and begin to groan, 'My God! O Lord! The children, the children!' I wanted to run and fetch you, but Ivan Vasilitch stopped me and said, 'It will excite her more, it is better not.' After that she only raised her hand and dropped it again. What she meant by that, God only knows. I think that she was blessing you in your absence, and it was plain that the Lord did not grant her to see her little children before the end. Then my little dove raised herself, kissed her hand, and all at once she spoke in a voice which I cannot bear to think of, 'Mother of God, do not desert them!' Then the pain attained her heart; it was evident from her eyes that the poor woman was suffering tortures; she fell back on the pillows, caught the sheet in her teeth, and her tears flowed, my dear."

"Well, and then?" I asked.

Natalya Savischna said no more; she turned away and wept bitterly.

Mamma died in terrible agony.

CHAPTER XXVII

SORROW

Late in the evening of the following day I wanted to see her once more. I overcame the involuntary feeling of terror, opened the door gently, and entered the hall on tiptoe.

In the middle of the room, upon a table, stood the coffin, and around it stood lighted candles in tall silver candlesticks. In a distant corner sat the diachok[1] reading the Psalter in a low, monotonous voice.

I paused at the door, and gazed; but my eyes were so swollen with weeping, and my nerves were so unstrung, that I could distinguish nothing. Everything ran together in a strange fashion, — lights, brocade, velvet, the great candelabra, the rose-colored pillow bordered with lace, the frontlet,[2] the cap with ribbons, and something else, transparent, and of the hue of wax. I climbed upon a chair in order to see her face, but in the place where it was the same pale-yellowish transparent object presented itself to me. I could not believe that that was her face. I began to examine it attentively, and little by little I began to recognize the dear familiar features. I shivered with terror when I had convinced myself that it was she; but why were the closed eyes so sunken? Why that dreadful pallor, and the blackish spot beneath the transparent skin on one cheek? Why was the expression of the whole face so stern and cold? Why were the lips so pale, and their outline so very beautiful, so majestic, and so expressive of an unearthly calm that a cold shudder ran down my back and through my hair when I looked upon it?

I gazed, and felt that some incomprehensible, irresistible power was drawing my eyes to that lifeless face. I did not take my eyes from it, and imagination sketched me a picture of blooming life and happiness. I forgot that the dead body which lay before me, and upon which I stupidly gazed, as upon an object which had nothing in common with me, was *she*. I fancied her now in one, now in another, situation — alive, merry, smiling. Then all at once some feature in the pale face upon which my eyes rested struck me. I recalled the terrible reality, shuddered, but did not cease my gaze. And again visions usurped the place of reality, and again the consciousness of the reality shattered my visions. At length imagination grew weary, it ceased to deceive me; the consciousness of reality also vanished, and I lost my senses. I do not know how long I remained in this state, I do not know in what it consisted; I only know that, for a time, I lost consciousness of my existence, and experienced an exalted, indescribably pleasant and sorrowful delight.

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[1] Chanter, lay-reader.

[2] The *vyentchik* is made of satin or paper, with pictures of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and St. John, and laid upon the brow of the corpse, in the Russian Church. — Tr.

Perhaps, in flying hence to a better world, her beautiful soul gazed sadly back upon that in which she left us; she perceived my grief, took pity upon it, and descended to earth on the pinions of love, with a heavenly smile of compassion, in order to comfort and bless me.

The door creaked, a chanter entered the room to relieve the other. This noise roused me; and the first thought which occurred to me was that, since I was not crying, and was standing on a chair, in an attitude which had nothing touching about it, the chanter might take me for an unfeeling boy, who had climbed on the chair out of mischief or curiosity. I crossed myself, made a reverence, and began to cry.

As I now recall my impressions, I find that that moment of self-forgetfulness was the only one of genuine grief. Before and after the burial, I never ceased to weep, and was sad; but it puts me to shame to recall that sadness, because a feeling of self-love was always mingled with it; at one time a desire to show that I was more sorry than anybody else; again, solicitude as to the impression which I was producing upon others; at another time, an aimless curiosity which caused me to make observations upon Mimi's cap and the faces of those present. I despised myself, because the feeling I experienced was not exclusively one of sorrow, and I tried to conceal all others; for this reason my grief was insincere and unnatural. Moreover, I experienced a sort of pleasure in knowing that I was unhappy. I tried to arouse my consciousness of unhappiness; and this egotistical feeling, more than all the rest, stifled genuine grief within me.

After passing the night in a deep and quiet sleep, as is always the case after great sorrow, I awoke with my tears dried and my nerves calm. At ten o'clock we were summoned to the service of prayer for the dead, which was celebrated before the body was taken away. The room was filled with house-servants and peasants, who came in tears to take leave of their mistress. During the service I cried in proper fashion, crossed myself, and made reverences to the earth; but I did not pray in spirit, and was tolerably cold-blooded. I was worrying because my new half-coat, which they had put on me, hurt me very much under the arms. I meditated how not to spot the knees of my trousers too much; and I took observations, on the sly, of all those who were present. My father stood at the head of the coffin. He was as white as his handkerchief, and restrained his tears with evident difficulty. His tall figure in its black coat, his pale, expressive face, his movements, graceful and assured as ever, when he crossed himself, bowed, touching the ground with his hand, took the candle from the hand of the priest, or approached the coffin, were extremely effective. But, I do not know why, the fact that he could show himself off so effectively at such a moment was precisely what did not please me. Mimi stood leaning against the wall, and appeared hardly able to keep her feet. Her dress was crumpled and flecked with down, her cap was pushed on one side, her swollen eyes were red, her head shook. She never ceased to sob in a voice that rent the soul, and she incessantly covered her face with her hands and her handkerchief. It seemed to me that she did this in order to hide her countenance from the spectators, and to rest for a moment after her feigned sobs. I remembered how she had told papa, the day before, that mamma's death was such a terrible shock to her that she had no hope of living through it; that it deprived her of everything; that that angel (as she called mamma) had not forgotten her before her death, and had expressed a desire to secure her future and Katenka's forever from care. She shed bitter tears as she said this, and perhaps her grief was genuine, but it was not pure and exclusive. Liubotchka, in her black frock, with mourning trimmings, was all bathed in tears, and dropped her little head, glancing rarely at the coffin, and her face expressed only childish terror. Katenka stood beside her mother, and, in spite of the long face she had put on, was as rosy as ever. Volodya's frank nature was frank even in his grief. He stood at times with his thoughtful, immovable glance fixed on some object; then his mouth began suddenly to twitch, and he hastily crossed himself, and bowed in reverence. All the strangers who were present at the funeral were intolerable to me. The phrases of consolation which they uttered to father, — that she would be better off there, that she was not for this world, — aroused a kind of anger in me.

What right had they to speak of her and mourn for her? Some of them in speaking of us called us *orphans*. As if we did not know without their assistance that children who have no mother are called by that name! It evidently pleased them to be the first to bestow it upon us, just as they generally make haste to call a young girl who has just been married *Madame* for the first time.

In the far corner of the hall, almost concealed by the open door of the butler's pantry, knelt a bowed and gray-haired woman. With clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, she neither wept nor prayed. Her soul soared impetuously up to God, and she besought him to let her join the one whom she loved more than all on earth, and she confidently hoped that it would be soon.

"There is one who loved her truly!" thought I, and I was ashamed of myself.

The service of prayer came to an end; the face of the dead woman was uncovered, and all present, with the exception of ourselves, approached the coffin one by one and kissed it.

One of the last to draw near and take leave of her was a peasant woman, leading a beautiful five-year-old girl, whom she had brought hither God only knows why. At that moment, I unexpectedly dropped my moist handkerchief, and stooped to pick it up. But I had no sooner bent over, than a frightful piercing shriek startled me; it was so full of terror that if I live a hundred years I shall never forget it, and when I recall it a cold chill always runs all over my body. I raised my head: on a tabouret beside the coffin, stood the same peasant woman, holding in her arms with difficulty the little girl, who, with her tiny hands thrust out before her, her frightened little face turned aside, and her staring eyes fastened upon the face of the corpse, was shrieking in a wild and dreadful voice. I uttered a shriek in a tone which I think must have been even more terrible than the one which had startled me, and ran out of the room.

It was only at that moment that I understood whence came that strong, heavy odor, which, mingling with the odor of the incense, filled the room; and the thought that that face, which a few days before had been full of beauty and tenderness, that face which I loved more than anything in the world, could excite terror, seemed for the first time to reveal to me the bitter truth, and filled my soul with despair.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LAST SAD MEMORIES

Mamma was dead, but our life pursued its usual course. We went to bed and got up at the same hours, and in the same rooms; morning and evening tea, dinner, supper, all took place at the usual time; the tables and chairs stood in the same places; nothing was changed in the house or in our manner of life, only — she was no more.

It seemed to me that, after such a catastrophe, all must change; our ordinary manner of life appeared to me an insult to her memory, and recalled her absence too vividly.

After dinner, on the evening before the funeral, I wanted to go to sleep; and I went to Natalya Savischna's room, intending to install myself in her bed, on the soft feather-bed, and beneath the warm quilted coverlet. When I entered, Natalya Savischna was lying on her bed, and was probably asleep; hearing the noise of my footsteps, she rose up, flung aside the woolen cloth which protected her head from the flies, and, adjusting her cap, seated herself on the edge of the bed.

As I had previously been in the habit of coming rather frequently, after dinner, to sleep in her room, she divined the reason for my appearance, and said to me, as she rose from the bed: —

"What is it? Probably you have come to get some rest, my dear? Lie down."

"What is the matter with you, Natalya Savischna?" I said, holding her hand. "That is not it at all. — I just came .... and you are weary yourself; you had better lie down."

"No, my dear, I have slept enough," she said. (I knew that she had not slept for three days, for grief.) "And besides, I am not sleepy now," she added, with a deep sigh.

I wanted to discuss our misfortune with Natalya Savischna. I knew her honesty and love, and it would have been a comfort to me to weep with her.

"Natalya Savischna," I said, seating myself on the bed, after a brief silence, "did you expect this?"

The old woman looked at me in amazement and curiosity, probably because she did not understand why I asked her that.

"Who could expect this?" I repeated.

"Ah, my dear," said she, casting a glance of the tenderest sympathy upon me, "not only was it not to be expected, but I cannot believe it even now. Such an old woman as I ought to have laid her old bones to rest long ago. The old master, Prince Nikolaï Mikhaïlovitch, your grandfather (may his memory be eternal!), had two brothers, and a sister Annuchka; and I have buried them all, and they were all younger than I am, my dear; and now, for my sins evidently, it is my fate to outlive her. His holy will be done! He took her because she was worthy, and He wants good people there."

This simple thought impressed me as a comfort, and I moved nearer Natalya Savischna. She folded her hands on her bosom, and looked upward; her sunken, tearful eyes expressed great but quiet suffering. She cherished a firm hope that God would not long part her from her upon whom she had for so many years concentrated all the power of her love.

"Yes, my dear, it does not seem long since I was her nurse, and swaddled her, and she called me Nascha. She would run to me, seize me with her plump little hands, and begin to kiss me, and to say: —

"'My Naschik, my beauty, my little turkey!'

"And I would say in jest: —

"'It's not true, mátushka,[1] you do not love me; wait until you grow up, you will marry, and forget your Nascha.' She would begin to reflect. 'No,' she would say, 'it will be better not to marry, if I cannot take Nascha with me; I will never desert Nascha.' And now she has deserted me, and has not waited for me. And she loved me, the dear dead woman! And, in truth, who was there that she did not love? Yes, my dear, it is impossible for you to forget your mamma. She was not a human being, but an angel, from heaven. When her soul reaches the kingdom of heaven, it will love you there, and rejoice over you."

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[1] Literally, "little mother" — my dear. — Tr.

"Why do you say, when she reaches the kingdom of heaven, Natalya Savischna?" I asked. "Why, I think she is there now."

"No, my dear," said Natalya Savischna, lowering her voice, and sitting closer to me on the bed; "her soul is here now," and she pointed upward. She spoke almost in a whisper, and with so much feeling and conviction that I involuntarily raised my eyes, and inspected the cornice in search of something. "Before the soul of the just goes to paradise, it undergoes forty trials, my dear, and it can stay in its home for forty days."[1]

She talked long in this strain, and with as much simplicity and faith as though she were relating the most every-day occurrences, which she had witnessed herself, and on the score of which it would never enter any one's head to entertain the slightest doubt. I held my breath as I listened to her; and, although I did not understand very well what she said, I believed her entirely.

"Yes, my dear, she is here now; she is looking at us; perhaps she hears what we are saying," said Natalya Savischna, in conclusion.

She bent her head, and became silent. She wanted a handkerchief to wipe her falling tears; she rose, looked me straight in the face, and said, in a voice which trembled with emotion:—

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[1] Natalya Savischna does not state accurately the tenets of her church on the subject of the soul after death. The Eastern Church holds that the soul hovers about the body and the places familiar to it for three days after death. After that, until the fortieth day, it is shown the abodes of torment and of bliss. On the fortieth day it is brought into the presence of God for the third and last time (the other presentations of the soul before God occur on the third and the ninth days after death), and is assigned its abiding place, where it will remain until the last Judgment Day. No Purgatory, in the Roman sense, is admitted by the Eastern Church. — Tr.

"The Lord has brought me many degrees nearer to Him through this. What is left for me here now? Whom have I to live for? Whom have I to love?"

"Don't you love us?" I said reproachfully, hardly restraining my tears.

"God knows how I love you, my darlings; but I have never loved any one as I loved her, and I never can love any one in that way."

She could say no more, but turned away and sobbed loudly.

I no longer thought of sleeping; we sat opposite each other in silence, and wept.

Foka entered the room; perceiving our condition, and probably not wishing to disturb us, he glanced at us timidly and in silence, and paused at the door.

"What do you want, Fokascha?" asked Natalya Savischna, wiping her eyes.

"A pound and a half of raisins, four pounds of sugar, and three pounds of rice, for the kutya." [1]

"Immediately, immediately, bátyushka," said Natalya Savischna, taking a hasty pinch of snuff; and she went to her chest with brisk steps. The last traces of the grief called forth by our conversation had vanished when she set about her duty, which she considered as extremely important.

"What are the four pounds for?" she grumbled, as she took out the sugar and weighed it with the steelyards. "Three and a half will be enough," and she took several bits from the scales. "Who ever heard the like? I gave out eight pounds of rice yesterday, and now more is demanded. Say what you like, Foka Demiditch, but I won't let you have the rice. That Vanka is glad because the house is upside down; he thinks no one will notice. No, I won't shut my eyes to attempts on my master's goods. Now, was such a thing ever seen, as eight pounds?"

"What is to be done? He says that it 's all gone."

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[1] A dish made of boiled, sweetened rice, and raisins, which is placed on a table in the church at requiem masses and services of prayer for the dead. — Tr.

"Well, there, take it, there! Let him have it!"

I was surprised at the moment by this transition from the affecting sentiment with which she had talked with me, to this grumbling and petty calculation. On reflecting upon the subject afterward I saw that, in spite of what was going on in her soul, she retained sufficient presence of mind to busy herself with her affairs, and the force of habit drew her to her customary employments. Sorrow acted so powerfully upon her that she did not find it necessary to dissemble, and she was able to occupy herself with extraneous objects; she would not even have been able to understand how such a thought could occur to any one.

Vanity is a feeling which is utterly incompatible with genuine grief; and, at the same time, this feeling is so strongly interwoven with the nature of many, that even the deepest woe very rarely expels it. Vanity exhibits itself in sorrow by the desire to appear sad, or unhappy, or firm; and these low desires, which we do not acknowledge, but which rarely forsake us even in the deepest trouble, deprive it of force, dignity, and truth. But Natalya Savischna was so deeply wounded by her unhappiness, that not a single desire lingered in her soul, and she only lived from habit.

After giving Foka the provisions he had asked for, and reminding him of the pasty which must be prepared for the entertainment of the clergy, she dismissed him, took her stocking, and seated herself beside me again.

The conversation turned again upon the same subject as before; and again we wept, and again dried our eyes.

These conversations with Natalya Savischna were repeated every day; her quiet tears and calm, devout words brought me comfort and consolation.

But we were soon parted. Three days after the funeral, the whole household removed to Moscow, and I was fated never to see her more.

Grandmother only received the terrible news on our arrival, and her grief was extraordinary. We were not admitted to her presence, because she lay unconscious for a whole week, and the doctor feared for her life, the more so as she not only would not take any medicine, but would speak to no one, did not sleep, and took no nourishment. Sometimes, as she sat alone in her chamber, in her arm-chair, she suddenly broke into a laugh, then began to sob, but shed no tears; then she was seized with convulsions, and uttered frightful and incoherent words in a voice of madness. This was the first great grief which had fallen upon her, and it drove her to despair. She felt the need of blaming some one for her misery; and she said terrible things, threatened some invisible person with unusual energy, sprang from her chair, paced the room in long and rapid strides, and then fell senseless.

I entered her room on one occasion. She was sitting in her arm-chair, as usual, and was calm to all appearances; but her glance startled me. Her eyes were very wide open, but their gaze was wavering and dull; she looked straight at me, but she could not have seen me. Her lips began a slow smile, and she spoke in a voice of touching gentleness: "Come here, my dear; come here, my angel." I thought that she was addressing me, and approached nearer; but she did not look at me. "Ah, if you only knew, my love, what torments I have suffered, and how glad I am that you have come!" Then I understood that she fancied she saw mamma, and halted. "They told me you were dead," she went on, with a frown. "What nonsense! Could you die before me?" and she gave a dreadful hysteric laugh.

Only people who are capable of loving strongly can also suffer great sorrow; but this same necessity of loving serves to counteract their grief, and heals them. For this reason the moral nature of man is more active than the physical. Grief never kills.

After the lapse of a week, grandmamma could weep, and her condition improved. Her first thought, when she came to herself, was of us; and her love for us increased. We never left her arm-chair; she cried softly, spoke of mamma, and tenderly caressed us.

It could not enter the mind of any one who looked upon grandmamma's grief, that she was exaggerating it, and the expressions of that grief were forcible and touching; but I do not know why I sympathized more with Natalya Savischna, and to this day I am convinced that no one loved and mourned mamma so purely and so sincerely as that simple, affectionate creature.

The happy days of childhood ended for me with mamma's death, and a new epoch began, — the epoch of boyhood; but as my recollections of Natalya Savischna, whom I never saw again, and who exercised such a powerful and beneficent influence over my career and the development of my sensibility, belong to the first epoch, I will say a few words more about her and her death.

After our departure, as the people who remained in the country afterwards informed me, she found the time hang heavy on her hands from lack of occupation. Although all the clothes-presses were still in her hands, and she never ceased to turn over their contents, alter the arrangement, hang things up and pack them away again, yet she missed the noise and turmoil of a country-house which is inhabited by its owners, to which she had been accustomed from her childhood. Grief, the change in her manner of life, the absence of responsibilities, speedily developed palsy, to which she had long been inclined. Just a year after mamma's death, dropsy made its appearance, and she took to her bed.

It was hard, I think, for Natalya Savischna to live alone, and still harder for her to die alone, in the great empty house at Petrovskoe, without relatives or friends. Every one in the house loved and revered Natalya Savischna; but she entertained no friendship with any one, and was proud of it. She considered that in her position of a housekeeper who enjoyed the confidence of her master, and had in her charge so many chests filled with all sorts of property, a friendship with any one would infallibly lead to partiality and a criminal condescension. For that reason, or, possibly, because she had nothing in common with the other servants, she held herself aloof from all, and said that she had neither gossips nor cronies in the house, and she would not countenance any attacks upon her master's property.

She sought and found consolation by confiding her feelings to God in fervent prayer; but sometimes, in those moments of weakness to which we are all subject, when man finds his best comfort in the tears and sympathy of a living being, she put her little pug dog on her bed (it licked her hand, and fixed its yellow eyes upon her), talked to it, and wept softly as she petted it. When the pug began to howl piteously, she endeavored to quiet it, and said, "Stop; I know, without your telling me, that I shall die soon."

A month before her death, she took from her chest some white calico, white muslin, and pink ribbons; with the assistance of her maid she made herself a white dress and a cap, and arranged everything which was requisite for her funeral, down to the most minute detail. She also sorted over the chests belonging to her master, and transferred them with the greatest precision, in writing, to the overseer. Then she got out two silk dresses, an old shawl which grandmamma had given her at some time or other, and grandfather's military uniform, which had also been given to her for her own. Thanks to her care, the embroidery and galloon on the uniform were perfectly fresh, and the cloth had not been touched by the moths.

Before her death, she expressed a wish that one of these dresses, the pink one, should be given to Volodya for a dressing-gown or jacket, and the other, the brown checked one, to me for the same purpose, and the shawl to Liubotchka. The uniform she bequeathed to whichever of us should first become an officer. All the rest of her property, and her money, with the exception of forty rubles which she laid aside for her funeral and masses, she left to her brother. Her brother, who had received his freedom long before, resided in some distant government, and led a very dissipated life; hence she had had no intercourse with him during her lifetime.

When Natalya Savischna's brother presented himself to receive his inheritance, and the deceased's entire property proved to consist of twenty-five rubles in bills, he would not believe it, and said that it could not be that the old woman, who had lived for sixty years in a wealthy family, and had had everything in her hands, had lived in a miserly way all her life, and had fretted over every scrap, had left nothing. But this was actually the case.

Natalya Savischna suffered for two months from her complaint, and bore her pain with a truly Christian patience; she did not grumble or complain, but merely prayed incessantly, as was her custom. She confessed with joy, and received the Holy Communion and was anointed with oil,[1] an hour before her death.

She begged forgiveness of all the house-servants for any injuries which she might have done them, and besought her priest, Father Vasily, to say to all of us that she did not know how to express her thanks for all our kindness, and prayed us to pardon her if she had pained any one by her stupidity; "but I never was a thief, and I can say that I never cheated my masters out of a thread." This was the only quality in herself which she valued.

Having put on the wrapper and cap which she had prepared, and propped herself up on the pillows, she never ceased until the moment of death to converse with the priest. She reminded him that she had not left anything to the poor, gave him ten rubles, and begged him to distribute it in the parish. Then she crossed herself, lay back, sighed for the last time, and uttered the name of God in a joyous tone.

She quitted life without regret; she did not fear death, but accepted it as a blessing. This is often said, but how rarely is it true! Natalya Savischna could not fear death, because she died firm in the faith and having fulfilled the law of the Gospels. Her whole life had been pure, unselfish love and self-sacrifice.

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[1] It is not called "Extreme Unction" in the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church of the East. It is the Sacrament founded upon James v. 14, 15, and can be used in any illness, whether that illness is deemed mortal or not. — Tr.

What if her creed might have been more lofty, if her life might have been devoted to higher aims? is this pure soul any the less deserving of love and admiration on that account?

She accomplished the best and grandest deed in this life; she died without regret or fear.

She was buried, in accordance with her wish, not far from the chapel which stood upon mamma's grave. The hillock, overgrown with brambles and burdock, beneath which she lies, is inclosed within a black iron paling; but I never forget to go from the chapel to that railing, and bow myself to the earth in reverence.

Sometimes I pause silent, midway between the chapel and that black fence. Painful reminiscences suddenly penetrate my soul. The thought comes to me: Did Providence connect me with these two beings merely in order that I might be made to mourn for them forever?

Count L. N. Tolstoï.

From a daguerreotype, 1851.

BOYHOOD

CHAPTER I

A JOURNEY WITHOUT RELAYS

TWO equipages are again brought to the porch of the Petrovskoe house; one is a coach, in which sit Mimi, Katenka, Liubotchka, and the maid, with the steward Yakoff on the box; the other is a britchka, in which ride Volodya and I, and the footman Vasily, who had recently been taken from obrok.[1]

Papa, who was to follow us to Moscow in a few days, stands on the porch without his hat, and makes the sign of the cross upon the window of the coach and the britchka.

"Well, Christ be with you! drive on!" Yakoff and the coachman (we are traveling in our own carriage) take off their hats, and cross themselves. "Get up! Get up! In God's name!"

The bodies of the carriage and britchka begin to jolt over the uneven road, and the birches along the great avenue fly past us one by one. I am not at all sad; my mental gaze is fixed, not upon what I am leaving, but upon what awaits me. In proportion as the objects connected with the painful memories which have filled my mind until this moment retreat into the distance, these memories lose their force, and are speedily replaced by a consoling sense of acquaintanceship with life, which is full of force, freshness, and hope.

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[1] A sum paid to the proprietor by a serf in lieu of personal service. Many serfs of both sexes exercised various trades in the cities, and their obrok often yielded their masters quite a sum. — TR.

Rarely have I spent days so — I will not say merrily, for I was still rather conscience-stricken at the idea of yielding to merriment — but so agreeably, so pleasantly, as the four during which our journey lasted.

I had no longer before my eyes the closed door of mamma's room, which I could not pass without a shudder; nor the closed piano, which no one approached, but which every one regarded with a sort of fear; nor the mourning garments (we all had on simple traveling suits), nor any of those things which, by recalling to me vividly my irrevocable loss, made me avoid every appearance of life, from the fear of offending *her* memory in some way. Here, on the other hand, new and picturesque spots and objects arrest and divert my attention, and nature in its spring garb fixes firmly in my mind the cheering sense of satisfaction in the present, and bright hopes for the future.

Early, very early in the morning, pitiless Vasily, who is overzealous, as people always are in new situations, pulls off the coverlet, and announces that it is time to set out, and that everything is ready. Snuggle and rage and contrive as you will to prolong even for another quarter of an hour the sweet morning slumber, you see by Vasily's determined face that he is inexorable, and prepared to drag off the coverlet twenty times; so you jump up, and run out into the yard to wash yourself.

The samovar is already boiling in the anteroom, and Mitka, the outrider, is blowing it until he is as red as a crab. It is damp and dark out of doors, as though the steam were rising from an odoriferous dung-heap; the sun illuminates with a bright, cheerful light the eastern sky and the straw roofs of the ample sheds surrounding the courtyard, which are sparkling with dew. Beneath them our horses are visible, hitched about the fodder, and the peaceful sound of their mastication is audible.

A shaggy black dog, who has lain down upon a dry heap of manure before dawn, stretches lazily, and betakes himself to the other side of the yard at a gentle trot, wagging his tail the while. The busy housewife opens the creaking gates, drives the meditative cows into the street, where the tramp, lowing, and bleating of herds is already audible, and exchanges a word with her sleepy neighbor. Philip, with the sleeves of his shirt stripped up, draws the bucket from the deep well, all dripping with clear water, by means of the wheel, and empties it into an oaken trough, about which wide-awake ducks are already splashing in the pool; and I gaze with pleasure upon Philip's handsome face with its great beard, and at the thick sinews and muscles which are sharply defined upon his bare, hairy arms when he makes any exertion.

Behind the screen where Mimi slept with the girls, and over which we had conversed in the evening, a movement is audible. Mascha runs past us repeatedly with various objects which she endeavors to conceal from our curiosity with her dress; and finally she opens the door, and calls us to drink our tea.

Vasily, in a fit of superfluous zeal, runs into the room incessantly, carries out first one thing, then another, winks at us, and in every way exhorts Marya Ivanovna to set out as speedily as possible. The horses are harnessed, and express their impatience by jingling their bells every now and then; the trunks, chests, caskets, dressing-cases, are again packed away, and we take our seats. But each time we find a mountain inside the britchka instead of a seat, so that it is impossible to understand how all this had been arranged the day before, and how we are going to sit now. One walnut-wood tea-caddy with a triangular cover, in particular, which is intrusted to us in the britchka, is placed under me, and enrages me extremely. But Vasily says that will settle down, and I am forced to believe him.

The sun has but just risen above the dense white clouds which veil the east, and all the country round about is illuminated with a quietly cheerful light. All is so very beautiful about me, and I am so tranquil and light of heart. The road winds away in front like a wide, unconfined ribbon, amid fields of dry stubble, and herbage sparkling with dew. Here and there by the roadside, we come upon a gloomy willow, or a young birch with small, sticky leaves, casting a long, motionless shadow upon the dry clayey ruts and the short green grass of the highway. The monotonous song of the wheels and bells does not drown the sound of the larks, who circle close to the very road. The smell of moth-eaten cloth, of dust, and a certain sourness, which characterizes our britchka, is overpowered by the perfume of the morning; and I feel a joyous uneasiness in my soul, a desire to do something, which is a sign of true enjoyment.

I had not managed to say my prayers at the post-house; but as I have more than once observed that some misfortune happens to me on the day when, from any circumstance, I forget to fulfil this ceremony, I make an effort to repair my mistake. I take off my cap, turn to the corner of the britchka, recite some prayers, and cross myself under my jacket so that no one may see it. But a thousand different objects distract my attention; and I repeat the same words of the prayer several times over, in my absence of mind.

Yonder on the foot-path which winds beside the road, some slowly moving figures are visible; they are pilgrims. Their heads are enveloped in dirty cloths; sacks of birch-bark are bound upon their backs; their feet are wrapped in dirty, tattered foot-bands, and shod in heavy bast shoes. Swaying their staves in unison, and hardly glancing at us, they move on with a heavy, deliberate tread, one after the other; and questions take possession of my mind, — whither are they going, and why? will their journey last long? and will the long shadows which they cast upon the road soon unite with the shadow of the willow which they must pass? Here a calash with four post-horses comes rapidly to meet us. Two seconds more, and the faces which looked at us with polite curiosity at a distance of two arshins[1] have already flashed past; and it seems strange that these faces have nothing in common with me, and that, in all probability, I shall never behold them again.

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[1] An arshin is twenty-eight inches.

Here come two shaggy, perspiring horses, galloping along the side of the road in their halters, with the traces knotted up to the breech-strap; and behind, with his long legs and huge shoes dangling on each side of a horse, over whose withers hangs the *dug*,[1] and who jingles his little bells almost inaudibly now and then, rides a young lad of a postilion, with his felt cap cocked over one ear, drawling a long-drawn-out song. His face and attitude are expressive of so much lazy, careless content, that it seems to me it would be the height of bliss to be a post-boy, to ride the horses home, and sing melancholy songs. Yonder, far beyond the ravine, a village church with its green roof is visible against the bright blue sky; yonder is a hamlet, the red roof of a gentleman's house, and a green garden. Who lives in this house? Are there children in it, father, mother, tutor? Why should we not go to this house, and make the acquaintance of the owner? Here is a long train of huge wagons harnessed to troïkas of well-fed, thick-legged horses, which are obliged to turn out to pass. "What are you carrying?" inquires Vasily of the first carter, who, with his big feet hanging from the board which forms his seat, and flourishing his whip, regards us for a long time with an intent mindless gaze, and only makes some sort of reply when it is impossible for him not to hear. "With what wares do you travel?" Vasily asks, turning to another team, upon whose railed-in front lies another carter beneath a new rug. A blond head, accompanied by a red face and a reddish beard, is thrust out from beneath the rug for a moment; it casts a glance of indifferent scorn upon us, and disappears again; and the thought occurs to me that these carters surely cannot know who we are and whither we are going.

Absorbed in varied meditations, for an hour and a half I pay no heed to the crooked numbers inscribed upon the verst-stones. But now the sun begins to warm my head and back with more fervor, the road grows more dusty, the triangular cover of the tea-caddy begins to discommode me greatly, and I change my position several times. I am becoming hot and uncomfortable and bored. My whole attention is directed to the verst-stones, and the figures upon them. I make various mathematical calculations as to the time it will take us to reach the station.

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[1] Arch over the middle horse of a troïka, or three horses harnessed abreast. Pronounced *doog*. — Tr.

"Twelve versts make one-third of thirty-six, and it is forty-one to Lipetz; consequently we have traveled only one-third and how much?" and so forth.

"Vasily," I say, when I observe that he is beginning to nod upon the box, "let me come on the box, that 's a dear." Vasily consents: we change places; he immediately begins to snore and roll about so that there is no room left for any one in the britchka; and before me, from the height which I occupy, the most delightful picture presents itself, — our four horses, Nerutchinskaya,[1] the Chanter, Lyevaya, the pole-horse, and Apothecary, all of whom I know by heart in the most minute details and shades of each quality.

"Why is the Chanter on the right side to-day instead of on the left, Philip?" I inquire with diffidence.

"The Chanter?"

"And Nerutchinskaya is not drawing at all," I say.

"It is impossible to harness the Chanter on the left," says Philip, paying no attention to my last remark. "He is not the kind of horse which can be harnessed on the left; on the left a horse is needed which is a horse, in one word, and he 's not such a horse as that."

And with these words, Philip bends over to the right, and, pulling on the reins with all his might, he begins to whip poor Chanter on the tail and legs in a peculiar manner from below; and in spite of the fact that Chanter tries with all his might, and drags the whole britchka along, Philip ceases this manœuver only when he finds it necessary to take a rest and tip his hat over on one side, for some unknown reason, although it was sitting very properly and firmly on his head already. I take advantage of this favorable opportunity, and beg Philip to let me drive. At first Philip gives me one rein, then another; and finally all six reins and the whip are transferred to my hands, and I am perfectly happy. I endeavor in every way to imitate Philip; I ask him whether *that* is right: but it generally ends in his being dissatisfied with me; he says that one horse is pulling a great deal and that another is not pulling at all, thrusts his elbow out in front of my breast, and takes the reins away from me. The heat increases continually. The little white clouds, which we call sheep, begin to puff up higher and higher, like soap-bubbles, then unite and take on a dark gray tint. A hand, holding a bottle and a little package, emerges from the coach window. Vasily leaps from the box with wonderful agility, while we are in motion, and brings us little cheesecakes and kvas.

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[1] The off horse.

We all alight from the carriages at a sharp descent, and sometimes have a race to the bridge, while Vasily and Yakoff put on the brakes, and support the coach on both sides with their hands as though they were able to restrain it if it fell. Then, with Mimi's permission, either I or Volodya seat ourselves in the coach, and Liubotchka or Katenka takes the place in the britchka. These changes afford the girls great pleasure, because, as they justly decide, it is jollier in the britchka. Sometimes, when it is hot, and we are passing through the woods, we linger behind the coach, tear off green boughs, and build an arbor in the britchka. This moving arbor overtakes the coach, and Liubotchka pipes up in the most piercing of voices, which she never forgets to do on any occasion which affords her pleasure.

But here is the village where we are to dine and rest. We have already smelled the village, the smoke, tar, lambskins. We have heard the sound of conversation, steps, and wheels; the bells already sound differently from what they did in the open fields; and cottages appear on either side with their thatched roofs, carved wooden porches, and little windows with red and green shutters, between which the face of a curious woman peeps out. Here are the little peasant boys and girls, clad only in thin little smocks, who open their eyes wide, and throw out their hands and stand motionless on one spot, or run swiftly with their little bare feet through the dust, after the carriages, and try to climb upon the trunks, in spite of Philip's menacing gestures. The blond inhabitants hasten up to the carriages from every direction, and endeavor, with alluring words and gestures, to entice the travelers from each other. Tpru! the gate creaks, the traces catch on the gate-posts, and we enter the courtyard. Four hours of rest and freedom!

CHAPTER II

THE THUNDER-STORM

The sun declined toward the west, and burned my neck and cheeks intolerably with its hot, slanting rays. It was impossible to touch the scorching sides of the britchka. The dust rose thickly in the road, and filled the air. There was not the slightest breeze to carry it away. In front of us, and always at the same distance, rolled the tall, dusty body of the coach with the boot, from behind which, now and then, the knout was visible as the coachman flourished it, as well as his hat and Yakoff's cap. I did not know what to do with myself; neither Volodya's face, which was black with dust, as he dozed beside me, nor the movements of Philip's back, nor the long shadow of our britchka, which followed us beneath the oblique rays of the sun, afforded me any diversion. My entire attention was directed to the verst-stones, which I perceived in the distance, and to the clouds, which had before been scattered over the sky, and assuming threatening, black hues, had now collected into one big, dark mass. From time to time, the thunder rumbled afar. This last circumstance, more than all the rest, increased my impatience to reach the post-house as speedily as possible. A thunder-storm occasioned me an indescribably oppressive sensation of sadness and terror.

It is still ten versts to the nearest village; but the great, dark, purple cloud which has collected, God knows whence, without the smallest breeze, is moving swiftly upon us. The sun, which is not yet hidden by the clouds, brightly illumines its dark form and the gray streaks which extend from it to the very horizon. From time to time, the lightning flashes in the distance; and a faint, dull roar is audible, which gradually increases in volume, approaches, and changes into broken peals which embrace the whole heavens. Vasily rises from the box, and raises the cover of the britchka. The coachmen put on their long coats, and, at every clap of thunder, remove their caps and cross themselves. The horses prick up their ears, puff out their nostrils as if smelling the fresh air which is wafted from the approaching thunder-cloud, and the britchka rolls faster along the dusty road. I feel oppressed, and am conscious that the blood courses more rapidly through my veins. But the advance-guard of clouds already begins to conceal the sun; now it has peeped forth for the last time, has illumined the terribly dark portion of the horizon, and vanished. The entire landscape suddenly undergoes a change, and assumes a gloomy character. The ash woods quiver; the leaves take on a kind of dull whitish hue, and stand out against the purple background of cloud, and rustle and flutter; the crowns of the great birches begin to rock, and tufts of dry grass fly across the road. The water and white-breasted swallows circle about the britchka, and fly beneath the horses, as though with the intention of stopping us; daws with ruffled wings fly sideways to the wind; the edges of the leather apron, which we have buttoned up, begin to rise, and admit bursts of moist wind, and flap and beat against the body of the carriage. The lightning seems to flash in the britchka itself, dazzles the vision, and for a moment lights up the gray cloth, the border gimp, and Volodya's figure cowering in a corner. At the same moment, directly above our heads, a majestic roar resounds, which seems to rise ever higher and higher, and to spread ever wider and wider, in a vast spiral, gradually gaining force, until it passes into a deafening crash, which causes one involuntarily to tremble and hold one's breath. The wrath of God! how much poetry there is in this conception of the common people!

The wheels whirl faster and faster. From the backs of Vasily, and of Philip, who is flourishing his reins, I perceive that they are afraid. The britchka rolls swiftly down the hill, and thunders over the bridge of planks. I am afraid to move, and momentarily await our universal destruction.

Tpru! the trace is broken, and, in spite of the unceasing, deafening claps of thunder, we are forced to halt upon the bridge.

I lean my head against the side of the britchka, and, catching my breath with a sinking of the heart, I listen despairingly to the movements of Philip's fat black fingers, as he slowly ties a knot, and straightens out the traces, and strikes the side horse with palm and whip-handle.

The uneasy feelings of sadness and terror increased within me with the force of the storm; but when the grand moment of silence arrived, which generally precedes the thunder-clap, these feelings had reached such a point that, if this state of things had lasted a quarter of an hour longer, I am convinced that I should have died of excitement. At the same moment, there appears from beneath the bridge a human form, clothed only in a dirty, ragged shirt, with a bloated, senseless face, a shaven, wagging, totally uncovered head, crooked, nerveless legs, and a shining red stump in place of a hand, which he thrusts out directly at the britchka.

"Ba-a-shka![1] Help-a-cripple for-Christ's-sake!" says the beggar, beginning to repeat his petition by rote, in a weak voice, as he crosses himself at every word, and bows to his very belt.

I cannot describe the feeling of chill terror which took possession of my soul at that moment. A shudder ran through my hair, and my eyes were riveted on the beggar, in a stupor of fright.

Vasily, who bestows the alms on the journey, is giving

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[1] Imperfect pronunciation of *batiushka*, little father.

Philip directions how to strengthen the trace; and it is only when all is ready, and Philip, gathering up the reins, climbs upon the box, that he begins to draw something from his side pocket. But we have no sooner started than a dazzling flash of lightning, which fills the whole ravine for a moment with its fiery glare, brings the horses to a stand, and is accompanied, without the slightest interval, by such a deafening clap of thunder that it seems as though the whole vault of heaven were falling in ruins upon us. The wind increases; the manes and tails of the horses, Vasily's cloak, and the edges of the apron, take one direction, and flutter wildly in the bursts of the raging gale. A great drop of rain falls heavily upon the leather hood of the britchka, then a second, a third, a fourth; and all at once it beats upon us like a drum, and the whole landscape resounds with the regular murmur of falling rain. I perceive, from the movement of Vasily's elbow, that he is untying his purse; the beggar, still crossing himself and bowing, runs close to the wheel, so that it seems as if he would be crushed. "Give-for-Christ's-sake!" At last a copper groschen flies past us, and the wretched creature halts with surprise in the middle of the road; his smock, wet through and through, and clinging to his lean limbs, flutters in the gale, and he disappears from our sight.

The slanting rain, driven before a strong wind, poured down as from a bucket; streams trickled from Vasily's frieze back into the puddle of dirty water which had collected on the apron. The dust, which at first had been beaten into pellets, was converted into liquid mud, which the wheels kneaded; the jolts became fewer, and turbid brooks flowed in the clayey ruts. The lightning-flashes grew broader and paler; the thunder-claps were no longer so startling after the uniform sound of the rain.

Now the rain grows less violent; the thunder-cloud begins to disperse into undulating cloudlets; light appears in the place where the sun should be, and a scrap of clear azure is almost visible through the grayish white edges of the thunder-cloud. A moment more, and a timid ray of sunlight gleams in the pools along the road, upon the sheets of fine, perpendicular rain which fall as if through a sieve, and upon the shining, newly washed verdure of the wayside grass.

The black thunder-cloud overspreads the opposite portion of the sky in equally threatening fashion, but I no longer fear it. I experience an inexpressibly joyous feeling of hope in life, which has quickly taken the place of my oppressive sensation of fear. My soul smiles, like nature, refreshed and enlivened.

Vasily turns down his coat-collar, takes off his cap, and shakes it; Volodya throws back the apron; I lean out of the britchka, and eagerly drink in the fresh, perfumed air. The shining, well-washed body of the coach, with its boot and trunks, rolls along in front of us; the backs of the horses, the breeching and reins, the tires of the wheels, all are wet, and glitter in the sun as though covered with lacquer. On one side of the road a limitless field of winter wheat, intersected here and there by shallow channels, gleams with damp earth and verdure, and spreads, in a carpet of varying tints, to the very horizon; on the other side an ash grove, with an undergrowth of nut-bushes and wild cherry, stands as in an overflow of bliss, quite motionless, and slowly sheds the bright raindrops from its well-washed branches upon last year's dry leaves. Crested larks flutter about on all sides with joyous song and fall; in the wet bushes the uneasy movements of little birds are audible, and the note of the cuckoo is wafted distinctly from the heart of the wood. The marvelous perfume of the forest is so enchanting after this spring thunder-storm, the scent of the birches, the violets, the dead leaves, the mushrooms, the wild cherry trees, that I cannot sit still in the britchka, but jump from the step, run to the bushes, and in spite of the shower of raindrops I tear off wet branches of the fluttering cherry trees, switch my face with them, and drink in their wondrous perfume.

Without heeding the fact that great clods of mud adhere to my boots, and that my stockings are wet through long ago, I splash through the mud, at a run, to the window of the coach.

"Liubotchka! Katenka!" I cry, handing in several branches of cherry, "see how beautiful!"

The girls squeal, and cry "Ah!" Mimi screams that I am to go away, or I shall infallibly be crushed.

"Smell how sweet it is!" I shout.

CHAPTER III

A NEW VIEW

Katenka was sitting beside me in the britchka, and, with her pretty head bent, was thoughtfully watching the dusty road as it flew past beneath the wheels. I gazed at her in silence, and wondered at the sad, unchildish expression which I encountered for the first time on her rosy little face.

"We shall soon be in Moscow now," said I. "What do you think it is like?"

"I do not know," she answered unwillingly.

"But what do you think? Is it bigger than Serpukhoff, or not?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

But through that instinct by means of which one person divines the thoughts of another, and which serves as a guiding thread in conversation, Katenka understood that her indifference pained me; she raised her head, and turned toward me.

"Your papa has told you that we are to live with grandmamma?"

"Yes, grandmamma insists on our living with her."

"And we are all to live there?"

"Of course; we shall live up-stairs in one half of the house; you will live in the other half, and papa will live in the wing; but we shall all dine together down-stairs with grandmamma."

"Mamma says that your grandmother is so majestic — and cross."

"No-o! She only seems so at first. She is majestic, but not at all cross; on the contrary, she is very kind and cheerful. If you had only seen what a ball we had on her name-day!"

"Nevertheless, I am afraid of her; and besides, God knows if we shall...."

Katenka stopped suddenly, and again fell into thought.

"What is it?" I asked uneasily.

"Nothing."

"Yes, but you said, 'God knows....'"

"And you said, 'What a ball we had at grandmamma's.'"

"Yes, it's a pity that you were not there; there were ever so many guests,—forty people, music, generals, and I danced. Katenka!" I said all at once, pausing in the middle of my description, "you are not listening."

"Yes, I am; you said that you danced."

"Why are you so sad?"

"One can't be gay all the time."

"No; you have changed greatly since we returned from Moscow. Tell me truly," I added, with a look of determination, as I turned toward her, "why have you grown so strange?"

"Am I strange?" replied Katenka, with an animation which showed that my remark interested her. "I am not at all strange."

"You are not as you were formerly," I went on. "It used to be evident that we were one in everything, that you regarded us as relatives, and loved us, just as we did you; and now you have become so serious, you keep apart from us...."

"Not at all!"

"No, let me finish," I interrupted, already beginning to be conscious of a slight tickling in my nose, which preceded the tears that were always rising to my eyes, when I gave utterance to a long-repressed, tender thought. "You withdraw from us; you talk only with Mimi, as if you did not want to have anything to do with us."

"Well, it's impossible to remain the same always;

one must change sometime," replied Katenka, who had a habit of explaining everything by a kind of fatalistic necessity, when she did not know what to say.

I remember that once, after quarreling with Liubotchka, who had called her a *stupid little girl*, she answered, "Everybody cannot be wise; some people must be stupid." But this reply, that a change was necessary sometime, did not satisfy me, and I pursued my inquiries: —

"Why is it necessary?"

"Why, we can't live together always," answered Katenka, reddening slightly, and staring steadily at Philip's back. "My mamma could live with your dead mamma, because she was her friend; but God knows whether she will get along with the countess, who is said to be so cross. Besides, we must part some day, in any case. You are rich, you have Petrovskoe; but we are poor, my mamma has nothing."

You are rich; we are poor! These words, and the ideas connected with them, seemed very strange to me. According to my notions at that period, only beggars and peasants could be poor, and this idea of poverty I could never reconcile in my imagination with pretty, graceful Katenka. It seemed to me that, since Mimi and Katenka had once lived with us, they would always do so, and share everything equally. It could not be otherwise. But now a thousand new, undefined thoughts, touching their equality of position, dawned on my brain; and I was so ashamed that we were rich, that I blushed, and positively could not look Katenka in the face.

"What does it mean?" I thought, "that we are rich and they are poor? And how does that entail the necessity of a separation? Why cannot we share what we have equally?" But I understood that it was not fitting that I should speak to Katenka about this; and some practical instinct, which ran contrary to these logical deductions, already told me that she was right, and that it would be out of place to explain this idea to her.

"Are you actually going to leave us?" I said. "How shall we live apart?"

"What is to be done? It pains me too; but if this takes place, I know what I shall do."

"You will become an actress! What nonsense!" I broke in, knowing that it had always been one of her cherished dreams to be an actress.

"No; I said that when I was very small."

"What will you do, then?"

"I will go into a convent, and live there, and go about in a black gown and a velvet hood."

Katenka began to cry.

Has it ever happened to you, reader, to perceive, all at once, at a certain period of your life, that your view of things has entirely changed, as though all the objects which you had seen hitherto had suddenly turned another, unknown side to you? This species of moral change took place in me for the first time during our journey, from which epoch I date the beginning of my boyhood.

For the first time a distinct idea entered my head that not we, that is to say, our family, alone inhabited this world; that all interests did not revolve about us; and that there exists another life of people who have nothing in common with us, who care nothing for us, who have no idea of our existence even. No doubt, I had known all this before; but I had not known it as I knew it now. I did not acknowledge it or feel it.

A thought often passes into conviction by one familiar path, which is often entirely unexpected and apart from the paths which other souls traverse to arrive at the same conclusion. The conversation with Katenka, which affected me powerfully, and caused me to reflect upon her future position, constituted that path for me. When I looked at the villages and towns which we traversed, in every house of which lived at least one such family as ours; at the women and children who gazed after our carriages with momentary curiosity, and vanished forever from sight; at the shopkeepers and the peasants, who not only did not salute us as I was accustomed to see them do in Petrovskoe, but did not deign so much as a glance, — the question entered my mind for the first time: What could occupy them if they cared nothing for us? And from this question, others arose: How and by what means do they live? how do they bring up their children? do they instruct them, or let them play? how do they punish them? and so forth.

CHAPTER IV

IN MOSCOW

On our arrival in Moscow, the change in my views of things, people, and my own relations to them became still more sensible. When, at my first meeting with grandmamma, I saw her thin, wrinkled face and dim eyes, the feeling of servile reverence and terror which I had entertained for her changed to one of pity; and when she bowed her face upon Liubotchka's head, and burst out sobbing, as though the corpse of her beloved daughter were before her eyes, even the feeling of pity in my heart was changed into love. It made me uncomfortable to see her sorrow at meeting us. I recognized the fact that we, of ourselves, were nothing in her eyes; that we were dear to her only as reminders. I felt that this thought was expressed in every one of the kisses with which she covered my cheeks: "She is dead; she is gone; I shall never see her more."

Papa, who had next to nothing to do with us in Moscow, and, with ever anxious face, came to us only at dinner-time, in a black coat or dress-suit, lost a great deal in my eyes, along with his big flaring collars, his dressing-gown, his stewards, his clerks, and his expeditions of the threshing-floor and hunting. Karl Ivanitch, whom grandmamma called *dyadka*,[1] and who had suddenly taken it into his head, God knows why, to exchange his respectable and familiar baldness for a red wig with a thread parting almost in the middle of his head, seemed to me so strange and ridiculous, that I wondered how I could have failed to remark it before.

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[1] Child's valet.

Some invisible barrier also made its appearance between the girls and us. Both they and we had our own secrets. They seemed to take on airs before us over their petticoats, which grew longer, and we were proud of our trousers with straps. And Mimi appeared at the first Sunday dinner in such an elegant gown, and with such ribbons on her head, that it was at once apparent that we were not in the country, and that everything was to be different now.

CHAPTER V

THE ELDER BROTHER

I WAS only a year and some months younger than Volodya; we had grown up, studied, and played together always. The distinction of elder and younger had not been made between us. But just about the time of which I am speaking I began to comprehend that Volodya was not my comrade in years, inclinations, and qualities. It even seemed to me that Volodya recognized his superiority, and was proud of it. This conviction, possibly a false one, inspired me with self-love, which suffered at every encounter with him. He stood higher than I in everything, in amusements, in studies, in quarrels, in the knowledge of how to conduct himself; and all this removed me to a distance from him, and caused me to experience moral torments which were incomprehensible to me. If, on the first occasion when Volodya put on cambric shirts with plaits, I had said plainly that I was vexed at not having the same, I am sure that I should have been more comfortable, and it would not have seemed, every time that he adjusted his collar, that it was done solely in order to hurt my feelings.

What tormented me most of all was that Volodya understood me, as it seemed to me at times, but tried to hide it.

Who has not remarked those secret, wordless relations which are shown in an imperceptible smile, a motion, or a glance, between people who live together constantly, brothers, friends, husband and wife, master and servant, and particularly when these people are not in every respect frank with each other! How many unuttered desires, thoughts, and fears — of being understood — are expressed in one casual glance when our eyes meet timidly and irresolutely!

But possibly I was deceived on this point by my excessive sensibility, and tendency to analysis; perhaps Volodya did not feel at all as I did. He was impetuous, frank, and inconstant in his impulses. He was carried away by the most diverse objects, and he entered into them with his whole soul.

At one time a passion for pictures took possession of him; he took to drawing himself, spent all his money on it, begged of his drawing-master, of papa, and of grandmamma; then it was a passion for articles with which he decorated his table, and he collected them from all parts of the house; then a passion for romances, which he procured on the sly, and read all day and all night. I was involuntarily carried away by his hobbies; but I was too proud to follow in his footsteps, and too young and too little self-dependent to select a new path. But there was nothing which I envied so much as Volodya's happy, frank, and noble character, which was displayed with special clearness in the quarrels which took place between us. I felt that he behaved well, but could not imitate him.

Once, during the greatest fervor of his passion for ornamental articles, I went up to his table, and unintentionally broke an empty variegated little smelling-bottle.

"Who asked you to touch my things?" said Volodya, as he entered the room and perceived the havoc which I had wrought in the symmetry of the varied ornaments of his table; "and where 's that little smelling-bottle? You must have ...."

"I dropped it unintentionally; it broke. Where 's the harm?"

"Please never to *dare* to touch my things," he said, putting the bits of the broken bottle together, and regarding them sorrowfully.

"Please *don't give any orders*," I retorted. "I broke it, that 's the end of it: what 's the use of talking about it?"

And I smiled, although I had not the least desire to smile.

"Yes, it 's nothing to you, but it 's *something* to me," went on Volodya, making that motion of shrugging his shoulders which he had inherited from papa; "he has broken it, and yet he laughs, this intolerable *little boy!*"

"I am a little boy, but you are big and stupid."

"I don't mean to quarrel with you," said Volodya, giving me a slight push; "go away."

"Don't you push me!"

"Take yourself off!"

"I tell you, don't you push me!"

Volodya took me by the hand, and tried to drag me away from the table; but I was irritated to the highest degree. I seized the table by the leg, and tipped it over. "Take that!" and all the ornaments of porcelain and glass were shivered in pieces on the floor.

"You disgusting little boy!" shrieked Volodya, attempting to uphold the falling ornaments.

"Well, everything is at an end between us now!" I thought, as I quitted the room; "we have quarreled forever."

We did not speak to each other until evening; I felt myself in the wrong, was afraid to look at him, and could not occupy myself with anything all day long. Volodya, on the contrary, studied well, and chatted and laughed with the girls after dinner, as usual.

As soon as our teacher had finished his lessons, I left the room. I was too afraid, awkward, and conscience-stricken to remain alone with my brother. After the evening lesson in history, I took my note-book, and started toward the door. As I passed Volodya, in spite of the fact that I wanted to go up to him and make peace, I pouted, and tried to put on an angry face. Volodya raised his head just at that moment, and, with a barely perceptible, good-naturedly derisive smile, looked boldly at me. Our eyes met, and I knew that he understood me, and also that I understood that he understood me; but an insuperable feeling made me turn away.

"Nikolenka!" he said, in his usual simple and not at all pathetic voice, "you 've been angry long enough. Forgive me if I insulted you."

And he gave me his hand.

All at once, something rose higher and higher in my breast, and began to oppress me, and stop my breath; tears came to my eyes, and I felt better.

"For-give me, Vol-dya!" I said, squeezing his hand.

But Volodya looked at me as though he could not at all comprehend why there were tears in my eyes.

CHAPTER VI

MASCHA

But not one of the changes which took place in my views of things was so surprising to me myself, as that in consequence of which I ceased to regard one of our maids as a servant of the female sex, and began to regard her as a *woman*, on whom my peace and happiness might, in some degree, depend.

From the time when I can remember anything, I recall Mascha in our house; and never, until the occasion which altered my view of her completely, and which I will relate presently, did I pay the slightest attention to her. Mascha was twenty-five when I was fourteen; she was very pretty. But I am afraid to describe her. I fear lest my fancy should again present to me the enchanting and deceitful picture which existed in it during the period of my passion for her. In order to make no mistake, I will merely say that she was remarkably white, luxuriantly developed, and was a woman; and I was fourteen years old.

At one of those moments when, lesson in hand, you busy yourself with a promenade up and down the room, endeavoring to step only on one crack in the floor, or with the singing of some incoherent air, or the smearing of the edge of the table with ink, or the repetition, without the application of any thought, of some phrase, — in a word, at one of those moments when the mind refuses to act, and the imagination, assuming the upper hand, seeks an impression, — I stepped out of the schoolroom, and went down to the landing, without any object whatever.

Some one in slippers was ascending the next turn of the stairs. Of course I wanted to know who it was; but the sound of the footsteps suddenly ceased, and I heard Mascha's voice: —

"Now, what are you playing pranks for? Will it be well when Marya Ivanovna comes?"

"She won't come," said Volodya's voice in a whisper, and then there was some movement, as if Volodya had attempted to detain her.

"Now what are you doing with your hands? you shameless fellow!" and Mascha ran past me with her neckerchief pushed to one side, so that her plump white neck was visible beneath it.

I cannot express the degree of amazement which this discovery caused me; but the feeling of amazement soon gave way to sympathy with Volodya's caper. What surprised me was not his behavior, but how he had got at the idea that it was pleasant to behave so. And involuntarily I began to want to imitate him.

I sometimes spent whole hours on that landing, without a single thought, listening with strained attention to the slightest movement which proceeded from above; but I never could force myself to imitate Volodya, in spite of the fact that I wanted to do it more than anything else in the world. Sometimes, having concealed myself behind a door, I listened with envy and jealousy to the commotion which arose in the maids' room, and the thought occurred to me, What would be my position if I were to go up-stairs, and, like Volodya, try to kiss

Mascha? What should I, with my broad nose and flaunting tuft of hair, say when she asked me what I wanted? Sometimes I heard Mascha say to Volodya, "Take that to punish you! Why do you cling to me? Go away, you scamp! Why does n't Nikolaï Petrovitch ever come here and make a fool of himself?" She did not know that Nikolaï Petrovitch was at that moment sitting under the stairs, and would have given everything in the world to be in the place of the scamp Volodya.

I was modest by nature, but my modesty was further increased by the conviction of my own ugliness. And I am sure that nothing has such a decisive influence upon a man's course as his personal appearance, and not so much his appearance as his belief in its attractiveness or unattractiveness.

I was too egotistical to become accustomed to my position, and consoled myself, like the fox, by assuring myself that the grapes were still green; that is to say, I endeavored to despise all the pleasures derived from the pleasing exterior which Volodya enjoyed in my eyes, and which I envied with all my soul, and I strained every nerve of my mind and imagination to find solace in proud solitude.

CHAPTER VII

SHOT

"My God, powder!" screamed Mimi, panting with emotion. "What are you doing? Do you want to burn the house down, and ruin us all?"

And, with an indescribable expression of firmness, Mimi commanded all to retire, walked up to the scattered shot with long and determined strides, and, despising the danger which might result from a premature explosion, she began to stamp it out with her feet. When, in her opinion, the danger was averted, she called Mikheï, and ordered him to fling all that *powder* as far away as possible, or, what was better still, into the water; and, proudly smoothing her cap, she betook herself to the drawing-room. "They are well looked after, there's no denying that," she grumbled.

When papa came from the wing, and we accompanied him to grandmamma, Mimi was already seated near the window in her room, gazing threateningly at the door with a certain mysteriously official expression. She held something enveloped in several papers in her hand. I guessed that it was the shot, and that grandmamma already knew everything.

In grandmamma's room there were, besides Mimi, Gascha the maid, who, as was evident from her red and angry face, was very much put out; and Dr. Blumenthal, a small, pock-marked man, who was vainly endeavoring to calm Gascha by making mysterious and pacifying signs to her with his eyes and head.

Grandmamma herself was sitting rather sideways, and laying out her "patience," the *Traveler*, which always indicated an extremely unpropitious frame of mind.

"How do you feel to-day, mamma? have you slept well?" said papa, as he respectfully kissed her hand.

"Very well, my dear; I believe you know that I am always well," replied grandmamma, in a tone which seemed to indicate that papa's question was as misplaced and insulting as it could be. "Well, are you going to give me a clean handkerchief?" she continued, turning to Gascha.

"I have given it to you," replied Gascha, pointing to a cambric handkerchief, as white as snow, which lay on the arm of the chair.

"Take away that dirty thing, and give me a clean one, my dear."

Gascha went to the chiffonnier, pulled out a drawer, and slammed it in again with such force that all the glass in the room rattled. Grandmamma glanced round with a threatening look at all of us, and continued to watch the maid's movements attentively. When the latter gave her what appeared to me to be the same handkerchief, grandmamma said:—

"When will you grind my snuff, my dear?"

"When there's time, I'll do it."

"What did you say?"

"I'll do it to-day."

"If you don't wish to serve me, my dear, you might have said so; I would have discharged you long ago."

"If you discharge me, I shan't cry," muttered the maid, in a low tone.

At that moment the doctor tried to wink at her; but she looked at him with so much anger and decision that he immediately dropped his eyes, and busied himself with his watch-key.

"You see, my dear," said grandmamma, turning to papa, when Gascha, still muttering, had left the room, "how people speak to me in my own house."

"If you will permit me, mamma, I will grind your snuff," said papa, who was evidently very much embarrassed by this unexpected behavior.

"No, I thank you; she is impudent because she knows that no one but herself understands how to grind snuff as I like it. You know, my dear," went on grandmamma, after a momentary pause, "that your children came near setting the house on fire to-day?"

Papa gazed at grandmamma with respectful curiosity.

"This is what they play with. — Show him," she said, turning to Mimi.

Papa took the shot in his hand, and could not forbear a smile.

"Why, this is shot, mamma," said he; "it's not at all dangerous."

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear, for teaching me, only I'm too old."

"Nerves! nerves!" whispered the doctor.

And papa immediately turned to us.

"Where did you get that? and how dare you play pranks with such things?"

"Don't ask them anything; you must ask their *dyadka*,"[1] said grandmamma, pronouncing the word *dyadka* with particular contempt, "what he is looking after."

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[1] Child's valet.

"Waldemar said that Karl Ivanitch himself gave him this *powder*," put in Mimi.

"Now you see what he is good for," continued grandmamma. "And where is he, that *dyadka*, what 's his name? Send him here."

"I gave him leave to go out and make a visit," said papa.

"There 's no sense in that; he ought to be here all the time. The children are not mine, but yours, and I have no right to advise you, because you are wiser than I," pursued grandmamma; "but it does seem as though it were time to engage a tutor for them, and not a valet, a German peasant, — yes, a stupid peasant, who can teach them nothing except bad manners and Tyrolese songs. Is it extremely necessary, now, I ask you, that children should know how to sing Tyrolese songs? However, nobody thinks of this *now*, and you can do as you please."

The word "now" meant that they had no mother, and called up sad memories in grandmamma's heart. She dropped her eyes on her snuff-box, with its portrait, and became thoughtful.

"I have long been meditating that," papa hastened to say, "and I wanted to consult with you, mamma. Shall we not invite St. Jérôme, who is now giving them lessons by the day?"

"You will be doing extremely well, my friend," said grandmamma, and no longer in the dissatisfied tone in which she had spoken before. "St. Jérôme is at least a tutor who knows how children of good family should be trained, and not a paltry valet, who is good for nothing but to take them to walk."

"I will speak to him to-morrow," said papa.

And, in fact, two days after this conversation, Karl Ivanitch yielded his place to the young French dandy.

CHAPTER VIII

KARL IVANITCH'S HISTORY

LATE in the evening that preceded the day on which Karl Ivanitch was to leave us forever, he stood beside the bed in his wadded gown and red cap, bending over his trunk, and carefully packing his effects.

Karl Ivanitch's intercourse with us had been peculiarly dry of late. He seemed to avoid all connection with us; so when I now entered the room he glanced askance at me, and went on with his work. I lay down on my bed, but Karl Ivanitch, who had in former times strictly prohibited this, said nothing to me; and the thought that he would never more scold us or stop us, that he had no concern with us now, reminded me vividly of the approaching separation. I was sorry that he had ceased to love us, and wanted to express this feeling to him.

"Let me help you, Karl Ivanitch," I said, going up to him.

Karl Ivanitch glanced at me, and again turned aside; but in the fleeting look which he cast at me I read, not the indifference with which I had explained his coldness, but genuine, concentrated grief.

"God sees all, and knows all; and may His holy will be done in all things!" he said, drawing himself up to his full height, and sighing heavily. "Yes, Nikolenka," he went on, perceiving the expression of unfeigned sympathy with which I regarded him, "it is my fate to be unhappy from my very infancy to my coffin. I have always been repaid with evil for the good which I have done to people; and my reward is not here, but yonder," he said, pointing toward heaven. "If you only knew my history, and all that I have undergone in this life! I have been a shoemaker, I have been a soldier, I have been a *deserter*, I have been a manufacturer, I have been a teacher, and now I am nothing; and, like the Son of God, I have nowhere to lay my head," he concluded, and, closing his eyes, he fell into a chair.

Perceiving that Karl Ivanitch was in that sensitive state of mind in which he uttered his inmost thoughts for his own satisfaction, without heeding the hearer, I seated myself on the bed in silence, and without removing my eyes from his kind face.

"You are not a child, you can understand. I will tell you my story, and all that I have endured in this life. Some day you will recall the old friend, who loved you very much, children."

Karl Ivanitch leaned his elbow on the table which stood beside him, took a pinch of snuff, and, rolling his eyes heavenward, began his tale in that peculiar, measured, throat voice, in which he usually dictated to us.

"*I was unhappy even before I was born,*"[1] he said with great feeling.

As Karl Ivanitch related his history to me more than once afterward, in exactly the same terms, and always with the same identical intonations, I hope to be able to reproduce it almost word for word, the faults of language, of course, excepted, of which the reader can form his own judgment from the first sentence. Whether it really was his history, or a production of the imagination, which had had its birth during his lonely life in our house, which he had begun to believe in himself by dint of frequent repetition, or whether he only colored the real events of his life with fantastic facts, I have not been able to decide to this day. On the one hand, he related his story with too much of that lively feeling and methodical sequence which constitute the chief proofs of veracity, to permit one to doubt it; on the other hand, there was too much poetic beauty about his history, so that this very beauty evoked doubts.

"In my veins flows the noble blood of the counts of Sommerblatt. I was born six weeks after marriage. My mother's husband (I called him papa) was a farmer under Count Sommerblatt. He could never forget my mother's shame, and did not love me. I had a little brother Johann and two sisters; but I was a stranger in the midst of my own family. When Johann committed any follies, papa used to say, 'I never have a moment's peace with that child Karl!' and then I was scolded and punished. When my sisters got angry with each other, papa said, 'Karl will never be an obedient boy!' and I was scolded and punished.

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[1] "*Das unglück verfolgte mich schon im Schoosse meiner Mutter.*" The Russian also is incorrect. — Tr.

"My good mamma alone loved me and petted me. She often said to me, 'Karl, come here, to my room,' and then she kissed me on the sly. 'Poor, poor Karl!' she said, 'no one loves you, but I would not change you for any one. One thing your mamma begs of you,' she said to me: 'study well, and always be an honorable man, and God will not desert you.' And I tried. When I was fourteen, and could go to communion, mamma said to papa, 'Karl is a big boy now, Gustav: what shall we do with him?' And papa said, 'I don't know.' Then mamma said, 'Let us send him to Herr Schultz in the town, and let him be a shoemaker.' And papa said, 'Very good.' Six years and seven months I lived in the town, with the master shoemaker, and the master loved me. He said, 'Karl is a good workman, and he shall soon be my partner.' But man proposes, and God disposes. In 1796 a conscription was appointed, and all who could serve, from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, must assemble in the town.

"Papa and brother Johann came to town, and we went together to draw lots to see who should be and who should not be a soldier. Johann drew a bad number; he must become a soldier. I drew a good number; I was not obliged to become a soldier. And papa said, 'I had one son, and I must part with him.'

"I took his hand, and said, 'Why did you say that, papa? Come with me, I will tell you something.' And papa went. Papa went, and we seated ourselves at a little table. 'Give us a couple of jugs of beer,' I said, and they were brought. We drank them glass for glass, and brother Johann drank also.

"'Papa,' I said, 'do not say that you had one son, and you must part with him. My heart wants to *leap out* when I hear *that*. Brother Johann shall not serve; I will be a soldier. No one needs Karl here, and Karl will be a soldier.'

"'You are an honest man, Karl Ivanitch,' said papa to me, and he kissed me.

"And I became a soldier."

CHAPTER IX

CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING

"That was a terrible time, Nikolenka," continued Karl Ivanitch. "Napoleon was alive then. He wanted to conquer Germany, and we defended our fatherland to the last drop of blood!

"I was at Ulm, I was at Austerlitz, I was at Wagram."

"Did you fight too?" I asked, gazing at him in amazement. "Did you also kill people?"

Karl Ivanitch immediately relieved my mind on that score.

"Once a French grenadier lingered behind his comrades, and fell by the way. I ran up with my gun, and was about to transfix him; but the Frenchman threw away his weapons, and begged for mercy, and I let him go.

"At Wagram, Napoleon chased us to the islands, and surrounded us so that there was no safety anywhere. For three days we had no provisions, and we stood in the water up to our knees.

"The miscreant Napoleon would neither take us nor leave us.

"On the fourth day, thank God, we were taken prisoners, and led off to the fortress. I had on blue trousers, a uniform of good cloth, fifteen thalers in money, and a silver watch; the gift of my papa. A French soldier took all from me. Fortunately I had three ducats left, which mamma had sewed into my doublet. Nobody found them.

"I did not wish to remain long in the fortress, and decided to run away. Once on a great festival day, I told the sergeant who looked after us, 'Herr sergeant, this is a solemn festival, and I want to observe it. Please fetch two bottles of Madeira, and we will drink them together.' And the sergeant said, 'Very good.' When the sergeant brought the Madeira, and we had drunk it in a wine-glass, turn and turn about, I took him by the hand, and said, 'Herr sergeant, do you happen to have a father and mother?' He said, 'Yes, Herr Mauer.' — 'My father and mother,' said I, 'have not seen me for eight years, and do not know whether I am alive or whether my bones are lying in the damp earth. O Herr sergeant! I have two ducats, which were in my doublet; take them, and let me go. Be my benefactor, and my mamma will pray to Almighty God for you all her life.'

"The sergeant drank a glass of Madeira, and said, 'Herr Mauer, I love and pity you extremely; but you are a prisoner, and I am a soldier.' I pressed his hand, and said, 'Herr sergeant!'

"And the sergeant said, 'You are a poor man, and I will not take your money; but I will help you. When I go to bed, buy a bucket of brandy for the soldiers, and they will sleep. I will not watch you.'

"He was a good man. I bought the bucket of brandy; and when the soldiers were drunk, I put on my boots and my old cloak, and went out of the door. I went to the wall, with the intention of jumping over; but there was water there, and I would not spoil my last remaining clothes. I went to the gate.

"The sentry was marching up and down with his gun,[1] and he looked at me. '*Qui vive?*' he said for the first time, and I made no answer. '*Qui vive?*' said he the second time, and I made no answer. '*Qui vive?*' he said for the third time, *and I ran away. I sprang into the water, climbed out on the other side, and took to my heels.*

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[1] Karl Ivanitch's language is an extraordinary mixture of bad Russian and German, which it is impossible to reproduce without much tiresome repetition. — Tr.

"All night I ran along the road; but when it began to dawn, I was afraid that they would recognize me, and I hid in the tall rye. Then I knelt, folded my hands, and thanked our heavenly Father for saving me, and fell asleep with a tranquil mind.

"I woke in the evening, and proceeded farther. All at once, a great German wagon with two black horses overtook me. In the wagon sat a handsomely dressed man, who was smoking a pipe, and looking at me. I walked slowly, in order that the wagon might pass me; but when I went slowly, the wagon went more slowly still, and the man stared at me. I walked faster and the wagon went faster, and the man stared at me. I sat down by the roadside; the man stopped his horses, and looked at me. 'Young man,' said he, 'whither are you going so late?' I said, 'I am going to Frankfort.' — 'Get into my wagon; there 's room, and I will take you there. Why have you nothing with you? why is your beard unshaved? and why are your clothes muddy?' he said to me, when I had seated myself by him. 'I am a poor man,' I said. 'I want to hire out somewhere as a workman; and my clothes are muddy because I fell down in the road.' — 'You are telling an untruth, young man,' said he: 'the road is dry now.'

"And I remained silent.

"'Tell me the whole truth,' said the good man to me. 'Who are you, and whence come you? Your face pleases me, and if you are an honest man I will help you.'

"And I told him all. He said, 'Very good, young man. Come to my rope-factory. I will give you work, clothes, and money, and you shall live with me.'

"And I said, 'Very well.'

"We went to the rope-factory, and the good man said to his wife, 'Here is a young man who has fought for his country, and escaped from captivity; he has neither home, clothes, nor bread. He will live with me. Give him some clean linen, and feed him.'

"I lived at the rope-factory for a year and a half, and my master became so fond of me that he would not let me go. I was a handsome man then; I was young, tall, with blue eyes, and a Roman nose; and Madame L. (I cannot tell her name), the wife of my master, was a young and pretty woman, and she fell in love with me.

"When she saw me, she said, 'Herr Mauer, what does your mamma call you?' I said, 'Karlchen.'

"And she said, 'Karlchen, sit here beside me.'

"I seated myself beside her, and she said, 'Karlchen, kiss me!'

"I kissed her, and she said, 'Karlchen, I love you so, that I cannot endure it any longer,' and she trembled all over."

Here Karl Ivanitch made a prolonged pause; and, rolling up his kind blue eyes, he rocked his head, and began to smile, as people do when under the influence of pleasant recollections.

"Yes," he began again, settling himself in his armchair, and folding his dressing-gown about him, "I have been through a great deal, both of good and bad, in my life; but He is my witness," he said, pointing to a figure of the Saviour, worked on canvas, which hung over his bed, "nobody can say that Karl Ivanitch has been a dishonorable man! I would not repay the kindness which Herr L. had shown me, by black ingratitude; and I resolved to run away from him. In the evening, when all had gone to bed, I wrote a letter to my master, laid it on the table in my room, took my clothes and three thalers in money, and stepped quietly out into the street. No one saw me, and I walked along the road."

CHAPTER X

CONTINUATION

"I HAD not seen my mamma for nine years; and I did not know whether she was alive, or whether her bones were already lying in the damp earth. I returned to my fatherland. When I reached the town, I inquired where Gustav Mauer lived, who had been farmer to

Count Sommerblatt; and they told me, 'Count Sommerblatt is dead; and Gustav Mauer lives in the high street, and keeps a liquor-shop.' I put on my new vest, a handsome coat (a gift of the manufacturer), brushed my hair well, and went to my papa's liquor-shop. My sister Mariechen was sitting in the shop, and inquired what I wanted. I said, 'May I drink a glass of liquor?' and she said, 'Father, a young man is asking for a glass of liquor.' And papa said, 'Give the young man a glass of liquor.' I sat down at the table, drank my glass of liquor, smoked my pipe, and looked at papa, Mariechen, and Johann, who had also entered the shop. During the conversation, papa said to me, 'You probably know, young man, where our army stands now?' I said, 'I have come from the army myself, and it is near Vienna.' — 'Our son,' said papa, 'was a soldier, and it is nine years since he has written to us, and we do not know whether he is alive or dead. My wife is always weeping for him.' I smoked away at my pipe, and said, 'What was your son's name, and where did he serve? Perhaps I know him.' — 'He was called Karl Mauer, and he served in the Austrian Jägers,' said papa. 'He was a tall, handsome man, like you,' said sister Mariechen.

"'I know your Karl,' said I. 'Amalia!' cried my father suddenly, 'come here! here is a young man who knows our Karl.' *And my dear mamma comes through the rear door. I immediately recognize her. 'You know our Karl?' she said, looked at me, turned very pale, and began to tremble!* 'Yes, I have seen him,' said I, and did not dare to lift my eyes to her; my heart wanted to *leap.* 'My Karl is alive!' said mamma, 'thank God! Where is he, my dear Karl? I should die in peace if I could see him once more, my beloved son; but it is not God's will,' and she began to cry. *I could not bear it.* 'Mamma,' said I, 'I am your Karl,' *and she fell into my arms.*"

Karl Ivanitch closed his eyes, and his lips trembled.

"'Mother,' said I, 'I am your son, I am your Karl,' and she fell into my arms," he repeated, becoming somewhat calmer, as he wiped away the big tears which trickled down his cheeks.

"But it was not God's pleasure that I should end my days in my own country. I was destined to ill luck. Misfortune followed me everywhere. I lived in my native land only three months. One Sunday I was in a coffee-house buying a jug of beer, smoking my pipe, and talking politics with my acquaintances, and about the Emperor Franz, about Napoleon and the war, and each one was expressing his opinion. Near us sat a strange gentleman, in a gray overcoat, who drank his coffee, smoked his pipe, and said nothing to us. When the night watchman cried ten o'clock, I took my hat, paid my reckoning, and went home. About midnight some one knocked at the door. I woke up and said, 'Who 's there?' — 'Open!' — I said, 'Tell me who you are, and I will open.' — 'Open in the name of the law!' came the answer from outside the door, and I opened. Two soldiers with guns stood at the door; and the strange man in the gray overcoat, who had been sitting near us in the coffee-house, entered the room. He was a spy. 'Come with me,' said the spy. 'Very good,' said I. I put on my boots and trousers, buckled my suspenders, and walked about the room. I was raging at heart. I said, 'He is a villain.' When I reached the wall where my sword hung, I suddenly seized it, and said, '*You are a spy: defend yourself!*' I gave him a cut on the right, a cut on the left, *and one on the head. The spy fell!* I seized my portmanteau and my money, and leaped out of the window. I got to Ems; there I made the acquaintance of General Sazin. He took a fancy to me, got a passport from the ambassador, and took me to Russia with him to teach his children. When General Sazin died, your mamma called me to her. 'Karl Ivanitch,' she said, 'I give my children into your charge; love them, and I will never abandon you; I will make your old age comfortable.' Now she is dead, and all is forgotten. After twenty years of service I must now go out into the street, in my old age, to seek a crust of dry bread. *God sees it and knows* *it, and His holy will be done; only I am sorry for you, children!*" said Karl Ivanitch in conclusion, drawing me to him by the hand, and kissing me on the head.

CHAPTER XI

ONE

By the conclusion of the year of mourning, grandmamma had somewhat recovered from the grief which had prostrated her, and began to receive guests now and then, especially children, boys and girls of our own age.

On Liubotchka's birthday, the thirteenth of December, Princess Kornakoff and her daughters, Madame Valakhin and Sonitchka, Ilinka Grap, and the two younger Ivin brothers arrived before dinner.

The sounds of conversation, laughter, and running about ascended to us from below, where all this company was assembled; but we could not join them until our morning lessons were finished. On the calendar which was suspended in the school-room was inscribed in French: "Monday, from 2 to 3, teacher of history and geography;" and it was that master of history whom we were obliged to wait for, listen to, and get rid of, before we should be free. It was twenty minutes past two, but nothing had yet been heard of the teacher of history; he was not even to be seen in the street which he must traverse, and which I was inspecting with a strong desire of never beholding him.

"Lebedeff does not appear to be coming to-day," said Volodya, tearing himself for a moment from Smaragdoff's book, from which he was preparing his lesson.

"God grant it, God grant it! for I know nothing at all. But he seems to be coming yonder," I added, in a sorrowful voice.

Volodya rose, and came to the window.

"No, that is not he; it is some *gentleman*," said he. "Let's wait until half-past two," he added, stretching himself and scratching his head, as he was in the habit of doing in moments of respite from work; "if he has not come by half-past two, then we can tell St. Jérôme to take away the note-books."

"I don't see what he wants to co-o-o-me for," I said, stretching also, and shaking Kaïdanoff's book, which I held in both hands, above my head.

For lack of something to do, I opened the book at the place where our lesson was appointed, and began to read. The lesson was long and difficult. I knew nothing about it, and I perceived that I should not succeed in remembering anything about it, the more so as I was in that state of nervous excitement in which one's thoughts refuse to concentrate themselves on any subject whatever.

After the last history lesson, which always seemed to me the very stupidest, on the most wearisome of all subjects, Lebedeff had complained to St. Jérôme about me; and two marks were placed against me in the books, which was considered very bad. St. Jérôme told me then that, if I got less than three at the next lesson, I should be severely punished. Now this next lesson was imminent, and I confess that I felt very much of a coward.

I was so carried away with the perusal of the lesson which I did not know, that the sound of galoshes being removed in the anteroom startled me all at once. I had hardly had time to cast a glance in that direction, when the pock-marked face which was so antipathetic to me, and the awkward, far too well-known figure of the teacher, in its blue coat closely fastened with learned buttons, made their appearance in the doorway.

The teacher slowly deposited his hat on the window-sill, his note-books on the table, pulled aside the tails of his swallow-tailed coat (as though it were very important), and seated himself, panting, in his place.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, rubbing one perspiring hand over the other, "let us first review what was said at the last lesson, and then I will endeavor to acquaint you with succeeding events of the Middle Ages."

That meant: Say your lesson.

At the moment when Volodya was answering him with the freedom and confidence peculiar to a person who is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, I went out on the stairs, without any object whatever; and, since it was impossible for me to go down, it was very natural that I should find myself, quite unexpectedly to myself, on the landing. But just as I was about to install myself in my customary post of observation, behind a door, Mimi, who had always been the cause of my misfortunes, suddenly ran against me. "You here?" said she, looking threateningly at me, then at the door of the maids' room, and then at me again.

I felt thoroughly guilty, both because I was not in the school-room, and because I was in a place where I had no business to be. So I held my tongue, and, hanging my head, exhibited in my person the most touching expression of penitence. "Well, who ever saw the like!" said Mimi. "What have you been doing here?" I remained silent. "No, things shall not be left in this state," she repeated, rapping her knuckles against the stair-railings; "I shall tell the countess all about it."

It was already five minutes to three when I returned to the school-room. The teacher was explaining the following lesson to Volodya, as though he had remarked neither my absence nor my presence. When he had finished his exposition, he began to put his note-books together, and Volodya went into the other room to fetch the lesson-ticket; and the cheering thought occurred to me that all was over, and that I had been forgotten.

But all at once the teacher turned to me with a malicious half-smile.

"I hope you have learned your lesson, sir," he said, rubbing his hands.

"I have learned it, sir," I answered.

"Be so good as to tell me something about St. Louis's crusade," said he, shifting about in his chair, and gazing thoughtfully at his feet. "You may tell me first the causes which induced the French king to take the cross," said he, raising his brows, and pointing his finger at the ink-bottle. "Then you may explain to me the general and characteristic traits of that expedition," he added, making a movement with his wrist, as though endeavoring to catch something. "And, finally, the influence of this crusade upon European sovereignties in general," said he, striking the left side of the table with his note-books. "And upon the French monarchy in particular," he concluded, striking the right side of the table, and inclining his head to the right.

I gulped down my spittle a few times, coughed, bent my head on one side, and remained silent. Then, seizing a pen, which lay upon the table, I began to pluck it to pieces, still maintaining my silence.

"Permit me to take that pen," said the teacher, extending his hand; "it is good for something. Now, sir!"

"Lou .... King .... St. Louis .... was .... was .... was .... a good and wise emperor."

"Who, sir?"

"An emperor. He conceived the idea of going to Jerusalem, and *transferred the reins of government* to his mother."

"What was her name?"

"B .... B .... lanka."

"What, sir? Bulanka?"[1]

I laughed rather awkwardly, and with constraint.

"Well, sir, do you know anything else?" he said sarcastically.

There was nothing for me to lose, so I coughed, and began to utter whatever nonsense came into my head. The teacher, who sat silently flicking the dust from the table, with the quill pen which he had taken away from me, gazed straight past my ear, and repeated, "Good, very good, sir." I was conscious that I knew nothing, that I was not expressing myself at all as I should; and it pained me frightfully to see that the teacher did not stop me, or correct me.

"Why did he conceive the idea of going to Jerusalem?" said he, repeating my words.

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[1] Name for a cream-colored horse. — Tr.

"Because .... for the reason .... for the purpose, because .... " I stopped short, uttered not another word, and felt that if that villainous teacher were to hold his tongue for a whole year, and gaze inquiringly at me, I should not be in a condition to emit another sound. The teacher stared at me for three minutes; then an expression of deep sorrow appeared on his face, and he said to Volodya, who had just entered the room, in a feeling tone: —

"Please hand me the record-book."

Volodya gave him the book, and carefully laid the ticket beside it.

The teacher opened the book, and, cautiously dipping his pen, he put down five, in his beautiful hand, for Volodya, under the head of recitations and behavior. Then he stopped his pen over the column in which my delinquencies were inscribed, looked at me, flirted off the ink, and pondered.

All at once his hand made an almost imperceptible movement, and there appeared a handsomely shaped one and a period; another movement, and in the conduct column stood another one and a dot.

Carefully closing the record-book, the teacher rose and went to the door, as though he did not perceive my glance, in which despair, entreaty, and reproach were expressed.

"Mikhaïl Ilarionovitch," said I.

"No," said he, understanding at once what I wanted to say to him; "it 's impossible to teach in that way. I won't receive money for nothing."

The teacher put on his galoshes and his camelot cloak, and knotted his scarf with great care. As if any one could care for anything after what had happened to me! A movement of the pen for him, but the greatest misfortune for me.

"Is the lesson ended?" inquired St. Jérôme, entering the room.

"Yes."

"Was your teacher satisfied with you?"

"Yes," said Volodya.

"How many did you get?"

"Five."

"And Nicholas?"

I said nothing.

"Four, apparently," said Volodya.

He knew that it was necessary to save me, if only for that day. If I were to be punished, let it not be to-day, when there were guests in the house.

"Let us see, gentlemen," — St. Jérôme had a way of saying "let us see" (*voyons*) at every other word, — "make your toilets, and we will go down-stairs."

CHAPTER XII

THE LITTLE KEY

We had hardly got down-stairs and exchanged salutations with all the guests, when we were summoned to the table. Papa was very gay (he was winning money just then), presented Liubotchka with a handsome silver service, and, after dinner, remembered that he had also a bonbon box in his wing for the birthday girl.

"There 's no use in sending a man; better go yourself, Koko," he said to me. "The keys are lying on the large table, in the shell, you know. Take them and with the very largest key open the second drawer on the right. There you will find the box and some bonbons in a paper; and you are to bring them all here."

"And shall I bring you some cigars?" I asked, knowing that he always sent for them after dinner.

"Bring them, but see that you don't touch anything in my rooms," he called after me.

I found the keys in the place designated, and was about to open the drawer, when I was stopped by a desire to know what a very small key, which hung on the same bunch, opened.

On the table, amid a thousand varied objects, and near the railing, lay an embroidered portfolio, with a padlock; and I took a fancy to try whether the little key would fit it. My experiment was crowned with complete success; the portfolio opened, and in it I found a whole heap of papers. A feeling of curiosity counseled me with such conviction to find out what those papers were, that I did not succeed in hearkening to the voice of conscience, and set to work to examine what was in the portfolio.

* * * * * *

The childish sentiment of unquestioning respect toward all my elders, and especially toward papa, was so strong within me, that my mind involuntarily refused to draw any conclusions whatever from what I saw. I felt that papa must live in a totally different sphere, which was very beautiful, unattainable, and incomprehensible to me, and that to attempt to penetrate the secrets of his life would be something in the nature of sacrilege on my part.

Therefore the discovery which I had almost unconsciously made in papa's portfolio left in me no clear conception, except a dim knowledge that I had behaved badly. I was ashamed and uncomfortable.

Under the influence of this feeling, I desired to close the portfolio as speedily as possible, but I was evidently fated to endure every possible kind of misfortune upon that memorable day. Placing the key in the keyhole of the padlock, I turned it the other way; supposing that the lock was closed, I pulled out the key, and — oh, horror! the head of the key only remained in my hand. In vain did I endeavor to unite it with the half in the lock, and release it by means of some magic. I was forced at length to accustom myself to the frightful thought that I had committed a fresh crime, which must be discovered this very day, when papa returned to his study.

Mimi's complaint, the one mark, and that little key! Nothing worse could have happened. Grandmamma on account of Mimi's complaint, St. Jérôme about the one mark, papa about that key: and all these would overwhelm me, and not later than that very evening.

"What will become of me? Oh, what have I done?" I said aloud, as I paced the soft carpet of the study. "Eh," I said to myself, as I got the bonbons and cigars, "*what will be, will be*," and I ran into the house.

This fatalistic adage, which I had heard from Nikolaï in my childhood, produced a beneficial and temporarily soothing effect upon me at all difficult crises in my life. When I entered the hall, I was in a somewhat excited and unnatural but extremely merry mood.

CHAPTER XIII

THE TRAITRESS

After dinner, games began, and I took the most lively interest in them. While playing at *cat and mouse*[1] I awkwardly ran against the Kornakoff's *governess*, who was playing with us, stepped on her dress unintentionally, and tore it. Perceiving that it afforded all the girls, and Sonitchka in particular, great satisfaction to see the governess retire with a perturbed countenance to the maids' room, to mend her dress, I resolved to procure them that pleasure once more. In consequence of this amiable intention, the governess had no sooner returned to the room, than I began to gallop round her, and I kept up this evolution until I found a favorable opportunity to catch my heel once more in her skirt, and tear it. Sonitchka and the princesses could hardly restrain their laughter, which flattered my vanity very agreeably; but St. Jérôme, who must have been observing my pranks, came up to me and said with a frown (which I could not endure) that I evidently was not merry in a good way, and that if I were not more discreet he would make me repent of it, even though it was a festive day.

But I was in the state of excitement of a man who has gambled away more than he has in his pocket, and who fears to reckon up his accounts, and continues to bet on desperate cards without any hope of redeeming himself, and only for the purpose of not giving himself time to think. I smiled impudently, and walked away from him.

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[1] **Puss in the corner.**

After the game of "cat and mouse," some one started a game which we called *long nose*. The play consisted in placing two rows of chairs opposite each other; then the ladies and gentlemen divided into two parties, each choosing another in turn.

The youngest princess chose the smallest Ivin every time; Katenka chose either Volodya or Ilinka; Sonitchka took Serozha every time, and was not at all abashed, to my extreme amazement, when Serozha went and seated himself directly opposite her. She laughed with her pretty, ringing laugh, and made him a sign with her head, to show that he had guessed aright. I comprehended, to the great injury of my vanity, that I was superfluous, *left out;* that they must say of me every time, "*Who remains yet? Why, Nikolenka; well, then, do you take him.*"

When, therefore, it came my turn to step forward, I went boldly up either to my sister or to one of the ugly princesses, and, unfortunately, never made a mistake. And Sonitchka seemed so absorbed in Serozha Ivin, that I did not exist for her. I do not know on what grounds I mentally called her a *traitress*, since she had never given me a promise to choose me and not Serozha; but I was firmly convinced that she had behaved to me in the most revolting manner.

After the game I noticed that the *traitress*, whom I despised, but from whom, nevertheless, I could not take my eyes, had retired into a corner with Serozha and Katenka, where they were discussing something in a mysterious manner. Creeping up behind the piano, in order to discover their secret, I saw this: Katenka was holding a cambric handkerchief by two of its corners, thus forming a screen between Sonitchka's head and Serozha's. "No, you have lost; now you shall pay!" said Serozha. Sonitchka stood before him, with her arms hanging beside her, as if guilty, and said, blushing, "No, I have not lost; have I, Mlle. Catherine?" — "I love the truth," replied Katenka; "you have lost your bet, my dear."

Katenka had hardly uttered these words, when Serozha bent over, and kissed Sonitchka. He kissed her full upon her rosy lips. And Sonitchka laughed, as though that were nothing, as though it were very amusing. *Horrible!!!* Oh, the *sly traitress!*

CHAPTER XIV

THE ECLIPSE

I SUDDENLY felt a contempt for the entire female sex in general, and for Sonitchka in particular; I began to assure myself that there was nothing jolly about these games, that they were only fit for *little girls;* and I felt very much inclined to create an uproar, to do some manly deed, which would astonish them all. An occasion was not long in presenting itself.

St. Jérôme, after talking of something with Mimi, left the room; at first, his footsteps were audible on the stairs, and then above us, in the direction of the schoolroom. The thought occurred to me that Mimi had told him where she had seen me during lesson hours, and that he had gone to inspect the journal. At that time, I did not attribute to St. Jérôme any other object in life than a desire to punish me. I have read somewhere that children from twelve to fourteen years of age, that is to say, those who are in the transition stage of boyhood, are particularly inclined to arson and even to murder. In recalling my boyhood, and especially the frame of mind in which I was on that unlucky day, I very clearly appreciate the importance of the most frightful crime, committed without object or intent to injure, but from curiosity, to meet an unconscious need for activity. There are moments when the future presents itself to a man in such somber colors, that he dreads to fix his mental gaze upon it, entirely represses the action of his mind, and endeavors to convince himself that the future will not be, and that the past has not been. At such moments, when thought does not sit in judgment before every decision of the will, and the fleshly instincts remain the sole springs of life, I can understand how a child is especially inclined, by reason of his inexperience, to set and light a fire under the very house in which his brothers, his father, and his mother, whom he tenderly loves, are sleeping, without the slightest hesitation or fear, and with a smile of curiosity. Under the influence of this temporary absence of reflection, approaching aberration of mind, a peasant lad of seventeen, contemplating the freshly sharpened edge of an ax, beside the bench on which sleeps his aged father, face downward, suddenly flourishes the ax, and gazes with stupid curiosity at the blood, as it drips from the severed neck on the bench. Under the influence of the same absence of reflection, and instinctive curiosity, a man experiences a certain enjoyment in pausing upon the brink of a precipice, and thinking, "What if I should throw myself down there?" Or, placing a loaded pistol to his forehead, he thinks, "What if I pull the trigger?" Or, he gazes upon some person for whom society universally cherishes a peculiar respect, and thinks, "What if I were to go up to him, take him by the nose, and say, 'Come, my dear fellow, shall we go?'"

Under the influence of this internal excitement, and absence of reflection, when St. Jérôme came down-stairs, and told me that I had no right to be there that evening, because I had behaved badly and studied badly, and that I was to go up-stairs at once, I stuck out my tongue at him, and said that I would not leave that spot.

For a moment, St. Jérôme could not utter a word for surprise and anger.

"Very well," he said, following me; "several times already, I have promised to punish you and your grandmamma has wanted to beg you off; but now I see that nothing but the rod will make you mind, and you have fully deserved it to-day."

He said this so loudly that every one heard his words. The blood retreated to my heart with unusual force. I felt that it was beating violently, that the color fled from my face, and that my lips trembled quite involuntarily. I must have looked terrible at that moment, for St. Jérôme, avoiding my glance, walked quickly up to me and seized me by the hand; but I no sooner felt the touch of his hand, than I became giddy, and, beside myself with rage, I tore my hand away, and struck him with all my childish strength.

"What is the matter with you?" said Volodya, who had seen my act with horror and amazement, as he approached me.

"Let me alone!" I shrieked at him through my tears; "not one of you loves me, nor understands how unhappy I am. You are all hateful, disgusting," I added, turning to the whole company in a sort of fury.

But this time St. Jérôme came up to me with a pale, determined face, and before I had time to prepare for defense, he grasped both my hands as in a vise, with a powerful movement, and dragged me away. My head was whirling with excitement. I only remember that I fought desperately with head and knees as long as I had any strength left. I remember that my nose came in contact several times with some one's hips, and that some one's coat fell into my mouth, that I was conscious of the presence of some one's feet all around me, and of the smell of dust, and of the violet with which St. Jérôme perfumed himself.

Five minutes later, the garret door closed behind me.

"Basil!" said *he*, in a revolting, triumphant voice, "bring the rods."

* * * * * *

CHAPTER XV

FANCIES

Could I at that time suppose that I should remain alive after all the misfortunes which came upon me, and that the day would come when I should recall them with composure?

When I remembered what I had done, I could not imagine what would become of me, but I dimly comprehended that I was irretrievably ruined.

At first, absolute silence reigned below and around me, or so it seemed to me at least, because of my excessively powerful inward agitation; but gradually I began to distinguish the different sounds. Vasily came downstairs, and, flinging something which resembled a broom on the window-ledge, lay down on the chest with a yawn. Below, August Antonitch's huge voice was audible (he must have been speaking of me), then childish voices, then laughter and running; and then a few minutes later everything in the house had again relapsed into its former movement, as though no one knew or thought of me sitting in the dark garret.

I did not cry, but something as heavy as a stone lay upon my heart. Thoughts and visions passed with redoubled swiftness before my disturbed imagination; but the memory of the misfortune which had overtaken me incessantly broke their wondrous chain, and I again traversed an endless labyrinth of uncertainty as to the fate which awaited me, of terror and despair.

Then it occurs to me that there must exist some cause for the general dislike and even hatred of me. (At that time I was firmly convinced that everybody, beginning with grandmamma and down to Philip the coachman, hated me, and found pleasure in my sufferings.)

"It must be that I am not the son of my father and mother, not Volodya's brother, but an unhappy orphan, a foundling, adopted out of charity," I say to myself; and this absurd idea not only affords me a certain melancholy comfort, but even appears extremely probable. It pleases me to think that I am unhappy not because I am myself to blame, but because such has been my fate since my very birth, and that my lot is similar to that of the unfortunate Karl Ivanitch.

"But why conceal this secret any longer, when I have myself succeeded in penetrating it?" I say to myself. "To-morrow I will go to papa, and say to him, 'Papa, in vain do you conceal from me the secret of my birth;

I know it.' He will say, 'What is to be done, my friend? Sooner or later you would have learned it. You are not my son; but I have adopted you, and if you will prove worthy of my love, I will never desert you.' And I shall say to him, 'Papa, although I have no right to call you by that name, I now utter it for the last time. I have always loved you, and I shall always love you, and I shall never forget that you are my benefactor; but I can no longer remain in your house. No one here loves me, and St. Jérôme has sworn my ruin. Either he or I must leave your house, because I cannot answer for myself. I hate that man to such a degree that I am prepared for anything. I would kill him as readily as I say: Papa, I will kill him.' Papa will begin to beseech me; but I shall wave my hand, and say, 'No, my friend, my benefactor, we cannot live together; but release me.' And then I will embrace him, and say in French, for some reason or other, 'O my father! O my benefactor! give me thy blessing for the last time, and may God's will be done.'" And as I sit on the chest in the dark store-room, I weep and cry at the thought. But all at once I remember the shameful punishment which is awaiting me; reality presents itself to me in its true light, and my fancies momentarily take flight.

Then I fancy myself already at liberty, outside our house. I enter the hussars, and go to the war. Enemies bear down upon me from all sides; I wave my sword, and kill one; a second wave, I slay another, and a third. Finally, exhausted by wounds and fatigue, I fall to the earth, and shout, "Victory!" The general approaches, and asks, "Where is he, our savior?" They point me out to him; he flings himself on my neck, and shouts, with tears of joy, "Victory!" I recover, and with an arm bandaged in a black handkerchief I promenade the Tverskoy boulevard. I am a general! But lo, the *Emperor* meets me, and inquires, "Who is this wounded young man?" He is told that it is the renowned hero Nikolaï. The Emperor comes up to me and says, "I thank you. I will do anything you ask of me." I salute respectfully, and leaning on my sword I say, "I am happy, great Emperor, to have been able to shed my blood for my fatherland, and I wish to die for it; but if you will be so gracious, then permit me to beg one thing of you, — permit me to annihilate my enemy, the foreigner, St. Jérôme. I want to annihilate my enemy, St. Jérôme." I halt threateningly before St. Jérôme, and say to him, "You have caused my misfortune. On your knees!" But suddenly the thought occurs to me that the real St. Jérôme may enter at any moment with the rods; and again I see myself, not a general serving his country, but a very pitiful, weeping creature.

The thought of God comes to me, and I ask Him impudently why He is punishing me. "I have not forgotten my prayers morning and evening, it strikes me; then why do I suffer?" I can assert conclusively that the first step toward the religious doubts which troubled me during my boyhood was taken then, not because unhappiness excited my murmuring and unbelief, but because the thought of the injustice of Providence, which entered my mind in that time of spiritual disorder and solitude of twenty-four hours' duration, began speedily to grow and to send forth roots, like a pernicious seed which has fallen upon the soft earth after a rain. Then I imagined that I should certainly die, and represented vividly to myself St. Jérôme's amazement when he should find a lifeless body in the garret, instead of me. Recalling Natalya Savischna's tales of how the soul of a dead person does not quit the house for forty days, I penetrate, in thought, unseen, all the rooms of grandmamma's house, and listen to Liubotchka's sincere tears, to grandmamma's grief, and papa's conversation with August Antonitch. "He was a fine boy," says papa, with tears in his eyes. "Yes," says St. Jérôme, "but a great scamp." — "You should respect the dead," says papa. "You were the cause of his death; you frightened him; he could not endure the humiliation which you were preparing for him. Away from here, you villain!"

And St. Jérôme falls on his knees, and weeps, and sues for pardon. At the end of the forty days, my soul flies to heaven; there I behold something wonderfully beautiful, white, transparent, and long, and I feel that it is my mother. This white something surrounds me, caresses me; but I feel an uneasiness, as though I did not know her. "If it really is you," I say, "then show yourself to me more distinctly, that I may embrace you." And her voice answers me, "We are all so, here. I cannot embrace you any better. Do you not think it well thus?" — "Yes, I think it is very well; but you cannot tickle me, and I cannot kiss your hands." — "That is not necessary; it is so very beautiful here," she says, and I feel that it really is very beautiful, and we soar away together, higher and ever higher. Then I suddenly seem to wake, and find myself again on the chest in the dark garret, my cheeks wet with tears, without a single thought, repeating the words, "*And we soar higher and ever higher.*" For a long time, I exert all my power to explain my situation; but only one fearfully gloomy, impenetrable perspective offers itself to my mental gaze at the present moment. I endeavor to return once more to those cheering, blissful dreams, which destroyed consciousness of reality; but to my amazement, no sooner do I enter upon the traces of my former reveries, than I see that a prolongation of them is impossible, and, what is still more surprising, that it no longer affords me any pleasure.

CHAPTER XVI

GRIND LONG ENOUGH, AND THE MEAL WILL COME

I SPENT the night in the garret, and no one came near me; it was only on the following day, that is to say, on Sunday, that I was taken to a little room adjoining the school-room, and again locked up. I began to hope that my punishment would be confined to imprisonment; and my thoughts, under the influence of sweet, refreshing slumber, of the bright sunlight playing upon the frost-patterns on the windows, and the customary noises of the day in the streets, began to grow composed. Nevertheless, my solitude was very oppressive; I wanted to move about, to tell somebody all that was seething in my soul, and there was not a living being near me. This position of affairs was all the more disagreeable, because, however repulsive it was to me, I could not avoid hearing St. Jérôme whistling various gay airs with perfect tranquillity, as he walked about his room. I was fully persuaded that he did not want to whistle at all, but that he did it solely for the sake of tormenting me.

At two o'clock, St. Jérôme and Volodya went downstairs; but Nikolaï brought my dinner, and when I spoke to him about what I had done, and what awaited me, he said: —

"Eh, sir! don't grieve; grind long enough, and the meal will come."[1]

This adage, which, later on, more than once sustained my firmness of spirit, comforted me somewhat; but the very fact that they had not sent me bread and water alone, but a complete dinner, including rose cakes, caused me to meditate profoundly. If they had not sent me the rose cakes, then it would have signified that I was to be punished by imprisonment; but now it turned out that I had not been punished yet, that I was only isolated from others as a pernicious person, and that chastisement was still before me. While I was busy with the solution of this question, the key turned in the lock of my prison, and St. Jérôme entered the room, with a stern, official countenance.

"Come to your grandmother," he said, without looking at me.

I wanted to clean the cuffs of my jacket, which were smeared with chalk, before leaving the room; but St. Jérôme told me that this was quite unnecessary, as though I was already in such a pitiful moral condition that it was not worth while to trouble myself about my external appearance.

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[1] Equivalent to various English proverbs which inculcate patience. — Tr.

Katenka, Liubotchka, and Volodya stared at me, as St. Jérôme led me through the hall by the hand, with exactly the same expression with which we generally gaze upon the prisoners who are led past our windows every week. But when I approached grandmamma's chair with the intention of kissing her hand, she turned away from me, and hid her hand beneath her mantilla.

"Well, my dear," she said, after a tolerably long silence, during which she surveyed me from head to foot with such a look that I did not know what to do with my eyes and hands, "I must say that you prize my love, and afford me true pleasure. M. St. Jérôme, who at my request," she added, pausing on each word, "undertook your education, does not wish now to remain in my house any longer. Why? Because of you, my dear. I did hope that you would be grateful," she continued, after a short silence, and in a tone which showed that her speech had been prepared beforehand, "for his care and labor, that you would understand how to value his services; but you, a beardless youngster, a bad little boy, have brought yourself to raise your hand against him. Very good! Extremely fine! I, also, begin to think that you are incapable of appreciating gentle treatment, that other and more degraded means are required for you. Ask his pardon this instant," she added, in a tone of stern command, pointing to St. Jérôme; "do you hear?"

I glanced in the direction indicated by grandmamma's hand, and, catching sight of St. Jérôme's coat, turned away, and did not stir from the spot; and again I began to feel that sinking at my heart.

"What? Don't you hear what I say to you?"

I trembled all over, but did not move.

"Koko!" said grandmamma, who must have perceived the inward agony which I was suffering. "Koko!" she said in a tender, rather than a commanding, voice, "is this you?"

"Grandmamma, I will not beg his pardon, because...." said I, pausing suddenly, for I felt that I should not be able to restrain the tears which were suffocating me if I uttered a single word more.

"I command you, I beseech you. What is the matter with you?"

"I .... I .... won't, I .... can't," I said; and the stifled sobs which had collected in my breast suddenly cast down the barriers which restrained them, and dissolved in a flood of despair.

"Is this the way you obey your second mother? is this the way you repay her kindness?" said St. Jérôme, in a tragic voice. "On your knees!"

"My God, if she could have seen this!" said grandmamma, turning away from me, and wiping her tears, which began to make their appearance. "If she could have seen .... All is for the best. Yes, she could not have borne this sorrow, she could not have borne it."

And grandmamma wept more and more violently. I wept also, but I never thought of begging pardon.

"Calm yourself, in the name of heaven, Madame la Comtesse," said St. Jérôme.

But grandmamma no longer heard him; she covered her face with her hands, and her sobs speedily turned into hiccoughs and hysterics. Mimi and Gascha rushed into the room with frightened faces, and made her smell of some spirits, and a running and whispering speedily arose all over the room.

"Admire your work," said St. Jérôme, leading me upstairs.

"My God, what have I done? What a frightful criminal I am!"

As soon as St. Jérôme had gone down-stairs again, after ordering me to go to my room, I ran to the great staircase leading to the street, without giving myself any reason for what I was about.

I do not remember whether I meant to run away, or to drown myself; I only know that, covering my face with my hands, in order that I might not see any one, I ran farther and farther down those stairs.

"Where are you going?" a familiar voice inquired all at once. "I want you too, my dear."

I tried to run past; but papa caught me by the hand, and said sternly: —

"Come with me, my good fellow! How dared you touch the portfolio in my study?" said he, leading me after him into the little boudoir. "Eh! Why are you silent? Hey?" he added, taking me by the ear.

"Forgive me," I said; "I don't know what possessed me."

"Ah, you don't know what possessed you! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know!" he repeated, and gave my ear a tweak at each word. "Will you poke your nose where you have no business in future? will you? will you?"

Although my ear pained me very much, I did not cry; but I experienced a pleasant moral feeling. No sooner had papa released my ear, than I seized his hand, and began to cover it with tears and kisses.

"Whip me," said I, through my tears. "Whip me hard, painfully; I am good for nothing; I am a wretch; I am a miserable being."

"What's the matter with you?" he said, slightly repulsing me.

"No, I won't go away on any account," I said, clinging to his coat. "Everybody hates me, I know that; but, for God's sake, listen to me, protect me, or turn me out of the house. I cannot live with him; *he* tries in every way to humiliate me. He makes me go on my knees before him. He wants to thrash me. I won't have it; I am not a little boy. I can't endure it; I shall die; I will kill myself. *He* told grandmamma that I was a good-for-nothing, and now she is ill, and she will die because of me. I .... for God's sake flog me! why.... torture .... me .... for .... it?"

Tears suffocated me. I seated myself on the divan, utterly powerless to say more, and dropped my head on his knees, sobbing so that it seemed to me that I should die that very minute.

"What are you crying about, baby?" said papa, sympathetically, as he bent over me.

"*He* is my tyrant .... tormentor. .... I shall die....

nobody loves .... me!" I could hardly speak, and I began to fall into convulsions.

Papa took me in his arms, and carried me into the bedroom. I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was very late. A single candle was burning near my bed, and our family doctor, Mimi, and Liubotchka were sitting in the room. It was evident from their faces that they feared for my health; but I felt so well and light after my twelve hours' sleep, that I could have leaped from the bed, had it not been disagreeable for me to disturb their belief in my severe illness.

CHAPTER XVII

HATRED

Yes, it was a genuine feeling of hatred. Not that hatred which is only depicted in romances, and in which I do not believe, — hatred which finds delight in doing evil to mankind, — but that hatred which inspires you with an unconquerable aversion to a person who, nevertheless, deserves your respect; which makes his hair, his neck, his walk, the sound of his voice, his every limb, his every motion, repulsive to you, and at the same time attracts you to him by some incomprehensible power, and forces you to watch his slightest acts. This feeling I experienced toward St. Jérôme.

St. Jérôme had lived with us for a year and a half. Judging the man now, in cold blood, I find that he was a fine Frenchman, but a Frenchman in the most thorough sense. He was not stupid; he was tolerably well educated, and he conscientiously fulfilled his duties toward us; but he possessed the distinctive traits which are peculiar to all his countrymen, and which are so repugnant to the Russian character, — frivolous egotism, vanity, impudence, and unmannerly self-confidence. All this displeased me greatly.

Of course grandmamma explained to him her views on corporal punishment, and he did not dare to whip us; but, in spite of this, he often threatened us, especially me, with the rod, and pronounced the word *fouetter* (as if it were *foùatter*) in a very repulsive manner, and with an intonation which seemed to indicate that it would afford him the greatest satisfaction to flog me.

I did not fear the pain of punishment at all, never having experienced it; but the mere thought that St. Jérôme might strike me put me into a state of suppressed rage and despair.

It had happened that Karl Ivanitch, in a moment of vexation, had reduced us to order with the ruler or his suspenders, but I recall this without the slightest anger. Even at the time of which I speak (when I was fourteen), if Karl Ivanitch had chanced to flog me, I should have borne his chastisement with perfect composure. I loved Karl Ivanitch. I remembered him from the time when I remembered myself, and was accustomed to him as a member of my family; but St. Jérôme was a haughty, self-conceited man, for whom I felt no sentiment but that involuntary respect with which all *grown-up* people inspired me. Karl Ivanitch was a ridiculous old man, a kind of man-servant whom I heartily loved, but placed beneath myself in my childish comprehension of social classes.

St. Jérôme, on the contrary, was a handsome, cultivated young dandy, who tried to stand on an equality with every one.

Karl Ivanitch always scolded and punished us coolly. It was evident that he regarded it as a necessary but disagreeable duty. St. Jérôme, on the other hand, liked to *pose* in the *rôle* of an instructor. It was plain, when he punished us, that he did so more for his own satisfaction than for our good. He was carried away by his own greatness. His elegant French phrases, which he uttered with strong emphasis on the last syllable, with circumflex accents, were inexpressibly repugnant to me. When Karl Ivanitch got angry, he said, "Puppets' comedy, scamp, little boy, champagne fly!" St. Jérôme called us, "Worthless fellow, vile scapegrace," and so forth, names which wounded my self-love.

Karl Ivanitch put us on our knees, with our faces in a corner; and the punishment consisted of the physical pain incident to such an attitude. St. Jérôme threw out his chest, and shouted, with a majestic wave of the hand, and with a tragic voice, "On your knees!" made us kneel with our faces toward him, and beg his pardon. The punishment consisted in humiliation.

I was not punished, and no one so much as mentioned to me what had happened; but I could not forget all that I had experienced — despair, shame, terror, and hate — in those two days. In spite of the fact that St. Jérôme, from that time forth, seemed to give up all hopes of me, and hardly concerned himself with me at all, I could not accustom myself to look upon him with indifference. Every time that our eyes met by accident, it seemed to me that enmity was far too plainly expressed in my glance, and I hastened to assume an expression of indifference; but then it seemed to me that he understood my hypocrisy, and I blushed and turned quite away.

In a word, it was inexpressibly disagreeable to me to have any relations whatever with him.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MAIDS' ROOM

I FELT more and more lonely, and solitary meditation and observation formed my principal delights. The subject of my meditations I will treat of in a succeeding chapter; but the chief theater of my observations was the maids' room, in which a very absorbing and touching romance, for me, took place. The heroine of this romance was Mascha, of course. She was in love with Vasily, who had known her when she lived out of service, and had promised to marry her at that time. Fate, which had parted them five years before, had again brought them together in grandmamma's house, but had placed a barrier in the way of their mutual love in the person of Nikolaï (Mascha's uncle), who would not hear to his niece's marriage with Vasily, whom he called an *absurd and dissipated man.*

The effect of this obstacle was to cause the hitherto rather cold-blooded and negligent Vasily suddenly to fall in love with Mascha; and he loved her in a way of which only a house-serf from the tailor's corps, with a pink shirt and pomaded hair, is capable.

In spite of the fact that the exhibitions of his love were exceedingly strange and incongruous (for instance, when he met Mascha, he always tried to cause her pain, and either pinched her, or slapped her, or hugged her with such force that she could hardly draw her breath), his affection was genuine, which was proved by the circumstance that from the day when Nikolaï finally refused him his niece's hand, Vasily took to drinking from grief, and began to loiter about the drinking-houses, create disturbances, and, in a word, to conduct himself so badly, that more than once he subjected himself to scandalous correction by the police. But this behavior and its results appeared to constitute a merit in Mascha's eyes, and increased her love for him. When Vasily was *in retirement at the police-station* Mascha wept for days together without drying her eyes, and complained of her bitter fate to Gascha (who took a lively interest in the affairs of the unhappy lovers); and, scorning the scoldings and beatings of her uncle, she stole away to the police-station on the sly to visit and comfort her friend.

Do not disdain, reader, the society to which I am introducing you. If the chords of love and sympathy have not grown weak within your soul, sounds to which they will respond will be found in the maids' room. Whether it please you or not to follow me, I shall betake myself to the landing on the staircase, from which I could see all that went on in the maids' room. There is the stove-bench on which I stand; a flat-iron, a pasteboard doll with a broken nose, a little wash-tub, and a hand-basin; there is the window-sill upon which are heaped in confusion a bit of black wax, a skein of silk, a green cucumber which has been bitten, and a bonbon box; there, also, is the large red table, upon which, upon a bit of sewing which is begun, lies a brick wrapped in calico, and behind which *she* sits, in my favorite pink linen dress and blue kerchief, which particularly attract my attention. She sews, pausing now and then in order to scratch her head with her needle, or adjust a candle; and I gaze and think, Why was she not born a lady, with those bright blue eyes, that huge golden braid of hair, and plump bosom? How it would have become her to sit in the drawing-room, in a cap with pink ribbons, and a deep red gown, not such as Mimi has, but like the one I saw on the Tverskoy boulevard! She would have embroidered at her frame, and I might have watched her in the mirror; and I would have done everything she wanted, whatever it might have been; I would have handed her her mantle and her food myself.

And what a drunken face and disgusting figure that Vasily is in his tight coat, worn above that dirty pink shirt, with the tails hanging out! At every movement of his body, at every bend of his spine, I seem to perceive the indisputable signs of the revolting punishment which had overtaken him.

"What, Vasya! again?" said Mascha, sticking her needle into the cushion, but not raising her head to greet Vasily as he entered.

"And what of it? Will any good come of *him?*" retorted Vasily. "If I had only decided on something alone! but now I shall be ruined all for nothing, and all through *him*."

"Will you have some tea?" said Nadyózha, another maid.

"I thank you humbly. And why does that thief, your uncle, hate me? Why? Because I have good clothes of my own, because of my pride, because of my walk. Enough. There you have it!" concluded Vasily, with a wave of the hand.

"One must be obedient," said Mascha, biting off her thread, "and you are so...."

"I can bear it no longer, that I can't!"

At that moment the sound of a closing door resounded from grandmamma's room, and Gascha's grumbling voice approaching the staircase.

"Go try to please her, when she does n't know herself what she wants. Accursed life! May the Lord forgive my sins, if for that alone," she muttered, flourishing her arms.

"My respects, Agafya Mikhaïlovna," said Vasily, rising to greet her.

"Well, so you are there! I don't want your respects," she replied grimly, staring at him. "And why do you come here? Is the maids' room a place for men to come?"

"I wanted to inquire after your health," said Vasily, timidly.

"I shall soon expire, that's the state of my health," screamed Agafya Mikhaïlovna, still more angrily, and at the top of her voice.

Vasily laughed.

"There's nothing to laugh at, and if I say that you are to take yourself off, then march! See, that heathen wants to marry, the low fellow! Now march, be off!"

And Agafya went stamping to her room, and slammed the door so violently that the glass in the windows rattled.

She could be heard for a long time behind the partition, scolding at everything and everybody, cursing her existence, hurling her effects about, and pulling the ears of her beloved cat; finally the door opened a crack, and the cat flew out, swung by her tail, and mewing piteously.

"Evidently I had better come another time to drink tea," said Vasily, in a whisper; "farewell until a pleasanter meeting."

"Never mind," said Nadyózha, with a wink, "I will go and see to the samovar."

"Yes, and I'll make an end of it once for all," continued Vasily, seating himself close to Mascha, as soon as Nadyózha had left the room.

"I'll either go straight to the countess, and say, 'Thus and so is the state of things,' or else.... I'll give up everything, and run away to the ends of the earth, by God!"

"And how can I remain?"

"I am only sorry for you, and you should have been free, my little dove, lo-o-ng ago, so surely as God lives."

"Why don't you bring me your shirts to wash, Vasya?" said Mascha, after a momentary silence; "see how black this one is," she added, taking hold of the shirt-collar.

At that moment grandmamma's little bell was heard from below, and Gascha emerged from her chamber.

"What are you getting from her now, you vile man?" she said, pushing Vasily toward the door, as he rose hastily at the sight of her; "you have brought the girl to this state, and still you cling to her, you bare-backed wretch; evidently, it's merry for you to gaze upon her tears. Go away. Take yourself off. — What good did you ever find in him?" she went on, turning to Mascha. "Did n't your uncle beat you enough to-day on his account? But no, you will have your own way: 'I won't marry anybody but Vasily Gruskoff.' The fool!"

"I won't marry anybody, I don't love anybody, if I'm beaten to death for his sake," cried Mascha, bursting suddenly into tears.

I gazed long at Mascha, who, reclining upon a chest, wiped away her tears with her kerchief; and I made every effort to alter my opinion of Vasily, and endeavored to find the point of view from which he could appear so attractive to her. But in spite of my sincere sympathy with her grief, I could not possibly comprehend how such a bewitching being as Mascha appeared in my eyes could love Vasily.

"When I am grown up," I reasoned with myself, as I went up-stairs to my own quarters, "Petrovskoe will be mine, and Mascha and Vasily will be my serfs. I shall be sitting in the study, smoking my pipe, and Mascha will be going to the kitchen with her flat-iron. I shall say, 'Call Mascha to me.' She will come, and there will be no one in the room. — All at once, Vasily will enter, and when he sees Mascha he will say, 'My dear little dove is ruined!' And Mascha will cry; and I shall say, 'Vasily, I know that you love her, and she loves you: here are a thousand rubles for you; marry her; and may God grant you happiness.' And then I shall go into the boudoir."[1] Among the innumerable thoughts and fancies which pass through the mind and imagination, leaving no trace, there are some which leave a deep, sensitive furrow, so that, without recalling the thought itself, one remembers that there was something pleasant in one's mind, and one feels the trace of the thought, and tries to reproduce it once again. Such a deep trace did the thought of sacrificing my own feeling, for the sake of such happiness as Mascha could find only in a marriage with Vasily, leave in my soul.

CHAPTER XIX

BOYHOOD

I CAN scarcely believe what were the favorite and most constant subjects of my meditations during my boyhood — they were so incompatible with my age and position. But, in my opinion, incompatibility between a man's position and his moral activity is the truest proof of sincerity.

During the course of the year, when I led an isolated moral life, concentrated within myself, all the abstract questions concerning the destination of man, the future life, the immortality of the soul, already presented themselves to me; and, with all the fervor of inexperience, my weak childish mind endeavored to solve these questions, the presentation of which represents the highest stage to which the mind of man can attain, but the solution of which is not granted to him.

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[1] Or divan-room.

It seems to me that the human mind, in every separate individual, traverses the same path during development by which it is developed in whole races; that the thoughts which serve as a foundation for the various philosophical theories form the inalienable attributes of the mind; but that every man has recognized them, with more or less clearness, even before he has known of the philosophical theories.

These thoughts presented themselves to my mind with such clearness, and in such a striking light, that I even tried to apply them to life, fancying that I was the *first* to discover such great and useful truths.

Once the thought occurred to me that happiness does not depend upon external conditions, but on our relations to them; that man, after he is accustomed to endure suffering, cannot be unhappy; and, in order to accustom myself to pain, I held Tatischeff's lexicon for five minutes in my outstretched hands, in spite of dreadful pain, or I went into the garret and castigated myself on the bare back with a rope so severely that tears sprang involuntarily to my eyes.

On another occasion, remembering, all of a sudden, that death awaited me at any hour, at any moment, I made up my mind, not understanding how people had hitherto failed to understand it, that man can be happy only by making use of the present, and not thinking of the future; and for three days, under the influence of this thought, I neglected my lessons, and did nothing but lie on the bed, and enjoy myself by reading a romance and eating gingerbread with Kronoff mead, for which I spent the last money I had.

On another occasion, while standing before the blackboard engaged in drawing various figures upon it with chalk, I was suddenly struck by the thought: Why is symmetry pleasing to the eye? What is symmetry?

It is an inborn feeling, I answered myself. But on what is it founded? Is there symmetry in everything in life? On the contrary here is life — and I drew an oval figure on one side of the blackboard. After life the soul passes into eternity; here is eternity — and from one side of the oval I drew a line which extended to the very edge of the board. Why not another similar line from the other side? Yes, and, as a matter of fact, what kind of eternity is that which is on one side only? for we certainly have existed before this life, although we have lost the memory of it.

This reasoning, which appeared to me extremely novel and lucid, and whose thread I can now only catch with difficulty, pleased me excessively, and I took a sheet of paper with the idea of setting it forth in writing; but, in the process, such a mass of thoughts suddenly entered my mind, that I was obliged to rise and walk about the room. When I approached the window, my attention turned on the water-carrier horse which the coachman was harnessing at the moment; and all my thoughts were concentrated upon the solution of the question, Into what animal or man will the soul of that horse migrate, when it is set free? At that moment, Volodya was passing through the room, and smiled, perceiving that I was meditating something; and that smile was sufficient to make me comprehend that all I had been thinking about was the most frightful nonsense.

I have related this, to me, memorable occasion, merely for the purpose of giving the reader to understand the nature of my reflections.

But in none of all the philosophical directions was I drawn so far as by skepticism, which at one time brought me into a state bordering on madness. I fancied that, besides myself, nothing and nobody existed in the whole world; that objects were not objects, but images which only appeared when I directed my attention to them; and that, as soon as I ceased to think of them, the objects disappeared.

In a word, I agreed with Schelling in the conviction that objects do not exist, but only my relation to them exists. There were moments when, under the influence of this *fixed idea,* I reached such a stage of derangement that I sometimes glanced quickly in the opposite direction, hoping suddenly to find nothingness (*néant*) where I was not.

A pitiful, worthless spring of moral action is the mind of man!

My weak mind could not penetrate the impenetrable; but in this labor, which was beyond its strength, I lost, one after the other, the convictions which, for the happiness of my own life, I never should have dared to touch upon.

From all this heavy moral toil I brought away nothing except a shiftiness of mind which weakened the force of my will, and a habit of constant moral analysis which destroyed freshness of feeling and clearness of judgment.

Abstract thoughts take shape, in consequence of man's capacity to seize with his perceptions the state of his soul at any given moment, and transfer it to his memory. My tendency to abstract meditation developed the perceptive faculties in me to such an unnatural degree that frequently, when I began to think of the simplest sort of thing, I fell into an inextricable circle of analysis of my thoughts, and no longer considered the question which had occupied me, but thought of what I was thinking about. When I asked myself, Of what am I thinking? I replied, I think of what I am thinking. And now what am I thinking of? I think that I am thinking of what I am thinking, and so on. Intellect gave way before ratiocination.

Nevertheless, the philosophical discoveries which I made were extremely flattering to my self-conceit. I often fancied myself a great man, who was discovering new truths for the benefit of mankind, and I gazed upon other mortals with a proud consciousness of my worth; but, strange to say, when I came in contact with these mortals, I was shy in the presence of every one of them, and the higher I rated myself in my own opinion, the less capable I was of displaying my consciousness of my own merit to others, and I could not even accustom myself not to feel ashamed of my every word and movement, however simple.

CHAPTER XX

VOLODYA

YES, the farther I proceed in the description of this period of my life, the more painful and difficult does it become for me. Rarely, rarely amid the memories of this time, do I find moments of the genuine warmth of feeling which so brilliantly and constantly illumined the beginning of my life. I feel an involuntary desire to pass as quickly as possible over the desert of boyhood, and attain that happy epoch when a truly tender, noble sentiment of friendship lighted up the conclusion of this period of growth, and laid the foundation for a new epoch, full of charm and poetry, — the epoch of adolescence.

I shall not trace my recollections hour by hour; but I will cast a quick glance at the principal ones, from that time to which I have brought down my narrative until my connection with a remarkable man, who exercised a decided and beneficial influence upon my character and course.

Volodya will enter the university in a few days. Separate masters come for him; and I listen with envy and involuntary respect as he taps the blackboard boldly with the chalk, and talks of functions, and sinuses, and coördinates, and so on, which seem to me the expression of unattainable wisdom. But one Sunday, after dinner, all the teachers and two professors assemble in grandmamma's room; and in the presence of papa and several guests they rehearse the university examination, in the course of which Volodya, to grandmamma's great joy, exhibits remarkable learning. Questions on various subjects are also put to me; but I make a very poor show, and the professors evidently endeavor to conceal my ignorance before grandmamma, which confuses me still more. However, very little attention is paid to me; I am only fifteen, consequently there is still a year to my examination. Volodya only comes down stairs at dinner-time, but spends the whole day and even the evenings up-stairs in his occupations, not of necessity, but at his own desire. He is extremely vain, and does not want to pass merely a mediocre examination, but a distinguished one.

But now the day of the first examination has arrived. Volodya puts on his blue coat with brass buttons, his gold watch, and lacquered boots; papa's phaeton is brought up to the door. Nikolaï throws aside the apron, and Volodya and St. Jérôme drive off to the university. The girls, especially Katenka, look out of the window at Volodya's fine figure as he seats himself in the carriage, with joyous and rapturous faces; and papa says, "God grant it! God grant it!" and grandmamma, who has also dragged herself to the window, makes the sign of the cross over Volodya, with tears in her eyes, until the phaeton disappears round the corner of the lane, and says something in a whisper.

Volodya returns. All inquire impatiently, "Well, was it good? how much?" But it is already evident from his beaming face that it is good. Volodya has received five. On the following day he is accompanied by the same anxiety and wishes for his success, and received with the same impatience and joy. Thus nine days pass. On the tenth day, the last and most difficult examination of all awaits him — the Law of God;[1] and all of us stand at the window and wait for him with the greatest impatience. Two hours have already elapsed, and still Volodya has not returned.

"Heavens! my dears!! here they are!!! here they are!!!!" screams Liubotchka, with her face glued to the pane.

And, in fact, Volodya is sitting beside St. Jérôme in the phaeton, but dressed no longer in his blue coat and gray cap, but in student uniform, with blue embroidered collar, three-cornered hat, and a gilt sword by his side.

"Oh, if *you* were only alive!" shrieks grandmamma, when she beholds Volodya in his uniform, and falls into a swoon.

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[1] The official title of religious instruction. — Tr.

Volodya runs into the vestibule with a beaming face, kisses me, Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka, who blushes to her very ears. Volodya is beside himself with joy. And how handsome he is in his uniform! How becoming his blue collar is to his black whiskers, which are just sprouting! What a long, slender waist he has, and what a fine gait! On that memorable day, all dine in grandmamma's room. Joy beams from every countenance; and after dinner, at dessert, the butler, with politely majestic but merry countenance, brings in a bottle of champagne, enveloped in a napkin. Grandmamma drinks champagne for the first time since mamma's death; she drinks a whole glass, as she congratulates Volodya, and she weeps again with joy as she looks at him. Volodya drives out of the courtyard in his own equipage now, receives *his acquaintances in his own apartments*, smokes tobacco, goes to balls; and I even saw him and his companions, on one occasion, drink up two bottles of champagne in his room, and at every glass propose the healths of some mysterious personages, and dispute as to which one the bottom of the bottle belonged to. But he dines regularly at home, and sits in the boudoir after dinner, as before, and is forever engaged in some mysterious discussion with Katenka; but so far as I can hear — for I do not take part in their conversation — they are merely talking of the heroes and heroines of the novels which they have read, of love and jealousy; and I cannot at all understand what interest they can find in such discussions, and why they smile so artfully and dispute so warmly.

I observe in general that some strange relations exist between Katenka and Volodya, besides the readily intelligible friendship between companions of childhood, which set them apart from us and unite them to each other in a mysterious way.

CHAPTER XXI

KATENKA AND LIUBOTCHKA

Katenka is sixteen, she is grown up; the angularity of form, the timidity and awkwardness of movement, peculiar to girls in the age of transition, have made way for the harmonious freshness and grace of a newly blown flower. But she has not changed; the same bright blue eyes and smiling glance, the same little straight nose which forms almost one line with the brow, with its strong nostrils, and the tiny mouth with its brilliant smile, the same tiny dimples on the rosy, transparent cheeks, the same little white hands; and for some reason, as heretofore, the expression, a *pure girl*, fits her peculiarly well. The only new thing about her is her heavy blond hair, which she wears in the fashion of grown-up people; and her young bosom, whose advent plainly delights yet shames her.

Although Liubotchka has grown up and always studied with her, she is quite a different girl in every respect.

Liubotchka is small of stature, and in consequence of the rickets her legs are still crooked, and her figure is very ugly. The only pretty thing about her face is her eyes, and they are really very beautiful, — large and black, and with such an indefinably attractive expression of dignity and simplicity that it is impossible not to remark them. Liubotchka is natural and simple in everything. Katenka does not wish to be like any one else in any respect. Liubotchka's gaze is always straight forward; and sometimes she fixes her great black eyes on a person, and keeps them there so long that she is reproved and told that it is not polite.

Katenka, on the other hand, drops her eyelashes, draws her lids together, and declares that she is shortsighted, though I know very well that her sight is perfectly good. Liubotchka does not like to attitudinize before strangers; and when any of the guests begin to kiss her, she pouts, and says that she cannot endure *sentiment.* Katenka, on the contrary, becomes particularly affectionate with Mimi in the presence of guests, and loves to promenade in the hall, in the embrace of some girl. Liubotchka is a terrible laugher; and sometimes, in outbursts of merriment, she flourishes her hands and runs about the room. Katenka, on the contrary, covers her mouth with her hands or her handkerchief when she begins to laugh. Liubotchka always sits and walks upright, with her arms dangling; Katenka holds her head a little on one side, and walks with her hands clasped together. Liubotchka is always dreadfully glad when she succeeds in talking with a grown-up man, and declares that she will certainly marry a hussar; but Katenka says that all men are hateful to her, that she will never marry, and becomes quite a different girl when a man speaks to her, just as though she were afraid of something. Liubotchka is forever offended with Mimi because they lace her up so tight in corsets that she "can't breathe," and she is fond of eating; but Katenka, on the other hand, often thrusts her finger under the point of her bodice, and shows us how loose it is for her, and she eats very little. Liubotchka loves to draw heads, but Katenka draws only flowers and butterflies. Liubotchka plays Field's concertos perfectly, and some of Beethoven's sonatas. Katenka plays variations and waltzes, retards the time, pounds, uses the pedal incessantly; and before she begins to play anything she strikes three arpeggio chords.

But Katenka, according to my opinion then, was much more like an adult, and therefore she pleased me far more.

CHAPTER XXII

PAPA

PAPA has been particularly gay since Volodya's entrance to the university, and comes to dine with grandmamma much oftener than usual. Moreover, the cause of his cheerfulness, as I have learned from Nikolaï, consists in the fact that he has won a remarkably large amount of money of late. It even happens that he sometimes comes to us in the evening before going to his club, sits down at the piano, gathers us all about him, and sings gipsy songs, accompanying them by stamping his feet in their soft boots (he cannot bear heels, and never wears them). And then the rapture of his favorite Liubotchka, on her side, who adores him, is worth seeing. Sometimes he comes to the school-room, and listens with a stern countenance while I recite my lessons; but I perceive, from the occasional words with which he endeavors to set me right, that he is but badly acquainted with what I am learning. Sometimes he gives us a sly wink, and makes signs to us, when grandmamma begins to grumble and get into a rage with everybody without cause. "Now it's *our* turn to catch it, children," he says afterwards. On the whole, he has descended somewhat in my eyes from the unapproachable height upon which my childish imagination placed him. I kiss his large white hand, with the same feeling of genuine love and respect; but I already permit myself to think of him, to pass judgment on his acts, and thoughts occur to me in regard to him which frighten me. Never shall I forget one circumstance which inspired many such thoughts in me, and caused me much moral suffering.

Once, late in the evening, he entered the drawing-room, in his black dress-coat and white waistcoat, in order to carry off Volodya with him to a ball. The latter was dressing in his own room at the time. Grandmother was waiting in her bedroom for Volodya to come and show himself to her (she had a habit of summoning him to her presence before every ball, to inspect him, and to bestow upon him her blessing and instructions). In the hall, which was lighted by one candle only, Mimi and Katenka were pacing to and fro; but Liubotchka was seated at the piano, engaged in memorizing Field's Second Concerto, which was one of mamma's favorite pieces.

Never, in any one whatever, have I met such an intimate likeness as existed between my sister and my mother. This likeness consisted not in face, nor form, but in some intangible quality,— in her hands, in her manner of walking, in peculiarities of voice, and in certain expressions. When Liubotchka got angry, and said, "It won't be allowed for a whole age," she pronounced the words, *a whole age*, which mamma was accustomed to use, so that it seemed as if one heard them lengthened, who-o-le a-ge. But the likeness was still more remarkable in her playing on the piano, and in all her ways connected with this. She adjusted her dress in exactly the way, and turned her pages from above with her left hand, and pounded the keys with her fist from vexation when she was long in conquering a difficult passage, and said, "Ah, heavens!" and she had that same indescribable tenderness and accuracy of execution, that beautiful execution like Field, which is so well called *jeu perlé*, and whose charm all the hocus-pocus of newer pianists cannot make one forget.

Papa entered the room with swift, short steps, and went up to Liubotchka, who stopped playing when she saw him.

"No, go on playing, Liuba, go on," said he, putting her back in her seat; "you know how I love to hear you."

Liubotchka continued her playing, and papa sat opposite her for a long time, supporting his head on his hand; then he gave his shoulders a sudden twist, rose, and began to pace the room. Every time that he approached the piano, he paused, and looked intently at Liubotchka. I perceived, from his movements and his manner of walking, that he was excited. After traversing the hall several times, he paused behind Liubotchka's seat, kissed her black hair, and then, turning away, he pursued his walk. When Liubotchka had finished her piece, and went up to him with the question, "Is it pretty?" he took her head silently in his hands, and began to kiss her brow and eyes with such tenderness as I had never seen him display.

"Ah, heavens! you are weeping!" said Liubotchka, all at once dropping the chain of his watch, and fixing her great, surprised eyes on his face. "Forgive me, dear papa; I had quite forgotten that that was *mamma's piece.*"

"No, my dear, play it as often as possible," he said in a voice which quivered with emotion; "if you only knew how good it is for me to weep with you...."

He kissed her once more, and, endeavoring to overcome his emotion, he twitched his shoulders, and went out of the door which led to the corridor and Volodya's room.

"Waldemar! Will you be ready soon?" he cried, halting midway in the corridor. At that moment, Mascha the maid passed him, and, seeing the master, she dropped her eyes, and tried to avoid him. He stopped her. "You grow prettier and prettier," he said, bending over her.

Mascha blushed, and drooped her head still lower. "Permit me," she whispered.

"Waldemar, are you nearly ready?" repeated papa, twitching himself and coughing, when Mascha passed, and he caught sight of me.

I love my father; but the mind of man exists independently of the heart, and often mixes within itself thoughts which are insulting to him, with feelings both incomprehensible and stern concerning him. And such thoughts come to me, although I strive to drive them away.

CHAPTER XXIII

GRANDMAMMA

GRANDMAMMA grows weaker from day to day; her bell, Gascha's grumbling voice, and the slamming of doors are heard more frequently in her room, and she no longer receives us in the study in her long sofa-chair, but in her bedroom in her high bed with its lace-trimmed pillows. I perceive, on saluting her, that there is a pale, yellowish, shining swelling on her hand and that oppressive odor in the chamber which I had observed five years before in mamma's room. The doctor comes to the house three times a day, and several consultations have been held. But her character, her haughty and ceremonious intercourse with all members of the household, particularly with papa, is not altered in the least; she enunciates her words, elevates her brows, and says, "my dear,"[1] in exactly the same manner as usual.

But, for several days now, we have not been admitted to her; and once in the morning St. Jérôme proposes to me that I shall go to ride with Liubotchka and Katenka during lesson hours. Although I notice, as I take my seat in the sleigh, that the street in front of grandmamma's windows is strewn with straw, and that several people in blue overcoats are standing about our gate, I cannot in the least understand why I have been sent to ride at this unusual hour. During our entire ride on that day, Liubotchka and I are, for some reason, in that particularly cheerful frame of mind when every occurrence, every word, every motion, excites one's laughter.

A peddler crosses the road at a trot, holding on to his tray, and we laugh. A ragged Vanka[2] overtakes our sleigh at a gallop, flourishing the ends of his reins, and we shout with laughter. Philip's knout has caught in the runners of the sleigh; he turns around, and says, "Alas!" and we die with laughter. Mimi remarks, with a face of displeasure, that only *stupid people* laugh without cause; and Liubotchka, all rosy with the strain of repressed laughter, casts a sidelong glance at me. Our eyes meet, and we break out into such Homeric laughter, that the tears come to our eyes, and we are unable to suppress the bursts of merriment which are suffocating us. We have no sooner quieted down to some extent, than I glance at Liubotchka, and utter a private little word which has been in fashion for some time among us, and which always calls forth a laugh; and again we break out.

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[1] *Moi miluii*, equivalent to *mon cher*, and not always a term of endearment.—Tr.

[2] Cabman.

On our return home, I have but just opened my mouth in order to make a very fine grimace at Liubotchka, when my eyes are startled by the black cover of a coffin leaning against one half of our entrance door, and my mouth retains its distorted shape.

"Your grandmother is dead," says St. Jérôme, coming to meet us with a pale face.

During the whole time that grandmamma's body remains in the house, I experience an oppressive feeling, a fear of death, as if the dead body were alive, and unpleasantly reminding me that I must die sometime, — a feeling which it is usual, for some reason, to confound with grief. I do not mourn for grandmamma, and, in fact, there can hardly be any one who sincerely mourns her. Although the house is full of mourning visitors, no one sorrows for her death, except one individual, whose wild grief impresses me in an indescribable manner. And this person is Gascha, the maid. She goes off to the garret, locks herself up there, weeps incessantly, curses herself, tears her hair, will not listen to any advice, and declares that death is the only consolation left for her after the death of her beloved mistress.

I repeat once more that inconsistency in matters of feeling is the most trustworthy sign of genuineness.

Grandmother is no more, but memories and various rumors about her still live in her house. These rumors refer especially to the will which she made before her end, and the contents of which no one knows, with the exception of her executor, Prince Ivan Ivanitch. I observe some excitement among grandmamma's people, and I frequently overhear remarks as to who will become whose property; and I must confess that I think, with involuntary joy, of the fact that we shall receive a legacy.

At the end of six weeks, Nikolaï, who is the daily newspaper of our establishment, informs me that grandmamma has left all her property to Liubotchka, intrusting the guardianship until her marriage, not to papa, but to Prince Ivan Ivanitch.

CHAPTER XXIV

I

Only a few months remain before my entrance to the university. I am studying well. I not only await my teachers without terror, but even feel a certain pleasure in my lessons.

I am glad that I can recite the lesson I have learned clearly and accurately. I am preparing for the mathematical department; and this choice, to tell the truth, has been made by me simply because the words "sinuses," "tangents," "differentials," "integrals," and so forth, please me extremely.

I am much shorter of stature than Volodya, broad-shouldered and fleshy, homely as ever, and worried about it as usual. I try to appear original. One thing consoles me; that is, that papa once said of me that I had a *sensible phiz*, and I am fully convinced of it.

St. Jérôme is satisfied with me; and I not only do not hate him, but, when he occasionally remarks that *with my gifts* and *my mind* it is a shame that I do not do thus and so, it even seems to me that I love him.

My observations on the maids' room ceased long ago; I am ashamed to hide myself behind a door, and, moreover, my conviction that Mascha loves Vasily has cooled me somewhat, I must confess. Vasily's marriage, the permission for which, at his request, I obtain from papa, effects a final cure of this unhappy passion in me.

When the *young pair* come, with bonbons on a tray, to thank papa, and Mascha in a blue-ribboned cap, kissing each of us on the shoulder, also returns thanks to all of us for something or other, I am conscious only of the rose pomade on her hair, but not of the least emotion.

On the whole, I am beginning gradually to recover from my boyish follies; with the exception, however, of the chief one, which is still fated to cause me much injury in life, — my tendency to metaphysics.

CHAPTER XXV

VOLODYA'S FRIENDS

ALTHOUGH in the company of Volodya's acquaintances I played a *rôle* which wounded my self-love, I liked to sit in his room when he had visitors, and silently observe all that took place there.

The most frequent of all Volodya's guests were Adjutant Dubkoff, and a student, Prince Nekhliudoff. Dubkoff was a small, muscular, dark-complexioned man, no longer in his first youth, and rather short-legged, but not bad-looking, and always gay. He was one of those narrow-minded persons to whom their own narrow-mindedness is particularly agreeable, who are not capable of viewing subjects from different sides, and who are continually allowing themselves to be carried away with something. The judgment of such people is one-sided and erroneous, but always open-hearted and captivating. Even their narrow egotism seems pardonable and attractive, for some reason. Besides this, Dubkoff possessed a double charm for Volodya and me, — a military exterior, and, most of all, the age, with which young people have a habit of confounding their ideas of what is *comme il faut*, which is very highly prized during these years. Moreover, Dubkoff really was what is called a man *comme il faut*. One thing displeased me, and that was that Volodya seemed at times to be ashamed, in his presence, of my most innocent acts, and, most of all, my youth.

Nekhliudoff was not handsome; little gray eyes, a low, rough forehead, disproportionately long arms and legs, could not be called beautiful features. The only handsome thing about him was his unusually lofty stature, the delicate coloring of his face, and his very fine teeth. But his countenance acquired such a character of originality and energy from his narrow, brilliant eyes, and the expression of his smile which changed from sternness to childish indefiniteness, that it was impossible not to take note of him.

He was, it appeared, excessively modest, for every trifle made him flush up to his very ears; but his shyness did not resemble mine. The more he reddened, the more determination did his face express. He seemed angry with himself for his weakness. Although he seemed very friendly with Dubkoff and Volodya, it was worthy of note that chance alone had connected him with them. Their views were entirely different. Volodya and Dubkoff seemed afraid of everything which even resembled serious discussion and feeling; Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, was an enthusiast in the highest degree, and often entered into discussion of philosophical questions and of feelings, in spite of ridicule. Volodya and Dubkoff were fond of talking about the objects of their love (and they fell in love all of a sudden, with several, and both with the same persons); Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, always became seriously angry when they hinted at his love for a *little red-haired girl.*

Volodya and Dubkoff often permitted themselves to make amiable sport of their relatives; Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, could be driven quite beside himself by uncomplimentary allusions to his aunt, for whom he cherished a sort of rapturous reverence. Volodya and Dubkoff used to go off somewhere after supper without Nekhliudoff, and they called him a *pretty little girl.*

Prince Nekhliudoff impressed me from the first by his conversation as well as by his appearance. But although I found much in his tastes that was common to mine, — or perhaps just for that reason, — the feeling with which he inspired me when I saw him for the first time was extremely hostile.

I was displeased by his quick glance, his firm voice, his haughty look, but most of all by the utter indifference toward me which he exhibited. Often, during a conversation, I had a terrible desire to contradict him; I wanted to quarrel with him, to punish him for his pride, to show him that I was sensible, although he would not pay the slightest attention to me. Diffidence restrained me.

CHAPTER XXVI

DISCUSSIONS

Volodya was lying with his feet on the divan, and leaning on his elbow; he was engaged in reading a French romance, when I went to his room after my evening lessons according to custom. He raised his head for a second to glance at me, and again turned to his reading; the most simple and natural movement possible, but it made me blush. It seemed to me that his glance expressed the question why I had come there; and his hasty bend of the head, a desire to conceal from me the meaning of the glance. This tendency to attribute significance to the simplest movement constituted one of my characteristic traits at that age. I walked up to the table, and took a book; but before I began to read it, it occurred to me how ridiculous it was not to say anything to each other, when we had not seen each other all day.

"Shall you be at home this evening?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because," said I, perceiving I could not start a conversation. I took my book, and began to read.

It was strange that Volodya and I should pass whole hours in silence, face to face, but that it required only the presence of a third person, even if taciturn, to start the most interesting and varied discussions. We felt that we knew each other too well; and too intimate or too slight knowledge of each other prevents approach.

"Is Volodya at home?" said Dubkoff's voice in the vestibule.

"Yes," said Volodya, lowering his feet, and laying his book on the table.

Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff entered the room in their coats and hats.

"What do you say, Volodya? shall we go to the theater?"

"No, I'm busy," replied Volodya, turning red.

"Well, what an idea! Pray let us go."

"I have n't any ticket."

"You can get as many tickets as you want at the entrance."

"Wait, I'll come directly," said Volodya, yielding, and he left the room with a twitch of his shoulders.

I knew that Volodya wanted very much to go to the theater, whither Dubkoff invited him; that he only refused because he had no money; and that he had gone to borrow five rubles of the butler until his next instalment of allowance became due.

"How are you, *Diplomat?*" said Dubkoff, giving me his hand.

Volodya's friends called me the diplomat, because once, after a dinner with my grandmother, in speaking of our future, she had said, in their presence, that Volodya was to be a soldier, and that she hoped to see me a diplomat, in a black dress-coat, and with my hair dressed *à la coq*, which, according to her views, constituted an indispensable part of the diplomatic profession.

"Where has Volodya gone?" Nekhliudoff asked.

"I don't know," I replied, reddening at the thought that they probably guessed why Volodya had quitted the room.

"He can't have any money! is that so? Oh, *Diplomat!*" he added with conviction, displaying his smile, "I have n't any money either; have you, Dubkoff?"

"We shall see," said Dubkoff, pulling out his purse, and very carefully feeling a few bits of small change with his short fingers. "Here's a five-kopek bit, and here's a twenty-kopek piece, and f-f-f-f-u!" said he, making a comical gesture with his hand.

At that moment Volodya entered the room.

"Well, shall we go?"

"No."

"How ridiculous you are!" said Nekhliudoff. "Why don't you say that you have n't any money? Take my ticket, if you like."

"But what will you do?"

"He will go to his cousin's box," said Dubkoff.

"No, I will not go at all."

"Why?"

"Because, as you know, I don't like to sit in a box."

"Why?"

"I don't like it; it makes me feel awkward."

"The same old thing again! I don't understand how you can feel awkward where every one is glad to have you. It 's absurd, *my dear fellow*."[1]

"What am I to do, *if I am timid?*[1] I am convinced that you have never blushed in your life, but I do it every moment for the veriest trifles," turning crimson as he spoke.

"*Do you know the cause of your timidity?*[1] An excess of self-love, my dear fellow," said Dubkoff, in a patronizing tone.

"*An excess of self-love*,[1] indeed!" said Nekhliudoff, touched to the quick. "On the contrary, it is because I have too little *self-love;*[1] it seems to me that things displease and bore me .... because .... "

"Dress yourself, Volodya," said Dubkoff, seizing him by the shoulders, and pulling off his coat. "Ignat, dress your master!"

"Because, it often happens to me .... " went on Nekhliudoff.

But Dubkoff was no longer listening to him. "Tra-la-ta-ra-ra-la-la," and he hummed an air.

"You have not escaped," said Nekhliudoff; "and I will prove to you that shyness does not proceed from self-love at all."

"You will prove it if you come with us."

"I have said that I would not go."

"Well, stay, then, and prove it to the *diplomat;* and he shall tell us when we come back."

"I will prove it," retorted Nekhliudoff, with childish obstinacy; "but come back as soon as you can.

"What do you think? am I vain?" he said, seating himself beside me.

Although I had formed an opinion on that point, I was so intimidated by this unexpected appeal, that I could not answer him very promptly.

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[1] In French, in the original. — Tr.

"Yes, I think so," I said, feeling that my voice trembled and the color covered my face at the thought that the time had come to show him that *I was intelligent*, — "I think that every man is vain, and that everything a man does is done from vanity."

"What is vanity, in your opinion?" said Nekhliudoff, smiling somewhat disdainfully, as it struck me.

"Vanity .... self-love," said I, "is the conviction that I am better and wiser than anybody else."

"But how can everybody entertain that conviction?"

"I do not know whether I am correct or not, but no one except myself confesses to it; I am persuaded that I am wiser than any one in the world, and I am persuaded that you are convinced of the same thing."

"No, I am the first to say of myself that I have met people whom I have acknowledged to be wiser than myself," said Nekhliudoff.

"Impossible," I answered, with conviction.

"Do you really think so?" said Nekhliudoff, looking intently at me.

And then an idea occurred to me, to which I immediately gave utterance.

"I will prove it to you. Why do we love ourselves more than others? Because we consider ourselves better than others, more worthy of love. If we considered others better than ourselves, then we should love them more than ourselves, and that never happens. Even if it does happen, I am right all the same," I added, with an involuntary smile of vanity.

Nekhliudoff remained silent for a moment.

"I never thought that you were so clever!" he said with such a sweet, good-natured smile, that it seemed to me all at once that I was perfectly happy.

Praise acts so powerfully, not only on the feelings, but on the mind of man, that under its pleasant influence it seemed to me that I became much more clever, and ideas occurred to me one after the other with unusual swiftness. From vanity we passed, without noticing it, to love; and discussion on this theme seemed inexhaustible. Although our judgments might seem utter nonsense to an uninterested listener, — so unintelligible and one-sided were they, — they possessed a lofty significance for us. Our souls were so agreeably attuned in harmony, that the slightest touch upon any chord in one found an echo in the other. We took pleasure in this mutual echoing of the divers chords which we touched in our discussion. It seemed to us that time and words were lacking to express to each other the thoughts which sought utterance.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE BEGINNING OF FRIENDSHIP

From that time, rather strange but very agreeable relations existed between me and Dmitry Nekhliudoff. In the presence of strangers, he paid hardly any attention to me; but as soon as we chanced to be alone, we seated ourselves in some quiet nook, and began to discuss, forgetful of everything, and perceiving not how the time flew.

We talked of the future life, and of the arts, and of the government service, and marriage, and bringing up children; and it never entered our heads that all we said was the most frightful nonsense. It never occurred to us, because the nonsense we talked was wise and nice nonsense; and in youth one still prizes wisdom, and believes in it. In youth, all the powers of the soul are directed toward the future; and that future assumes such varied, vivid, and enchanting forms under the influence of hope, founded, not upon experience of the past, but upon the fancied possibilities of happiness, that the mere conceptions and dreams of future bliss, when shared, form a genuine happiness at that age. In the metaphysical discussions which formed one of the chief subjects of our conversation, I loved the moment when thoughts succeed each other more and more swiftly, and, growing ever more abstract, finally attain such a degree of mistiness that one sees no possibility of expressing them, and, supposing that one is saying what he thinks, he says something entirely different. I loved the moment when, soaring higher and higher into the realms of thought, one suddenly comprehends all its infiniteness, and confesses the impossibility of proceeding farther.

Once, during the Carnival, Nekhliudoff was so absorbed in various pleasures, that, although he came to the house several times a day, he never once spoke to me; and this so offended me, that he again seemed to me a haughty and disagreeable man. I only waited for an opportunity to show him that I did not value his society in the least, and entertained no special affection for him.

On the first occasion after the Carnival that he wanted to talk to me, I said that I was obliged to prepare my lessons, and went up-stairs; but a quarter of an hour later, some one opened the school-room door, and Nekhliudoff entered.

"Do I disturb you?" said he.

"No," I replied, although I wanted to say that I really was busy.

"Then why did you leave Volodya's room? We have n't had a talk for a long while. And I have become so used to it, that it seems as if something were missing."

My vexation vanished in a moment, and Dmitry again appeared the same kind and charming man as before in my eyes.

"You probably know why I went away," said I.

"Perhaps," he replied, seating himself beside me. "But if I guess it, I cannot say why, but you can," said he.

"I will say it: I went away because I was angry with you — not angry, but vexed. To speak plainly, I am always afraid that you will despise me because I am still so very young."

"Do you know why I have become so intimate with you?" he said, replying to my confession with a good-humored and sensible smile, — "why I love you more than people with whom I am better acquainted, and with whom I have more in common? I settled it at once. You have a wonderfully rare quality, — frankness."

"Yes, I always say just the very things that I am ashamed to acknowledge," I said, confirming him, "but only to those people whom I can trust."

"Yes; but in order to trust a person, one must be entirely friendly with him, and we are not friends yet, Nikolas. You remember that we discussed friendship; in order to be true friends, it is necessary to trust one another."

"To trust that what I tell you, you will not repeat to any one," said I. "But the most important, the most interesting thoughts, are just those which we would not tell each other for anything!"

"And what loathsome thoughts! such thoughts that, if we knew that we should be forced to acknowledge them, we should never have dared to think them."

"Do you know what idea has come to me, Nikolas?" he added, rising from his chair, and rubbing his hands, with a smile. "*Do it*, and you will see how beneficial it will be for both of us. Let us give our word to confess everything to each other; we shall know each other, and we shall not be ashamed; but, in order that we may not fear strangers, let us take a vow *never* to say *anything* to *anybody* about each other. Let us do this."

"All right," said I.

And we actually *did it*. What came of it, I shall relate hereafter.

Karr has said that, in every attachment, there are two sides: one loves, while the other permits himself to be loved; one kisses, the other offers the cheek. This is perfectly correct; and in our friendship I kissed, but Dmitry offered his cheek; but he was also ready to kiss me. We loved equally, because we knew and valued each other; but this did not prevent his exercising an influence over me, and my submitting to him.

Of course, under the influence of Nekhliudoff, I unconsciously adopted his view, the gist of which consisted in an enthusiastic adoration of the ideal of virtue, and in a belief that man is intended constantly to perfect himself. Then the reformation of all mankind, the annihilation of all popular vices and miseries, appeared a practicable thing. It seemed very simple and easy to reform one's self, to acquire all virtues, and be happy.

But God only knows whether these lofty aspirations of youth were ridiculous, and who was to blame that they were not fulfilled.

Count L. N. Tolstoï.

From a daguerreotype, 1855.

YOUTH

CHAPTER I

WHAT I CONSIDER THE BEGINNING OF YOUTH

I HAVE said that my friendship with Dmitry revealed a new view of life to me, its aims and bearings. This view consisted essentially in the belief that man's destiny is to strive for moral perfection, and this perfection is easy, possible, and eternal. But hitherto I had reveled only in the discovery of the new thoughts which sprang from this belief, and in the construction of brilliant plans for a moral and active future; but my life went on in the same petty, confused, and idle fashion.

The philanthropic thoughts which I examined in my conversations with my adored friend Dmitry, *wonderful Mitya*, as I called him in a whisper to myself sometimes, still pleased my mind only, but not my feelings. But the time arrived when these thoughts came into my head with such freshness and force of moral discovery, that I was alarmed when I reflected how much time I had wasted in vain; and I wanted to apply these thoughts immediately, that very second, to life, with the firm intention of never changing them.

And from that time I date the beginning of *youth*. At that time I was nearly sixteen. Masters continued to come to me. St. Jérôme supervised my studies, and I was forced unwillingly to prepare for the university. Besides my studies, my occupations consisted in solitary incoherent reveries and meditation; in gymnastic exercises with a view to making myself the strongest man in the world; in roaming, without any definite aim or idea, through all the rooms, and particularly in the corridor of the maids' room; and in gazing at myself in the mirror, from which last occupation, by the way, I always desisted with a heavy feeling of sorrow and even of aversion. I not only was convinced that my appearance was plain, but I could not even comfort myself with the consolations usual in such cases. I could not say that my face was expressive, intellectual, and noble. There was nothing expressive about it; the features were of the coarsest, most ordinary, and most homely description. My small gray eyes were stupid rather than intelligent, particularly when I looked in the mirror. There was still less of manliness about it. Although I was not so diminutive in stature, and very strong for my age, all my features were soft, flabby, and unformed. There was not even anything noble about it; on the contrary, my face was exactly like that of a common peasant (*muzhik*), and I had just such big hands and feet; and this seemed to me at that time very disgraceful.

CHAPTER II

SPRING

On the year when I entered the university, Easter fell so late in April that the examinations were set for St. Thomas's Week,[1] and I was obliged to fast in preparation for the Holy Communion,[2] and make my final preparations, during Passion Week.

The weather had been soft, warm, and clear for three days after the wet snow which Karl Ivanitch had been in the habit of calling "*the son followed the father.*" Not a lump of snow was to be seen in the streets; dirty paste had given way to wet, shining pavements and rapid rivulets. The last drops were thawing from the roofs in the sun. The buds were swelling on the trees within the enclosures. The path in the courtyard was dry. In the direction of the stable, past the frozen heaps of manure, and between the stones about the porch, the moss-like grass was beginning to turn green. It was that particular period of spring which acts most powerfully upon the soul of man, — the clear, full, brilliant but not hot sun, the brooks and snow-bare places, perfumed freshness in the air, and the tender blue sky, with its long transparent clouds. I do not know why, but it seems to me that the influence of this first period of birth of the spring is even more powerful and perceptible in a great city; one sees less, but foresees more. I stood by the window, through whose double frames the morning sun cast dusty rays of light upon the floor of the school-room which bored me so intolerably, solving a long algebraic equation on the blackboard. In one hand I held a soft, tattered copy of Franker's Algebra, in the other a small bit of chalk, with which I had already smeared both hands, my face, and the elbows of my coat. Nikolaï, wearing an apron, and with his sleeves rolled up, was chipping off the cement, and extracting the nails of the window which opened on the front yard. His occupation, and the noise he made, distracted my attention. Besides, I was in a very evil and dissatisfied state of mind. Nothing would go right with me. I had made a mistake at the beginning of my calculation, so that I had had to begin all over again. I had dropped the chalk twice. I was conscious that my hands and face were dirty. The sponge had disappeared somewhere or other; the noise which Nikolaï made shook my nerves painfully. I wanted to get into a rage, and growl. I flung aside the chalk and algebra, and began to pace the room. But I remembered that to-day I must go to confession, and that I must refrain from all evil; and all at once I fell into a peculiar, gentle mood, and approached Nikolaï.

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[1] The week following Easter week. — Tr.

[2] At least one reception a year of this Sacrament is obligatory; and the usual time is during the Great Fast (Lent) before Easter. Even those who receive it frequently make a point of having one such reception fall during this Great Fast. — Tr.

"Permit me; I will help you, Nikolaï," said I, trying to impart the gentlest of tones to my voice. The thought that I was behaving well, stifling my vexation, and helping him, heightened this gentle disposition of mind still further.

The cement was cut away, the nails removed; but although Nikolaï tugged at the cross-frame with all his might, the frame would not yield.

"If the frame comes out immediately now, when I pull on it," I thought, "it will signify that it is a sin, and that I need not do any more work to-day." The frame leaned to one side, and came out.

"Where is it to be carried?" said I.

"If you please, I will take care of it myself," replied Nikolaï, evidently amazed and seemingly displeased with my zeal; "it must not be mixed up, but they belong in the garret in my room."

"I will mark it," said I, lifting the frame.

It seems to me that if the garret were two versts away, and the window-frame were twice as heavy, I should be very much pleased. I wanted to exhaust myself by performing this service for Nikolaï. When I returned to the room, the tiles and the cones of salt[1] were already transferred to the window-sills, and Nikolaï, with a wing, had brushed off the sand and drowsy flies through the open window. The fresh, perfumed air had already entered and filled the room. From the window the hum of the city and the twittering of the sparrows in the yard were audible.

Every object was brilliantly illuminated; the room had grown cheerful; the light spring breeze fluttered the leaves of my algebra, and Nikolaï's hair. I approached the window, sat down in it, bent toward the yard, and began to think.

A certain new, exceedingly powerful, and pleasant sensation penetrated my soul all at once. The wet earth, through which, here and there, bright green spears of grass with yellow stalks pushed their way; the rivulets, sparkling in the sun, and whirling along little clods of earth and shavings; and reddening twigs of syringa with swollen buds which undulate just beneath the window; the anxious twittering of the birds thronging this bush; the blackish hedge wet with the melted snow: but chiefly the damp, fragrant air and cheerful sun, — spoke to me intelligibly, clearly, of something new and very beautiful, which, though I cannot reproduce it as it told itself to me, I shall endeavor to repeat as I received it: everything spoke to me of beauty, happiness, and virtue, said that both were easy and possible to me, that one could not exist without the other, and even that beauty, happiness, and virtue are one and the same. "How could I fail to understand this? How wicked I was before! How happy I might have been, and how happy I may be in the future!" I said to myself. "I must become another man as quickly, as quickly, as possible, this very moment, and begin to live differently." But, in spite of this, I still sat for a long time in the window, dreaming and doing nothing. Has it ever happened to you, in summer, to lie down to sleep, during the daytime, in gloomy, rainy weather, and, waking up at sunset, to open your eyes, to catch sight through the wide square window, from under the linen shade which swells and beats its stick against the window-sill, of the shady, purpling side of the linden alley, wet with rain, and the damp garden walks, illuminated by the bright, slanting rays; suddenly to catch the sound of merry life among the birds in the garden, and to see the insects which are circling in the window aperture, transparent in the sun, and become conscious of the fragrance of the air after rain, and to think, "How shameful of me to sleep away such an evening!" and then to spring up in haste, in order to go to the garden and rejoice in life? If this has happened to you, then that is a specimen of the powerful feeling which I experienced then.

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[1] In order to aid the sand, which is placed between the double windows to absorb dampness, little cones of salt two or three inches high are added, about three to a window. The salt is put into little paper molds while damp, to give it this conical form, and the molds are sometimes left also. Tiles or little bricks are often added, like cases, between the salt, for ornament; and provincial esthetes frequently add or substitute little bunches of artificial flowers. — Tr.

CHAPTER III

REVERIES

"To-day I shall confess, I shall purify myself of all my sins," I thought, "and I shall never commit any more." (Here I recalled all the sins which troubled me most.) "I shall go to church, without fail, every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Gospels for a whole hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill which I shall receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two rubles and a half (one-tenth) to the poor, and in such a manner that no one shall know it — and not to beggars, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman, whom no one knows about.

"I shall have a room to myself (probably St. Jérôme's), and I shall take care of it myself, and keep it wonderfully clean; and I shall leave the man nothing to do for me, for he is just the same as I am. Then I shall go every day to the university on foot (and if they give me a drozhky, I shall sell it, and give that money also to the poor), and I shall do everything with the greatest precision. (What this "everything" was, I could not have told, in the least, then; but I vividly realized and felt that this "everything" meant an intellectual, moral, and irreproachable life.) "I shall prepare my lectures, and even go over the subjects beforehand, so that I shall be at the head in the first course, and write the dissertation; in the second course, I shall know everything beforehand, and they can transfer me directly to the third course, so that at eighteen I shall graduate as first candidate, with two gold medals; then I shall stand my examination for the degree of Master, then Doctor, and I shall become the leading *savant* in Russia; I may be the most learned man in Europe, even." "Well, and afterwards?" I asked myself. But here I remembered that these were dreams, — pride, sin, which I should have to recount to the priest that evening; and I went back to the beginning of my argument. "As a preparation for my lectures, I will walk out to the Sparrow Hills;[1] there I will select a spot beneath a tree, and read over the lesson. Sometimes I shall take something to eat with me, cheese or cakes from Pedotti, or something. I shall rest myself, and then I shall read some good book, or sketch views, or play on some instrument (I must not fail to learn to play the flute). Then *she* will also take a walk on the Sparrow Hills, and some day she will come up to me and ask who I am. And I shall look at her so mournfully, and say that I am the son of a priest, and that I am happy only here when I am alone, quite, quite alone. Then she will give me her hand, and say something, and sit down beside me. Thus we shall come there every day, and we shall become friends, and I shall kiss her. — No, that is not well; on the contrary, from this day forth, I shall never more look at a woman. Never, never will I go into the maids' room, I will try not to pass by it even; and in three years I shall be free from guardianship, and I shall marry, without fail. I shall take as much exercise as possible with gymnastics every day, so that when I am twenty-five I shall be stronger than Rappeau. The first day, I will hold half a pood[2] in my outstretched hand for five minutes; on the second day, twenty-one pounds; on the third day, twenty-two pounds, and so on, so that at last I can support four poods in each hand, and I shall be stronger than all the men-servants; and when any one undertakes to insult me, or express himself disrespectfully of *her*, I will take him thus, quite simply, by the breast, I will lift him an arshin or two from the ground with one hand, and only hold him long enough to let him feel my power, and then I will release him. — But this is not well: no, I will not do him any harm, I will only show him .... "

Reproach me not because the dreams of youth were as childish as the dreams of childhood and boyhood. I am convinced that if I am fated to live to extreme old age, and my story follows my growth, as an old man of seventy I shall dream in exactly the same impossibly childish way as now. I shall dream of some charming Marie, who will fall in love with me as a toothless old man, as she loved Mazeppa;[1] of how my weak-minded son will suddenly become a Minister through some unusual circumstance; or of how a treasure of millions will fall to me all of a sudden. I am convinced that there is no human being or age which is deprived of this beneficent, comforting capacity for dreaming. But, exclusive of the general traits of impossibility, — the witchcraft of reverie, — the dreams of each man and of each stage of growth possess their own distinctive character. During that period of time which I regard as the limit of boyhood and the beginning of youth, four sentiments formed the foundation of my dreams: love for *her*, the ideal woman, of whom I thought always in the same strain, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any moment. This *she* was a little like Sonitchka; a little like Mascha, Vasily's wife, when she washes the clothes in the tub; and a little like the woman with pearls on her white neck, whom I saw in the theater very long ago, in the box next to ours. The second sentiment was love of love. I wanted to have every one know and love me. I wanted to pronounce my name, Nikolaï Irteneff, and have every one, startled by this information, surround me, and thank me for something. The third feeling was the hope of some remarkable, glorious good fortune, — so great and firm that it would border on madness. I was so sure that I should become the greatest and most distinguished man in the world very soon, in consequence of some extraordinary circumstance or other, that I found myself constantly in a state of agitated expectation of something enchantingly blissful. I was always expecting that it *was about to begin*, and that I was on the point of attaining whatever a man may desire; and I was always hastening about in all directions, supposing that it was already *beginning* in the place where I was not. The fourth and principal feeling was disgust at myself, and remorse, but a remorse so mingled with hope of bliss that there was nothing sorrowful about it. It seemed to me so easy and natural to tear myself away from all the past, to reconstruct, to forget everything which had been, and to begin my life with all its relations quite anew, that the past neither weighed upon nor fettered me. I even took pleasure in my repugnance to the past, and began to see it in more somber colors than it had possessed. The blacker was the circle of memories of the past, the purer and brighter did the pure, bright point of the present and the rainbow hues of the future stand out in relief against it. This voice of remorse and of passionate desire for perfection was the chief new spiritual sentiment at that epoch of my development; and it marked a new era in my views with regard to myself, to people, and the world. That beneficent, cheering voice has, since then, so often boldly been raised, in those sad hours when the soul has silently submitted to the weight of life's falsehood and vice, against every untruth, maliciously convicting the past, pointing to the bright spot of the present and making one love it, and promising good and happiness in the future, — the blessed, comforting voice! Is it possible that thou wilt ever cease to sound?

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[1] Hills near Moscow. — Tr.

[2] About twenty pounds. — Tr.

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[1] An allusion to Pushkin's poem, "Poltava." — Tr.

CHAPTER IV

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE

Papa was seldom at home that spring. But when it did happen, he was extremely gay; he rattled off his favorite pieces on the piano, made eyes and invented jests about Mimi and all of us, such as that the Tsarevitch of Georgia had seen Mimi out riding, and had fallen so much in love that he had sent a petition to the Synod for a divorce, and that I had been appointed assistant to the ambassador to Vienna, — and he communicated this news with a sober face, — and frightened Katenka with spiders, which she was afraid of. He was very gracious to our friends Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff, and was constantly telling us and visitors his plans for the coming year. Although these plans were changed nearly every day, and contradicted each other, they were so attractive that we listened to them eagerly, and Liubotchka stared straight at papa's mouth, never winking lest she should lose a single word. Now the plan consisted in leaving us in Moscow at the university, and going to Italy with Liubotchka for two years, — again, he was going to purchase an estate in the Crimea, on the southern shore, and go there every summer, — then, he intended to remove to Petersburg with the whole family, and so forth. But another change had taken place of late in papa, besides his remarkable gayety, which greatly surprised me. He had got himself some fashionable clothes, — an olive-colored coat, fashionable trousers with straps, and a long overcoat which became him extremely, — and he was often deliciously scented with perfumes when he went anywhere, and particularly to one lady of whom Mimi never spoke except with a sigh, and with a face on which one might have read the words, "Poor orphans! An unfortunate passion. It is well that *she* is no more," and so on. I learned from Nikolaï (for papa never told us about his gambling affairs) that he had been very lucky in play that winter; he had won a dreadfully large sum at *l'hombre*, and did not want to play any that spring. Probably this was the reason that he was so anxious to go to the country as soon as possible, lest he should not be able to restrain himself. He even decided not to await my entrance to the university, but to go off immediately after Easter to Petrovskoe with the girls, whither Volodya and I were to follow him later on.

Volodya had been inseparable from Dubkoff all winter and even until the spring (but they and Dmitry began to treat each other rather coldly). Their chief pleasures, so far as I could judge from the conversations which I heard, consisted in drinking champagne incessantly, driving in a sleigh past the windows of young ladies with whom they were both in love, and dancing *vis-à-vis*, not at children's balls any more, but at real balls.

This last circumstance caused a great separation between Volodya and me, although we loved each other. We were conscious that the difference was too great between the boy to whom teachers still came, and the man who danced at great balls, to allow of our making up our minds to share our thoughts. Katenka was already quite grown up, read a great many romances, and the thought that she might soon marry no longer seemed a joke to me ; but although Volodya was grown up also, they did not associate, and it even seemed as though they despised each other. Generally, when Katenka was alone at home, nothing interested her but romances, and she was bored most of the time ; but when strange men came, she became very lively and charming, made eyes at them, and what she meant to express by this I could not in the least understand. Only later, when I learned from her in conversation that the only coquetry permitted to a girl is this coquetry of the eyes, could I explain to myself the strange, unnatural grimaces of the eyes, which did not seem to surprise other people at all. Liubotchka also had begun to wear dresses which were almost long, so that her crooked legs were hardly visible at all ; but she cried as much as ever. She no longer dreamed now of marrying a hussar, but a singer or a musician ; and to this end she busied herself diligently with music. St. Jérôme, who knew that he was to remain in the house only until the conclusion of my examinations, had found a situation with some Count, and from that time forth looked upon our household rather disdainfully. He was seldom at home, took to smoking cigarettes, which were then the height of dandyism, and was incessantly whistling merry airs through a card. Mimi became more bitter every day, and it seemed as though she did not expect any good from any one of us from the time we were grown up.

When I came down to dinner, I found only Mimi, Katenka, Liubotchka, and St. Jérôme in the dining-room ; papa was not at home, and Volodya, who was preparing for examination, was with his comrades in his room, and had ordered his dinner to be served there. Of late, Mimi, whom none of us respected, had taken the head of the table most of the time, and dinner lost much of its charm. Dinner was no longer, as in mamma's day, and grandmamma's, a kind of ceremony which united the whole family at a certain hour, and divided the day into two halves. We permitted ourselves to be late, to come in at the second course, to drink wine from tumblers (St. Jérôme himself set the example on this point), to lounge on our chairs, to go off before dinner was over, and similar liberties. From that moment dinner ceased to be, as formerly, a joyous, daily family solemnity. It was quite another thing at Petrovskoe, where all, freshly washed and dressed for dinner, seated themselves in the drawing-room at two o'clock, and chatted merrily while waiting for the appointed hour. Just as the clock in the butler's pantry squeaks preparatory to striking two, Foka enters softly, a napkin on his arm, and with a dignified and rather stern countenance. "Dinner is ready!" he says in a loud, drawling voice; and all go to the dining-room, the elder people in front, the young ones behind, with gay, contented faces; rattling their starched skirts, and squeaking their shoes, and softly talking, they seat themselves in their familiar places. And it used to be very different in Moscow, where all stood softly talking before the table, waiting for grandmamma, — and Gavrilo has already gone to announce to her that dinner is served; all at once the door opens, the rustle of a dress and the sound of feet become audible, and grandmamma swims out of her chamber, in a remarkable cap with lilac ribbons and all on one side, smiling or scowling darkly (according to the state of her health). Gavrilo rushes to her chair, the chairs rattle, and with a feeling of cold trickling down your spine — a forerunner of appetite — you take your rather damp, starched napkin, devour your crust of bread, and, rubbing your hands under the table with impatient and joyous greediness, you gaze at the steaming tureen of soup, which the butler dispenses according to rank, age, and grandmamma's ideas.

I no longer experienced any such joy or emotion when I came to dinner.

The chatter between Mimi, St. Jérôme, and the girls about the frightful shoes which the Russian teacher wears, and about the young Princesses Kornakoff's flounced dresses, and so on, — that chatter which formerly inspired me with genuine contempt, which I did not even try to conceal so far as Liubotchka and Katenka were concerned, — did not withdraw me from my new and virtuous frame of mind. I was unusually gentle; I listened to them with a peculiarly courteous smile, respectfully asked to have the kvas passed to me, and agreed with St. Jérôme when he corrected me for a phrase which I had used before dinner, and told me that it was more elegant to say *je puis* than *je peux.* But I must confess that it rather displeased me to find no one paid any special attention to my gentleness and amiability. After dinner Liubotchka showed me a paper on which she had written down all her sins; I thought that very fine, but that it would be still better to inscribe one's sins in one's soul, and that "all that was not quite the thing to do."

"Why not?" asked Liubotchka.

"Well, but this is all right also; you don't understand me." And I went up-stairs to my own room, telling St. Jérôme that I was going to occupy myself until time to go to confession, which was an hour and a half off yet, with writing out a list of my duties and occupations for my whole life, and laying out on paper the aim of my life, and the rules by which I was always to act without any deviation.

CHAPTER V

RULES

I PROCURED a sheet of paper, and wanted first of all to set about a list of my duties and occupations for the coming year. For this the paper must be ruled; but as I had not the ruler by me, I used the Latin dictionary for that purpose. When I drew the pen along the dictionary, and then moved that back, it appeared that instead of a line I had made a long puddle of ink on the paper; besides, the dictionary was shorter than the paper, and the line curved around its soft corner. I took another piece of paper, and by moving the lexicon I managed to draw the line after a fashion. Separating my duties into three classes, — duties to myself, to my neighbor, and to God, — I began to write down the first; but they turned out to be so numerous, and of so many kinds and subdivisions, that it was necessary to write first, "Rules of Life," and then to set about making a list of them. I took six sheets of paper, sewed them into a book, and wrote at the top, "Rules of Life." These words were so crookedly and unevenly written that I pondered for a long while whether I should not write them over; and I worried long as I looked at the tattered list, and this deformed heading. Why does everything which was so beautiful and clean in my soul turn out so repulsive on paper, and in life generally, when I want to put in practice any of the things which I think?

"The confessor has arrived; please come down-stairs to listen to the precepts," Nikolaï came to announce.

I hid my blank-book in the table, looked in the glass, brushed my hair up, which, in my opinion, gave me a thoughtful look, and went to the boudoir, where stood a covered table with the images and the wax candles for sacramental preparation. Papa entered by another door at the same time as myself. The confessor, a gray-haired monk with a stern, aged face, gave papa his blessing. Papa kissed his small, broad, dry hand; I did the same.

"Call Waldemar," said papa; "where is he? But no, he is making his fasting preparation and confession at the university."

"He is engaged with the prince," said Katenka, and looked at Liubotchka. Liubotchka suddenly blushed, frowned for some reason, pretended that she felt ill, and quitted the room. I followed her. She paused in the drawing-room, and wrote something more on her paper.

"What, have you committed a fresh sin?" I asked.

"No, it 's nothing," she replied, turning red.

At that moment Dmitry's voice became audible in the anteroom, as he took leave of Volodya.

"Everything is a temptation to you," said Katenka, entering the room, and addressing Liubotchka.

I could not understand what had happened to my sister; she was so confused that tears rose to her eyes, and her agitation, attaining the highest point, passed into anger at herself and Katenka, who was evidently teasing her.

"It 's plain that you are a *foreigner* [nothing could be more insulting to Katenka than the appellation of "foreigner," and therefore Liubotchka made use of it]: before such a sacrament," she continued, with dignity in her voice, "and you are distracting me intentionally; you ought to understand that this is not a jest at all."

"Do you know what she has written, Nikolenka?" said Katenka, offended by the word "foreigner." "She has written...."

"I did not expect that you would be so malicious," said Liubotchka, breaking down completely, and leaving us. "She leads me into sin, and on purpose, at such a moment. I do not bother you with your feelings and sufferings."

CHAPTER VI

CONFESSION

With these and other similar distracting thoughts, I returned to the boudoir, when all were assembled there, and the confessor, rising, prepared to read the prayer before confession. But as soon as the stern, expressive voice of the monk resounded amid the universal silence, and especially when he addressed us with the words, "*Disclose all your sins without shame, fear, or secrecy,* *and your soul shall be purified before God; but if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin,*" the feeling of devout agitation which I had felt on the preceding morning, at the thought of the coming sacrament, returned to me. I even took pleasure in the consciousness of this state, and tried to retain it, putting a stop to all thoughts which occurred to me, and trying to fear something.

The first who approached to confess was papa. He remained for a very long time in grandmamma's room, and meanwhile all of us in the boudoir remained silent, or discussed in whispers who should go first. At length the monk's voice was again audible behind the door, as he read a prayer, and then papa's footsteps. The door creaked, and he emerged, coughing, as was his wont, twitching his shoulders, and not looking at any of us.

"Come, do you go now, Liuba, and see that you tell everything. You are my great sinner," said papa, gayly, pinching her cheek.

Liubotchka reddened and turned pale, pulled her list from her apron and hid it again, and, hanging her head, and seeming to shorten her neck, as though expecting a blow from above, she passed through the door. She did not stay long, but when she came out her shoulders were heaving with sobs.

Finally, after pretty Katenka, who came out smiling, my turn came. I entered the half-lighted room with the same dull terror, and a desire deliberately to augment that terror, in myself. The confessor stood before the reading-desk, and slowly turned his face toward me.

I did not remain more than five minutes in grandmamma's room, and came out happy, and, according to my convictions at the time, a perfectly pure, morally changed, and new man. Although all the old surroundings of life struck me unpleasantly, the same rooms, the same furniture, the same face in myself (I should have liked to change my exterior, just as all my interior had been changed, as I thought) — still, notwithstanding this, I remained in this refreshing frame of mind until I went to bed.

I had already fallen into a doze, as I was going over in imagination all the sins of which I had been purified, when all at once I recalled one shameful sin which I had kept back in confession. The words of the prayer preceding confession came back to me, and resounded in my ears without intermission. All my composure vanished in a moment. "And if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin," I heard incessantly. I saw that I was such a terrible sinner that there was no punishment adequate for me. Long did I toss from side to side, as I reflected on my situation, and awaited God's punishment and even sudden death from moment to moment, — a thought which threw me into indescribable terror. But suddenly the happy thought occurred to me, to go or ride to the confessor at the monastery as soon as it was light, and confess again; and I became calm.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRIP TO THE MONASTERY

I WOKE up several times during the night, fearing to oversleep myself in the morning, and at six o'clock I was already on my feet. It was hardly light at the windows yet. I put on my clothes and my boots, which lay in a heap and unbrushed by the bed, for Nikolaï had not succeeded in carrying them off; and, without washing myself or saying my prayers, I went out into the street alone for the first time in my life.

From behind the big, green-roofed house on the other side of the street, the red flush of the dull, cold dawn appeared. A rather hard spring morning frost bound the mud and the rivulets, crackled under foot, and bit my face and hands.

There was not a single cabman in our lane as yet, though I had counted on it in order that I might go and return the more speedily. Only a few carts were dragging slowly along the Arbata, and a couple of working stone-masons passed along the sidewalk in conversation. After I had gone a thousand paces, I began to meet men and women going to market with their baskets, and with casks going for water. A pie-seller had come out at the corner; one kalatch-baker's shop[1] was open, and at the Arbatsky gate I came across an old cabman asleep on his worn, blue, patched drozhky. It must have been in his sleep that he asked me twenty kopeks to the monastery and back, but then he suddenly recollected himself; and only when I was about to take my seat did he lash his horse with the ends of the reins, and attempt to drive off. "I must feed my horse! impossible, master!" he muttered.

It was with difficulty that I persuaded him to stop by offering him forty kopeks. He pulled up his horse, looked me over carefully, and said, "Get in, master." I confess that I was rather afraid that he would drive me to some secluded lane, and rob me. Catching hold of his tattered coat-collar, whereupon his wrinkled neck, mounted upon a deeply bowed spine, was laid bare in a pitiful way, I climbed up to the blue, undulating, rocking seat, and we went shaking down the Vosdvizhenka. On the way, I observed that the back of the drozhky was lined with bits of the greenish material from which the driver's coat was made; and this fact calmed me, for some reason, and I was no longer afraid that the izvoshtchik would carry me off to an obscure alley and rob me.

The sun was already quite high, and had gilded the cupolas of the churches brilliantly, when we arrived at the monastery. Frost still lingered in the shade; but along the road flowed swift turbid streams, and the horse splashed along through liquid mud. On entering the inclosure of the monastery, I inquired of the first person I saw where I could find the confessor.

"Yonder is his cell," said the passing monk, pausing for a moment, and pointing at a tiny house with a tiny portico.

"I am extremely obliged," said I.

But what could the monks, who all stared at me as they came out of the church one by one, think of me? I was neither an adult nor a child; my face was unwashed, my hair uncombed, my clothing dusty, my shoes uncleaned and still muddy. To what class did the monks, who were surveying me, mentally assign me? And they examined me attentively. Nevertheless, I walked in the direction indicated to me by the young monk.

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[1] *Kalatch*, a famous and favorite kind of wheaten roll. — Tr.

An old man in a black garment, with thick gray eyebrows, met me in the narrow path which led to the cell, and asked what I wanted.

For a moment, I wanted to say, "Nothing," run back to the carriage, and drive home; but the old man's face inspired confidence, in spite of his contracted brows. I said that I must see the confessor, and mentioned his name.

"Come, young sir, I will conduct you," said he, turning back, and apparently divining my situation at once. "The father is at matins; he will soon be here."

He opened the door, and led me through a clean vestibule and anteroom, over a clean linen floor-covering, into the cell.

"Wait here," said he, with a kindly, soothing glance, and went out.

The little room in which I found myself was extremely small, and arranged with the greatest neatness. A little table covered with oil-cloth, that stood between two double-leaved windows, upon which stood two pots of geraniums, a stand supporting the images, and a lamp which swung before them, one arm-chair and two common chairs, comprised the entire furniture. In the corner hung a wall-clock, its dial adorned with painted flowers, and with its brass weights on chains half unwound; two cassocks hung from nails in the partition, behind which was probably the bed, and which was joined to the ceiling by whitewashed wooden poles.

The windows opened on a white wall about four feet and a half distant. Between them and the wall was a little bush of syringa. Not a sound from without penetrated to the room, so that the regular, pleasant tick of the pendulum seemed a loud noise in this stillness. As soon as I was alone in this quiet nook, all my former ideas and memories suddenly leaped out of my head, as if they had never been there, and I became wholly absorbed in an inexpressibly agreeable reverie. That yellow nankeen cassock, with its threadbare lining, the worn black leather bindings of the books and their brass clasps, the dull green hue of the plants, the carefully watered earth and well-washed leaves, and the monotonous, interrupted sound of the pendulum in particular, spoke to me distinctly of a new life hitherto unknown to me, — a life of solitude, of prayer, of calm quiet happiness.

"Months pass by, years pass by," I thought; "he is always alone, always calm; he always feels that his conscience is pure in the sight of God, and that his prayers are heard by Him." For about half an hour I sat on that chair, trying not to move, and not to breathe loudly, in order that I might not disturb the harmony of sounds which had been so eloquent to me. And the pendulum ticked on as before: loudly to the right, more softly to the left.

CHAPTER VIII

A SECOND CONFESSION

The confessor's footsteps aroused me from this reverie.

"Good-morning," said he, adjusting his gray hair with his hand. "What would you like?"

I asked him to bless me, and kissed his small yellowish hand with peculiar satisfaction.

When I explained my petition to him, he made no reply to me, but went to the holy pictures and began the confession.

When the confession was finished, I conquered my shame, told him all that was in my soul; he laid his hands upon my head, and in his quiet, melodious voice, he said, "My son, may the blessing of our Heavenly

Father be upon you, and may He preserve faith, peace, and gentleness within you evermore. Amen."

I was perfectly happy; tears of bliss rose in my throat; I kissed the folds of his lady's-cloth cassock, and raised my head. The monk's face was quite calm.

I felt that I was taking delight in the sensation of emotion; and, fearing that I might banish it in some way, I took leave of the confessor in haste, and without glancing aside, in order not to distract my attention, quitted the inclosure, and seated myself again in the motley and jolting drozhky. But the jolts of the equipage, the variety of objects which flashed before my eyes, speedily dissipated that sensation, and I already began to think that the confessor was probably thinking by this time, that such a fine soul of a young man as I he had never met, and never would meet in all his life, and that there were no others like me. I was convinced of it, and this conviction called forth in me a feeling of cheerfulness of such a nature that it demanded communication to some one.

I wanted dreadfully to talk to some one; but as there was no one at hand except the izvoshtchik, I turned to him.

"Well, was I gone long?" I asked.

"Not so very long; but it was time to feed the horse long ago, because I am a night-cabman," replied the old izvoshtchik, who, now that the sun was up, seemed quite lively, compared with what he had been before.

"It seemed to me that it was only a minute," said I. "And do you know why I went to the monastery?" I added, changing my seat to the hollow which was nearer the old driver.

"What business is that of mine? I take my passengers wherever they order me," he replied.

"No, but nevertheless what do you think?" I went on with my interrogations.

"Well, probably, some one is to be buried, and you went to buy a place," said he.

"No, brother; but do you know why I went?"

"I can't know, master," he repeated.

The izvoshtchik's voice seemed to me so kind, that I determined to relate to him the cause of my journey, and even the feeling which I had experienced, for his edification.

"I will tell you, if you like. You see...."

And I told him everything, and described all my beautiful sentiments. I blush even now at the memory of it.

"Yes, sir," said the izvoshtchik, incredulously.

And for a long time after that, he sat silent and motionless, only now and then adjusting the tail of his coat, that escaped from beneath his motley feet which jogged up and down in their big boots on the foot-board. I was already thinking that he was thinking about me in the same way as the confessor, — that is, as such a very fine young man, whose like did not exist in the world; but he suddenly turned to me.

"Well, master, are you a gentleman?"

"What?" I inquired.

"A gentleman, are you a gentleman?"

"No, he has not understood me," I thought, but I said nothing more to him until we reached home.

Although the feeling of agitation and devotion did not last the whole way, self-satisfaction in having experienced it did, in spite of the people who dotted the streets everywhere with color in the brilliant sunlight; but, as soon as I reached home, this feeling entirely disappeared. I did not have my two twenty-kopek pieces to pay the driver. Gavrilo the butler, to whom I was already indebted, would not lend me any more. The izvoshtchik, after seeing me run through the courtyard twice to get the money, must have guessed why I was running, climbed down from his drozhky, and, although he had seemed to me so kind, began to talk loudly, with an evident desire to wound me, about swindlers who would not pay for their rides.

Every one was still asleep in the house, so there was no one of whom I could borrow the forty kopeks except the servants. Finally Vasily, on my sacred, most sacred word of honor, in which (I could see it by his face) he did not put the slightest faith, but because he loved me and remembered the service which I had rendered him, paid the izvoshtchik for me. When I went to dress for church, in order that I might receive the Holy Communion with the rest, and it turned out that my clothes had not been mended and I could not put them on, I sinned to an incalculable extent. Having donned another suit, I went to the Communion in a strange state of agitation of mind, and with utter disbelief in my very fine proclivities.

CHAPTER IX

HOW I PREPARE FOR EXAMINATION

On the Friday after Easter, papa, my sister Mimi, and Katenka went to the country; so that in all grandmamma's great house there remained only Volodya, myself, and St. Jérôme. The frame of mind in which I had found myself on the day of confession, and when I went to the monastery, had completely disappeared, and had left behind only a troubled though agreeable memory, which was more and more dulled by the new impressions of a free life.

The blank-book with the heading "Rules of Life" had also been hidden under roughly written note-books of my studies. Although the idea of the possibility of establishing rules for all the contingencies of life, and of guiding myself always by them, pleased me, and seemed very simple and at the same time very grand, and I intended all the same to apply it to life, I seemed again to have forgotten that it was necessary to do this at once, and I kept putting it off to some indefinite time. But one fact delighted me, and that was that every thought which occurred to me now ranged itself immediately under one or other of the classifications of my rules and duties, — either under the head of duty to my neighbor, to myself, or to God. "Now I will set it down there," I said to myself, "and many, many other thoughts which will occur to me then on this subject." I often ask myself now: When was I better or more correct, — then, when I believed in the omnipotency of the human intellect, or now that I have lost faith in the power of development, and doubt the power and significance of the human mind? And I cannot give myself any positive answer.

The consciousness of freedom, and that spring feeling of expecting something, which I have already mentioned, agitated me to such a degree that I positively could not control myself, and I was very badly prepared for my examination. Suppose you are busy in the school-room in the morning, and know that it is necessary to work, because to-morrow there is to be an examination on a subject, two whole questions on which you have not read up at all, when, all of a sudden, a spring perfume wafts in at the window: it seems as though it were indispensably necessary to recall something; your hands drop of themselves, your feet begin to move of their own will, and to pace back and forth, and some spring seems to be pressed in your head which sets the whole machine in motion; and it is so light and natural in your mind, and divers merry, motley reveries begin to run through it, and you can only succeed in catching their gleam. Thus an hour, two hours, pass unnoticed. Or, you are sitting over your book, and concentrating your attention, after a fashion, on what you are reading; and suddenly you hear the sound of a woman's footsteps and dress in the corrider, and everything has sprung out of your head, and there is no possibility of sitting still in one place, although you know very well that nobody can be passing through that corridor except Gascha, grandmother's old maid-servant. "Well, but if it should be *she* all at once?" comes into your mind; "and what if it should be beginning now, and I let the opportunity slip?" And you spring out into the corridor, and see that it is actually Gascha; but you do not recover control of your head for a long time. The spring has been pressed, and again a frightful disorder has ensued. Or, you are sitting alone in the evening, with a tallow candle, in your room; and all at once you tear yourself from your book for a moment in order to snuff the candle or to place a chair, and you see that it is dark everywhere, at the doors and in the corners, and you hear how quiet it is all over the house; and again it is impossible not to stop and listen to that silence, and not to stare at that obscurity of the door which is open into a dark chamber, and not to remain for a long, long time immovable in the same attitude, or not to go down-stairs, or pass through all the empty rooms. Often, too, I have sat unperceived, for a long time, in the hall, listening to the sound of the "Nightingale," which Gascha was playing with two fingers on the piano, as she sat alone with one tallow candle in the great apartment. And when there was moonlight I could not resist rising from my bed, and lying on the window toward the yard, and gazing at the illuminated roof of the Schaposchnikoff house, and the graceful bell-tower of our parish church, and at the night shadows of the hedge and bushes as they lay upon the garden paths; and I could not help sitting there so long, that I was only able to rouse myself with difficulty at ten o'clock in the morning.

So that, had it not been for the masters who continued to come to me, St. Jérôme, who now and then unwillingly tickled my vanity, and most of all the desire to show myself a capable young fellow in the eyes of my friend Nekhliudoff, that is, by passing an excellent examination, which in his opinion was a matter of great importance, — if it had not been for this, the spring and liberty would have had the effect of making me forget everything I had known before, and I should not have been able to pass the examination on any terms.

CHAPTER X

THE EXAMINATION IN HISTORY

On the sixteenth of April I went to the great hall of the university for the first time, under the protection of St. Jérôme. We drove there in our rather dandified phaeton. I was in a dress-coat for the first time in my life; and all my clothing, even my linen and stockings, was perfectly new, and of the very best. When the Swiss took off my overcoat, and I stood before him in all the beauty of my costume, I was rather ashamed of being so dazzling; but I no sooner stepped into the bright hall, with its polished floor, which was filled with people, and beheld hundreds of young men in gymnasium uniforms and dress-coats, several of whom glanced at me with indifference, and the dignified professors at the farther end, walking freely about among the tables, and sitting in large arm-chairs, than I was instantly disenchanted in my hope of turning the general attention upon myself; and the expression of my countenance, which at home and even in the anteroom had indicated that I possessed that noble and distinguished appearance against my will, changed into an expression of the most excessive timidity, and to some extent of depression. I even fell into the other extreme, and rejoiced greatly when I beheld at the nearest desk an excessively ugly, dirtily dressed gentleman, not yet old but almost entirely gray, who sat on the last bench, at a distance from all the rest. I immediately seated myself beside him, and began to observe the candidates for examination, and to draw my conclusions about them. Many and varied were the figures and faces there; but all, according to my opinion at the time, were easily divisible into three classes.

There were those who, like myself, presented themselves for examination, accompanied by their tutors or parents; and among their number was the youngest Ivin with Frost, already so well known to me, and Ilinka Grap with his aged father. All such had downy chins, prominent linen, and sat quietly without opening the books and blank-books which they had brought with them, and regarded the professors and examination tables with evident timidity. The second class of candidates were the young men in the gymnasium uniforms, many of whom had already shaved. Most of these knew each other, talked loudly, mentioned the professors by their names and patronymics, were already preparing questions, passing their note-books to each other, walking over the stools in the anteroom, and bringing in patties and slices of bread-and-butter, which they immediately devoured, merely bending their heads to a level with the desks. And lastly, there was a third class of candidates, very few in number, however, who were quite old, were attired in dress-coats, though the majority wore surtouts, and were without any visible linen. The one who consoled me by being certainly dressed worse than I was belonged to this last class. He leaned his head on both hands, and between his fingers escaped disheveled locks of half-gray hair; he was reading a book, and merely glanced at me for a moment with his brilliant eyes in anything but a good-natured way, scowled darkly, and thrust out a shiny elbow in my direction, so that I might not move any nearer to him. The gymnasium men, on the other hand, were too familiar, and I was a little afraid of them. One said, as he thrust a book into my hand, "Give this to that man yonder;" another said, as he passed me, "Let me pass, my good fellow;" a third, as he climbed over the desk, leaned on my shoulder as though it had been the bench. All this was coarse and disagreeable to me. I considered myself much better than these fellows from the gymnasium, and thought they had no business to permit themselves such liberties with me. At last they began to call the family names; the gymnasium fellows stepped out boldly, answered well for the most part, and returned cheerfully. Our set were much more timid, and answered worse, it appeared. Some of the elder men answered excellently, others very badly indeed. When Semenoff was called, my neighbor with the hair and glittering eyes stepped over my feet with a rude push, and went up to the table. On returning to his place, he took up his note-books, and quietly went away without finding out how he had been rated. I had already shuddered several times at the sound of the voice which called the family names, but my turn had not yet come, according to the alphabetical list, although some whose names began with I had already been called up. "Ikonin and Teneff," shouted some one in the professors' corner all of a sudden. A shiver ran through my back and my hair.

"Who is called? Who is Barteneff?" they began to say around me.

"Go, Ikonin, you are called; but who is Barteneff, Mordeneff? I do not know, confess," said a tall, ruddy gymnasist as he stood before me.

"It is you," said St. Jérôme.

"My name is Irteneff," said I to the red-faced gymnasist. "Did they call for Irteneff?"

"Yes; why don't you go? What a fop!" he added, not loudly, but so that I heard his words, as I left the bench. In front of me walked Ikonin, a tall young man of five and twenty, who belonged to the third class of old candidates. He wore a tight olive coat, a blue satin neckerchief, upon which behind hung his long, light hair, dressed à la muzhik.[1] I had already remarked his personal appearance on the seats. He was rather good-looking and talkative.

What especially struck me in him was the queer reddish hair which he had allowed to grow on his throat; and, still more, a strange custom which he had of incessantly unbuttoning his waistcoat, and scratching his breast under his shirt.

Three professors were seated at the table which Ikonin and I were approaching; not one of them returned our salute. The young professor was shuffling tickets like a pack of cards; the second professor, with a star on his coat, was staring at the gymnasist who was saying something very rapidly about Charlemagne, adding "at last" to every word; and the third, an old man, looked at us through his spectacles, and pointed to the tickets. I felt that his gaze was directed upon Ikonin and me jointly, and that something in our appearance displeased him (possibly Ikonin's red beard), because as he looked at us again in the same way he made an impatient sign with his head to us that we should take our tickets as quickly as possible. I felt vexed and insulted, in the first place, because no one had returned our bow, and, in the second, because they were evidently including me and Ikonin in one classification, that of candidates for examination, and were already prejudiced against me because of Ikonin's red hair. I took my ticket without timidity, and prepared to answer, but the professor directed his gaze at Ikonin. I read my ticket through; I knew it, and, while calmly awaiting my turn, I observed what was going on before me. Ikonin was not in the least embarrassed, and was even too bold, for he moved sideways to take his ticket, shook back his hair, and read what was printed on it in a dashing way. He was on the point of opening his mouth to reply, I thought, when the professor with the star, having dismissed the gymnasist with praise, glanced at him. Ikonin seemed to recollect something, and paused. The general silence lasted for a couple of minutes.

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[1] Peasant; cut square all round. — Tr.

"Well," said the professor in spectacles.

Ikonin opened his mouth, and again remained silent.

"Come, you are not the only one; will you answer or not?" said the young professor, but Ikonin did not even look at him. He stared intently at the ticket, and did not utter a single word. The professor in spectacles looked at him through his glasses, and over his glasses, and without his glasses, because by this time he had managed to remove them, wipe them carefully, and put them on again. Ikonin never uttered a word. Suddenly a smile dawned upon his face, he shook back his hair, again turned full broadside to the table, looked at all the professors in turn, then at me, turned, and flourishing his hands walked jauntily back to his bench. The professors exchanged glances.

"A fine bird!"[1] said the young professor; "he studies at his own expense."

I stepped nearer to the table, but the professors continued to talk almost in a whisper among themselves, as though none of them even suspected my existence.

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[1] *Golubtchik*, little dove.

Then I was firmly convinced that all three professors were very much occupied with the question as to whether I would stand the examination, and whether I would come out of it well, but that they were only pretending, for the sake of their dignity, that it was a matter of utter indifference to them, and that they did not perceive me.

When the professor in spectacles turned indifferently to me, inviting me to answer the questions, I looked him full in the eye, and was rather ashamed for him that he should so dissemble before me, and I hesitated somewhat in beginning my answer; but afterward it became easier and easier, and, as the question was from Russian history, which I knew very well, I finished in brilliant style, and even gained confidence to such an extent that, desiring to make the professors feel that I was not Ikonin, and that it was impossible to confound me with him, I proposed to take another ticket; but the professor shook his head and said, "Very good, sir," and noted down something in his journal. When I returned to the benches, I immediately learned from the gymnasists, who had found out everything, God knows how, that I had received five.

CHAPTER XI

THE EXAMINATION IN MATHEMATICS

In the succeeding examinations I had many new acquaintances besides Grap, — whom I deemed unworthy of my acquaintance, — and Ivin, who shunned me for some reason. Several already exchanged greetings with me. Ikonin was even rejoiced when he saw me, and confided to me that he should be reëxamined in history, that the history professor had had a spite against him since the last examination, at which, also, he asserted the latter had thrown him into confusion. Semenoff, who was going to enter the same course as I, mathematics, was shy of every one until the very end of the examinations, sat silent and alone, leaning on his elbows, with his hands thrust into his gray hair, and passed his examinations in excellent style. He was second; a student from the first gymnasium was first. The latter was a tall, thin, extremely pale, dark-complexioned man, with a cheek bound up in a black neck-cloth, and a forehead covered with pimples. His hands were thin and red, with remarkably long fingers, and nails so bitten that the ends of his fingers seemed to be wound with thread. All this seemed very beautiful to me, and just as it should be in the case of *the leading gymnasist.* He spoke to everybody exactly like anybody else, and I even made his acquaintance; but it seemed to me that there was something unusually *magnetic* in his walk, the movements of his lips, and his black eyes.

In the mathematical examination I was called up earlier than usual. I knew the subject pretty well; but there were two questions in algebra which I had contrived in some way to hide from my teacher, and which I knew absolutely nothing about. They were, as I now recall them, the theory of combinations, and Newton's binomial theorem. I seated myself at the desk in the rear, and looked over the two unfamiliar questions; but the fact that I was not accustomed to work in a noisy room, and the lack of time, which I foresaw, prevented my understanding what I read.

"Here he is; come here, Nekhliudoff," said Volodya's familiar voice behind me.

I turned, and saw my brother and Dmitry, who were making their way toward me between the benches, with coats unbuttoned and hands flourishing. It was immediately apparent that they were students in their second year, who were as much at home in the university as in their own houses. The sight of their unbuttoned coats alone expressed disdain for us who were entering, and inspired us with envy and respect. It flattered me very much to think that all about me could see that I was acquainted with two students in their second year, and I rose hastily to meet them.

Volodya could not even refrain from expressing his superiority.

"Oh, you poor wretch!" said he; "how goes it? Have you been examined yet?"

"No."

"What are you reading? Are n't you prepared?"

"Yes; but not quite on two questions. I don't understand them."

"What! this one here?" said Volodya, and began to explain to me Newton's binomial theorem, but so rapidly and in such a confused manner, that, reading disbelief in his knowledge in my eyes, he glanced at Dmitry, and probably reading the same in his, he turned red, but went on, nevertheless, to say something which I did not understand.

"No, Volodya, stop; let me go through it with him, if we have time," said Dmitry, glancing at the professors' corner; and he seated himself beside me.

I immediately perceived that my friend was in that gentle, complacent mood which always came upon him when he was satisfied with himself, and which I specially liked in him. As he understood mathematics well, and spoke clearly, he went over the subject so splendidly with me, that I remember it to this day. But scarcely had he finished, when St. Jérôme said in a loud whisper, "It 's your turn, Nikolas," and I followed Ikonin from behind the desk, without having succeeded in looking over the other unfamiliar question. I approached the table where the two professors sat, and a gymnasist was standing before the blackboard. The gymnasist had cleverly deduced some formula, breaking his chalk with a tap on the board, and still went on writing, although the professor had already said, "Enough!" and ordered us to take our tickets. "Now, what if I get that theory of the combination of numbers?" thought I, picking out my ticket with trembling fingers from the soft pile of cut paper. Ikonin took the topmost ticket, without making any choice, with the same bold gesture and sideways lunge of his whole body as in the preceding examination.

"I always have such devilish luck!" he muttered.

I looked at mine.

Oh, horror! It was the theory of combinations.

"What have you got?" asked Ikonin.

I showed him.

"I know that," said he.

"Will you change?"

"No, it's no matter; I feel that I'm not in condition," Ikonin barely contrived to whisper, when the professor summoned us to the board.

"Well, all's lost!" I thought. "Instead of the brilliant examination which I dreamed of passing, I shall cover myself with eternal disgrace, even worse than Ikonin." But all at once Ikonin turned to me, right before the professor's eyes, snatched the card from my hand, and gave me his. I glanced at his card. It was Newton's binomial theorem.

The professor was not an old man; and he had a pleasant, sensible expression, to which the extremely prominent lower part of his forehead particularly contributed.

"What is this, gentlemen? you have exchanged cards?"

"No, he only gave me his to look at, professor," said Ikonin, inventing, — and again the word *professor* was the last one he uttered in that place; and again, as he retired past me, he glanced at the professors, at me, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, with an expression as much as to say, "No matter, brother!" (I afterward learned that this was the third year that Ikonin had presented himself for the entrance examination.)

I answered the question which I had just gone over, excellently, — even better, as the professor told me, than would have been required, — and received five.

CHAPTER XII

THE LATIN EXAMINATION

All went on finely until the Latin examination. The gymnasist with his cheek bound up was first, Semenoff second, I was the third. I even began to feel proud, and seriously to think that, in spite of my youth, I was not to be taken in jest.

From the very first examination, everybody had been talking with terror of the Latin professor, who was represented as a kind of wild beast who took delight in the destruction of young men, especially of such as lived at their own homes, and as speaking only in the Latin or Greek tongue. St. Jérôme, who was my instructor in the Latin language, encouraged me; and it really seemed to me that, since I could translate from Cicero and several odes of Horace without a lexicon, and since I knew Zumpt very well indeed, I was no worse prepared than the rest. But it turned out otherwise. All the morning there was nothing to be heard but tales of the failures of those who preceded me; this man had been marked zero; another, one; and still another had been scolded terribly, and had been on the point of getting turned out, and so forth, and so forth. Semenoff and the first gymnasist alone went up and returned with as much composure as usual, having each received five. I already had a presentiment of disaster, when I was called up with Ikonin to the little table, facing which the terrible professor sat quite alone. The terrible professor was a small, thin, yellow man, with long oily hair and a very thoughtful countenance.

He gave Ikonin a volume of Cicero's Orations, and made him translate.

To my great amazement, Ikonin not only read, but even translated several lines, with the aid of the professor, who prompted him. Conscious of my superiority over such a feeble rival, I could not refrain from smiling, and from doing so in a rather scornful way too, when the question of analysis came up, and Ikonin, as before, sank into stubborn silence. I meant to conciliate the professor by that intelligent, slightly ironical smile; but it turned out the other way.

"You evidently know better, since you smile," said the professor to me in bad Russian. "Let me see. Come, do you say it."

I learned afterward that the Latin professor was Ikonin's protector and that Ikonin even lived with him. I immediately replied to the question in syntax which had been propounded to Ikonin; but the professor put on a sad expression, and turned away from me.

"Very good, sir; your turn will come; we shall see how much you know," said he, not looking at me, and began to explain to Ikonin what he had questioned him on.

"Go," said he; and I saw him set down four for Ikonin in the register. "Well," thought I, "he is not nearly as stern as they said." After Ikonin's departure, — for at least five minutes, which seemed to me five hours, — he arranged his books and cards, blew his nose, adjusted his arm-chair, threw himself back in it, and looked round the room, and on all sides except in my direction. But all this dissimulation seemed to him insufficient. He opened a book, and pretended to read it, as though I were not there. I stepped up nearer, and coughed.

"Ah, yes! Are you still there? Well, translate something," said he, handing me a book. "But no; better take this one." He turned over the leaves of a copy of Horace, and opened it at a passage which it seemed to me nobody ever could translate.

"I have not prepared this," said I.

"And you want to recite what you have learned by heart? Very good! No; translate this."

I managed to get the sense of it after a fashion; but the professor only shook his head at each of my inquiring glances, and merely answered "No," with a sigh. At last he closed his book with such nervous quickness that he pinched his own finger between the leaves. He jerked it out angrily, gave me a card in grammar, and, flinging himself back in his chair, he continued to preserve the most malicious silence. I was on the point of answering; but the expression of his countenance fettered my tongue, and everything which I said appeared to me to be wrong.

"That 's not it! that 's not it! that 's not it at all!" he suddenly broke out with his horrible pronunciation, as he briskly changed his attitude, leaned his elbows on the table, and played with the gold ring which clung weakly to a thin finger of his left hand. "It 's impossible, gentlemen, to prepare for the higher educational institutions in this manner. All you want is to wear the uniform, with its blue collar, and brag of being first, and think that you can be students. No, gentlemen; you must be thoroughly grounded in your subject;" and so forth, and so forth.

During the whole of this speech, which was uttered in distorted language, I gazed with dull attention at his eyes, which were fixed on the floor. At first, the disenchantment of not being third tortured me; then the fear of not getting through my examination at all; and, finally, a sense of injustice was added, of wounded vanity and unmerited humiliation. Besides this, contempt for the professor because he was not, in my opinion, a man *comme il faut*, — which I discerned by looking at his short, strong, round nails, — influenced me still more, and rendered all these feelings venomous. He glanced at me; and, perceiving my quivering lips and my eyes filled with tears, he must have construed my emotion into a prayer to increase my mark, and he said, as though compassionating me (and before another professor, too, who came up at that moment): —

"Very good, sir. I will give you a very fine mark" (that meant two), "although you do not deserve it, out of respect to your youth, and in the hope that you will not be so light-minded in the university."

This last phrase, uttered in the presence of the strange professor, who looked at me as if to say, "There, you see, young man!" completed my confusion. For one moment a mist veiled my eyes; the terrible professor, with his table, seemed to me to be sitting somewhere in the far distance, and the wild thought came into my mind, with a terrible one-sided distinctness: "And what if — what will come of this?" But I did not do it, for some reason; on the contrary, I saluted both professors mechanically, with special courtesy, and left the table, smiling slightly, with the same smile, apparently, that Ikonin had exhibited.

This injustice affected me so powerfully at the time, that, had I been master of my own actions, I should not have gone to any more examinations. I lost all my vanity (it was impossible to think any longer of being number three), and I let the remaining examinations pass without any exertion, and even without emotion. My average, however, was somewhat over four, but this did not interest me in the least; I made up my mind, and proved it to myself very clearly, that it was bad form to try to be first, and that one ought to be neither too good nor too bad, like Volodya. I meant to keep to this in the university, although I, for the first time, differed from my friend on this point.

I was already thinking of my uniform, my three-cornered hat, my own drozhky, my own room, and, most of all, of my freedom.

CHAPTER XIII

I AM GROWN UP

MOREOVER, even these thoughts had their charm.

On my return from the last examination in the Law of God, on the eighth of May, I found at the house a tailor's apprentice, whom I knew, from Rosanoff, who had already brought my hastily finished uniform and a coat of glossy black cloth, open at the throat, and had marked the *revers* with chalk, and had now brought the finished garment with brilliant gilt buttons, enveloped in papers.

I put on this garment, and thought it very fine (although St. Jérôme declared that it wrinkled in the back), and went down-stairs with a self-satisfied smile, which spread over my face quite involuntarily, to Volodya's rooms, conscious of the glances of the domestics which were eagerly fixed on me from the anteroom and corridor, but pretending that I was not. Gavrilo, the butler, overtook me in the hall, congratulated me on my entrance, handed over to me, by papa's orders, four white bank-bills, and also, by papa's direction, Kuzma the coachman, a prolyotka,[1] and the brown horse Beauty, to be at my exclusive disposal from that day forth. I was so rejoiced at this almost unlooked-for happiness, that I could not manage to appear indifferent before Gavrilo, and in some confusion I said, with a sigh, the first thing which came into my head, which was that "Beauty was a very fine trotter!" Glancing at the heads which were thrust out of the doors leading from the anteroom and corridor, I could no longer control myself; and I rushed through the hall at a trot, in my new coat and shining gilt buttons. As I entered Volodya's room, I heard the voices of Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff, who had come to congratulate me, and to propose that we should go somewhere to dine and drink champagne, in honor of my entrance. Dmitry told me that, although he did not care to drink champagne, he would go with us that day in order to drink with me on our beginning to call each other *thou*. Dubkoff, for some reason, declared that I resembled a colonel. Volodya did not congratulate me, and only said, very dryly, that now we should be able to set out for the country on the next day but one. It seemed as though, while glad of my entrance, it was rather disagreeable to him that I should now be as much grown up as he. St. Jérôme, who had also come to the house, said in a very haughty way that his duties were now at an end, and he did not know whether they had been fulfilled well or ill, but that he had done all he could, and he should go to his Count on the next day. In answer to all that was said to me, I felt a sweet, blissful, rather foolishly self-satisfied smile dawn upon my countenance against my will; and I perceived that this smile even communicated itself to all who talked with me.

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[1] A kind of drozhky.

And here I am, without a tutor; I have a drozhky of my own; my name is inscribed on the register of students; I have a sword in my belt; the sentries might sometimes salute me. "I am grown up," and I think I am happy.

We decided to dine at Jahr's at five o'clock; but as Volodya went off with Dubkoff, and Dmitry also disappeared somewhere according to custom, saying that he had an affair to attend to before dinner, I could dispose of two hours as I pleased. I walked about through all the rooms for quite a while, inspecting myself in all the mirrors, now with my coat buttoned, again with it quite unbuttoned, then with only the upper button fastened; and every way seemed excellent to me. Then, ashamed as I was to exhibit too much joy, I could not refrain from going to the stable and coach-house, to inspect Beauty, Kuzma, and the drozhky; then I went back and began to wander through the rooms, looking in the mirrors, counting the money in my pocket, and smiling in the same blissful manner all the while. But an hour had not elapsed when I felt rather bored, or sorry that there was no one to see me in that dazzling state; and I craved movement and activity. As a consequence of this, I ordered the drozhky to be brought round, and decided that it would be better to go to the Kuznetzky Most,[1] and make some purchases.

I recollected that when Volodya entered the university he had bought himself a lithograph of Victor Adam's horses, some tobacco, and a pipe; and it seemed to me that it was indispensable that I should do the same.

I drove to the Kuznetzky Most with glances turned on me from all sides, with the bright sunlight on my buttons, on the cockade in my hat, and on my sword, and drew up near Daziaro's picture-shop. I glanced about me on all sides, and entered. I did not want to buy Victor Adam's horses, lest I should be accused of aping Volodya; but, hurrying to make my choice as quickly as possible, out of shame at the trouble to which I was putting the polite shopman, I took a female head painted in water-colors, which stood in the window, and paid twenty rubles for it. But after expending twenty rubles I felt rather conscience-stricken at having troubled the two handsomely dressed shopmen with such trifles, and yet it seemed as though they looked at me in altogether too negligent a way. Desirous of letting them understand who I was, I turned my attention to a small silver piece which lay beneath the glass, and, learning that it was a pencil-holder worth eighteen rubles, I ordered it done up in paper, paid my money, and, learning also that good pipes and tobacco were to be had in the adjoining tobacco-shop, I bowed politely to the two shopmen, and stepped into the street with my picture under my arm. In the neighboring shop, on whose sign was painted a negro smoking a cigar, I bought (also out of a desire not to imitate any one) not Zhukoff, but Sultan tobacco, a Turkish pipe, and two chibouks, one of linden, the other of rosewood. On emerging from the shop, on my way to my drozhky, I perceived Semenoff, who was walking along the sidewalk at a rapid pace, dressed in civil costume, and with his head bent down. I was vexed that he did not recognize me. I said in quite a loud tone, "Drive up!" and, seating myself in the drozhky, I overtook Semenoff.

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[1] The Smith's Bridge; the principal street for fashionable shopping in Moscow. — Tr.

"How do you do?" I said to him.

"My respects," he answered, pursuing his way.

"Why are you not in uniform?" I inquired.

Semenoff halted, screwed up his eyes, and showed his white teeth, as though it pained him to look at the sun, but in reality to express his indifference toward my drozhky and uniform, gazed at me in silence, and walked on.

From the Kuznetzky Most I drove to a confectioner's shop on the Tverskoy; and though I tried to pretend that the newspapers in the shop interested me principally, I could not restrain myself, and I began to devour one sweet tart after another. Although I was ashamed before the gentlemen who gazed at me with curiosity from behind their papers, I ate eight cakes, of all the sorts which were in the shop, with great rapidity.

On arriving at home, I felt a little heartburn, but, paying no attention to it, I busied myself with examining my purchases. The picture so displeased me, that I not only did not have it framed, and hang it in my room, as Volodya had done, but I even hid it behind the chest of drawers, where no one could see it. The porte-crayon did not please me either, now that I had got it home. I laid it on the table, comforting myself with the thought that the thing was made of silver, first-class, and extremely useful to a student.

But I resolved to put my smoking utensils into immediate use, and try them.

Having unsealed a quarter-pound package, and carefully filled my Turkish pipe with the reddish-yellow, fine-cut Sultan tobacco, I laid a burning coal upon it, and taking one of my pipe-stems between my middle and third fingers (the position of the hand pleased me extremely), I began to draw in the smoke.

The odor of the tobacco was very agreeable, but my mouth tasted bitter, and my breathing was interrupted. But I took courage, and drew the smoke into myself for quite a long time, tried to puff it out in rings, and draw the smoke in. The whole room was soon filled with clouds of bluish smoke; the pipe began to bubble, the hot tobacco to leap; I felt a bitterness in my mouth, and a slight swimming in my head; I tried to rise, and look at myself in the glass with my pipe; when, to my amazement, I began to stagger, the room whirled round, and as I glanced in the mirror, which I had reached with difficulty, I saw that my face was as pale as a sheet. I barely succeeded in dropping upon a divan, when I was sensible of such illness and feebleness, that, fancying the pipe had been fatal to me, I thought that I was dying. I was seriously alarmed, and wanted to summon assistance, and send for the doctor.

But this terror did not last long. I quickly understood where the trouble was; and I lay for a long time on the lounge, weak, with a frightful pain in my head, gazing with dull attention at Bostandzhoglo's coat of arms delineated upon the quarter-pound package, on the pipe and cigar ends, and the remains of the confectioner's cakes rolling on the floor, and thought sadly in my disenchantment, "I surely am not grown up yet, if I cannot smoke like other people; and it is plain that it is not my fate to hold my pipe, like others, between my middle and my third fingers, to swallow my smoke, and puff it out through my blond mustache."

When Dmitry came for me at five o'clock, he found me in this unpleasant condition. But after I had drunk a glass of water I was nearly well again, and ready to go with him.

"What made you want to smoke?" he said, as he gazed upon the traces of my smoking; "it's all nonsense, and a useless waste of money. I have promised myself that I will never smoke. However, let's set out as quickly as possible, for we must go after Dubkoff."

CHAPTER XIV

HOW VOLODYA AND DUBKOFF OCCUPIED THEMSELVES

As soon as Dmitry entered the room, I knew by his face, his walk, and by a gesture which was peculiar to him when in a bad humor, — a winking of the eyes and a grotesque way of drawing his head down on one side, as though for the purpose of adjusting his cravat, — that he was in the coldly rigid frame of mind which came over him when he was displeased with himself, and which always produced a chilling effect upon my feeling for him. I had lately begun to notice and judge my friend's character, but our friendship had suffered no change in consequence; it was still so youthful and so strong, that, from whatever point of view I looked at Dmitry, I could not but perceive his perfection. There were two separate men in him, both of whom were very fine in my eyes. One, whom I warmly loved, was courteous, good, gentle, merry, and with a consciousness of these amiable qualities ; when he was in this mood, his whole appearance, the sound of his voice, his every movement, seemed to say, "I am gentle and virtuous ; I enjoy being gentle and virtuous, as you can all of you perceive." The other — I have only now begun to comprehend him and to bow before his grandeur — was cold, stern toward himself and others, proud, religious to fanaticism, and pedantically moral. At the present moment, he was that second man.

With the frankness which constituted the indispensable condition of our relations, I told him, when we were seated in the drozhky, that it pained me and made me sad to see him in such a heavy, disagreeable frame of mind toward me on the day which was such a happy one to me.

"Surely something has disturbed you ; why will you not tell me?" I asked.

"Nikolenka!" he replied deliberately, turning his head nervously to one side, and blinking, "since I have given my word not to hide anything from you, you have no cause to suspect me of secrecy. It is impossible to be always in the same mood ; and if anything has disturbed me, I cannot even give an account of it to myself."

"What a wonderfully frank, honorable character!" I thought, and I said no more to him.

We drove to Dubkoff's in silence. Dubkoff's quarters were remarkably handsome, or seemed so to me. There were rugs, pictures, curtains, highly colored wall-paper, portraits, curving arm-chairs, and sofa-chairs everywhere ; on the walls hung guns, pistols, tobacco-pouches, and some heads of wild animals in cardboard. At the sight of this study, I saw whom Volodya had been imitating in the adornment of his own chamber. We found Volodya and Dubkoff playing cards. A gentleman who was a stranger to me (and who must have been of little importance, judging from his humble attitude) was sitting at the table, and watching the game with great attention. Dubkoff had on a silk dressing-gown and soft shoes. Volodya in his shirt-sleeves was sitting opposite him on the divan; and, judging from his flushed face, and the dissatisfied, fleeting glance which he tore away from the cards for a moment to cast at us, he was very much absorbed in the game. On catching sight of me, he turned still redder.

"Come, it's your turn to deal," he said to Dubkoff. I comprehended that it displeased him to have me know that he played cards. But there was no confusion discernible in his glance, which seemed to say to me, "Yes, I'm playing, and you are only surprised at it because you are young yet. It is not only not bad, but even necessary at our age."

I immediately felt and understood this.

Dubkoff did not deal the cards, however, but rose, shook hands with us, gave us seats, and offered us pipes, which we declined.

"So this is our diplomat, the hero of the festival!" said Dubkoff. "By heavens, he's awfully like a colonel."

"Hm!" I growled, as I felt that foolishly self-satisfied smile spreading over my face.

I respected Dubkoff as only a boy of sixteen can respect an adjutant of twenty-seven whom all the grown-up people declare to be a very fine young man, who dances beautifully, and talks French, and who, while he in his soul despises my youth, evidently strives to conceal the fact.

But in spite of all my respect for him, I had always, Heaven knows why, during the whole period of our acquaintance, found it difficult and awkward to look him in the eye. And I have since observed that there are three classes of people whom it is difficult for me to look in the eye, — those who are much worse than myself; those who are much better than myself; and those with whom I cannot make up my mind to mention things that we both know, and who will not mention them to me. Possibly Dubkoff was better than I, perhaps he was worse; but one thing was certain, that he often lied, but without confessing it; that I detected this weakness in him, of course, but could not bring myself to speak of it.

"Let's play one more game," said Volodya, twisting his shoulders like papa, and shuffling the cards.

"How persistent he is!" said Dubkoff. "We'll play it out later. Well, all right, then, one."

While they played, I watched their hands. Volodya had a large, handsome hand. He separated his thumb and bent the other fingers out when he held his cards, and it was so much like papa's hand that at one time it really seemed to me that Volodya held his hands so on purpose, in order to resemble a grown-up person; but, when I glanced at his face, it immediately became evident that he was thinking of nothing except his game. Dubkoff's hands, on the contrary, were small, plump, bent inwards, and had extremely soft and skilful fingers; just the kind of hands, in fact, which wear rings, and which belong to people who are inclined to manual labor, and are fond of having fine things.

Volodya must have lost; for the gentleman who looked over his cards remarked that Vladimir Petrovitch had frightfully bad luck; and Dubkoff got his pocket-book, and noted something down in it, and said, as he showed what he had written to Volodya, "Is that right?"

"Yes," said Volodya, glancing at the note-book with feigned abstraction. "Now let's go."

Volodya drove Dubkoff, and Dmitry took me in his phaeton.

"What were they playing?" I inquired of Dmitry.

"Piquet. It's a stupid game, and gambling is a stupid thing, anyway."

"Do they play for large sums?"

"Not very; but it's not right, all the same."

"And do you not play?"

"No, I have given my word not to; but Dubkoff can't give his not to win all somebody's money away."

"But that surely is not right on his part," said I. "Volodya must play worse than he."

"Of course it's not right; but there's nothing particularly wicked about it. Dubkoff loves to play, but still he's an excellent fellow."

"But I had no idea...." said I.

"You must not think any ill of him, because he really is a very fine man; and I am very fond of him, and shall always love him in spite of his weaknesses."

It seemed to me, for some reason, that, just because Dmitry stood up for Dubkoff with too much warmth, he no longer loved or respected him, but that he would not confess it, out of obstinacy, and in order that no one might reproach him with fickleness. He was one of those people who love their friends for life, not so much because the friends always remain amiable toward them, as because, having once taken a liking to a man, even by mistake, they consider it dishonorable to cease to like him.

CHAPTER XV

I RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS

DUBKOFF and Volodya knew all the people at Jahr's by name; and every one, from porter to proprietor, showed them the greatest respect. We were immediately assigned to a private room, and served with a wonderful dinner, selected by Dubkoff from the French bill of fare. A bottle of iced champagne, which I endeavored to survey with as much indifference as possible, was already prepared. The dinner passed off very agreeably and merrily, although Dubkoff, as was his custom, related the strangest occurrences as though they were true, — among others, how his grandmother had shot three robbers, who had attacked her, with a blunderbuss (whereupon I blushed, dropped my eyes, and turned away from him), — and although Volodya was visibly frightened every time that I undertook to say anything (which was quite superfluous, for I did not say anything particularly disgraceful, so far as I can remember). When the champagne was served, all congratulated me, and I drank through my hand "to thou" with Dubkoff and Dmitry, and exchanged kisses with them. As I did not know to whom the bottle of champagne belonged (it was in common, as they afterward explained to me), and I wanted to entertain my friends on my own money, which I felt of incessantly in my pocket, I quietly got hold of a ten-ruble note; and, summoning the waiter, I gave him the money, and told him in a whisper, but in such a manner as they all heard it, to *please to bring another small half bottle of champagne.* Volodya turned red, writhed, and looked at me and the rest in such affright that I felt I had committed a blunder; but the bottle was brought, and we drank it with the greatest satisfaction. Things continued to go merrily. Dubkoff lied without intermission; and Volodya, too, told such funny stories, and told them better than I had ever expected of him; and we laughed a great deal. The character of their wit — that is, Dubkoff's and Volodya's — consisted in mimicry, and exaggeration of the well-known anecdote: "Well, have you been abroad?" says one. "No, I have not," replies the other, "but my brother plays on the violin." They had attained such perfection in this sort of comic nonsense, that they even related that anecdote thus: "My brother never played on the violin either." They replied to every one of each other's questions in this style; and sometimes they tried, without questions, to join two utterly incongruous things, — talked this nonsense with sober faces, — and it proved extremely laughable. I began to understand the point and I also tried to tell something funny; but they all looked frightened, or tried not to look at me while I was speaking, and the anecdote was not a success. Dubkoff said, "The diplomat has begun to lie, brother;" but I felt so well with the champagne I had drunk, and in the company of these grown-up people, that this remark hardly wounded me at all. Dmitry alone, though he had drunk evenly with us, continued in the stern, serious mood, which put some restraint upon the general merriment.

"Now listen, gentlemen!" said Dubkoff. "After dinner, the diplomat must be taken in hand. Shall we not go to our *aunt's?* We 'll soon settle him there."

"Nekhliudoff won't go," said Volodya.

"The intolerable goody! You 're an intolerable goody," said Dubkoff, turning to him. "Come with us, and you 'll see what a charming lady auntie is."

"I not only will not go, but I won't let him," answered Dmitry, turning red.

"Who? the diplomat? — Do you want to go, diplomat? Look, he beamed all over as soon as we mentioned auntie."

"I don't mean that I won't let him," continued Dmitry, rising from his seat, and beginning to pace the room, without looking at me, "but I do not advise him nor wish him to go. He is no longer a child, and if he wishes he can go alone without you. But you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dubkoff; what you are doing is not right, and you want others to do so too."

"What 's the harm," said Dubkoff, winking at Volodya, "if I invite you all to my aunt's for a cup of tea? Well, if it 's not agreeable to you to go with us, then Volodya and I will go. — Are you coming, Volodya?"

"Hm!" said Volodya, affirmatively. "We 'll go there, and then we 'll come to my rooms, and go on with our piquet."

"Well, do you want to go with them, or not?" said Dmitry, coming up to me.

"No," I answered, moving along on the divan to make room for him beside me; "if you do not advise it, I will not go, on any account.

"No," I added afterward, "I do not speak the truth when I say that I do not want to go with them; but I am glad that I am not going."

"Excellent," said he; "live according to your own ideas, and don't dance to any one's pipe; that 's the best way of all."

This little dispute not only did not disturb our pleasure, but even heightened it. Dmitry all at once came into the gentle mood which I loved so well. Such an influence, as I afterward more than once observed, did the consciousness of a good deed have upon him. He was pleased with himself now for having deterred me from going. He grew very merry, ordered another bottle of champagne (which was against his rules), called a strange gentleman into the room and began to give him wine, sang *Gaudeamus igitur*, requested all should join in, and proposed to ride to Sokolniki,[1] whereupon Dubkoff remarked that it was too sentimental.

"Let's be jolly to-day," said Dmitry, with a smile; "in honor of his entrance to the university, I will get drunk for the first time; so be it." This gayety sat rather strangely on Dmitry. He resembled a tutor or a kind father who is satisfied with his children, and wishes to please them, and at the same time to show that he can be gay in an honorable and respectable fashion; nevertheless, this unexpected mirth seemed to act infectiously upon us, the more so as each of us had drunk about half a bottle of champagne.

It was in this agreeable frame of mind that I stepped out into the public apartment to smoke a cigarette which Dubkoff had given me.

When I rose from my seat, I perceived that my head was a little unsteady, and that my feet walked and my hands were in a natural condition only when I fixed my attention firmly upon them. Otherwise my feet crept off to one side, and my hands executed various gestures. I fixed my whole attention upon these limbs, ordered my hands to rise, and button my coat, and smooth my hair (in the course of which, my elbows jerked themselves up fearfully high), and my legs to carry me to the door; which command they complied with, but set themselves down either too hard or too gently, and the left foot in particular stood constantly on its toe. Some voice or other shouted to me, "Where are you going? They are bringing lights." I guessed that the voice belonged to Volodya, and the thought that I had guessed it afforded me satisfaction; but I only smiled in answer, and went my way.

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[1] "Sokolniki Forest," now a suburban park, pine wood, and pleasure ground near Moscow; formerly the primeval forest, the hunting-ground of the Tzars of Moscow. — Tr.

CHAPTER XVI

THE QUARREL

In the public room, behind a little table, sat a short, stout gentleman, in plain clothes, with a red mustache, engaged in eating. Beside him sat a tall, dark-complexioned man, without a mustache. They were conversing in French. Their glances confused me, but I made up my mind to light my cigarette at the candle which stood before them. Glancing aside, in order that I might not encounter their gaze, I marched up to the table, and began to light my cigarette. When the cigarette had caught the flame, I could not resist, and glanced at the gentleman who was dining. His gray eyes were fixed intently and disapprovingly upon me. As I was about to turn away, his red mustache moved, and he said in French, "I don't like to have people smoke while I am dining, my dear sir."

I muttered some unintelligible reply.

"Yes, sir, I don't like it," went on the gentleman with the mustache, sternly, with a quick glance at the gentleman who had no mustache, as if inviting him to admire the manner in which he was about to settle me, — "I don't like people who are impolite, my dear sir, who come and smoke under one's nose; I don't like them." I immediately saw that the gentleman was scolding me, and it seemed to me at first that I had behaved very badly to him.

"I did not think that it would disturb you," said I.

"Ah, you did not think you were ill-bred, but I did!" shouted the gentleman.

"What right have you to yell?" said I, feeling that he was insulting me, and beginning to get angry myself.

"This right, that I never permit any one to be insolent to me; and I shall always give such impertinent young fellows as you a lesson. What 's your surname, sir? and where do you live?"

I was extremely angry, my lips quivered, and my breath came in gasps. But I felt that I was in the wrong, nevertheless, and it must have been because I had drunk so much champagne; and I did not say anything insulting to the gentleman, but on the contrary my lips uttered my name and our address in the most submissive manner possible.

"My name is Kolpikoff, my dear sir, and see that you are more courteous in future. You shall hear from me," he concluded, the whole conversation having taken place in French.

I only said, "I am very glad to make your acquaintance," endeavoring to render my voice as firm as possible, turned away, and went back to our room with my cigarette, which had contrived to go out.

I did not mention what had occurred to my brother, nor to my friend, particularly as they were engaged in a hot dispute, but seated myself alone in a corner to reflect upon this strange circumstance. The words, "You are ill-bred, sir," — (*un mal élevé, monsieur*) — as they rang in my ears, troubled me more and more. My intoxication had completely passed away. When I reflected on my behavior in the matter, the strange thought all at once occurred to me that I had behaved like a coward. "What right had he to attack me? Why did n't he say simply that it disturbed him? He must have been in the wrong. Why, when he told me that I was ill-bred, did I not say to him, 'He is ill-bred, sir, who permits himself impertinences;' or why did I not simply shout at him, '*Silence!*' That would have been capital. Why did I not challenge him to a duel? No, I did none of these things, but swallowed the insult like a vile coward." "You are ill-bred, sir," rang in my ears incessantly in an exasperating way. "No, things cannot be left in this state," I thought, and I rose with the fixed intention of going back to the gentleman, and saying something dreadful to him, and, possibly, of striking him over the head with the candlestick if it should seem suitable. I reflected upon this last intention with the greatest delight, but it was not without great terror that I entered the public room again. Fortunately, Gospodin (Mr.) Kolpikoff was no longer there; there was but one waiter in the room, and he was clearing the table. I wanted to tell the waiter what had happened, and to explain to him that I was not all to blame; but I changed my mind for some reason or other, and returned again to our own room in the most gloomy frame of mind.

"What 's the matter with our diplomat?" said Dubkoff; "he 's probably deciding the fate of Europe now."

"Oh, let me alone," I said crossly, as I turned away. Then, as I wandered about the room, I began to think, for some reason, that Dubkoff was not a nice man at all. And as for his eternal jests, and that nickname of "diplomat," there was nothing amiable about them. All he was good for was to win money from Volodya, and to go to some aunt or other. And there was nothing pleasing about him. Everything he said was a lie, or an absurdity, and he wanted to laugh eternally. It seemed to me that he was only stupid, and a bad man to boot. In such reflections as these I spent five minutes, feeling more and more inimical toward Dubkoff. But Dubkoff paid no attention to me, and this enraged me still more. I even got angry with Volodya and Dmitry because they talked to him.

"Do you know what, gentlemen? we must pour some water over the diplomat," said Dubkoff, suddenly, glancing at me with what seemed to me to be a mocking and even treacherous smile; "he 's in a bad way. By heavens, but he 's in a state!"

"You need to be ducked, you 're in a bad way yourself," I retorted, with an angry smile, even forgetting that I had addressed him as *you*.

This answer must have amazed Dubkoff; but he turned away from me indifferently, and continued his conversation with Volodya and Dmitry.

I would have tried to join the conversation, but I felt that I certainly should not be able to dissemble, and I again retreated to my corner, where I remained until our departure.

When we had paid the bill, and were putting on our overcoats, Dubkoff said to Dmitry, "Well, where are Orestes and Pylades going? Home, probably, to converse of *love.* All right, we'll call on our dear auntie: it's better than your sour friendship."

"How dare you talk so, and ridicule us?" I said, suddenly marching up to him and gesticulating. "How dare you laugh at feelings that you don't understand? I won't permit it. Silence!" I shouted, and became silent myself, not knowing what to say, and panting with agitation. Dubkoff was amazed at first; then he tried to smile, and took it as a joke; but finally, to my extreme surprise, he got frightened and dropped his eyes.

"I am not ridiculing you and your feelings in the least; it's only my way of talking," he said evasively.

"So that's it," I shouted; but at the same time I was ashamed of myself, and sorry for Dubkoff, whose handsome, troubled face betrayed genuine suffering.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Volodya and Dmitry together. "Nobody meant to insult you."

"Yes, he did mean to insult me."

"That brother of yours is a desperate gentleman," said Dubkoff, just as he went out of the door, so that he could not hear what I might say.

Possibly, I might have rushed after him, and uttered some more impertinent speeches; but, just at that moment, the same waiter who had been present at my affair with Kolpikoff handed me my coat, and I immediately calmed down, feigning only so much anger in Dmitry's presence as was indispensable, in order that my instantaneous tranquillity might not seem queer. The next day, Dubkoff and I met in Volodya's room. We did not allude to this affair, and continued to address each other as *you;* and it was more difficult than ever for us to look each other in the eye.

The memory of my quarrel with Kolpikoff, who neither on that day nor ever afterward let me "hear from him," was frightfully oppressive and vivid for many years. I writhed and screamed, full five years later, every time I recalled that unatoned insult, and comforted myself by remembering, with self-satisfaction, how manly I had afterward been in my affair with Dubkoff. It was only very much later that I began to regard the matter in quite a different light, and to recall my quarrel with Kolpikoff with comical satisfaction, and to repent of the undeserved wound which I had dealt to that *good little fellow,* Dubkoff.

When I related to Dmitry that same day my encounter with Kolpikoff, whose appearance I described to him minutely, he was very much surprised.

"Yes, it's the very same fellow," said he. "Just imagine! that Kolpikoff is a well-known scamp, a card-sharper, but, most of all, a coward, who was driven out of the regiment by his comrades because he had received a box on the ear, and would not fight. Where did he get his valor?" he added, with a kindly smile, as he glanced at me. "So he didn't say anything more than 'ill-bred'?"

"Yes," I replied, reddening.

"It's bad; but there's no harm done yet," Dmitry said, to console me.

It was only when I thought this affair over quietly, long afterward, that I arrived at the tolerably probable inference that Kolpikoff, feeling, after the lapse of many years, that he could attack me, had taken his revenge on me, in the presence of the beardless, dark-complexioned man, for the box on the ear which he had received, just as I immediately revenged myself for his "ill-bred" on the innocent Dubkoff.

CHAPTER XVII

I MAKE PREPARATIONS TO PAY SOME CALLS

My first thought, on waking the next day, was my adventure with Kolpikoff. Again I roared and ran about the room, but there was nothing to be done; besides, this was the last day I was to spend in Moscow; and, by papa's orders, I was to make some calls which he had himself written down for me. Papa's solicitude for us was not so much on the point of morals and learning as on that of worldly connections. On the paper was written in his rapid, pointed hand: "(1) To Prince Ivan Ivanitch *without fail;* (2) to the Ivins *without fail;* (3) to Prince Mikhaïlo; (4) to Princess Nekhliudoff and Madame Valakhin if possible;" and, of course, to the curator, the rector, and the professors.

Dmitry dissuaded me from paying these last calls, saying that it not only was not necessary, but would even be improper; but all the rest must be made today. Of these, the two first calls, beside which *without fail* was written, frightened me particularly. Prince Ivan Ivanitch was general-in-chief, an old man, wealthy and alone; so I, a student of sixteen, must have direct intercourse with him, which I had a presentiment could not prove at all flattering to me. The Ivins also were wealthy, and their father was an important civil general, who had only been to our home once, in grandmamma's day. After grandmamma's death, I observed that the youngest Ivin avoided us, and seemed to put on airs. The eldest, as I knew by report, had already completed his course in law, and was serving in Petersburg; the second (Sergieï), whom I had once adored, was also in Petersburg, — a big, fat cadet in the Pages' Corps.

In my youth, I not only did not like to associate with people who considered themselves above me, but such intercourse was intolerably painful, in consequence of a constant fear of insult, and the straining of all my mental faculties to the end of exhibiting my independence.

But, as I was not going to obey papa's last orders, I must smooth matters over by complying with the first. I paced my chamber, glancing at my clothes, which were spread out upon the chairs, at my sword and hat, and was already preparing to go, when old Grap came with his congratulations, bringing Ilinka with him. Father Grap was a Russianized German, intolerably mawkish and flattering, and very often intoxicated. He generally came to us simply for the purpose of asking for something; and papa sometimes let him sit down in his study, but he never had him dine with us. His humility and persistent begging were so intermingled with a certain superficial good nature and familiarity with our house, that everybody reckoned it as a sort of merit in him that he should be so attached to all of us; but, for some reason, I never liked him, and, when he spoke, I always felt ashamed for him.

I was very much displeased at the arrival of these guests, and I made no effort to conceal my displeasure. I had become so accustomed to look down upon Ilinka, and he had become so used to consider that we were in the right in so doing, that it was rather disagreeable for me to have him a student as well as myself. It struck me, too, that he was rather abashed, in my presence, by this equality. I greeted them coldly, and did not ask them to sit down, because I was ashamed to do so, thinking that they might do it without my invitation; and I ordered my carriage to be got ready. Ilinka was a kind, very honorable, and very far from stupid young man, but he was still what is called a man of caprice. Some extreme mood was always coming over him, and, as it appeared, without any reason whatever; now it was a weeping mood, then an inclination to laugh, then to take offense at every trifle. And now, it seemed, he was in this last frame of mind. He said nothing, glanced angrily at me and his father; and only when he was addressed did he smile, with the submissive, constrained smile under which he was already accustomed to hide his feelings, and especially the feeling of shame for his father, which he could not help feeling in our presence.

"So, sir, Nikolaï Petrovitch," said the old man, following me about the room while I dressed, and turning the silver snuff-box which grandmamma had given him slowly and respectfully between his fat fingers, "as soon as I learned from my son that you had deigned to pass an excellent examination, — for your cleverness is known to all, — I immediately hastened hither to congratulate you, batiushka; why, I have carried you on my shoulder, and God sees that I love you all like relatives; and my Ilinka, too, kept begging to be allowed to come to you. He, too, has already become accustomed to you."

Meantime, Ilinka sat in silence, by the window, apparently gazing at my three-cornered hat, and muttering something angrily and almost inaudibly.

"Now, I wanted to ask you, Nikolaï Petrovitch," continued the old man, "did my Ilinka pass a good examination? He said he should be with you, so do not abandon him; look after him and advise him."

"Why, he passed a very fine one," I replied, glancing at Ilinka, who, feeling my glance, blushed and stopped moving his lips.

"And can he spend the day with you?" said the old man, with a timid smile, as though he were very much afraid of me, and always standing so close to me, whenever I halted, that the odor of wine and tobacco, in which he was steeped, did not cease for a single second to be perceptible to me. I was provoked at him for having placed me in such a false position toward his son, and because he had diverted my attention from my very important occupation at that moment — dressing; but most of all, that ever present odor of strong brandy so distracted me, that I said very coldly that I could not remain with Ilinka, because I should not be at home all day.

"You wanted to go to your sister, batiushka," said Ilinka, smiling, but not looking at me; "and I have something to do besides." I was still more vexed and mortified, and, in order to smooth over my refusal, I hastened to impart the information that I should not be at home because I must go to *Prince* Ivan Ivanitch, and *Princess* Kornakoff and to Ivin, the one who held such an important post, and that I should probably dine with *Princess* Nekhliudoff. It seemed to me that when they learned to what distinguished houses I was going, they could make no more claims upon me. When they prepared to depart, I invited Ilinka to come again ; but Ilinka only muttered something, and smiled with a constrained expression. It was evident that his feet would never cross my threshold again.

After their departure, I set out on my visits. Volodya, whom I had that morning invited to accompany me, in order that it might not be as awkward as if I were alone, had refused, under the pretext that it would be too sentimental for two *brothers* to ride together in one *carriage.*

CHAPTER XVIII

THE VALAKHINS

So I set out alone. My first visit, in point of locality, was to the Valakhins, in the Sivtzevoi Vrazhok. I had not seen Sonitchka for three years, and of course my love for her had vanished long ago ; but a lively and touching memory of that past childish love still lingered in my soul. It had happened to me, in the course of those three years, to recall her with such force and clearness, that I shed tears, and felt myself in love again ; but this only lasted a few minutes, and did not speedily return.

I knew that Sonitchka had been abroad with her mother, where they had remained for two years, and where, it was said, they had been upset in a diligence, and Sonitchka's face had been badly cut with the glass, so that she had lost her good looks to a great extent. On my way thither, I vividly recalled the former Sonitchka, and thought of how I should meet her now. In consequence of her two years' stay abroad I fancied her extremely tall, with a very fine figure, serious and dignified, but remarkably attractive. My imagination refused to present her with a face disfigured with scars; on the contrary, having heard somewhere of the passionate lover who remained faithful to the beloved object, in spite of disfigurement by small-pox, I tried to think that I was in love with Sonitchka, in order that I might have the merit of remaining true to her in spite of the scars. On the whole, when I drove up to the Valakhins' house, I was not in love, but having set in motion old memories of love I was well prepared to fall in love, and was very desirous to do so; the more so as I had long felt ashamed when I looked at all my enamoured friends, because I had left the ranks.

The Valakhins lived in a neat little wooden house, the entrance to which was from the courtyard. The door was opened to me at the sound of the bell, which was then a great rarity in Moscow, by a very small and neatly dressed boy. He either did not understand me, or did not want to tell me if the family were at home; and, leaving me in the dark vestibule, he ran into the still darker corridor.

I remained alone for quite a while in that dark room, in which there was one closed door, besides the one leading to the corridor; and I wondered partly at the gloomy character of the house, and in part assumed that it must be so with people who had been abroad. After the lapse of five minutes the door to the hall was opened from the inside by the same boy, and he led me to the neatly but not richly furnished drawing-room, into which Sonitchka followed me.

She was seventeen. She was very short in stature, very thin, and with a yellowish, unhealthy color in her face. There were no scars visible on her face; but her charming, prominent eyes, and her bright, good-natured, merry smile, were the same which I had known and loved in my childhood. I had not expected to find her like this at all, and therefore I could not at once pour out upon her the feeling which I had prepared on the way. She gave me her hand in the English fashion, which was then as much of a rarity as the bell, shook my hand frankly, and seated me beside her on the sofa.

"Ah, how glad I am to see you, my dear Nikolas!" she said, gazing into my face with the same genuine expression of pleasure which her words implied. The "my dear Nikolas," I observed, was uttered in a friendly, not in a patronizing, tone. To my amazement, she was more simple, sweet, and like a relative in her manner, after her trip abroad than before. I observed two little scars near her nose, and on her forehead; but her wonderful eyes and smile were perfectly true to my recollections, and shone in the old way.

"How you have changed!" said she, "you have quite grown up. Well, and I .... what do you think of me?"

"Ah, I should not have known you," I answered, although at that very time I was thinking that I should have known her anywhere. I again felt myself in that care-free, merry mood in which, five years before, I had danced the "grandfather" with her at grandmamma's ball.

"What, have I grown very ugly?" she asked, shaking her head.

"No, not at all; you have grown some, you are older," I made haste to reply: "but on the contrary.... and even ...."

"Well, no matter; I remember our dances, our games, St. Jérôme, Madame Dorat." (I did not recollect any Madame Dorat; she was evidently carried away by the enjoyment of her childish memories, and was confounding them.) "Ah, that was a famous time!" she continued; and the same smile, even more beautiful than the one I bore in my memory, and the very same eyes, gleamed before me. While she was speaking I had succeeded in realizing the situation in which I found myself at the present moment, and I decided that at the present moment I was in love. As soon as I had made up my mind to this, that instant my happy, careless mood vanished, a dark cloud enveloped everything before me,

— even her eyes and smile, — I became ashamed of something, I turned red, and lost all power to speak.

"Times are different now," she went on, with a sigh, elevating her brows slightly; "everything is much worse, and we are worse; are we not, Nikolas?"

I could not answer, and gazed at her in silence.

"Where are all the Ivins and Kornakoffs of those days? Do you remember?" she continued, looking at my red and frightened face with some curiosity; "that was a famous time!"

And still I could not reply.

The entrance of the elder Valakhina relieved me of this uncomfortable situation for a time. I rose, bowed, and recovered my power of speech; but, in turn, a strange change came over Sonitchka with her mother's entrance. All her gayety and naturalness suddenly disappeared, her very smile was different; and all at once, with the exception of her tall stature, she became exactly the young lady returned from abroad which I had imagined her to be. It seemed as though this change could have no cause, since her mother smiled just as pleasantly, and all her movements expressed as much gentleness, as of old. The Valakhina[1] seated herself in a large arm-chair, and indicated to me a place near her. She said something to her daughter in English, and Sonitchka immediately left the room, which afforded me some relief. The Valakhina inquired after my relatives, my brother, and my father, and then spoke to me of her own sorrow, — the loss of her husband, — and finally, feeling that there was nothing to say to me, she looked at me in silence, as if to say, "If you will rise now, and make your bow, and go away, you will be doing very well, my dear fellow." But a strange thing happened to me. Sonitchka had returned with her work, and seated herself in the corner of the room, so that I felt her glance fixed upon me. While the Valakhina was relating the loss of her husband, I once more remembered that I was in love, and thought that perhaps the mother guessed it; and I had another fit of shyness of such intensity that I did not find myself in a condition to move even a single limb in a natural manner. I knew that in order to rise and take my departure, I should be obliged to think where to set my foot, what to do with my head, what with my hand; in short, I felt almost exactly as I had felt the evening before after drinking half a bottle of champagne. I had a presentiment that I could not get through with all this, and therefore *could not* rise; and I actually *could not.* The Valakhina was probably surprised when she beheld my face, as red as cloth, and my utter immovability; but I decided that it was better to sit still in that stupid attitude than to risk rising in an awkward manner, and taking my departure. I sat thus for quite a long time, expecting that some unforeseen circumstance would rescue me from that position. This circumstance presented itself in the person of an insignificant young man, who entered the room with the air of a member of the family, and bowed courteously to me. The Valakhina rose, excusing herself on the ground that it was necessary for her to speak with her business manager, and looked at me with an expression of surprise which said, "If you want to sit there forever, I will not drive you out." I made a tremendous effort, and rose, but was no longer in a condition to make a bow; and as I went out, accompanied by the compassionate glances of mother and daughter, I knocked against a chair which did not stand in my way at all; I only ran against it because my whole attention was directed upon not stumbling over the carpet which was under my feet. But once in the open air,—where I writhed and growled so loudly that even Kuzma inquired several times, "What is your wish?"—this feeling disappeared; and I began to meditate quite calmly upon my love for Sonitchka, and her relations with her mother, which struck me as singular. When I afterward communicated my observations to my father,—that Madame Valakhin and her daughter were not on good terms,—he said:—

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[1] A lady's surname, in the feminine form, is not infrequently used thus, without prefix. It is a familiar, but not necessarily a disrespectful, form of allusion. — Tr.

"Yes, she torments her, poor thing, with her strange miserliness; and it's odd enough," he added, with a stronger feeling than he could have for a mere relative. "How charming she was, the dear, queer woman! I cannot understand why she is so changed. You did not see any secretary there, did you? What sort of a fashion is it for Russian ladies to have secretaries?" he said angrily, walking away from me.

"I did see him," said I.

"Well, he is good-looking at least?"

"No, he is not at all good-looking."

"It's incomprehensible," said papa, and he twitched his shoulders angrily and coughed.

"Here I am in love too," I thought as I rode on in my drozhky.

CHAPTER XIX

THE KORNAKOFFS

The second call on my way was on the Kornakoffs. They lived on the first floor of a great house on the Arbata. The staircase was very showy and clean, but not luxurious. Everywhere there was striped crash fastened directly on the stairs by rails of polished copper; but there were neither flowers nor mirrors. The hall, over whose brightly polished floor I passed to reach the drawing-room, was also forbidding, cold, and neatly arranged; everything shone, and seemed durable, although not at all new; but neither pictures, curtains, nor any other species of adornment were anywhere visible. Several princesses were in the drawing-room. They were sitting in such a precise and leisurely attitude that it was immediately perceptible that they did not sit so when guests were not present.

"Mamma will be here immediately," said the eldest of them to me, as she seated herself nearer me. For a quarter of an hour, this princess engaged me in a very easy conversation, and she did it so skilfully that the conversation never languished for a moment. But it was too evident that she was entertaining me, and therefore she did not please me. Among other things, she told me that her brother Stepan, whom they called *Étienne*, and who had been sent to the Yunkers' School, had already been promoted to be an officer. When she spoke of her brother, and especially when she mentioned that he had entered the hussars against his mother's wish, she put on a frightened look; and all the princesses, who sat there in silence, put on the same frightened faces. When she spoke of grandmamma's death, she put on a sorrowful look, and all the younger princesses did the same. When she recalled how I had struck St. Jérôme, and how I had been led off, she laughed, and showed her bad teeth; and all the princesses laughed, and showed their bad teeth.

The princess entered. She was the same little dried-up woman, with restless eyes, and a habit of looking at other people while talking with one. She took me by the hand, and raised her hand to my lips, in order that I might kiss it; which I should not otherwise have done, not supposing that it was indispensable.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said, with her usual eloquence, glancing at her daughters. "Ah, how like his mamma he is! Is he not, Lise?"

Lise said that it was so; though I know, for a fact, that I possess not the slightest resemblance to mamma.

"And how large you have grown! And my Étienne, you remember, he is your second cousin — no, not your second; but how is it, Lise? My mother was Varvara Dmitrievna, daughter of Dmitry Nikolaevitch, and your grandmother was Natalya Nikolaevna."

"Then he is our third cousin, mamma," said the eldest princess.

"Oh, you are mixing things all up," cried the princess, angrily. "It's not third cousin at all, but *issus de germains*, — children of cousins; that's what you and my dear little Étienne are. He's an officer already; did you know it? But it's not well in one respect: he has too much liberty. You young people must be kept in hand; that 's the truth! You will not be angry with me, your old aunt, if I tell you the truth? I brought up Étienne strictly, and I think that 's the proper way to do.

"Yes, that 's the relationship between us," she went on. "Prince Ivan Ivanitch is my own uncle, and your mother's uncle. So we were cousins to your mamma, and not second cousins. Yes, that 's it. Now, tell me. Have you been to Prince Ivan's?"

I said that I had not been there yet, but should go that day.

"Ah! how is that possible?" she exclaimed. "That should have been your very first call. Why, you know that Prince Ivan is just the same as a father to you. He has no children, so his only heirs are you and my children. You must revere him on account of his age, and his position in the world, and everything. I know that you young people of the present generation think nothing of relationship, and do not like old people; but you must obey me, your old aunt; for I love you, and I loved your mamma, and your grandmother, too, I loved and respected very, very much. Yes, you must go without fail. You certainly must go."

I said that I certainly would go, and as the call had already lasted long enough, in my opinion, I rose, and made a motion to go; but she detained me.

"No, wait a minute. — Where is your father, Lise? Call him here. — He will be so glad to see you," she continued, turning to me.

In a couple of minutes Prince Mikhaïlo actually entered. He was a short, stout man, very negligently dressed, unshaven, and with such an expression of indifference on his countenance that it approached stupidity. He was not at all glad to see me; at all events, he did not express anything of the sort. But the princess, of whom he was evidently very much afraid, said to him: —

"Waldemar [she had plainly forgotten my name] is very like his mother, is he not?" and she made such a signal with her eyes that the prince must have divined her wish, for he came up to me, and, with the most apathetic and even dissatisfied expression of countenance, presented his unshaven cheek to me, which I was forced to kiss.

"But you are not dressed, and you must go instantly," the princess began at once to say to him, in an angry tone, which was evidently her usual one with members of her household. "You want to prejudice people against you again, to make people angry with you again!"

"At once, at once, matushka," said Prince Mikhaïlo, and departed. I bowed, and departed also.

I had heard for the first time that we were heirs of Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and this news struck me unpleasantly.

CHAPTER XX

THE IVINS

It distressed me still more to think of that impending, indispensable visit. But, before I went to the prince, I had to stop at the Ivins' on the way. They lived on the Tverskoy Boulevard, in a large and handsome house. It was not without timidity that I drove up to the state entrance, at which stood a hall porter with a staff.

I asked him if the family was at home.

"Whom do you wish to see? The general's son is at home," said the porter.

"And the general himself?"

"I will inquire. Whom shall I announce?" said the porter, and rang.

A footman's feet, clad in gaiters, appeared upon the stairs. I was so much alarmed, I do not know myself why, that I told the footman that he was not to announce me to the general, and that I would go first to the general's son. When I went up-stairs, along that great staircase, it seemed to me that I became frightfully small (and not in the figurative, but in the actual, sense of the word). I had experienced the same sensation when my drozhky drove up to the grand entrance; it had seemed to me that the drozhky and the horse and the coachman became small. The general's son was lying, fast asleep, upon a divan, with an open book before him, when I entered the room. His tutor, Herr Frost, who still remained in the house, followed me into the room, with his active step, and woke up his pupil. Ivin did not exhibit any special delight at the sight of me, and I observed that he looked at my eyebrows while he was talking. Although he was very polite, it seemed to me that he was entertaining me exactly as the princess had done, and that he felt no particular attraction toward me, and did not need my acquaintance, since he probably had his own different circle of acquaintances. All this I imagined, principally because he gazed at my eyebrows. In a word, his relations to me, however disagreeable it might be to me to confess it, were almost exactly the same as mine to Ilinka. I began to get irritated; I caught every look of Ivin's on the fly, and when his eyes and Frost's met, I translated his question, "And why has he come to us?"

After talking with me for a short time, Ivin said that his father and mother were at home, and would I not like to have him go with me to them?

"I will dress myself at once," he added, going into another room, although he was very well dressed in this room, — in a new coat and white waistcoat. In a few minutes he came back in his uniform, completely buttoned up, and we went down-stairs together. The state apartments which we passed through were extremely lofty, and apparently very richly furnished; there was marble and gilding, and something wrapped up in muslin, and mirrors. The Ivina entered the small room beyond the drawing-room through another door, at the same time that we did. She received me in a very friendly manner, like a relative, gave me a seat beside her, and inquired with interest about all our family.

Madame Ivin, of whom I had only caught a couple of fleeting glimpses previous to this, pleased me very much now that I looked at her attentively. She was tall, thin, very white, and seemed always melancholy and exhausted. Her smile was sad, but extremely kind; her eyes were large, weary, and not quite straight, which gave her a still more melancholy and attractive expression. She did not sit exactly bent over, but with her whole body limp, and all her movements were languishing. She spoke languidly, but the sound of her voice, and her indistinct utterance of *r* and *l*, were very pleasing. She did not entertain me. My answers about my relatives evidently afforded her a melancholy interest, as though, while listening to me, she sadly recalled better days. Her son went off somewhere; she gazed at me in silence for a couple of minutes, and all at once she began to cry. I sat there before her, and could not think of anything whatever to say or do. She went on crying, and never looked at me. At first I was sorry for her; then I thought, "Ought I not to comfort her, and how must it be done?" and finally I became vexed at her, for placing me in such an awkward position. "Have I such a pitiful appearance?" I thought, "or is she doing this on purpose to find out how I shall behave under the circumstances?"

"It is awkward to take leave now, it will seem as though I am running away from her tears," I continued my reflections. I moved about on my chair to remind her of my presence.

"Oh, how stupid I am!" she said, glancing at me, and trying to smile; "there are days when one weeps without any cause whatever."

She began to search for her handkerchief, beside her on the sofa, and all at once she broke out crying harder than ever.

"Ah, my heavens! how ridiculous it is for me to cry so! I loved your mother so, we were such.... friends.... and...."

She found her handkerchief, covered her face with it, and went on crying. My awkward position was renewed, and lasted quite a long while. Her tears seemed genuine, and I kept thinking that she was not weeping so much because of my mother, as because things did not suit her now, and had been much better at some time in former days. I do not know how it would have ended, had not young Ivin entered and said that old Ivin was asking for her. She rose, and was on the point of going, when Ivin himself entered the room. He was a small, stout, gray-haired gentleman, with thick black brows, perfectly gray close-cut hair, and an extremely stern and firm expression of countenance.

I rose and saluted him; but Ivin, who had three stars on his green coat, not only did not respond to my greeting, but hardly so much as glanced at me, so that I all at once felt that I was not a man, but some sort of thing which was not worthy of notice, — an arm-chair or a window, or if a man, then such a one as is not distinguished in any way from an arm-chair or a window.

"You have n't written to the countess yet, my dear," he said to his wife in French, with an apathetic but firm expression of countenance.

"Farewell, Mr. Irteneff," said Madame Ivin to me, inclining her head rather haughtily all at once, and gazing at my eyebrows as her son had done. I bowed once more to her and her husband, and again my salute acted upon the elder Ivin exactly as the opening or shutting of a window would have done. But Ivin the student accompanied me to the door, and told me on the way that he was going to be transferred to the Petersburg university, because his father had received an appointment there (and he mentioned a very important position).

"Well, as papa likes," I muttered to myself as I seated myself in my drozhky; "but my feet will never enter here again. That bawler cries when she looks at me, just as though I were some miserable creature; and Ivin is a pig, and does n't bow to me. I 'll give him ...." what I wanted to give him, I really do not know, but that was the word which occurred to me.

I was often obliged afterward to endure my father's exhortations, and he said that it was indispensable to "*cultivate*" this acquaintance, and that I could not require a man in such a position as Ivin's to pay attention to such a boy as I; but I preserved my resolution for a long time.

CHAPTER XXI

PRINCE IVAN IVANITCH

"Now for the last call on the Nikitskaya," I said to Kuzma, and we rolled away to Prince Ivan Ivanitch's house.

After having gone through several calling experiences, I generally acquired self-reliance by practice; and now I was about to drive up to the prince's in a tolerably composed frame of mind, when I suddenly recalled the words of Princess Kornakoff, to the effect that I was his heir; moreover, I beheld two equipages at the entrance, and I felt my former timidity again.

It seemed to me that the old hall porter who opened the door for me, and the footman who took off my coat, and the three ladies and the two gentlemen whom I found in the drawing-room, and Prince Ivan Ivanitch himself in particular, who was sitting on the divan in a plain coat, — it seemed to me that they all looked upon me as the heir, and therefore with ill-will. The prince was very friendly with me: he kissed me, that is to say, he laid his soft, dry, cold lips against my cheek for a moment, inquired about my occupations and plans, jested with me, asked if I still wrote verses like those which I had written for my grandmother's name-day, and said that I must come and dine with him that day. But the more courteous he was, the more it seemed to me as though he wanted to pet me only to prevent my perceiving how disagreeable to him was the thought that I was his heir. He had a habit — arising from the false teeth with which his mouth was filled — of raising his upper lip toward his nose after he had said anything, and uttering a slight snort, as though he were drawing his lip into his nostrils; and when he did this on the present occasion, it seemed to me as though he were saying to himself, "Little boy, little boy, I know it without your reminding me of it; you are the heir, the heir," and so on.

When we were children, we had called Prince Ivan Ivanitch "grandfather"; but now, in my capacity of heir, my tongue could not bring itself to say "grandfather" to him, and it seemed to me humiliating to call him "your excellency," as one of the gentlemen present did, so that, during the entire conversation, I tried not to call him anything at all. But what abashed me most of all was the old spinster princess, who was also one of the prince's heirs, and lived in his house. During the whole course of dinner, at which I was seated beside the princess, I fancied that the princess did not address me because she hated me for being also an heir of the prince as well as herself; and that the prince paid no attention to our side of the table because we — the princess and I — were heirs, and equally repulsive to him.

"Yes; you can't believe how disagreeable it was for me," I said that same evening to Dmitry, desiring to brag to him of the feeling of repugnance to the thought that I was an heir (this sentiment seemed very fine to me), — "how disagreeable it was for me to pass two whole hours at the prince's to-day. He is a very fine man, and was very polite to me," said I, wishing, among other things, to impress my friend with the fact that what I said was not in consequence of having felt humiliated before the prince; "but," I continued, "the thought that they might look upon me as they do upon the princess who lives in his house, and behaves in such a servile way before him, is frightful. He is a wonderful old man, and extremely kind and delicate withal, but it is painful to see how he *maltreats* that princess. This disgusting money ruins all intercourse!

"Do you know, I think it would be much better to explain myself clearly to the prince," said I, — "to tell him that I revere him as a man, but that I am not thinking of his inheritance, and that I beg him not to leave me anything, and that under that condition only will I go to his house."

Dmitry did not laugh when I told him this; on the contrary, he became thoughtful, and, after a silence of several minutes, he said to me: —

"Do you know what? You are not in the right. Either you should not suppose at all that people can think of you as of your princess; or else, if you do already suppose it, then you should carry your suppositions farther; that is, to the effect that you know what people may think of you, but that such thoughts are so far from your intentions that you scorn them, and will do nothing which is founded on them. Now, suppose that they suppose that you suppose this .... But, in short," he added, conscious that he was involving himself in his reflections, "it 's much better not to suppose it at all."

My friend was quite right. It was only later, much later, that I was convinced from my experience of life how injurious it is to think, and how much more injurious to utter, much which seems very noble, but which should remain forever hidden from all in the heart of each individual man; and how rarely noble words accompany noble deeds. I am convinced that the very fact that a good intention has been announced renders the execution of this good intention more difficult, and generally impossible. But how restrain the utterance of the nobly self-satisfied impulses of youth? One only recollects them afterward, and mourns over them as over a flower which did not last, — which one has plucked ere it had opened, and then has beheld upon the ground, withered and trampled on.

I, who had but just told my friend Dmitry that money ruined intercourse, borrowed twenty-five rubles of him, which he offered me the next morning, before our departure to the country, when I found that I had wasted all my own money on divers pictures and pipe-stems; and then I remained in his debt a very long time indeed.

CHAPTER XXII

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION WITH MY FRIEND

Our present conversation arose in the phaeton on the road to Kuntzovo. Dmitry had dissuaded me from calling on his mother in the morning; but he came to me, after dinner, to carry me off for the whole evening, and even to pass the night at the country villa where his family lived. It was only when we had emerged from the city and the dirty, motley streets, and the intolerably deafening sound of the pavements had been exchanged for the broad view of the fields and the soft rattle of the wheels along the dusty road, and the fragrant spring air and the sense of space had seized hold upon me from all sides, — it was only then that I recovered my senses in some degree from the various new impressions and consciousness of freedom which had quite confused me for the last two days. Dmitry was sociable and sympathetic, did not adjust his neckerchief with his head, and did not screw his eyes up. I was satisfied with the lofty sentiments which I had communicated to him, supposing that, in consideration of them, he had quite forgiven my shameful affair with Kolpikoff, and did not despise me for it; and we conversed, in a friendly way, of many intimate things which friends do not talk to each other about under all conditions. Dmitry told me about his family, whom I did not know as yet, — about his mother, his aunt, his sister, and about the person whom Volodya and Dubkoff considered my friend's passion, and called the *little redhead.* He spoke of his mother with a certain cool, triumphant praise, as though to forestall any objection on that subject; he expressed enthusiasm with regard to his aunt, but with some condescension; of his sister, he said very little, and seemed ashamed to talk to me about her; but as for the *little redhead*, whose name was really Liubov[1] Sergieevna, and who was an elderly maiden lady, who lived in the Nekhliudoffs' house in some family relation or other, he spoke to me of her with animation.

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[1] Love or Charity; not an uncommon feminine Christian name. — Tr.

"Yes, she is a wonderful girl," said he, blushing modestly, but, at the same time, looking me boldly in the eye. "She is no longer a young girl; she is even rather old, and not at all pretty; but how stupid, how senseless it is to love beauty! I cannot understand it, it is so stupid [he spoke as if he had but just discovered a perfectly new and remarkable truth], but she has such a soul, such a heart, such principles, I am convinced that you will not find another such girl in this present world." (I do not know why Dmitry had acquired the habit of saying that everything good was rare in this present world; he was fond of repeating this expression, and it seemed to become him.)

"I am only afraid," he continued calmly, after having already annihilated with his condemnation people who had the stupidity to love beauty, "I am afraid that you will not soon comprehend her, and learn to know her. She is modest, even reserved; she is not fond of displaying her fine, her wonderful qualities. There is mamma, who, as you will see, is a very handsome and intelligent woman; she has known Liubov Sergieevna for several years, and cannot and will not understand her. Even last night I.... I will tell you why I was out of spirits when you asked me. Day before yesterday, Liubov Sergieevna wanted me to go with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch.... you have certainly heard of Ivan Yakovlevitch, who is said to be crazy, but, in reality, is a remarkable man. Liubov Sergieevna is very religious, I must tell you, and understands Ivan Yakovlevitch perfectly. She frequently goes to see him, talks with him, and gives him money for his poor people, which she has earned herself. She is a wonderful woman, as you will see. Well, so I went with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch, and was very grateful to her for having seen that remarkable man. But mamma never will understand this, and regards it as superstition. Last night I had a quarrel with my mother, for the first time in my life, and a rather hot one," he concluded, with a convulsive movement of the neck, as though in memory of the feeling which he had experienced during this quarrel.

"Well, and what do you think? That is, how do you fancy it will turn out? or do you talk with her of how it is to be, and how your love and friendship will end?" I inquired, wishing to divert him from unpleasant memories.

"You mean to ask, whether I think of marrying her?" he inquired, reddening again, but turning and looking me boldly in the face.

"Well, in fact," I thought, tranquilizing myself, "it's nothing: we are grown up; we two friends are riding in this phaeton, and discussing our future life. Any one would enjoy listening and looking at us now, unseen."

"Why not?" he went on, after my answer in the affirmative. "It is my aim, as it is the aim of every right-minded man, to be happy and good, so far as that is possible; and with her, if she will only have it so, I shall be happier and better than with the greatest beauty in the world, as soon as I am entirely independent."

Engaged in such discourse, we did not observe that we had arrived at Kuntzovo, that the sky had clouded over, and that it was preparing to rain. The sun stood not very high on the right, above the ancient trees of the Kuntzovo park, and half of its brilliant red disk was covered with gray, slightly luminous clouds; broken, fiery rays escaped in bursts from the other half, and lighted up the old trees of the park with striking brilliancy, as their dense green motionless crowns shone in the illuminated spot of azure sky. The gleam and light of this side of the heavens was strongly contrasted with the heavy purplish cloud which lay before us above the young birches that were visible on the horizon.

A little farther to the right, behind the bushes and trees, we could already see the multicolored roofs of the buildings of the villas, some of which reflected the brilliant rays of the sun, while some assumed the melancholy character of the other half of the heavens. Below, on the left, the motionless pond gleamed blue, surrounded by pale green willows which stood out darkly against its dull and seemingly swollen surface. Beyond the pond, half-way up the hill, stretched a black steaming field; and the straight boundary strip of green which divided it in the middle ran off into the distance, and rested on the threatening, lead-colored horizon. On both sides of the soft road, along which the phaeton rolled with regular motion, luxuriant tangled rye stood out sharply in its verdure, and was already beginning to develop stalks here and there. The air was perfectly quiet, and exhaled freshness; the verdure of trees, leaves, and rye was motionless and unusually pure and clear. It seemed as though every leaf, every blade of grass, were living its own free, happy, individual life. Beside the road, I espied a blackish foot-path, which wound amid the dark green rye, that was now more than quarter grown; and this path, for some reason, recalled the country to me with special vividness; and, in consequence of my thoughts of the country, by some strange combination of ideas, it reminded me with special vividness of Sonitchka, and that I was in love with her.

In spite of all my friendship for Dmitry, and the pleasure which his frankness afforded me, I did not want to know any more about his feelings and intentions with regard to Liubov Sergieevna; but I wanted, without fail, to inform him of my love for Sonitchka, which seemed to me love of a much higher type. But, for some reason, I could not make up my mind to tell him directly my ideas of how fine it would be, when, having married Sonitchka, I should live in the country; and how I should have little children who would creep about the floor and call me papa; and how delighted I should be when he and his wife, Liubov Sergieevna, came to see me in their traveling dress: but, in place of all this, I pointed at the setting sun. "See, Dmitry, how charming it is!"

Dmitry said nothing, being apparently displeased that I had replied to his confession, which had probably cost him some pain, by directing his attention to nature, to which he was, in general, coolly indifferent. Nature affected him very differently from what it did me: it affected him not so much by its beauty as by its interest; he loved it with his mind, rather than with his feelings.

"I am very happy," I said to him after this, paying no heed to the fact that he was evidently occupied with his own thoughts, and was quite indifferent to whatever I might say to him; "I believe I told you about a young lady with whom I was in love when a child; I have seen her again to-day," I continued, with enthusiasm, "and now I am decidedly in love with her."

And I told him about my love, and all my plans for connubial bliss in the future, in spite of the expression of indifference which still lingered on his face. And, strange to say, no sooner had I minutely described all the strength of my feeling, than it began to decrease.

The shower overtook us just after we had entered the birch avenue leading to the villa. I only knew that it was raining because a few drops fell upon my nose and hand, and something pattered on the young, sticky leaves of the birches, which, drooping their curling motionless branches, seemed to receive these pure, transparent drops on themselves with delight, that was expressed by the strong perfume with which they filled the avenue. We descended from the calash, in order to reach the house more quickly by running through the garden. But just at the entrance to the house we encountered four ladies, two of whom had some work, the third a book, and the other was approaching from another direction with a little dog, at a rapid pace. Dmitry immediately presented me to his mother, sister, aunt, and Liubov Sergieevna. They stopped for a moment, but the rain began to descend faster and faster.

"Let us go to the veranda, and you shall introduce him to us again there," said the one whom I took to be Dmitry's mother; and we ascended the steps with the ladies.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE NEKHLIUDOFFS

At the first moment, out of all this company the one who struck me most was Liubov Sergieevna, who mounted the steps last of all, in thick knitted shoes, holding in her arms a spaniel, and, halting twice, gazed attentively at me and immediately afterward kissed her dog. She was very ugly, red-haired, thin, short, and rather one-sided. What rendered her homely face even plainer was her queer manner of dressing her hair, all to one side (one of those coiffures which bald women invent for themselves). Try as I would, out of a desire to please my friend, I could not discover a single good feature in her. Even her brown eyes, although they expressed good nature, were too small and dull, and decidedly ugly; even her hands, that characteristic feature, though not large, and not bad in shape, were red and hairy.

When I followed them on to the terrace, each one of the ladies, except Varenka, Dmitry's sister, who only surveyed me attentively with her great, dark gray eyes, said a few words to me before they resumed their several occupations; but Varenka began to read aloud from the book which she held on her knee, using her finger as a marker.

Princess Marya Ivanovna was a tall, stately woman of forty. She might have been taken for more, judging by the curls of half-gray hair which were frankly displayed beneath her cap. But she seemed much younger, on account of her fresh and delicate face, which was scarcely wrinkled at all, and particularly from the lively, merry gleam of her large eyes. Her eyes were brown, and very well opened; her lips were too thin, and somewhat stern; her nose was sufficiently regular, and a little to the left side; there were no rings on her large, almost masculine hands, with their long fingers. She wore a close, dark-blue dress, which fitted tightly to her elegant and still youthful figure, of which she was evidently proud. She sat remarkably upright, and sewed on some garment. When I entered the veranda she took my hand, drew me toward her as though desirous of viewing me more closely, and said, as she looked at me with the same cold, open gaze which her son also possessed, that she had long known me from Dmitry's accounts of me, and that she had invited me to spend a whole day with them, in order that she might become better acquainted with me. "Do whatever you like, without minding us in the least, just as we shall put no constraint on ourselves because of you. Walk, read, listen, or sleep, if that amuses you more," she added.

Sophia Ivanovna was an elderly spinster and the princess's youngest sister, but from her looks she seemed older. She had that peculiar build, full of character, which is only met with in very plump, short old maids who wear corsets. It was as if all her health had risen upward with such force that it threatened every moment to suffocate her. Her little fat hands could not meet beneath the projecting point of her bodice, and the tightly stretched point itself she could not see. There was a strong family resemblance between the sisters, in spite of the fact that Marya Ivanovna had black hair and black eyes, and Sophia Ivanovna was a blond with large, lively, and at the same time calm, blue eyes (which is a great rarity). They had the same expression, the same nose, and the same lips, only Sophia Ivanovna's nose and lips were a little thicker, and on the right side when she smiled, while the princess's were on the left. Sophia Ivanovna evidently tried to appear young still, judging from her dress and coiffure, and would not have displayed her gray curls if she had had them. Her looks and her treatment of me seemed to me extremely haughty from the very first moment, and they embarrassed me; while with the princess, on the other hand, I felt perfectly at my ease. Possibly it was her stoutness, and a certain likeness in her figure to the portrait of Catherine the Great which struck me in her, that gave her that haughty aspect in my eyes; but I was thoroughly abashed when she said to me, gazing at me intently the while, "The friends of our friends are our friends." I regained my composure, and changed my opinion of her entirely only when, after uttering these words, she paused awhile, and then opened her mouth, and sighed heavily. It must have been on account of her stoutness that she had a habit of sighing deeply after saying a few words, opening her mouth a little, and rolling her large blue eyes. So much amiable good nature was expressed by this habit, for some reason or other, that after that sigh I lost all fear of her, and she pleased me extremely. Her eyes were charming, her voice melodious and pleasing; even the excessively rounded lines of her form seemed to me at that period of my youth not devoid of beauty.

Liubov Sergieevna, as the friend of my friend, would (I supposed) immediately say something extremely friendly and confidential to me, and she even gazed at me quite a long while in silence as if in indecision as to whether what she meant to say to me were not too friendly; but she only broke the silence in order to inquire in what university course I was. Then she gazed at me again intently for quite a while, evidently hesitating whether to utter or not to utter that confidential, friendly word; and I, perceiving this doubt, besought her by the expression of my countenance to tell me all; but she said, "They say that very little attention is paid to science in the universities nowadays," and called her little dog Suzette.

Liubov Sergieevna talked the whole evening in the same sort of phrases, which, for the most part, fitted neither the matter in hand nor each other; but I believed so firmly in Dmitry, and he looked so anxiously first at me and then at her the whole evening with an expression that asked, "Well, what do you think?" — that, as it frequently happens, although I was already convinced in my own soul that there was nothing so very special about Liubov Sergieevna, I was very far from expressing my thought even to myself.

Finally, the last member of this family, Varenka, was a very plump girl of sixteen.

The only pretty things about her were her great dark gray eyes, with an expression which united mirth and calm observation, and were very much like her aunt's eyes; her very large blond braid of hair; and an extremely soft and pretty hand.

"I think it bores you, Mr. Nikolas, to listen to the middle of this," said Sophia Ivanovna, with her good-natured sigh, turning over the pieces of a garment which she was engaged in sewing. The reading had come to an end by this time, because Dmitry had gone off somewhere.

"Or perhaps you have already read 'Rob Roy'?"

At that time I considered it my duty, simply because I wore a student's uniform, to reply with great *intelligence and originality* without fail to every question, however simple, from people whom I did not know very well; and I regarded it as the greatest disgrace to make brief, clear replies like "yes" and "no," "it is tiresome," "it is pleasant," and the like. Glancing at my fashionable new trousers, and at the brilliant buttons on my coat, I replied that I had not read "Rob Roy," but that it was very interesting to me to listen to it, because I preferred to read books from the middle instead of from the beginning.

"It is twice as interesting; you can guess at what has happened, and what will happen," I added, with a self-satisfied smile.

The princess began to laugh a kind of unnatural laugh (I afterwards observed that she had no other laugh).

"But this must be correct," said she. "And shall you remain here long, Nikolas? You will not take offense that I address you without the *monsieur?* When are you going away?"

"I do not know; to-morrow perhaps, and possibly we may stay quite a long time," I replied for some reason or other, although we must certainly go on the morrow.

"I should have liked you to remain, both for our sakes and for Dmitry's," remarked the princess, looking off in the distance; "friendship is a glorious thing at your age."

I felt that they were all looking at me, and waiting to see what I would say, although Varenka pretended that she was inspecting her aunt's work. I felt that I was undergoing examination after a fashion, and that I must show off as favorably as possible.

"Yes, for me," said I, "Dmitry's friendship is beneficial; but I cannot be beneficial to him, he is a thousand times better than I." (Dmitry could not hear what I was saying, otherwise I should have been afraid that he would detect the insincerity of my words.)

The princess laughed again with the unnatural laugh which was natural to her.

"Well, but to hear him talk," said she, "*it is you who are a little monster of perfection.*"[1]

"'*A monster of perfection,*' that's capital, I must remember that," I thought.

"However, leaving you out of the case, he is a master-hand at that," she went on, lowering her voice, (which was particularly agreeable to me), and indicating Liubov Sergieevna with her eyes. "He has discovered in his *poor little aunt*" (that was what they called Liubov Sergieevna), "whom I have known, with her Suzette, for twenty years, such perfections as I never even suspected. — Varya, order them to bring me a glass of water," she added, glancing into the distance again, having probably discovered that it was rather early, or not at all necessary, to initiate me into family affairs; "or, better still, let *him* go. *He* has nothing to do, and do you go on reading. — Go straight into that door, my friend, and after you have traversed fifteen paces, halt, and say in a loud voice, 'Piotr, take Marya Ivanovna a glass of ice-water!'" she said to me, and again she laughed lightly with her unnatural laugh.

"She certainly wants to discuss me," I thought, as I left the room; "probably she wants to say that she has observed that I am a very, very intelligent young man." But I had not gone fifty paces when fat and panting Sophia Ivanovna overtook me with light, swift steps.

"*Merci, mon cher,*" said she; "I am going there myself, and I will tell him."

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[1] The italicized words are in French.

CHAPTER XXIV

LOVE

Sophia Ivanovna, as I afterward learned, was one of those rare elderly women who, though born for family life, have been denied this happiness by fate, and who, in consequence of this denial, decide all at once to pour out all the treasure of love which has been stored up so long, which has grown and strengthened in their hearts, upon certain chosen favorites. And the store is so inexhaustible among old maids of this sort, that, although the chosen ones are many, much love still remains, which they pour out upon all about them, on all the good and bad people with whom they come in contact in life.

There are three kinds of love: —

(1) Beautiful love;
(2) Self-sacrificing love; and
(3) Active love.

I do not speak of the love of a young man for a young girl, and hers for him; I fear these tendernesses, and I have been so unfortunate in life as never to have seen a single spark of truth in this species of love, but only a lie, in which sentiment, connubial relations, money, a desire to bind or to unbind one's hands, have to such an extent confused the feeling itself, that it has been impossible to disentangle it. I am speaking of the love for man which, according to the greater or lesser power of soul, concentrates itself upon one, upon several, or pours itself out upon many; of the love for mother, father, brother, children, for a comrade, friends, fellow-countrymen, — of love for man.

Beautiful love consists in love for the beauty of the sentiment itself, and its expression. For people who love thus, the beloved object is beloved only inasmuch as it arouses that agreeable sentiment, in the consciousness and expression of which they delight. People who love with beautiful love care very little about reciprocity, as for an item which has no influence upon the beauty and pleasure of the sentiment. They frequently change the objects of their love, as their chief aim consists simply in having the agreeable feeling of love constantly excited. In order to preserve this pleasing sentiment in themselves, they talk incessantly of their affection in the most elegant terms, both to the object of it, and to every one else, even to those who have no concern whatever with this love. In our country, people of a certain class, who love *beautifully*, not only talk about their love to every one, but infallibly discuss it in French. It is a queer and a strange thing to say; but I am convinced that there have been and still are many people of distinguished society, especially women, whose love for their friends, their husbands, and their children would be instantly annihilated if they were but forbidden to speak of it in French.

The second species of love — self-sacrificing love — consists in love of the process of immolating one's self for the beloved object, without any regard to whether the beloved object is the better or the worse for these sacrifices. "There is nothing so disagreeable that I would not do it in order to prove my devotion to the whole world, and to *him* or to *her*." That is the formula of this species of love. People who love thus never believe in reciprocity (because it is more meritorious to sacrifice one's self for a person who does not understand me), and are always sickly, which also heightens the merit of the sacrifice; they are constant, for the most part, because it would be hard for them to lose the merit of those sacrifices which they have made for the beloved object; they are always ready to die to prove to *him* or to *her* the extent of their devotion, but they despise the little everyday demonstrations of love which do not require special outbursts of self-sacrifice. It makes no difference to them whether you have eaten or slept well, whether you are cheery, or whether you are in health, and they do nothing to procure you those comforts if they are within their power; but to stand in front of a bullet, to fling themselves into the water or into the fire, to go into a decline for love, — they are always ready to do that if the opportunity only presents itself. Moreover, people who are inclined to self-sacrificing love are always proud of their love, exacting, jealous, distrustful; and, strange to say, they desire danger for its object, that they may rescue him from his misfortune, that they may comfort him, — and even vices, that they may reform him.

You are living alone in the country with your wife, who loves you with self-sacrificing love. You are well, calm, you have occupations which you like; your loving wife is so weak that she cannot busy herself with the management of the household, which is confided to the hands of domestics, nor with the children, who are in the hands of nurses, nor with anything which she might love, because she loves nothing but you. She is *visibly* ill, but, not wishing to pain you, she will not mention this to you; she is *plainly* bored, but for your sake she is ready to be bored all her life. The fact that you are so intently occupied with your affairs (whatever they may be, hunting, books, farming, service) is *visibly* killing her; she sees that these occupations are ruining you, but she holds her peace and suffers. But now you fall ill. Your loving wife forgets her illness for you, and in spite of your prayer that she will not torment herself for nothing, she sits by your bedside, and will not leave it; and you feel her sympathetic glance upon you every second, saying, "I told you so, but it makes no difference to me, I will not leave you." In the morning you are a little better, and you go to another room. The room is not warmed, nor put in order; the soup, which is the only thing you can eat, has not been ordered from the cook; the medicine has not been sent for; but your poor, loving wife, exhausted by her vigil, gazes at you with the same expression of sympathy, walks on tiptoe, and gives the servants confused and unaccustomed orders in a whisper. You want to read; your loving wife tells you with a sigh that she knows you will not listen to her, that you will be angry with her, but she is used to that, — it is better for you not to read. You want to walk across the room; you had better not do it. You want to speak to a friend who has arrived; it is better for you not to talk. You have fever again in the night, and you want to forget yourself; but your loving wife, pale, haggard, sighing from time to time, sits opposite you in an arm-chair, under the half-light of the night-lamp, and arouses in you a feeling of irritation and impatience by the slightest sound or movement. You have a servant who has lived with you for twenty years, to whom you are accustomed, who serves you admirably and satisfactorily because he has slept sufficiently during the day, and receives wages for his services; but she will not permit him to wait upon you. She will do everything with her own weak, unskilled fingers, which you cannot avoid watching with repressed vexation, when those white fingers strive in vain to uncork a vial, to extinguish a candle, to pour out your medicine, or when they touch you squeamishly. If you are an impatient, hot-tempered man, and beg her to go away, you hear her with your irritated, sickly sense of hearing, sighing and crying outside the door, and whispering something to your man. Finally, if you do not die, your loving wife, who has not slept all the twenty nights during which your sickness has lasted (as she repeats to you incessantly), falls ill, goes into a decline, suffers, and becomes still less capable of any occupation, and, by the time you are in a normal condition, expresses her love of self-sacrifice only by a gentle *ennui* which involuntarily communicates itself to you, and to all about you.

The third sort — active love — consists in the endeavor to satisfy all needs, desires, whims, all vices even, of the beloved object. People who love thus always love for life; for, the more they love, the more they know the beloved object, and the easier it is for them to love; that is, to satisfy his desires. Their love is rarely expressed in words; and, if expressed, it is not with self-satisfaction, eloquently, but shamefacedly, awkwardly, for they are always afraid that they do not love sufficiently. They seek reciprocity, even willingly deceiving themselves, believe in it, and are happy if they have it; but they love all the same, even under the opposite conditions, and not only desire happiness for the beloved object, but constantly strive to procure it for him by all the moral and material, the great and petty, means which are in their power.

And it was this active love for her nephew, for her sister, for Liubov Sergieevna, for me, even, because Dmitry loved me, which shone in the eyes, in every word and movement, of Sophia Ivanovna.

It was only much later that I estimated Sophia Ivanovna at her full worth; but even then the question occurred to me, Why did Dmitry, who was trying to understand love in a totally different fashion from what was usual with young men, and who had always before his eyes this sweet, affectionate Sophia Ivanovna, suddenly fall in love with that incomprehensible Liubov Sergieevna, and only admit that his aunt also possessed good qualities? Evidently, the saying is just: "A prophet has no honor in his own country." One of two things must be: either there actually is more evil than good in every man, or else man is more accessible to evil than to good. He had not known Liubov Sergieevna long, but his aunt's love he had experienced ever since his birth.

CHAPTER XXV

I BECOME ACQUAINTED

When I returned to the veranda, they were not speaking of me at all, as I had supposed; and Varenka was not reading, but, having laid aside her book, she was engaged in a hot dispute with Dmitry, who was pacing back and forth, settling his neck in his neckerchief, and screwing up his eyes. The subject of their quarrel seemed to be Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition; but the quarrel was so fiery, that the real but unmentioned cause could not fail to be a different one, and one which touched the whole family more nearly. The princess and Liubov Sergieevna sat silent, listening to every word, evidently desirous at times to take part in the discussion, but restraining themselves, and allowing themselves to be represented, the one by Varenka, the other by Dmitry. When I entered, Varenka glanced at me with such an expression of indifference that it was plain that the dispute interested her deeply, and that it made no difference to her whether I heard what she said or not. The princess, who evidently was on Varenka's side, wore the same expression. But Dmitry began to dispute with even greater heat in my presence; and Liubov Sergieevna seemed excessively frightened at my appearance, and said, without addressing any one in particular, "Old people say truly: If youth knew, if old age had the power" (*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*).

But this adage did not put an end to the dispute, and only prompted the thought in me that Liubov Sergieevna and my friend were in the wrong. Although I felt rather awkward at being present at a petty family quarrel, it was nevertheless pleasant to observe the real relations of this family, which were exhibited in consequence of the debate; and I felt that my presence did not prevent their exhibiting themselves.

It often happens that you see a family for years under the same deceitful veil of propriety, and the true relations of the members remain a secret to you. (I have even observed that, the more impenetrable and ornamental the curtain, the coarser are the genuine relations which are concealed from you.) Then it comes to pass on a day, quite unexpectedly, that there arises in this family circle some question, often apparently trivial, concerning some blonde woman, or a visit with the husband's horses: and, without any visible cause, the quarrel grows more and more violent, the space beneath the curtain becomes too contracted for a settlement, and all at once, to the terror of the wranglers themselves, and to the amazement of those present, all the real, coarse relations creep out; the curtain, which no longer covers anything, flutters useless between the warring sides, and only serves to remind you how long you have been deceived by it. Often it is not so painful to dash one's head against the ceiling in full swing as it is to touch a sore and sensitive spot, though ever so lightly. And such a sore and sensitive spot exists in nearly every family. In the Nekhliudoff family, this sensitive spot consisted of Dmitry's strange love for Liubov Sergieevna, which aroused in his mother and sister, if not a sense of envy, at least a sentiment of wounded family feeling. Therefore it was that the dispute about Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition held such a serious significance for all of them.

"You are always trying to see into what other people ridicule and despise," said Varenka, in her melodious voice, pronouncing every letter distinctly. "It is just in all those kinds of things that you try to discover something remarkably fine."

"In the first place, only the most *frivolous* of *men* can speak of despising such a remarkable man as Ivan Yakovlevitch," retorted Dmitry, jerking his head spasmodically away from his sister; "and in the second place, *you* are trying purposely not to see the good which stands before your very eyes."

On her return to us, Sophia Ivanovna glanced several times, in a frightened way, now at her nephew, then at her niece, then at me; and twice she opened her mouth as though to speak, and sighed heavily.

"Please, Varya, read as quickly as possible," she said, handing her the book, and tapping her caressingly on the hand; "I am very anxious to know whether they found her again. [It seems that there is no question whatever, in the book, of any one finding any one else.] And as for you, Mitya, my dear, you had better wrap up your cheek, for the air is fresh, and your teeth will ache again," said she to her nephew, notwithstanding the look of displeasure which he cast upon her, probably because she had broken the thread of his argument. The reading was resumed.

This little quarrel did not in the least disturb the family peace, and the perceptible concord which breathed from that feminine circle.

This circle, to which Princess Marya Ivanovna evidently gave the character and direction, had for me a perfectly novel and attractive tone, of a certain sort of logic, and at the same time of simplicity and elegance. This tone was expressed for me by the beauty, purity, and simplicity of things, — the bell, the binding of the book, the arm-chair, the table; and in the straight, snug bodice, in the *pose* of the princess, in her gray curls displayed and in her manner of calling me simply Nikolas, and *he*, at our first meeting; in their occupations, the reading aloud, the sewing; and in the remarkable whiteness of the ladies' hands. (They all had a common family mark on the hand, which consisted in the soft portion of the palm being of a deep red hue, and separated by a sharp, straight line from the unusual whiteness of the upper part of the hand.) But this character was expressed, most of all, in the excellent manner in which all three spoke French and Russian, pronouncing every letter distinctly, and finishing every word and phrase with pedantic accuracy. All this, and in particular the fact that they treated me simply and seriously in this society, as a grown-up person, uttered their own thoughts to me, listened to my opinions, — to this I was so little accustomed that, in spite of my brilliant buttons and blue facings, I was still afraid they would say to me, all at once, "Do you think people are going to talk seriously with you? go study!" — all this resulted in my not feeling the slightest embarrassment in their society. I rose and changed my seat from place to place, and talked with all except Varenka, to whom it still seemed to me improper, for some reason, to speak first.

During the reading, as I listened to her pleasant voice, I glanced now at her, now at the sandy path of the flower-garden, upon which dark round spots of rain were forming, upon the lindens, on whose leaves occasional drops of rain still continued to patter from the pale, bluish edge of the thinning thunder-cloud which enveloped us, then at her again, then at the last crimson rays of the setting sun, which illuminated the dense and ancient birches all dripping with rain, and then at Varenka again; and I decided that she was not at all ugly, as she had seemed to me at first.

"It's a pity that I am already in love," I thought, "and that Varenka is not Sonitchka. How nice it would be suddenly to become a member of this family! I should gain a mother and an aunt and a wife all at once." And, as meditating thus I glanced at Varenka as she read, and thought that I would magnetize her, and make her look at me, Varenka raised her head from her book, glanced at me, and, meeting my eyes, turned away.

"It has not stopped raining yet," she said.

And all at once I experienced a strange sensation. I suddenly recollected that what was now happening to me was an exact repetition of what had happened once before; that then, also, a light rain was falling, and the sun was setting behind the birches, and I was looking at *her*, and she was reading, and I had magnetized her, and she had glanced up, and I had even recollected that this had happened before.

"Is it she? *she?*" I thought. "*Is it beginning?*" But I speedily decided that she was not the *she*, and that it was not beginning yet. "In the first place, she is ugly," I thought; "and in the next place, she is simply a young lady, and I have made her acquaintance in the most commonplace manner. But *she* will be remarkable, and I shall meet her somewhere, in some uncommon place; and, besides, this family only pleases me so much because I have not seen anything yet," I decided. "But of course there are always such, and I shall meet with many during my life."

CHAPTER XXVI

I SHOW MYSELF FROM THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS POINT OF VIEW

At tea-time the reading came to an end; and the ladies engaged in a conversation between themselves, about persons and circumstances with which I was unfamiliar, expressly, so it seemed to me, for the purpose of making me feel, in spite of my cordial reception, the difference which existed, both in years and in worldly position, between them and me. But in the general conversation, in which I could take part, I made up for my former silence, and endeavored to exhibit my remarkable intelligence and originality, which I considered that my uniform specially bound me to do. When the conversation turned on country-houses, I suddenly related how Prince Ivan Ivanitch had such a villa near Moscow that people came from London and Paris to see it; that there was a grating there which was worth three hundred and eighty thousand rubles; and that Prince Ivan Ivanitch was a very near relative of mine, and that I had dined with him that day, and he had told me that I must be sure to come and spend the whole summer with him at that villa, but that I had refused, because I knew the house very well, since I had been there a number of times, and that all those fences and bridges were not at all interesting to me because I could not bear luxury, especially in the country, and that I liked everything in the country to be like the country. Having uttered this strangely complicated lie, I became confused, and turned so red that every one must have certainly perceived that I was lying. Varenka, who handed me a cup of tea at that moment, and Sophia Ivanovna, who had been gazing at me while I was speaking, both turned away from me, and began to talk of something else, with an expression of countenance which I have often met with in good people since then, when a very young man begins plainly to lie in their very faces, and which signifies, "Of course we know that he is lying, and why he does it, poor fellow!"

The reason why I said that Prince Ivan Ivanitch had a villa was that I saw no better pretext for mentioning my relationship to Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and that I had dined with him that day; but why did I tell about that grating worth three hundred and eighty thousand rubles, and that I had been to his house so often, when I had never been even once, and could not go, since Prince Ivan Ivanitch lived only in Moscow or Naples, which the Nekhliudoffs knew very well? I really cannot account to myself for it. Neither in childhood, nor boyhood, nor afterward in a riper stage of growth, have I ever detected the vice of lying in myself; on the contrary, I have been rather too frank and upright: but, during this first period of adolescence, a strange desire to lie in the most desperate manner, and without any apparent cause, frequently took possession of me. I say "desperate manner" expressly, because I lied about things where it was extremely easy to find me out. It seems to me that a vainglorious desire to show myself off as an entirely different man from what I am, united to the impracticable hope in life of lying so as not to be detected in the lie, was the chief cause of this strange tendency.

After tea, as the rain had ceased, and the weather was clear and calm, the princess proposed that we should go for a walk in the lower park, and admire her favorite spot. In accordance with my rule of always being original, and considering that such clever people as the princess and myself must stand above trivial politeness, I replied that I could not bear to walk without an object, and if I cared to walk at all, it was quite alone. I had no idea that this was downright rude; but it seemed to me then that there was nothing more disgraceful than state compliments, that nothing was more amiable and original than a little discourteous frankness. Nevertheless, quite content with my answer, I went to walk with the rest of the company.

The princess's favorite spot was at the very bottom of the park in its depths, on a little bridge which was thrown over a small swamp. The view was extremely restricted, but very melancholy and pleasing. We are so accustomed to confounding art with nature, that very frequently those manifestations of nature which we have never encountered in pictures seem to us unnatural, — as though nature could be unnatural, — and those phenomena which have been too frequently repeated in art seem to us threadbare. But some views, too thoroughly penetrated with thought and sentiment alone, seem fantastic when we come upon them in nature. The view from the princess's favorite place was of this nature. It consisted of a small pond with overgrown banks; directly behind it was a steep hill covered with vast, ancient trees and bushes, with frequent changes in its many-hued verdure; and at the foot of the hill, drooping over the pond, an ancient birch, which, partly clinging to the damp bank of the pool with its thick roots, rested its crown upon a tall and stately ash tree, and swung its curling branches over the smooth surface of the pond, which gave back the reflection of these drooping boughs and the surrounding greenery.

"How charming!" said the princess, shaking her head, and not addressing any one in particular.

"Yes, it is wonderful, only it seems to me that it is frightfully like theatrical scenery," said I, desirous of showing that I had an opinion of my own on everything.

The princess continued to admire the view as though she had not heard my remark, and, turning to her sister and Liubov Sergieevna, she pointed out separate details, — the crooked overhanging stump, and the reflection, which particularly pleased her. Sophia Ivanovna said that it was all very beautiful, and that her sister was in the habit of passing several hours at a time here; but it was evident that she only said so to please the princess. I have observed that people who are endowed with the faculty of love are rarely sensitive to the beauties of nature. Liubov Sergieevna also went in raptures, asking, "What does that birch hold to?

will it stand long?" and she glanced constantly at her Suzette, who ran back and forth across the bridge on her crooked legs, wagging her tail with an anxious expression, as though for the first time in her life it had chanced to her not to be in a room. Dmitry began a logical argument with his mother, on the point that no view could be very beautiful where the horizon was limited. Varenka said nothing. When I glanced round at her, she was standing leaning on the railing of the bridge, with her profile toward me, and looking straight in front of her. Something probably interested her deeply, and even touched her; for she had evidently forgotten herself, and had no thought for herself or that she was being looked at. Her large eyes were so full of intent observation, of calm, clear thought, her *pose* was so unaffected, and in spite of her short stature there was so much majesty about her, that I was again struck by what seemed a memory of her, and again I asked myself, "Is it not beginning?" and again I answered myself that I was already in love with Sonitchka, and that Varenka was simply a young lady, the sister of my friend. But she pleased me at that moment, and I felt in consequence an unbounded desire to do or say to her some little unpleasant thing.

"Do you know, Dmitry," I said to my friend, approaching nearer to Varenka, in order that she might hear what I was about to say, "I think that, even if there were not any mosquitoes, there would be nothing beautiful about this place; and now," I added, slapping my forehead, and really crushing a mosquito, "it 's perfectly dreadful."

"You do not seem to love nature," said Varenka to me, without turning her head.

"I think it is an idle, useless occupation," I replied, very well satisfied with having uttered my little unpleasantness, and having been original. Varenka raised her eyebrows in an almost imperceptible manner for a moment, with an expression of pity, and continued to look straight before her as composedly as ever.

I was vexed with her; but, in spite of this, the grayish railing of the bridge with its faded paint, upon which she leaned, the reflection in the dark pond of the drooping stump of the overturned birch, which seemed desirous of joining its drooping branches, the odor of the swamp, the feeling of the crushed mosquito upon my forehead, and her attentive gaze and majestic attitude, often presented themselves afterward quite unexpectedly to my imagination.

CHAPTER XXVII

DMITRY

When we returned home after our walk, Varenka did not wish to sing as she usually did in the evening; and I had the self-assurance to set it down to my own account, fancying that the cause was what I had said to her on the bridge. The Nekhliudoffs did not have supper, and dispersed early; and that day, since Dmitry's teeth began to ache, as Sophia Ivanovna had predicted, we went off to his room even earlier than usual. Supposing that I had done all that my blue collar and my buttons required of me, and that I had pleased everybody, I was in an extremely amiable, self-satisfied frame of mind. Dmitry, on the contrary, in consequence of the quarrel and his toothache, was silent and morose. He seated himself at the table, got out his note-books, his diary, and the book in which he was accustomed to write down every evening his past and future occupations, and wrote in them for quite a long time, frowning incessantly, and touching his cheek with his hand.

"Oh, leave me in peace!" he shouted at the maid who had been sent by Sophia Ivanovna to inquire how his teeth were, and if he did not want to make himself a fomentation. After that, telling me that my bed would be ready directly, and that he would retire immediately, he went to Liubov Sergieevna.

"What a pity that Varenka is not pretty, and particularly that she is not Sonitchka!" I meditated, when I was left alone in the room. "How pleasant it would be to come to them, and offer her my hand, when I leave the university! I should say, 'Princess, I am no longer young; I cannot love passionately; but I shall always love you like a dear sister.' 'I already respect you,' I should say to her mother; 'and as for you, Sophia Ivanovna, pray believe that I esteem you highly. Then say simply and plainly, will you be my wife?' — 'Yes;' and she will give me her hand, and I shall press it, and say, 'My love is not in words, but in deeds.' Well, and what if Dmitry should all at once fall in love with Liubotchka?" came into my mind, — "for Liubotchka is in love with him, — and should wish to marry her? Then one of us would not be able to marry.[1] And that would be capital. Then this is what I should do: I should immediately perceive it, say nothing, but go to Dmitry and say, 'It is in vain, my friend, that we have tried to keep secrets from each other. You know that my love for your sister will end only with my life; but I know all, you have deprived me of my best hope, you have rendered me unhappy; but do you know how Nikolaï Irteneff revenges himself for the unhappiness of his whole life? Here is my sister for you,' and I should give him Liubotchka's hand. He would say, 'No, not on any terms!' and I should say, 'Prince Nekhliudoff, in vain do you endeavor to be more magnanimous than Nikolaï Irteneff. There is not a more magnanimous man in the world than he.' Then I should bow and retire. Dmitry and Liubotchka would run after me in tears, and beseech me to accept their sacrifice, — and I might consent and be very happy if I were only in love with Varenka." These dreams were so agreeable that I wanted very much to communicate them to my friend; but, in spite of our mutual vow of frankness, I felt that, for some reason, it was physically impossible to say it.

Dmitry returned from Liubov Sergieevna, with some drops on his tooth which she had given him, in still greater suffering, and consequently still more gloomy.

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[1] According to the ecclesiastical law. — Tr.

My bed was not ready yet; and a little boy, Dmitry's servant, came to ask where I was to sleep.

"Go to the devil!" shouted Dmitry, stamping his foot. "Vaska, Vaska, Vaska!" he cried, as soon as the boy was gone, raising his voice at each repetition,— "Vaska, make me up a bed on the floor."

"No, it will be better for me to lie on the floor," said I.

"Well, it's no matter; make it up somewhere," went on Dmitry, in the same angry tone. "Vaska! why don't you spread it down?"

But Vaska evidently did not understand what was wanted of him, and stood motionless.

"Well, what's the matter with you? Make it! make it! Vaska, Vaska!" shouted Dmitry, suddenly flying into a kind of fury.

But Vaska, still not comprehending, and becoming frightened, did not move.

"So you have sworn to mur.... to drive me mad?" and, springing from his chair, Dmitry flew at the boy, and struck several blows with his fist upon the head of Vaska, who ran headlong from the room. Halting at the door, Dmitry glanced at me; and the expression of rage and cruelty which his face had borne for a moment changed into such a gentle, shamefaced, and affectionately childish expression, that I was sorry for him. But, much as I wanted to turn away, I could not make up my mind to do it. He said nothing to me, but paced the room for a long time, glancing at me from time to time with the same look which besought forgiveness, then took a note-book from the table, wrote something in it, pulled off his coat, folded it carefully, went to the corner where the images hung, crossed his large white hands upon his breast, and began to pray. He prayed so long that Vaska had time to fetch a mattress, and spread it on the floor as I directed him in a whisper to do. I undressed, and lay down upon the bed thus prepared on the floor; but Dmitry still continued to pray. As I glanced at Dmitry's somewhat bent back, and at the soles of his feet, which were presented to me in a rather submissive way when he prostrated himself on the earth, I loved Dmitry still more strongly than before, and I kept thinking, "Shall I or shall I not tell him what I have been dreaming about our sisters?" Having finished his prayer, Dmitry lay down beside me on the bed; and, supporting himself on his elbow, he looked at me long and silently with a steady, affectionate gaze. It was evidently painful for him, but he seemed to be punishing himself. I smiled as I looked at him. He smiled also.

"Why don't you tell me," said he, "that I have acted abominably? Of course you thought it at once."

"Yes," I answered, — although I had been thinking of something else, but it seemed to me that I had really thought it, — "yes, it was not nice at all; I did not expect it of thee," said I, experiencing a special satisfaction at the moment in addressing him as *thou.* "Well, how are thy teeth?" I added.

"The pain has passed off. Ah, Nikolenka, my friend," broke out Dmitry so affectionately that stars seemed to stand in his sparkling eyes, "I know and feel that I am wicked; and God sees how I desire to be better, and how I beseech Him to make me better. But what am I to do if I have such a wretched, repulsive character? what am I to do? I try to restrain myself, to reform myself; but all at once this becomes impossible, and impossible to me alone. I need some one to support, to help me. There is Liubov Sergieevna, she understands me, and has helped me a great deal in this. I know by my journal that I have improved a great deal during the last year. Ah, Nikolenka, my soul!" he continued, with peculiar, unaccustomed tenderness, and a tone that was already quieter after this confession, "how much the influence of a woman like her means! My God! how good it will be when I am independent with such a friend as she! I am a totally different man with her."

And then Dmitry began to unfold to me his plans for marriage, country life, and constant labor upon himself.

"I shall live in the country. You will come to me, perhaps; and you will be married to Sonitchka," said he. "Our children will play together. Of course this all sounds ridiculous and stupid, but it may come to pass nevertheless."

"The idea! it is extremely possible," said I, smiling, and thinking at the same time that it would be much better still if I were married to his sister.

"I am going to tell you something, do you know," said he, after a short silence; "you are only imagining that you are in love with Sonitchka, but it's nonsense, I can see it; and you do not yet know what the genuine feeling is like."

I made no reply, because I almost agreed with him. We remained silent for a while.

"You surely must have observed that I have been in an abominable temper again to-day, and quarreled in an ugly way with Varya. It was frightfully disagreeable for me afterward, especially because it was before you. Although she thinks of many things in a way she should not, she's a splendid girl, and very good when you come to know her more intimately."

His change of the conversation, from the statement that I was not in love, to praises of his sister, rejoiced me greatly, and made me blush; nevertheless, I said nothing to him about his sister, and we went on talking of something else.

Thus we chatted away until the second cockcrow, and until the pale dawn had already peeped in at the window, and Dmitry went to his own bed, and extinguished the light.

"Well, now for sleep," said he.

"Yes," I answered, "but one word more."

"Well?"

"Is it good to live in this world?"

"It is good to live in this world," he responded, in such a voice, that it seemed to me that even in the dark I could see the expression of his merry, affectionate eyes and childlike smile.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE COUNTRY

THE next day Volodya and I set off for the country, with post-horses. As I went over all my Moscow memories in my mind on the way, I remembered Sonitchka Valakhin, but only in the evening, when we had traveled five stages. "But it is strange," thought I, "that I am in love, and quite forgot it; I must think of her." And I did begin to think of her, as one thinks while traveling, incoherently but vividly; and I meditated to such a degree, that I considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to appear sad and thoughtful for two days after our arrival in the country, before all the household, and especially in the presence of Katenka, whom I regarded as a great connoisseur in matters of this sort, and to whom I gave a hint of the condition in which I found my heart. But, in spite of all my attempts at dissimulation before others and before myself, in spite of my deliberate assumption of all the signs which I had observed in others in an enamoured condition, in the course of those two days I did not constantly bear it in mind that I was in love, but remembered it chiefly in the evening; and finally I fell into the new round of country life and occupations so quickly that I quite forgot about my love for Sonitchka.

We arrived at Petrovskoe at night; and I was sleeping so soundly that I saw neither the house nor the birch avenue, nor any of the household, who had already retired and had long been asleep. Old bent Foka, barefooted, and wrapped in a kind of woman's wadded dressing-gown, with a candle in his hand, shoved back the door-fastenings for us. He quivered with joy on beholding us, kissed us on the shoulder, hastily gathered up his felt rug, and began to dress himself. I traversed the vestibule and staircase without being thoroughly awake; but in the anteroom the lock on the door, the bolt, the crooked boards, the clothes-press, the ancient candlestick spotted with tallow as of old, the shadow of the cold, bent, recently lighted wick of the tallow candle, the always dusty double window which was never removed, behind which, as I remembered, there grew a mountain-ash tree, — all this was so familiar, so full of memories, so harmonious with itself, as though united in one thought, that I suddenly felt upon me the caress of this dear old house. The question involuntarily presented itself to me, "How could we, the house and I, go on without each other so long?" and I ran in haste to see whether these were in the same rooms. Everything was the same, only everything had grown smaller, lower. But the house received me joyously into its embrace just as I was; and every floor, every window, every step of the stairs, every sound, awakened in me a world of forms, feelings, occurrences of the happy past, which would never return. We went to the bedroom of our childhood; all my childish terrors were hiding again in the darkness of the corners and doors. We went into the drawing-room; the same gentle motherly love was diffused over every object which was in the room. We went to the hall; it seemed as though boisterous, careless childish mirth had lingered in this apartment, and was only waiting to be revivified. In the boudoir, whither Foka led us and where he made up beds for us, it seemed as if everything, — the mirror, the screen, the ancient wooden image, every inequality of the walls covered with white paper, — all spoke of suffering, of death, of that which would never exist again.

We went to bed, and Foka left us after wishing us good-night.

"Mamma died in this room, surely," said Volodya.

I did not answer him, and pretended to be asleep. If I had said a word I should have burst out crying. When I awoke the next morning, papa, not yet dressed, was sitting on Volodya's bed, in fanciful slippers from Torzhok and dressing-gown, chatting and laughing with him. He sprang up from Volodya with a merry bound, came up to me, and, slapping me on the back with his large hand, he presented his cheek to me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Well, capital, thanks, diplomat," said he, with his own peculiar jesting caress, gazing at me with his small, twinkling eyes. "Volodya says that you got through well, young fellow; that's glorious. You're my fine little fellow when you take a notion not to be stupid. Thanks, my friend. We shall live very pleasantly here now, but we shall go to Petersburg for the winter; only it's a pity that the hunting is over, for I might have amused you. You can hunt with a gun, Waldemar; there's any quantity of game, and I will go with you myself some day. So if it be God's will, we shall go to Petersburg for the winter; you shall see people, make connections. You are grown up now, my children, and I was just telling Waldemar that you now stand on the road, and my task is over; you can walk alone. But if you want to confer with me, to ask advice, I am no longer your daddy, but your friend and comrade and counselor, wherever I can be of use, and nothing more. How does that suit your philosophy, Koko? Heh? is it good or bad? heh?"

Of course I answered that it was capital, and I really thought it so. Papa had a perfectly fascinating, merry, happy expression that day; and these novel relations with me, as with an equal, a companion, made me love him more than ever.

"Now tell me, did you call on all our relatives, and on the Ivins? Did you see the old man? What did he say to you?" he continued to interrogate me. "Did you go to see Prince Ivan Ivanitch?"

And we chatted so long before dressing, that the sun had already begun to desert the windows of the divan-room; and Yakoff, who was just exactly as old as ever, and twisted his fingers behind his back and spoke just the same as ever, came to our room, and announced to papa that the calash was ready.

"Where are you going?" I asked papa.

"Ah, I had nearly forgotten," said papa, with a twitch and cough of vexation. "I promised to go to the

Epifanoffs' to-day Do you remember the Epifanova, *la belle Flamande?* She used to visit your mamma. They are very nice people," and papa left the room, twitching his shoulders in embarrassment, as it seemed to me.

Liubotchka had come to the door several times during our chat, and inquired, "Can I come in?" but each time papa shouted to her through the door that it "was utterly impossible, because we were not dressed."

"What 's the harm? I 've seen you in your dressing-gown."

"It 's impossible for you to see your brothers without their *inexpressibles*," he shouted to her; "and if each one of them knocks on the door to you, will you be satisfied? Knock, and it is even improper for them to speak to you in such *negligé*."

"Ah, how unbearable you are! At all events, do come to the drawing-room as quickly as possible. Mimi wants so much to see you!" called Liubotchka outside the door.

As soon as papa went away I dressed myself as quickly as possible in my student's coat, and went to the drawing-room. Volodya, on the contrary, did not hurry himself, and sat up-stairs for a long time, talking with Yakoff about the places to find snipe and woodcock. As I have already said, there was nothing in the world which he dreaded so much as sentiment with his brother, his sister, or papa, as he expressed it; and, in avoiding every expression of feeling, he fell into the other extreme, — coldness, — which often hurt the feelings of people who did not understand its cause. In the anteroom I met papa, who was on his way to the carriage with short, brisk steps. He had on his fashionable new Moscow coat, and he was redolent of perfume. When he caught sight of me, he nodded gayly, as much as to say, "You see, is n't it fine?" and again I was struck by the happy expression of his eyes, which I had already observed that morning.

The drawing-room was the same bright, lofty apartment, with the yellowish English grand piano, and its great open windows, through which the green trees and the yellowish red paths of the garden peeped gayly. Having kissed Mimi and Liubotchka, it suddenly occurred to me, as I approached Katenka, that it was not proper to kiss her; and I came to a standstill, silent and blushing. Katenka, who was not at all embarrassed, offered me her white hand, and congratulated me on my entrance to the university. When Volodya entered the room, the same thing happened to him at the sight of Katenka. In fact, it was hard to decide, after having grown up together, and having been in the habit of seeing each other every day during all that time, how we ought to meet now, after our first separation. Katenka blushed far more deeply than all the rest of us. Volodya suffered no embarrassment, but, bowing slightly to her, he walked off to Liubotchka, with whom he talked a little, but not seriously; then he went off somewhere for a solitary walk.

CHAPTER XXIX

OUR RELATIONS TO THE GIRLS

Volodya had such queer views about the girls, that he could interest himself in the questions: were they fat? had they slept enough? were they properly dressed? did they make mistakes in French which he should be ashamed of before strangers? But he never admitted the idea that they could think or feel anything human, and still less did he admit the idea that it was possible to discuss anything with them. When they chanced to have occasion to appeal to him with any serious question (which, however, they already endeavored to avoid), if they asked his opinion about a novel or his occupations in the university, he made a face at them, and walked off in silence, or answered with some mutilated French phrase, such as *comme ci tri joli*[1] and the like; or, putting on a serious and thoughtfully stupid face, he uttered some word which had no sense or connection at all with the question, made his eyes dull all at once, and said, *a roll*, or *they have gone away*, or *cabbage*, or something of that sort. When I chanced to repeat to him these words which Liubotchka or Katenka had reported to me, he always said:

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[1] Comme c'est très joli.

"Hm! so you still discuss matters with them? Yes, I see you are still in a bad way."

And the profound, invariable contempt which was expressed in this phrase required to be heard in order to be appreciated. Volodya had been grown up for two years now; he was constantly falling in love with every pretty woman that he met: but, although he saw Katenka every day (she had worn long dresses for two years, and grew prettier every day), the idea of the possibility of falling in love with her never entered his head. Whether this arose from the prosaic recollections of childhood, — the ruler, her simplicity, her caprices, were still too fresh in his memory; or from the repugnance which very young people have for everything that belongs to their own house; or from the general human weakness which, on meeting a good or a very beautiful thing at the beginning of the road, passes by, saying to itself, "Eh! I shall meet many such in the course of my life," — at all events, up to this time Volodya had not looked upon Katenka as a woman.

Volodya was evidently very much bored all that summer. His *ennui* proceeded from his scorn for us, which, as I have said, he did not attempt to hide. The expression of his face said constantly, "Fu! how tiresome! and there's nobody to talk to." Perhaps he would set out on a hunt in the morning with his gun, or would read a book in his room, without dressing himself, until dinner. If papa was not at home, he even brought his book to the dinner-table, and went on reading, without exchanging a syllable with any of us, which made us feel guilty of something or other toward him. In the evening, too, he lay with his feet on the sofa in the drawing-room, and slept with his head resting on his hand, or, with a serious face, chattered the strangest nonsense, that was at times even improper, which made Mimi grow angry, and turn red in spots, while we were dying with laughter; but he never condescended to talk seriously with any member of our family except papa, and, once in a while, with me. I quite involuntarily aped my brother in his views about the girls, although I was not so much afraid of sentiment as he was, and my contempt for the girls was far from being so deep and firmly rooted. I even made several attempts that summer, out of *ennui*, to enter into closer relations with Liubotchka and Katenka, and converse with them; but on every occasion I found such an absence of the capacity for logical thought, and such ignorance of the simplest, most ordinary things, such as, for example, what money was, what was taught in the university, what war is, and so on, and such indifference to the explanations of all these things, that these attempts only served to confirm me in my unfavorable opinion of them.

I remember how, one evening, Liubotchka was repeating some intolerably tiresome passage for the hundredth time on the piano. Volodya was lying dozing on the sofa in the drawing-room, and muttering at intervals with a certain malicious irony, but without addressing himself to any one in particular, "Ai! there she pounds away; she's a musician, a *Beethoven* [this name he uttered with special irony], that's clever, now once more, that's it," and so on. Katenka and I were still at the tea-table, and I do not remember how Katenka led the conversation to her favorite topic, — love. I was in a mood to philosophize, and I began in a lofty way to define love as the desire to acquire in another that which you had not yourself, and so forth. But Katenka retorted that, on the contrary, it was not love, if a girl contemplated marrying a rich man, and that, in her opinion, property was the most worthless of all things, but that the only true love was that which can endure separation (I understood by this that she was hinting at her love for Dubkoff). Volodya, who must have overheard our conversation, raised himself on his elbow, and cried interrogatively, "*Kamenka, Russkikh?*"

"Oh, your eternal nonsense!" said Katenka.

"*V pereschnitzu?*"[1] went on Volodya, emphasizing each vowel. And I could not but think that Volodya was quite right.

Entirely separate from the general qualities of intelligence, sensibility, and artistic feeling, there is a private quality which is more or less developed in various circles of society, and especially in families, which I call *understanding*. The essential point of this quality consists in a certain feeling of proportion which has been agreed upon, and in an accepted, one-sided view of subjects. Two men of the same circle, or of the same family, who possess this quality, can always allow their expression of feeling to reach a certain point, beyond which both of them foresee the phrase. At one and the same moment they perceive where praise ends and irony begins, where enthusiasm ends and dissimulation begins; while, with people of another understanding, it may appear quite otherwise. For people with one understanding every object which they have in common presents itself equally and chiefly through its ridiculous, its beautiful, or its foul side. In order to render more easy this identity of comprehension, there arises, among people of a certain circle or family, a tongue of its own, certain terms of speech, certain words even, which denote those shades of meaning that do not exist for other people. In our family, this understanding was developed to the highest degree between papa and us two brothers. Dubkoff also had fitted our little circle pretty well, and *understood;* but Dmitry, although much cleverer than he, was stupid on this point. But in no case was this faculty developed to such a pitch of refinement as between Volodya and myself, who had grown up under identical conditions. Papa was already far behind us, and much that was as clear to us as two times two was incomprehensible to him. For instance, Volodya and I had agreed, God knows why, upon the following words with corresponding meanings: *Raisins* signified a vainglorious desire to show that I had money; *a bump* (the fingers must be joined, and the special emphasis placed on two of the consonants at the same time) signified something fresh, healthy, elegant, but not foppish; a noun employed in the plural signified unreasonable passion for the object; and so forth, and so forth. Moreover, the meaning depended on the expression of countenance, on the conversation as a whole; so that, whatever new expression one of us invented for a new shade of meaning, the other understood it exactly in that sense at the first hint. The girls did not have our understanding, and this was the chief cause of our moral solitude, and of the scorn which we felt for them.

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[1] As will be seen from what follows, these words are nonsense, and make as much sense untranslated as they would if an arbitrary meaning were assigned to them. — Tr.

Perhaps they had an *understanding* of their own; but it was so unlike ours, that, where we beheld a phrase, they saw a sentiment; our irony was truth to them, and so forth. But I did not understand at the time that they were not to blame in this respect, and that this lack of comprehension did not prevent them from being very good and clever girls; but I despised them. Having, moreover, hit upon the idea of frankness, and carrying the application of it to extremes in my own case, I accused Liubotchka, with her peaceful, trusting nature, of secrecy, because she saw no necessity for digging up and examining all her thoughts and spiritual instincts. For example, it seemed to me all excessive hypocrisy when Liubotchka made the sign of the cross over papa every night, and when she and Katenka wept in the chapel when they went to have the requiem service[1] for mamma's soul, and when Katenka sighed and rolled her eyes when she played on the piano; and I asked myself, When did they learn to dissimulate thus like grown-up people, and why were they not ashamed of themselves?

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[1] Not the liturgy (or mass), but a service of prayer only. — Tr.

CHAPTER XXX

MY OCCUPATIONS

In spite of this, I came into nearer relations with our young ladies that summer than in other years, by reason of a passion for music which had made its appearance in me. That spring, a young man, a neighbor, came to call upon us in the country, who had no sooner entered the drawing-room than he began to gaze at the piano, and to move his chair imperceptibly toward it as he conversed, among others, with Mimi and Katenka. Having discussed the weather, and the pleasures of country life, he skilfully led the conversation to a tuner, to music, to the piano, and finally he announced that he played; and very soon he had executed three waltzes, while Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka stood around the piano and looked at him. This young man never came again; but his playing pleased me extremely, and his attitude at the piano, and the way he shook his hair, and, in particular, the manner in which he took octaves with his left hand, swiftly extending his thumb and little finger over the space of the octave, then slowly drawing them away, and again briskly extending them. This graceful gesture, his careless *pose*, the way he tossed his hair, and the attention which our ladies paid to his talent, inspired me with the idea of playing on the piano. Having convinced myself, in consequence of this idea, that I had talent and a passion for music, I undertook to learn. In this respect, I behaved like millions of the male and especially of the female sex, who study without a good teacher, without a real vocation, and without the slightest comprehension of what art can give, and of how necessary it is to apply to it in order that it may furnish something. Music, or rather playing on the piano, was for me a means of captivating girls through their feelings. With the help of Katenka, who taught me my notes and broke my thick fingers in a little, in which process, by the way, I consumed two months of such zeal that I even exercised my disobedient fourth finger on my knee at dinner and on my pillow in bed, I at once began to play *pieces*, and played them, of course, soulfully (*avec âme*), as even Katenka confessed, but utterly out of time.

The choice of pieces was familiar, — waltzes, galops, romances, arrangements, and so forth, — all by those pleasing composers of which any man possessed of a little healthy taste will select a little pile for you from the heaps of very beautiful things in the music shops, and say, "These are what you must not play, because nothing worse, more tasteless, and more senseless was ever written on music paper;" and which you find upon the pianoforte of every young Russian lady, probably for that very reason. We had, it is true, the unhappy "Sonate Pathétique," and Beethoven's sonatas in C-minor, which are forever being murdered by young ladies, and which Liubotchka played in memory of mamma, and other fine things, which her Moscow teacher had given her; but there were also compositions by this teacher, absurd marches and galops, which Liubotchka played as well. Katenka and I did not like serious things, and preferred, to everything else, "Le Fou" and the "Nightingale," which Katenka played in such a manner that her fingers were not visible, and I already began to play quite loudly and connectedly. I acquired the young man's gestures, and often mourned because there were no strangers to look on when I was playing. But Liszt and Kalkbrenner soon proved beyond my powers, and I perceived the impossibility of overtaking Katenka. Fancying, in consequence of this, that classical music was easier, and partly for the sake of originality, I all at once came to the conclusion that I liked learned German music, began to go into raptures when Liubotchka played the "Sonate Pathétique," although, to tell the truth, this sonata had long ago excited my extreme disgust. I began to play Beethoven myself, and to pronounce it *Beeethoven.* But through all this muddle and hypocrisy, as I now recall, there was something in the nature of talent in me, for music often produced on me an effect sufficiently powerful to call forth tears, and the things which pleased me I could manage to pick out upon the piano without notes; so that, if any one had then taught me to look upon music as an end, as an independent enjoyment, and not as a means of fascinating girls by the swiftness and sentiment of my execution, I might, perhaps, have actually become a very respectable musician.

The perusal of French romances, of which Volodya had brought down a great many, was another of my occupations during this summer. At that time "Monte Cristo" and various "Mysteries" had just begun to make their appearance; and I buried myself in the romances of Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. All the most unnatural personages and occurrences were as living for me as reality; and I not only did not dare to suspect the author of lying, but the author himself did not even exist for me, but living, acting people and adventures appeared before me out of the printed book. If I had never anywhere met people like those I read about, still I did not for a second doubt their *existence.*

I discovered in myself all the passions which were described, and a likeness to all the characters, and to the heroes and the villains of every romance, as a sensitive man finds in himself all the symptoms of all possible diseases when he reads a medical book. What pleased me in these romances was the artful thoughts and fiery sentiments, the genuine characters: the good man was thoroughly good, the bad man was as thoroughly bad, exactly as I fancied people were in my early youth. It pleased me very, very much that this was all in French, and that I could remember and quote, on the occasion of a noble deed, the magnanimous words uttered by the noble heroes. How many different French phrases I concocted, with the aid of those romances, for Kolpikoff if I should ever encounter him again, and for *her*, when I should at length meet her and declare my love to her! I prepared *such* things to say to them, that they would have died on hearing me. On the foundation of these novels I even constructed new ideals of the moral worth to which I wished to attain. Most of all, I desired to be "noble" in all my deeds and behavior (I say noble, and not *blagorodnuii*, because the French word has another meaning, which the Germans understood when they adopted the word *nobel*,[1] and did not confound it with *ehrlich*); next to be *passionate;* and lastly to be what I already had an inclination to be, as *comme il faut* as possible. I even endeavored to resemble, in my personal appearance and habits, the heroes who possessed any of these qualities. I remember that in one, out of the hundreds of novels which I read that summer, there was an excessively passionate hero, with thick eyebrows; and I so much desired to be like him externally (I felt myself to be exactly like him morally), that, as I examined my eyebrows in the mirror, it occurred to me to cut them a little, in order that they might grow thicker; but when I began to cut them I chanced to shear away more in one place. I had to trim it down evenly; and when that was accomplished I looked in the glass, and beheld myself, to my horror, without any eyebrows, and consequently very ugly indeed. However, I took comfort in the hope that my brows would soon grow out thick, like the passionate man's, and was only disturbed as to what our family would say when they should see me without my eyebrows. I got some powder from Volodya, rubbed it on my eyebrows, and set fire to it. Although the powder did not flash up, I was sufficiently like a person who had been burned. No one suspected my trick, and my brows really did grow out much thicker after I had already forgotten the passionate man.

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[1] *Nobel* means noble, generous. *Ehrlich* signifies honest, honorable, faithful, and so forth. — Tr.

CHAPTER XXXI

COMME IL FAUT

Several times already, in the course of this narrative, I have referred to the idea corresponding to this French heading; and now I feel the necessity of devoting a whole chapter to this idea, which was one of the most false and pernicious with which I was inoculated by education and society.

The human race may be separated into many classes, — into rich and poor, good and bad, soldiers and civilians, into clever people and stupid, and so on. But every man, without exception, has his own favorite principal subdivisions under which he mechanically classes each new individual. My chief and favorite subdivision of people, at the time of which I write, was into people who were *comme il faut*, and people who were *comme il ne faut pas*. The second class was again subdivided into people who were simply not *comme il faut*, and the common people. People who were *comme il faut* I considered worthy of holding equal intercourse with me; as for the second class, I pretended to despise them, but in reality I hated them, and cherished toward them a certain sense of personal injury; the third did not exist for me — I scorned them utterly. My *comme il faut* consisted first and chiefly in an excellent knowledge of the French tongue, and a good pronunciation in particular. A man who did not pronounce French well instantly awakened a feeling of hatred in me. "Why do you want to talk like us, when you don't know how?" I asked him mentally, with biting irony. The second condition of *comme il faut* was long, clean, polished finger-nails; a third was a knowledge of how to bow, dance, and converse; a fourth, and very important one, was indifference to everything, and the constant expression of a certain elegant, scornful *ennui*. Besides these, I had general indications, by means of which I decided, without having spoken to a man, to which class he belonged. The chief of these, besides the arrangement of his room, his seal, his handwriting, and his equipage, was his feet. The relations of his boots to his trousers immediately settled the status of the man in my eyes. Boots without heels, with pointed toes, and trousers with narrow bottoms, and without straps, — this was *common;* boots with round, narrow toes and heels, and trousers narrow below with straps surrounding the feet, or wide with straps and arched over the toes like canopies, — this was a man of *mauvais genre;* and so on.

It is strange that this idea should have so deeply inoculated me, who was decidedly disqualified to be *comme il faut.* But perhaps the very reason that it took such deep root in me was because it cost me vast labor to acquire this *comme il faut.* It is fearful to recall how much of my priceless time at the best period of life, sixteen, I wasted in the acquirement of this quality. It all seemed to come easily to all those whom I imitated, — Volodya, Dubkoff, and the greater part of my acquaintances. I gazed at them with envy, and labored secretly at the French tongue, at the art of bowing, without regard to the person I bowed to, at conversation, at dancing, at cultivating indifference and *ennui,* at my finger-nails, — where I cut my flesh with the scissors, — and all the while I felt that much labor yet remained before I should attain my object. But as for my room, my writing-table, my equipage — all these I did not in the least know how to arrange in such a manner that they should be *comme il faut,* although I strove to attend to it, in spite of my repugnance to practical matters. But it seemed as though these troubles all settled themselves excellently with every one else, and as though they could not be otherwise. I remember, once, after arduous and fruitless labor over my nails, asking Dubkoff, whose nails were wonderfully fine, whether they had been so long and how he managed it. Dubkoff replied, "I have never done anything, as far back as I can remember, to make them so, and I don't understand how any nice man can have any other kind of nails." This answer wounded me deeply. I did not then know that one of the chief conditions of being *comme il faut* is secrecy with regard to the labors with which that *comme il faut* is obtained. *Comme il faut* was not only a great merit, in my opinion, a very fine quality, a perfection which I desired to attain, but it was the indispensable condition in life, without which there could be neither happiness, nor glory, nor anything good in the world. I should not have respected a renowned artist, nor a *savant*, nor a benefactor of the human race, if he had not been *comme il faut*. The man who was *comme il faut* stood incomparably higher than they; he allowed them the liberty of painting pictures, writing music and books, of doing good; he even praised them for so doing, for why should not good be praised, in whatever it consisted? but he could not stand on one level with them: he was *comme il faut*, and they were not, and that was enough. It even seems to me that if we had had a brother, a mother, or a father who was not *comme il faut*, I should have said it was a misfortune, but that there could be nothing in common between them and me. But neither the loss of golden time, employed in constant worry over the observation of all the conditions of *comme il faut* which were so difficult for me, which excluded every serious interest, nor the hatred and contempt for nine-tenths of the human race, nor the lack of attention to all the fine deeds which took place outside the circle of the *comme il faut*, — this was not the chief harm which this idea did me. The chief harm consisted in the conviction that *comme il faut* is a fixed position in society; that a man need not exert himself to become either an official or a cartwright, a soldier or a *savant*, if he is *comme il faut;* that, having once attained this state, he has fulfilled his vocation, and has even placed himself above the level of the majority of mankind.

At a certain period of youth, after many blunders and distractions, every man, as a rule, feels the necessity of taking an active part in social life, selects some branch of industry, and devotes himself to it; but this rarely happens with a man *comme il faut.* I have known, and I still know, many, very many old people who are proud, self-confident, sharp in their judgments, who, if the question were put to them in the other world, "Who are you? What have you done there below?" would not be able to return any other answer than, "*Je fus un homme très comme il faut*" (I was a thoroughly genteel man).

This fate awaited me.

CHAPTER XXXII

YOUTH

NOTWITHSTANDING the jumble of ideas which passed through my brain, I was young that summer, innocent, free, and therefore almost happy.

Sometimes, and tolerably often too, I rose early. (I slept in the open air on the terrace, and the brilliant, oblique rays of the morning sun awakened me.) I dressed myself rapidly, took a towel and a volume of French romance under my arm, and went for a bath in the river, under the shadow of a birch grove which was half a verst distant from the house. Then I stretched myself out upon the grass in the shade and read, raising my eyes now and then from my book to glance at the surface of the river, which purpled in the shadows as it began to undulate beneath the morning breeze; at the field of yellowing grain; at the opposite shore; at the bright red morning rays of light, that tinged lower and ever lower the trunks of the beeches, which, hiding one behind the other, retreated from me toward the fresh depths of the wood: and I enjoyed the consciousness of the same fresh young force of life within myself which breathed forth from nature all about me. When tiny gray morning clouds filled the heavens, and I shivered after my bath, I often set out on a pathless tramp across forest and meadow, wetting my boots through and through with delight in the fresh dew. At that time, I indulged in vivid dreams of heroes from the last romance I had read, and fancied myself now a colonel, now a Minister, then a wonderfully strong man, then a man of passions ; and I kept glancing round incessantly, in some trepidation, in the hope of suddenly meeting *her* somewhere in some meadow, or behind some tree. When, in the course of such wanderings, I came across peasants or peasant women at work, although the *common people* did not exist for me, I always experienced a powerful, involuntary emotion, and tried not to let them see me. When it had begun to be hot, but our ladies had not yet made their appearance for tea, I often went into the orchard or the garden, to eat whatever vegetables and fruits were ripe. And this occupation furnished me with one of my chief pleasures. In the apple orchard, perhaps you have crept into the very midst of a tall, thick, overgrown, raspberry bush. Overhead is the hot, clear sky ; all around is the pale green, thorny verdure of the raspberry bush, mingled with weeds. The dark green nettle, with its thin, flowery crest, stretches gracefully upward ; the claw-like burdock, with its unnaturally purple, prickly flowers, grows rankly above the raspberry bush and higher than your head, and here and there, in company with the nettle, reaches even to the luxuriantly drooping, pale green boughs of the old apple tree, high up upon which, staring at the hot sun, apples, round, shining as though made of bone, but still immature, are ripening. Below, a young raspberry bush, leafless and almost dry, twists and turns as it reaches out toward the sun, green, needle-like spears of grass thrusting themselves between the last year's leaves, and all besprinkled with dew, grow green and rich in the eternal shade, as though they did not know how brightly the sun is playing upon the apples.

In this thicket it is always damp ; it is redolent of dense and constant shade, of spiders' webs and windfalls of apples, which already lie blackening upon the rotting earth ; of raspberries, and sometimes of the wood-lice, which you swallow unwittingly with your berry, — after which, you eat another as speedily as possible. As you advance, you frighten the sparrows who always dwell in this thicket; you hear their anxious twittering, and the beating of their swift, tiny wings against the branches; you hear in one spot the hum of the wasp, and, somewhere on the paths, the footstep of the gardener, of Akim the little fool, and his perpetual purring to himself; you say to yourself, "No! neither he nor any one in the world can find me here." With both hands, you pick the juicy berries right and left from their white, conical stalks, and swallow them with delight one after the other. Your legs are wet through, far above the knee; your head is full of some frightful nonsense or other (you repeat mentally, a thousand times in succession, "A-a-n-d to-oo-o twen-ty-y-y, a-a-n-d to-oo-o se-e-v-ee-en"); your arms and legs are dripping; your trousers are stinging hot with nettles; the perpendicular rays of the sun, which have penetrated the thicket, begin to burn your head; your desire to eat has long since vanished, and you sit on in the wilderness, and listen and look and meditate, and mechanically pull off and swallow still more berries.

I generally went to the drawing-room at eleven, usually after tea, when the ladies were already seated at their work. Around the first window, curtained with a blind of unbleached linen, through a crevice of which the brilliant sun casts such dazzling, fiery circles on everything which comes in its way that it pains the eyes to look at them, stands the embroidery-frame, over whose white linen the flies promenade peacefully. At the frame sits Mimi, shaking her head incessantly in an angry manner, and moving from place to place to escape the sun, which, suddenly breaking through somewhere or other, casts a burning streak of light now on her hand, now on her face. Through the other three windows it falls, with the shadows of the frames, in full, brilliant, square patches. Upon one of these, on the unpainted floor of the drawing-room, lies Milka, from ancient habit, and pricks up her ears and watches the flies as they walk about over the square of light. Katenka knits or reads, as she sits on the sofa, and impatiently flourishes her white hands which seem transparent in the bright light, or shakes her head, with a frown, in order to drive off the flies which have crawled into her thick golden locks and are fluttering there. Liubotchka either paces back and forth in the room, with her hands behind her, waiting until they shall go into the garden, or plays upon the piano some piece with every note of which I have long been familiar. I seat myself somewhere, and listen to the music or the reading, and wait until I can sit down to the piano myself. After dinner I occasionally condescended to ride on horseback with the girls (I considered walking exercise unsuitable to my age and position in the world); and our excursions, during which I led them through extraordinary places and ravines, were very pleasant. Sometimes we had adventures, in which I exhibited great bravery, and the ladies praised my riding and my daring, and regarded me as their protector. In the evening, if there are no visitors, after tea, which we drink in the shady veranda, and after a stroll with papa on the business of the estate, I lie down in my old place on the veranda on the long sofa-chair, and read and dream, as of old, as I listen to Katenka's and Liubotchka's music. Sometimes when I am left alone in the drawing-room, and Liubotchka is playing some ancient music, I drop my book, and, gazing through the open door of the balcony at the curling, drooping boughs of the lofty beeches, upon which the shadows of evening are already falling, and at the pure heavens, in which, if you gaze fixedly, a dusty, yellowish spot seems to appear all at once, and vanish again, and lending an ear to the sounds of music from the hall, to the creaking of the gate, the voices of women and the herd returning to the village, I suddenly recall with great vividness Natalya Savischna and mamma, and Karl Ivanitch, and for a moment I feel sad. But my soul is so full of life and hope at this period, that these memories only brush me with their wings, and soar away.

After supper, and sometimes after a walk by night in the garden with some one, — I was afraid to traverse the dark alleys alone, — I went off alone to sleep on the floor of the veranda, which afforded me great pleasure in spite of the millions of mosquitoes which devoured me. When the moon was at the full, I often spent whole nights seated on my mattress, gazing at the lights and shadows, listening to the stillness and the noises, dreaming of various subjects, especially of poetic and voluptuous bliss, which then seemed to me to be the highest happiness in life, and grieving because, up to this time, it had been granted to me to imagine it only. Sometimes when all have but just dispersed, and the lights in the drawing-room have been transferred to the upper chambers, where feminine voices, and the sound of windows opening and shutting, have become audible, I betake myself to the gallery, and pace it, listening eagerly to all the sounds of the house as it lapses into sleep. So long as there is the smallest, unfounded hope of a bliss, even though incomplete, such as that I dream of, I cannot calmly construct an imaginary bliss for myself.

At every sound of naked feet, at every cough, sigh, touch given to a window, or rustle of a dress, I spring from my bed, I hearken like a robber, I peer about, and become agitated without any visible cause. But now the lights disappear in the upper windows; the sounds of footsteps and conversation are replaced by snores; the night-watchman begins to tap upon his board; the garden grows more gloomy, and yet brighter, as the streaks of red light from the windows disappear from it; the last candle flits from the butler's pantry to the anteroom, throwing a strip of light upon the dewy garden; and through the window I can see the bent figure of Foka, on his way to bed, clad in a wrapper, and with a candle in his hands. I often took a great and agitating delight in creeping over the damp grass, in the black shadow of the house, approaching the window of the anteroom, and listening, as I held my breath, to the snores of the boy, the groans of Foka, who supposed that no one could hear him, and the sound of his aged voice as he recited prayers for a long, long time. At length his last candle was extinguished, the window was slammed to, and I remained quite alone; and, glancing about on all sides, to see whether there was a white woman anywhere, beside the clumps of shrubbery or beside my bed, I hastened to the veranda at a trot. And sometimes I lay on my bed with my face to the garden, and, covering myself as much as possible from the mosquitoes and bats, I gazed into the garden, listened to the sounds of the night, and dreamed of love and bliss.

Then everything acquired another meaning for me; and the sight of the ancient beeches, as their curving branches on one side shone in the light of the moonlit heavens, on the other side casting black shadows over the bushes and the road; and the calm, splendid gleam of the pond increasing like a sound; and the moonlit gleam of dewdrops upon the flowers in front of the veranda, which threw their graceful shadows across the gray beds; and the sound of the snipe beyond the pond; and the voice of a man on the highway; and the quiet, almost inaudible scraping of two old beeches against each other; and the hum of a mosquito over my ear and beneath the coverlet; and the fall of an apple which had been caught on the dry bough, upon the dry leaves; and the hops of the frogs which sometimes even got so far as the veranda steps, and shone rather mysteriously in the moonlight with their green backs, — all this assumed a strange significance for me, the significance of a beauty too great, and of an endless happiness. And then *she* appeared, with a long black braid of hair, a swelling bosom, always sad and very beautiful, with bare arms and voluptuous embraces. She loved me, and for one moment of her love I sacrificed my whole life. But the moon rose higher and higher, brighter and brighter, in the sky; the gorgeous gleam of the pond, swelling like a sound, became clearer and clearer; the shadows grew blacker and blacker, the light more and more transparent; and as I looked upon and listened to it all, something told me that *she* with her bare arms and fiery embrace was far, very far from being the whole of happiness, that love for her was far, very far from being all of bliss; and the more I gazed upon the high, full moon, the more and more lofty, the purer and purer, the nearer and nearer to Him, to the source of all beauty and bliss, did true beauty and bliss seem to me; and tears of an unsatisfied but agitated joy rushed to my eyes.

And still I was alone, and still it seemed to me that this mysteriously magnificent nature, the bright sphere of the moon which draws one to her, and hangs in a lofty but uncertain spot in the pale blue heavens, and yet seems to stand everywhere as though filling with itself all immeasurable space, and I, an insignificant worm, already stained with all poor, petty earthly passions, but endowed also with a boundlessly compelling power of imagination and of love, — it seemed to me at such moments as though nature and the moon and I were all one and the same.

CHAPTER XXXIII

NEIGHBORS

I HAD been very much surprised, the first day we were in the country, that papa should call the Epifanoffs fine people, and still more surprised that he should go to their house. There was a lawsuit of long standing between us and the Epifanoffs. I had heard papa rage over this lawsuit many a time when I was a child, storm at the Epifanoffs, and summon various people to defend him against them, as I understood it; I had heard Yakoff call them our enemies, and *serfs*;[1] and I remember how mamma requested that no mention of these people might be made in her house or in her presence.

On these data I had constructed for myself, in my childhood, such a fine and clear idea that the Epifanoffs were our *enemies,* who were ready not only to cut papa's throat or to strangle him, but that of his son also if they could catch him, and that they were *black people* in the literal sense of the word, that when I beheld Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanoff, *la belle Flamande,* waiting upon mamma the year she died, it was with difficulty that I could believe that she was one of that family of black people; and I still retained the basest opinion of this family. Although we often met them in the course of this summer, I continued to be strongly prejudiced against the whole family. In reality, this was what the Epifanoffs were. The family consisted of the mother, a widow of fifteen years' standing, who was still a fresh and merry old lady, the beautiful daughter Avdotya Vasilievna, and a stuttering son, Piotr Vasilievitch, who was a retired lieutenant, and a bachelor of a very serious character.

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[1] *Tchernuie liudi*, black people, common people. — TR.

Anna Dmitrievna Epifanoff had lived apart from her husband for twenty years before his death, sometimes in Petersburg, where she had relatives, but for the most part in her village of Muitishcha, which was situated at a distance of three versts from us. Such horrors were related in the neighborhood about her manner of life, that Messalina was an innocent child in comparison with her. In consequence of this, mamma requested that even the name of the Epifanova might not be mentioned in her house; but, speaking entirely without irony, it was impossible to believe even a tenth part of the most malicious of all possible scandals, — the scandals of neighbors in the country. But when I knew Anna Dmitrievna, although she had in the house a peasant business manager named Mitiuscha, who was always pomaded and curled, and dressed in a coat after the Circassian fashion, who stood behind Anna Dmitrievna's chair at dinner, while she frequently invited her guests in French in his presence to admire his handsome eyes and mouth, there was nothing of the sort which rumor continued to talk about. In fact, it appears that for the last ten years, from the time, indeed, when Anna Dmitrievna had recalled her dutiful son

Petruscha from the service, she had entirely changed her manner of life.

Anna Dmitrievna's estate was small, a hundred souls in all, and her expenses during her gay life were large, so that ten years before this, of course, the mortgages and double mortgages on her estate had fallen due, and its sale by auction was unavoidable. Fancying in these extremities that the trusteeship, the inventory of the estate, the arrival of the judge, and such like unpleasantnesses arose not so much from her failure to pay the interest, as from the fact that she was a woman, Anna Dmitrievna wrote to her son, who was with his regiment, to come to the rescue of his mother in this strait.

Although Piotr Vasilievitch was doing so well in the service that he hoped soon to be earning his own bit of bread, he gave up everything, went on the retired list, and like a respectful son, who considered it his first duty to comfort his mother's old age (as he wrote with perfect sincerity in his letters), came to the village.

Piotr Vasilievitch, in spite of his homely face, his awkwardness, and his stutter, was a man of very firm principles and remarkable practical sense. He kept possession of the property by means of small loans, temporizing, prayers, and promises. Having turned property-owner, Piotr Vasilievitch donned his father's fur-lined coat which had been laid up in the store-room, got rid of his horses and carriages, taught visitors not to come to Muitishcha, dug drains, increased the arable land, cut down the peasants' allotments, felled his woods and sold them in a businesslike way, and got his affairs into order. Piotr Vasilievitch took a vow, and kept it, that, until all the debts were paid, he would wear no other clothes than his father's *bekescha* (coat), and a canvas paletot which he made for himself, and that he would not ride in any other way than in a peasant cart with the peasants' work-horses. He endeavored to impose this stoical manner of life upon all the family, in so far as his servile respect for his mother, which he considered his duty, permitted. In the drawing-room he stammered, and conducted himself in the most slavish manner toward his mother, fulfilled all her wishes, scolded people if they did not do what Anna Dmitrievna commanded; but in his own study, and in the office, he called every one to strict account because a duck had been sent to the table without his orders, or because a peasant man had been sent by Anna Dmitrievna to inquire after some neighbor's health, or because the peasant girls had been sent to the woods for raspberries instead of being at work weeding the garden.

In the course of four years, all the debts had been paid, and Piotr Vasilievitch returned from a trip to Moscow in new clothes and a tarantass. But in spite of this flourishing state of affairs, he still retained the same stoical proclivities, in which he seemed to take a gloomy pride before his own family and strangers; and he often said, with a stutter, "Any one who really wants to see me will be glad to see me in my *tulup*,[1] and he will also eat my cabbage-soup and boiled buckwheat — I eat them," he added. Every word and movement expressed pride founded upon the consciousness that he had sacrificed himself for his mother, and had redeemed the property; and scorn for others because they had done nothing of the sort.

The characters of the mother and daughter were totally unlike this, and they differed from each other in many respects. The mother was one of the most agreeable and cheerful women in society, and always equably good-natured. She really rejoiced in everything that was gay and pleasing. She even possessed, in the highest degree, the capacity of enjoying the sight of young people making merry, which is a trait encountered only in the most good-natured old people. Her daughter, Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, was of a serious character; or, rather, she possessed that peculiarly indifferent, dreamy disposition, united to haughtiness which was utterly without grounds, and which unmarried beauties generally possess. When she wished to be gay, her mirth proved rather strange, as though she were laughing at herself, at those with whom she spoke, or at all the world, which she assuredly did not mean to do. I often wondered and questioned myself as to what she meant by such phrases as these: "Yes, I am awfully handsome! of course everybody is in love with me," and so on. Anna Dmitrievna was always active. She had a passion for arranging the little house and garden, for flowers, canaries, and pretty things. Her chambers and garden were not large or luxurious; but everything was so clean, so neatly arranged, and everything bore such a general imprint of that daintily light mirth which a pretty waltz or polka expresses, that the word *toy*, which was often used in commendation by her guests, was particularly suited to Anna Dmitrievna's tiny garden and apartments. And Anna Dmitrievna herself was a toy — small, thin, with a bright complexion and pretty little hands, always merry, and always becomingly dressed. Only the rather excessively swollen, dark-lilac veins which were traced upon her little hands disturbed this general character.

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[1] Sheepskin coat.

Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, hardly ever did anything, and not only was not fond of busying herself over flowers and dainty trifles, but she occupied herself too little with herself, and always ran off to dress when visitors arrived. But when she returned, dressed, to the room, she was remarkably pretty, with the exception of the cold monotonous expression of her eyes and smile which is characteristic of all very handsome faces. Her strictly regular and very beautiful face and her stately figure seemed to be constantly saying to you, "You may look at me if you please."

But, notwithstanding the vivacious character of the mother, and the indifferent, dreamy exterior of the daughter, something told you that the former had never loved anything, either now or in times past, except what was pretty and gay; and that Avdotya Vasilievna was one of those natures which, if they once love, will sacrifice their whole life to the one they love.

CHAPTER XXXIV

FATHER'S MARRIAGE

FATHER was forty-eight years old when he took Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanoff for his second wife.

I fancy that when papa came alone, in the spring, to the country, with the girls, he was in that nervously happy and sociable state of mind in which gamblers usually are when they have ceased playing after large winnings. He felt that much unexhausted luck yet remained for him, which, if he did not care to employ it any longer on cards, he might expend upon general success in life. Moreover, it was spring; he was unexpectedly in possession of a good deal of money; he was entirely alone, and bored. In discussing matters with Yakoff, and recalling the interminable lawsuit with the Epifanoffs, and the beautiful Avdotya Vasilievna, whom he had not seen for a long time, I can fancy how he said to Yakoff, "Do you know, Yakoff Kharlamitch, I think it would be better to yield that cursed piece of ground to them than to go on with this suit; hey? What do you think?"

I can imagine how Yakoff's fingers twisted a negative behind his back at such a question, and how he proved that "we have the rights of that business, *after all*, Piotr Alexandrovitch."

But papa ordered the calash to be got ready, put on his fashionable olive coat, brushed the remains of his hair, sprinkled his handkerchief with perfume, and in the most cheerful frame of mind, which was inspired in him by the conviction that he was acting in a lordly way, and chiefly by the hope of seeing a pretty woman, he drove off to his neighbor's.

I only know that papa, at his visit, did not find Piotr Vasilievitch, who was in the fields; and he passed an hour or two with the ladies. I can imagine how he overflowed with amiability, how he charmed them, as he tapped the floor with his soft boot, whispered, and made sheep's-eyes. I can imagine, too, how the merry little old woman conceived a sudden tender affection for him, and how animated her cold and beautiful daughter became.

When the maid-servant ran panting to announce to Piotr Vasilievitch that old Irteneff himself had come, I can imagine how he answered angrily, "Well, what of it? What has he come for?" and how, in consequence of this, he returned home as quietly as possible, and perhaps even turning in to his study, put on his dirty paletot expressly, and sent word to the cook not to dare, under any circumstances whatever, to make any additions to the dinner, even if the ladies ordered it.

I often saw papa in Epifanoff's company afterward, so that I can form a vivid idea of that first meeting. I can imagine how, in spite of the fact that papa offered to terminate that suit peacefully, Piotr Vasilievitch was gloomy and angry because he had sacrificed his career to his mother, and papa had done nothing of the sort, and so he did not admire him in the least; and how papa, pretending not to see this gloom, was merry and playful, and treated him as a wonderful jester, which at times rather offended Piotr Vasilievitch, though he could not help yielding to him occasionally, against his will. Papa, with his proclivity for turning everything into jest, called Piotr Vasilievitch colonel, for some reason or other; and, in spite of the fact that Epifanoff once remarked, in my presence, reddening with vexation, and stuttering even worse than usual, that he "was not a co-co-co-co-lonel, but a lieu-lieu-lieu-lieutenant," papa called him colonel again five minutes afterward.[1]

Liubotchka told me that, before our arrival in the village, he saw the Epifanoffs every day, and was extremely gay. Papa, with his faculty for arranging everything in a certain original, jesting, and at the same time simple and elegant manner, had got up hunting and fishing parties, and some fireworks, at which the Epifanoffs had been present. "And things would have been jollier still," said Liubotchka, "if it had not been for that intolerable Piotr Vasilievitch, who pouted and stuttered and upset everything."

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[1] The touch of probability necessary to allow Irteneff to do this without seeming to intend a direct offense is furnished by the similarity of the first syllables of the words in Russian; *polkovnik* and *porutchik*. — Tr.

From the date of our arrival, the Epifanoffs came to see us only twice, and we all went to them once. And after St. Peter's day, papa's name-day, when they and a throng of guests came, our relations with the Epifanoffs entirely ceased, for some reason or other, and papa alone continued to call upon them.

But this is what I contrived to observe during the time that I saw papa with Dunitchka, as mamma had called her. Papa was constantly in that happy mood which had struck me on the day of our arrival. He was so gay and young, and full of life and happiness, that the beams of this happiness spread over all about him, and involuntarily infected them with the same mood. He never went so much as a step apart from Avdotya Vasilievna when she was in the room, and paid her incessantly such sweet compliments, that I felt ashamed for him; or he sat gazing at her in silence, and twitched his shoulders in a passionate and self-satisfied sort of way, and coughed; and sometimes even whispered to her smilingly. All this was done with that expression, that *jesting way*, which was characteristic of him in the most serious matters.

Avdotya Vasilievna seemed to have appropriated to herself from papa the expression of happiness, which at this period beamed in her great blue eyes almost constantly, with the exception of the moments when such shyness took possession of her, all of a sudden, that it made me, who was acquainted with the feeling, pained and sorry to look at her. At such moments, she visibly feared every glance and movement; it seemed to her as though every one were staring at her, thinking only of her, and considered everything about her improper. She glanced timidly at all; the color constantly flooded her face, and retreated from it; and she began to talk loudly and daringly, uttering nonsense for the most part, and she was conscious of it, and conscious that everybody, including papa, was listening, and then she blushed still more. But in such cases papa did not even observe the nonsense, but went on coughing as passionately as ever, and gazing at her with joyous rapture. I observed that, although Avdotya's fits of shyness came upon her without any cause, they sometimes immediately followed the mention of some young and beautiful woman in papa's presence. The constant transitions from thoughtfulness to this strange, awkward gayety of hers, of which I have already spoken, the repetition of papa's favorite words and turns of speech, her way of continuing with other people discussions which had been begun with papa, all this would have explained to me the relations which existed between papa and Avdotya Vasilievna, had the person in question been any one but my own father, and had I been a little older; but I suspected nothing, even when papa, on receiving in my presence a letter from Piotr Vasilievitch, was very much put out, and ceased his visits to the Epifanoffs until the end of August.

At the end of August, papa again began to visit our neighbors; and on the day before Volodya and I set out for Moscow, he announced to us that he was going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW WE RECEIVED THE NEWS

Every one in the house had known the fact on the day before the official announcement, and various verdicts had been pronounced on it. Mimi did not leave her room all day, and cried. Katenka sat with her, and only came out to dinner, with an injured expression of countenance which she had evidently borrowed from her mother. Liubotchka, on the contrary, was very cheerful, and said at dinner that she knew a splendid secret that she would not tell any one.

"There's nothing splendid in your secret," said Volodya, who did not share her satisfaction; "on the contrary, if you were capable of thinking of anything serious, you would understand that it is very bad." Liubotchka looked at him intently in amazement, and said nothing.

After dinner, Volodya wanted to take me by the arm; but, fearing probably that this would be too much like tenderness, he merely touched me on the elbow, and motioned me to the hall with a nod.

"Do you know the secret which Liubotchka mentioned?" he said to me, when he had satisfied himself that we were alone.

Volodya and I rarely talked to each other face to face about anything serious, so that, when it did happen, we felt a kind of mutual awkwardness, and little boys began to dance in our eyes, as Volodya expressed it; but now, in answer to the consternation expressed in my eyes, he continued to stare me steadily and seriously in the eye with an expression which said, "There's nothing to be alarmed about, but we're brothers all the same, and must consult together upon a weighty family matter." I understood him, and he proceeded: —

"Papa is going to marry the Epifanova, you know."

I nodded, because I had already heard about it.

"It's not nice at all," went on Volodya.

"Why?"

"Why?" he replied, with vexation: "it's very pleasant to have such a stammering uncle, a colonel, and all those connections. Yes, and she only seems good now; but that proves nothing, and who knows what she'll turn out? Granted that it makes no difference to us, still Liubotchka must soon come out in the world. It's not very pleasant with such a stepmother; she even speaks French badly, and what manners she may give her! She's a fishwife and nothing more; suppose she is good, she's a fishwife all the same," concluded Volodya, evidently very much pleased with this appellation of "fishwife."

Strange as it was to me to hear Volodya thus calmly pass judgment on papa's choice, it struck me that he was right.

"Why does papa marry?" I inquired.

"It's a queer story; God only knows. All I know is that Piotr Vasilievitch persuaded him to marry, and demanded it; that papa did not wish to, and then he took a fancy to, out of some idea of chivalry; it's a queer story. I have just begun to understand father," went on Volodya (his calling him "father" instead of "papa" wounded me deeply); "that he is a very fine man, good and intelligent, but so light-minded and fickle: it's amazing! He can't look at a woman with any coolness. Why, you know that he has never been acquainted with any woman, that he has not been in love with her. You know it's so; and even with Mimi."

"What do you mean?"

"I tell you that I found out a while ago that he was in love with Mimi when she was young, wrote her verses, and there was something between them. Mimi suffers to this day." And Volodya broke into a laugh.

"It can't be so!" I said, in amazement.

"But the chief point," continued Volodya, becoming serious again, and beginning suddenly to speak in French, "is, how agreeable such a marriage will be to all our kin! And she'll be sure to have children."

Volodya's sensible view, and his foresight, startled me so that I did not know what to say in reply.

Just then Liubotchka approached us.

"So you know?" she asked, with a glad face.

"Yes," said Volodya; "but I am surprised, Liubotchka. You are no longer a child in swaddling-clothes; how can you feel glad that papa is going to marry a worthless woman?"

Liubotchka suddenly looked grave and became thoughtful.

"Volodya! why do you say worthless? How dare you speak so of Avdotya Vasilievna? If papa is going to marry her, then of course she is not worthless."

"Well, not worthless, that was only my way of putting it; but still...."

"There 's no 'but still' about it," broke in Liubotchka, with warmth. "I did n't say that the young lady you are in love with was worthless. How can you say it about papa and an excellent woman, even if you are my eldest brother? Don't say that to me; you must not say it."

"And why can't one judge...."

"Such a father as ours must not be judged," interrupted Liubotchka again. "Mimi may judge, but not you, my eldest brother."

"No, you understand nothing about it yet," said Volodya, contemptuously. "Listen. Is it a good thing that some Epifanova, *Dunitchka,* should take the place of your dead mother?"

Liubotchka remained silent for a minute, and then all at once tears rose to her eyes.

"I knew that you were proud, but I did not know that you were so wicked," said she, and left us.

"*V bulku!*"[1] said Volodya, pulling a gravely comical face, and with troubled eyes. "Just try to argue with them," he went on, as though reproaching himself for having forgotten himself to such a degree as to make up his mind to condescend to a conversation with Liubotchka.

The weather was bad on the following day, and neither papa nor the ladies had come down for their tea when I entered the drawing-room. There had been a cold autumnal rain during the night; the remains of the clouds, which had emptied themselves over night, were still flying through the sky; the sun, which had already risen quite high, shone dimly through them, and was designated by a bright circle. It was windy, damp, and cold. The door was open into the garden; pools of the night rain were drying off the pavement of the terrace, which was black with moisture. The wind was swinging the open door back and forth on its hinges; the paths were damp and muddy; the old birches, with their bare white boughs, the bushes and the grass, the nettles, the currants, the elder, with the pale side of its leaves turned out, struggled each on its own spot, and seemed to want to tear themselves from their roots; round yellow leaves flew, whirling and chasing each other, from the linden-alley, and, as they became wet through, spread themselves on the wet road, and on the damp, dark green aftermath of the meadow. My thoughts were occupied with my father's second marriage, from the point of view from which Volodya had looked at it. The future of my sister, our future, and even that of my father, promised nothing good to me. I was troubled by the thought that an outsider, a stranger, and, most of all, a *young* woman, who had no right to it, should all at once take the place, in many respects, — of whom? She was a simple *young* lady, and she was taking the place of my dead mother! I was sad, and my father seemed to me more and more guilty. At that moment I heard his voice and Volodya's talking in the butler's pantry. I did not want to see my father just at that moment, and I passed out through the door; but Liubotchka came for me, and said that papa was asking for me.

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[1] Nonsense in the secret jargon explained in Chap. XXIX. — Tr.

He was standing in the drawing-room, resting one hand on the piano, and gazing in my direction impatiently, and at the same time triumphantly. That expression of youth and happiness which I had observed upon his face during all this period was not there now. He looked troubled. Volodya was walking about the room with a pipe in his hand. I went up to my father, and said good-morning to him.

"Well, my friends," he said, with decision, as he raised his head, and in that peculiar, brisk tone in which palpably disagreeable things, which it is too late to judge, are spoken of, "you know, I think, that I am going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna." (He remained silent for a while.) "I never wanted to marry after your mamma, but" — (he paused for a moment) "but — but it 's evidently fate. Dunitchka is a dear, kind girl, and no longer very young. I hope you will love her, children; and she already loves you heartily, and she is good. Now," he said, turning to me and Volodya, and apparently making haste to speak, lest we should succeed in interrupting, "it 's time for you to leave here; but I shall remain until the new year, when I shall come to Moscow" (again he hesitated) "with my wife and Liubotchka." It pained me to see my father seem so timid and guilty before us, and I stepped up closer to him; but Volodya continued to smoke, and paced the room with drooping head. "So, my friends, this is what your old man has devised," concluded papa, as he blushed and coughed, and pressed Volodya's hand and mine. There were tears in his eyes when he said it; and I observed that the hand which he extended to Volodya, who was at the other end of the room at the moment, trembled a little. The sight of this trembling hand impressed me painfully, and a strange thought occurred to me, and touched me still more: the thought came to me that papa had served in the year '12, and had been a brave officer, as was well known. I retained his large, muscular hand, and kissed it. He pressed mine vigorously; and, gulping down his tears, he suddenly took Liubotchka's black head in both hands, and began to kiss her on the eyes. Volodya pretended to drop his pipe; and, stooping over, he slyly wiped his eyes with his fist, and left the room, making an effort to do so unobserved.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE UNIVERSITY

The wedding was to take place in two weeks; but our lectures had begun, and Volodya and I went back to Moscow at the beginning of September. The Nekhliudoffs had also returned from the country. Dmitry (we had promised, when we parted, to write to each other, and of course we had not done so a single time) immediately came to me, and we decided that, on the following day, he should take me to the university for my first lecture.

It was a brilliant, sunny day.

As soon as I entered the auditorium, I felt that my personality disappeared in this throng of gay young fellows which undulated noisily through all the doors and corridors in the brilliant sunlight. The sensation of knowing that I was a member of this large company was very pleasant. But very few among all these individuals were known to me, and the acquaintance was limited to a nod of the head, and the words, "How are you, Irteneff?" But, all around me, they were shaking hands with each other and chatting, — words of friendship, smiles, good-will, jests, showered from all quarters. Everywhere I was conscious of the bond which united all this youthful company, and I felt sadly that this bond had missed me in some way. But this was only a momentary impression. In consequence of this and of the vexation thereby engendered, on the contrary, I even discovered very speedily that it was a very good thing that I did not belong to this *outré* society; that I must have my own little circle of nice people; and I seated myself on the third bench, where sat Count B., Baron Z., Prince R., Ivin, and other gentlemen of that class, of whom I knew only Ivin and the count. But those gentlemen stared at me in a way which made me feel that I did not belong to their social set at all. I set about observing all that went on around me. Semenoff, with his gray, rumpled hair and his white teeth, and with his coat unbuttoned, sat not far from me, propping himself up on his elbows, and gnawing at a pen. The gymnasist, who had stood first in the examination, was sitting upon the first bench, with his cheek still bound up in the black neckcloth, and playing with a silver watch-key upon his satin vest. Ikonin, who had got into the university, was seated on the highest bench, in blue trousers with spring bottoms, laughing and shouting that he was on Parnassus. Ilinka, who, to my amazement, saluted me not only coldly, but even scornfully, as if desirous of reminding me that we were all equal here, seated himself in front of me, and, putting up his thin legs upon the bench in a particularly free and easy way (for my benefit, as it seemed to me), chatted with another student, and glanced at me now and then.

The Ivin party beside me conversed in French. These gentlemen seemed to me frightfully stupid. Every word of their conversation which I overheard not only seemed to me senseless but incorrect, simply not French at all ("*Ce n'est pas français*," I said to myself in my own mind); and the attitudes, speeches, and behavior of Semenoff, Ilinka, and others seemed to me ignoble, ungentlemanly, not *comme il faut.*

I did not belong to any company; and, conscious of my isolation, and my unfitness for making approaches, I became angry. One student on the bench in front of me was biting his nails, which were all red with hangnails; and this seemed so revolting to me that I even moved my seat farther away from him. But in my inmost soul I remember that this first day was a very doleful one for me.

When the professor entered, and all began to rustle about, and then became silent, I remember that I extended my satirical view of things to the professor, and I was surprised that the professor should begin his lecture with an introductory phrase which had no sense, according to my opinion. I wanted the lecture to be so wise from beginning to end that nothing could be cut out nor a single word added to it. Having been undeceived in this respect, I immediately sketched eighteen profiles, joined together in a circle like a wreath, under the heading, "First Lecture," inscribed in the handsomely bound note-book which I had brought with me, and only moved my hand across the paper now and then so that the professor (who, I was convinced, was paying a great deal of attention to me) might think that I was writing. Having decided, during this same lecture, that it was not necessary to write down everything that every professor said, and that it would even be stupid to do so, I kept to that rule during the whole of my course.

At the succeeding lectures I did not feel my isolation so strongly; I made many acquaintances, shook hands and chatted: but for some reason or other no real union took place between me and my comrades, and it still frequently happened that I was sad, and that I dissimulated. I could not join the company of Ivin and the aristocrats, as they were called, because, as I now remember, I was shy and rude with them, and only bowed to them when they bowed to me; and they evidently had very little need of my acquaintance. But this took place for a very different reason with the majority. As soon as I was conscious that a comrade was beginning to be favorably inclined toward me, I immediately gave him to understand that I dined at Prince Ivan Ivanitch's, and that I had a drozhky. All this I said simply for the sake of showing myself off in a more favorable light, and in order that my comrade might love me all the more; but, in almost every instance, on the contrary, to my amazement, my comrade suddenly became proud and cold toward me in consequence of the news of my relationship with Prince Ivan.

We had among us a student maintained at the expense of the crown, Operoff, a modest, extremely capable, and zealous young man, who always gave his hand to every one like a board, without bending his fingers or making any movement with it, so that the jesters among his comrades sometimes shook hands with him in the same way, and called it shaking hands "like a shingle." I almost always sat beside him, and we frequently conversed. Operoff pleased me particularly by the free opinions about the professors to which he gave utterance. He defined, in a very clear and categorical manner, the merits and defects of each professor's instruction; and he even ridiculed them sometimes, which produced a particularly strange and startling effect upon me, as it came from his very small mouth in his quiet voice. Nevertheless, he carefully wrote down all the lectures, without exception, in his minute hand. We had begun to make friends, we had decided to prepare our lessons together, and his small, gray, short-sighted eyes had already begun to turn to me with pleasure, when I went and seated myself beside him in my own place. But I found it necessary to explain to him once, in the course of conversation, that when my mother was dying she had begged my father not to send us to any institutions supported by the crown, and that all crown scholars, though they might be very learned, were not at all the thing for me: "*Ce ne sont pas des gens comme il faut,* — They are not genteel," said I, stammering, and conscious that I blushed for some reason or other. Operoff said nothing to me; but at succeeding lectures he did not greet me first, did not give me his "shingle," did not address me, and when I seated myself in my place he bent his head sideways on his finger away from the books, and pretended that he was not looking on. I was surprised at Operoff's causeless coldness. But I considered it improper for a young man of good birth —*pour un jeune homme de bonne maison* — to coax the crown student *Operoff;* and I left him in peace, although his coolness grieved me, I must confess. Once I arrived earlier than he, and as the lecture was by a favorite professor, and the students who were not in the habit of attending lectures had flocked to it, and all the seats were occupied, I sat down in Operoff's place, laid my note-books on the desk, and went out. On my return to the auditorium I was surprised to find my note-books removed to the rear bench, and Operoff seated in his own place. I remarked to him that I had laid my books there.

"I don't know," he retorted, suddenly flaring up, and not glancing at me.

"I tell you that I placed my books there," said I, purposely beginning to get heated, and thinking to frighten him with my boldness. "Everybody saw it," I added, glancing round at the students; but, although many of them looked at me with curiosity, no one replied.

"Places are not purchased here; the one who comes first takes his seat," said Operoff, settling himself angrily in his place, and casting a fleeting and agitated glance upon me.

"That means that you are ill-bred," said I.

It seemed as though Operoff muttered something ; it even seemed as though he muttered that I was "a stupid little boy," but I certainly did not hear it. And what would have been the good if I heard it? should we revile each other like rustic louts? (I was very fond of the word *manant*, and it served me as an answer and a solution in many a complicated affair.) Perhaps I might have said something more ; but just then the door slammed, and the professor, in his blue frock-coat, hastily entered his desk with a bow and a scrape of his foot.

However, when I needed the note-books, before the examinations, Operoff, remembering his promise, offered me his, and invited me to study them with him.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

Affairs of the heart engrossed my attention a good deal in the course of the winter. I was in love three times. Once I fell passionately in love with a very plump lady who rode in the Freytag riding-school, in consequence of which I went to the school every Tuesday and Friday — the days on which she rode — in order to gaze at her; but on every occasion I was so much afraid that she would see me, and for that reason I always stood so far away from her, and fled so precipitately from the place where she had to pass through, and turned aside so negligently when she glanced in my direction, that I did not even get a good look at her face, and to this day I do not know whether she was actually pretty or not.

Dubkoff, who was acquainted with this lady, once caught me at the school hiding behind a footman and the fur cloaks which he was carrying; and having learned of my passion from Dmitry, he so frightened me with a proposal to introduce me to this amazon, that I fled headlong from the place; and the very idea that he had told her about me prevented my ever daring to enter the school again, even as far as the lackeys' place, from the fear of meeting her.

When I was in love with strangers, and especially with married women, I was overwhelmed with a shyness which was a thousand times more powerful than that which I had experienced in Sonitchka's case. I feared, more than anything else in the world, that the object of my love would discover it, and even my existence. It seemed to me that if she heard of the sentiments which I entertained toward her, it would be such an insult to her that she would never be able to forgive me. And, in fact, if that lady-rider had known in detail how, when I peeped at her from behind the lackeys, I meditated seizing her, and carrying her off to the country, and how I was going to live there with her, and what I was going to do, she might perhaps with justice have felt very much insulted. But I could not clearly imagine that if she knew me she would not also instantly know all my thoughts, and that therefore there was nothing disgraceful in simply making her acquaintance.

I fell in love again with Sonitchka when I saw her with my sister. My second love for her had passed away long ago; but I fell in love for the third time, because Liubotchka gave me a volume of verses which Sonitchka had copied, in which many gloomily amorous passages from Lermontoff's "Demon" were underlined in red ink, and had flowers laid in to mark them. Recalling how Volodya had kissed his lady-love's little purse the year before, I tried to do the same; and in fact, when, alone in my room in the evening, I fell into reveries, and pressed my lips to the flowers as I gazed upon them, I was conscious of a certain agreeably tearful sentiment, and was in love again, or at least fancied I was, for several days.

And, finally, I fell in love for the third time that winter, with the young lady with whom Volodya was in love, and who visited at our house. As I now recall that young lady, there was nothing pretty about her, and nothing of that particular beauty which generally pleased me. She was the daughter of a well-known intellectual and learned lady of Moscow; she was small, thin, with long blond curls of English fashion, and a transparent profile. Everybody said this young lady was more clever and learned than her mother; but I could form no judgment whatever on this point, for, feeling a kind of passion-fraught terror at the thought of her cleverness and learning, I only spoke to her once, and that with inexpressible trepidation. But the ecstasy of Volodya, who was never restrained by the presence of others in the expression of his raptures, was communicated to me with such force that I fell passionately in love with the young woman. As I felt that the news that *two brothers were in love with the same young woman* would not be agreeable to Volodya, I did not mention my love to him. But, on the contrary, what afforded me the greatest satisfaction in this sentiment was that our love was so pure that, although its object was one and the same charming being, we should remain friends, and ready, should the emergency occur, to sacrifice ourselves for each other. It appeared, however, with regard to the readiness for sacrifice, that Volodya did not share my feeling at all; for he was so passionately enamoured, that he wanted to slap a genuine diplomat's face, and challenge him to a duel, because he was to marry her, as it was said. It was very agreeable to me to sacrifice my feelings, probably because it cost me no great effort, so that I only spoke to the young lady once, and that in a fantastic kind of way, about the worth of scientific music; and my love passed away on the following week, as I made no endeavor to cherish it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE WORLD

The worldly pleasures to which I had dreamed of devoting myself when I entered the university, in imitation of my elder brother, quite disenchanted me during the winter. Volodya danced a great deal, papa also went to balls with his young wife; but they must have considered me still too youthful or unfitted for such pleasures, and no one introduced me in those houses where balls were given. In spite of my promise of frankness to Dmitry, I did not speak to any one, even to him, of my desire to go to balls, and of how it pained and vexed me that I was forgotten, and evidently regarded as a philosopher, which I pretended to be in consequence.

But, in the course of the winter, Princess Kornakoff had an evening party. She invited all of us herself, and me among the rest; and I was to go to a ball for the first time. Volodya came to my room before he set out, and wanted to see how I was dressed. This proceeding on his part greatly surprised and abashed me. It seemed to me that the desire to be well dressed was very disgraceful, and that it was necessary to conceal it; he, on the other hand, considered this desire natural and indispensable to such a degree, that he said very frankly that he was afraid I should do myself discredit. He ordered me to be sure to don varnished shoes, and was horror-struck when I wanted to put on chamois-leather gloves, arranged my watch for me in a particular way, and carried me off to the hair-dresser's on the Kuznetzky Most. They curled my hair: Volodya stepped off, and viewed me from a distance.

"There, that's good, but can't you flatten down the hair where it parts on the crown?" he said, turning to the hair-dresser.

But, in spite of all M. Charles's anointing of my tuft with some gummy essence, it stood up the same as ever when I put on my hat; and altogether my appearance when curled seemed to me much uglier even than before. My only salvation was an affectation of negligence. Only in this way was my exterior at all presentable.

Volodya, it appears, was of the same opinion, for he begged me to get rid of the curls; and when I had done this, and still did not look well, he did not glance at me again, and was silent and gloomy all the way to the Kornakoffs' house.

I entered the Kornakoffs' apartments boldly with Volodya; but when the princess invited me to dance, and I said, for some reason or other, that I did not dance, in spite of the fact that I had come with the sole idea of dancing a very great deal, I grew timid; and when I was left alone with people whom I did not know, I lapsed into my ordinary insurmountable and ever increasing shyness. I stood dumb in one place the entire evening.

During a waltz, one of the princesses came up to me and, with the official amiability which was common to the entire family, asked me why I was not dancing. I remember how shy I grew at this question, but how, at the same time, and quite involuntarily so far as I was concerned, a self-satisfied smile spread over my countenance, and I began to utter such nonsense in pompous French full of parentheses, that it makes me ashamed to remember it now after the lapse of ten years. The music must have thus acted upon me, exciting my nerves, and drowning, as I supposed, the not very intelligible portion of my speech. I said something about the highest society, about the frivolity of men and women; and at last I got so entangled that I came to a standstill in the middle of a word in some sentence or other, which there was no possibility of completing.

Even the princess, who was worldly by nature, became confused, and gazed reproachfully at me. I smiled. At that critical moment, Volodya, who had perceived that I was speaking with warmth, and probably wanted to know how I was making up for not dancing by my conversation, approached us with Dubkoff. On perceiving my smiling face and the frightened mien of the princess, and hearing the frightful stuff with which I wound up, he reddened, and turned away. The princess rose and left me. I went on smiling, but suffered so much from the consciousness of my stupidity, that I was ready to sink through the earth, and I felt the necessity of making some movement, at any cost, and of saying something to effect some change in my position. I went up to Dubkoff, and inquired if he had danced many waltzes with *her*. By this I seemed to be jesting and in a merry mood, but in reality I was beseeching the assistance of that very Dubkoff to whom I had shouted, "Silence!" during the dinner at Jahr's. Dubkoff pretended not to hear me, and turned aside. I approached Volodya, and said with an effort, and trying to impart a jesting tone to my voice, "Well, how now, Volodya? have I got myself up gorgeously!" But Volodya looked at me as much as to say, "You don't talk like that to me when we are alone," and he walked away from me in silence, evidently fearing that I should still get into some difficulty.

"My God! my brother also deserts me!" I thought.

But, for some reason, I had not the strength to take my departure. I stood on gloomily, till the end of the evening, in one place; and only when all were crowded into the anteroom as they dispersed, and the footman put my coat upon the tip of my hat, so that it tilted up, I laughed in a sickly way through my tears, and said, without addressing any one in particular, "How pleasant it is! — *Comme c'est gracieux!*"

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE CAROUSE

Although I had not as yet, in consequence of Dmitry's influence, given myself up to the usual pleasures of students, which are called *carouses*, it had been my lot once, during the course of this winter, to take part in such merrymaking; and I carried away with me a not wholly agreeable impression. This is the way it was.

One day, during a lecture at the beginning of the year, Baron Z., a tall, blond young man, with a very serious expression upon his regular features, invited us all to his house to pass an evening as comrades together. All of us meant, of course, all the members of our class who were more or less *comme il faut;* among whose number, of course, neither Grap nor Semenoff nor Operoff were included, nor any of the meaner fellows. Volodya smiled contemptuously when he heard that I was going to a carouse of first-year men; but I expected great and remarkable pleasure from this to me entirely novel mode of passing the time, and I was at Baron Z.'s punctually at eight o'clock, — the hour indicated.

Baron Z., in a white vest and with his coat unbuttoned, was receiving his guests in the brilliantly lighted hall and drawing-room of the small house in which his parents dwelt; they had given up the state apartments to him for that evening's festivity. In the corridor, the heads and dresses of the curious maids were visible; and in the butler's pantry, the dress of a lady, whom I took to be the baroness herself, flashed by once.

The guests were twenty in number, and were all students, with the exception of Herr Frost, who had come with Ivin, and a tall, ruddy-complexioned gentleman in plain clothes who attended to the banquet, and who was known to everybody as a relative of the baron, and a former student at the University of Dorpat. The overbrilliant illumination, and the usual regal decoration of the state apartments, produced a chilling effect at first upon this youthful company, all of whose members involuntarily kept close to the walls, with the exception of a few bold spirits and the student from Dorpat, who had already unbuttoned his waistcoat, and seemed to be in every room and in every corner of every room at one and the same time, and to fill the whole apartment with the sound of his resonant and agreeable and never silent tenor voice. But most of the fellows either remained silent or modestly discussed the professors, the sciences, the examinations, and serious and interesting subjects, on the whole. Every one, without exception, stared at the door of the supper-room, and wore the expression which said, though they strove to hide it, "Why, it 's time to begin!" I also felt that it was time to begin, and I awaited the *beginning* with impatient joy.

After tea, which the footman handed round to the guests, the Dorpat student asked Frost in Russian:—

"Do you know how to make punch, Frost?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Frost in German, wriggling his calves; but the Dorpat student again addressed him in Russian:—

"Then set about it" (he called him *thou*, as a fellow-student at Dorpat); and Frost began to go from the drawing-room to the butler's pantry, from the butler's pantry to the drawing-room, with great strides of his muscular bandy legs; and there speedily made its appearance on the table a large soup-tureen, and on it, by means of three student-swords laid crosswise, a ten-pound loaf of sugar. During this time, Baron Z. had kept incessantly approaching all the guests, who were assembled in the drawing-room, and saying to all, with an immovably serious face and in almost the same words, "Come, gentlemen, let us mutually drink to brotherhood in student fashion, or we shall have no comradeship at all in our class. And unbutton your coats, or take them off entirely, as he has done." And, in fact, the Dorpat student, after taking off his coat, and stripping up his white shirt-sleeves above his white elbows, and planting his feet far apart in a decided fashion, had already set fire to the rum in the soup-tureen.

"Put out the lights, gentlemen!" cried the Dorpat student suddenly, as loudly and pleasantly as he could have done if we had all shouted. But we all gazed silently at the soup-tureen, and at the Dorpat student's white shirt, and all felt that the solemn moment had arrived.

"Extinguish the lights, Frost!" cried the Dorpat student again, and in German, having evidently become too much heated. Frost and all the rest of us set about extinguishing the candles. All was dark in the room, only the white sleeves and the hands which lifted the loaf of sugar on the swords were illuminated by the bluish flame. The Dorpat student's loud tenor was no longer alone, for talking and laughter proceeded from every quarter of the room. Many took off their coats (especially those who had fine and perfectly clean shirts). I did the same, and understood that *it had begun.* Although nothing jolly had happened so far, I was firmly convinced that it would be capital when we had drunk a glass of the beverage which had been prepared.

The beverage was a success. The Dorpat student poured the punch into glasses, spotting the table a good deal in the process, and shouted, "Now, gentlemen, go ahead!" And when we took a full, sticky glass in our hands, the Dorpat student and Frost struck up a German song, in which the exclamation *juchhe!* was frequently repeated; we joined in discordantly, began to clink our glasses, to shout something, to praise the punch, and to quaff the sweet, strong liquor through our hands or simply. There was nothing to wait for now, therefore the carouse was in full swing. I had already drunk a full glass of punch, they poured me another; my temples began to throb, the fire seemed crimson, every one was shouting and laughing around me: but still it not only did not seem jolly, but I was even convinced that I, and every one else, was bored, and that I and the others considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to pretend that it was very jolly. The only one who could not have been dissimulating was the Dorpat student. He grew constantly redder and more talkative, filled every one's empty glass, and spilled more and more on the table, which became all sweet and sticky. I do not remember in just what order things occurred, but I recollect that I was awfully fond of Frost and the Dorpat student that evening, that I learned a German song by heart, and kissed them both on their sweet lips. I also recollect that I hated the Dorpat student that same evening, and wanted to fling a chair at him, but refrained. I recollect that in addition to the consciousness of the insubordination of all my limbs which I had experienced at Jahr's, my head ached and swam so that evening that I was awfully afraid I was going to die that very minute. I also recollect that we all seated ourselves on the floor, for some reason or other, flourished our arms in imitation of oars, sang "Adown dear Mother Volga," and that, meantime, I was thinking that it was not at all necessary to do so. Furthermore I recollect that, as I lay on the floor, I hooked one leg around the other, wrestled in gipsy fashion, twisted some one's neck, and thought that it would not have happened if he had not been drunk. I remember, too, that we had supper, and drank something else; that I went out into the courtyard to refresh myself, and my head felt cold; and that I noticed when I went away that it was dreadfully dark, that the step of my drozhky had become steep and slippery, and that it was impossible to hold on to Kuzma, because he had become weak, and swayed about like a rag. But I remember chiefly that in the course of the evening I constantly felt that I was behaving very stupidly in feigning to be very jolly, to be very fond of drinking a great deal, and did not think of being drunk, and all the time I felt that the others were behaving very foolishly in pretending the same. It seemed to me that it was disagreeable for each one individually, as it was for me; but as each supposed that he alone experienced this disagreeable sensation, he considered himself bound to feign gayety in order not to interfere with the general jollity. Moreover, strange to say, I felt that dissimulation was incumbent on me simply because three bottles of champagne at ten rubles apiece, and ten bottles of rum at four rubles, had been poured into the souptureen, which amounted to seventy rubles, besides the supper. I was so fully convinced of this, that I was very much surprised the next day at the lecture, when my comrades who had been at Baron Z.'s not only were not ashamed to mention that they had been there, but talked about the party so that other students could hear. They said that it was a splendid carouse; that the Dorpat fellows were great hands at these things, and that twenty men had drunk forty bottles of rum between them, and that many had been left for dead under the tables. I could not understand why they talked about it, and even lied about themselves.

CHAPTER XL

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS

During the winter, I not only saw a great deal of Dmitry, who came to our house quite frequently, but of all his family, with whom I began to associate.

The Nekhliudoffs, the mother, aunt, and daughter, passed all their evenings at home; and the princess liked to have young people come to see her in the evening, men of the sort, as she expressed it, who were capable of passing a whole evening without cards and dancing. But there must have been very few such men; for I rarely met any visitors there, though I went there nearly every evening. I became accustomed to the members of this family, and to their various dispositions, and had already formed a clear conception of their mutual relations. I became accustomed to their rooms and furniture; and when there were no guests I felt myself perfectly at my ease, except on the occasions when I was left alone in the room with Varenka. It still seemed to me as if, because not a very pretty girl, she would like very much to have me fall in love with her. But even this agitation began to pass off. She had such a natural appearance of not caring whether she talked to me or to her brother, or Liubov Sergieevna, that I acquired the habit of looking upon her as upon a person to whom it was not at all either disgraceful or dangerous to show the pleasure which I took in her society. During the whole period of my acquaintance with her, she seemed to me on different days very ugly, again not such a very ugly girl; but never once did I ask myself with regard to her, "Am I in love with her, or not?" I sometimes chanced to talk directly to her, but more frequently I conversed with her by directing my remarks in her presence to Liubov Sergieevna or Dmitry, and this last method gave me particular pleasure. I took great satisfaction in talking before her, in listening to her singing, and in the general consciousness of her presence in the room where I was; but the thought as to what my relations with Varenka would eventually become, and dreams of sacrificing myself for my friend in case he should fall in love with my sister, rarely entered my head now. If such ideas and dreams did occur to me, I unconsciously strove to thrust aside any thought of the future, since I was content with the present.

In spite, however, of this intimacy, I continued to feel it my imperative duty to conceal from the whole Nekhliudoff society, and from Varenka in particular, my real sentiments and inclinations; and I endeavored to show myself an entirely different young man from what I was in reality, and such, indeed, as I could not be in reality. I strove to appear emotional; I went into raptures, I groaned, and made passionate gestures when anything pleased me greatly, and at the same time I endeavored to seem indifferent to every unusual occurrence, which I saw, or of which I was told. I tried to appear a malicious scorner who held nothing sacred, and at the same time a delicate observer. I tried to appear logical in all my actions, refined and accurate in my life, and at the same time a person who despised all material things. I can boldly assert that I was much better in reality than the strange being which I endeavored to represent as myself; but, nevertheless, and represent myself as I would, the Nekhliudoffs liked me, and, happily for me as it turned out, did not believe in my dissimulation. Liubov Sergieevna alone, who, it seems, regarded me as a great egoist, a godless and sneering fellow, did not like me, and often quarreled with me, got into a rage, and amazed me with her broken and incoherent phrases. But Dmitry still maintained the same strange rather than friendly relations with her, and said that no one understood her, and that she did him a very great deal of good. His friendship with her continued to be a grievance to his family.

Once Varenka, in discussing with me this union which was so incomprehensible to them all, explained it thus: "Dmitry is an egoist. He is too proud, and, in spite of all his cleverness, he is very fond of praise and admiration, loves to be first always; and *aunty*, in the innocence of her soul, finds herself admiring him; and has not sufficient tact to conceal this admiration from him, and so it comes to pass that she flatters, only not hypocritically, but in earnest."

I remembered this judgment, and, on examining it afterwards I could not but think that Varenka was very clever; and I exalted her in my own opinion with satisfaction, in consequence. This sort of exaltation, in consequence of the intelligence I had discovered in her, and of other moral qualities, I accomplished with a certain stern moderation, though with satisfaction; and I never went into ecstasies, the highest point of that exaltation. Thus, when Sophia Ivanovna, who talked unweariedly of her niece, told me how, when Varenka was a child in the country four years before, she had given all her clothes and shoes to the peasant children without permission, so that they had to be taken away afterward, I did not at once accept that fact as worthy of exalting her in my opinion, but I mentally ridiculed her for such an unpractical view of things.

When there were guests at the Nekhliudoffs', and among others Volodya and Dubkoff, I retired into the background in a self-satisfied way, and with a certain calm consciousness of power, as one of the family; did not talk, and merely listened to what others said. And everything that was said seemed to me so incredibly stupid, that I inwardly wondered how such an intelligent, logical woman as the princess, and all her logical family, could listen to such folly, and reply to it. Had it then occurred to me to compare what others said with what I said myself when I was alone, I should certainly not have marveled in the least. I should have marveled still less if I had believed that the members of our household — Avdotya Vasilievna, Liubotchka, and Katenka — were just like all other women, and no worse than any others; and if I had recalled the fact that Dubkoff, Katenka, and Avdotya Vasilievna had conversed together for whole evenings, laughing merrily; and how, on nearly every occasion, Dubkoff, desiring to get up a discussion on something, recited, with feeling, the verses, "*Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive*,"[1] or extracts from "The Demon";[2] and what nonsense they talked, on the whole, and with how much pleasure, for several hours together.

When there were visitors, of course Varenka paid less attention to me than when we were alone; and then there was none of that music or reading to which I was very fond of listening. In conversing with visitors, she lost what was for me her chief charm, — her calm deliberation and simplicity. I remember what a strange surprise her conversations with my brother Volodya, about the theater and the weather, were to me. I knew that Volodya avoided and despised commonplaces more than anything else in the world; Varenka, also, always ridiculed hypocritically absorbing discussions about the weather, and so forth: then why, when they came together, did they constantly utter the most intolerable absurdities, and that, too, as though they were ashamed of each other? I went into a private rage with Varenka after every such conversation, ridiculed the visitors on the following day, but took still greater pleasure in being alone in the Nekhliudoff family circle.

At all events, I began to take more pleasure in being with Dmitry in his mother's drawing-room than alone face to face with him.

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[1] An unfortunate guest at the banquet of life.

[2] A celebrated poem by Lermontoff. — Tr.

CHAPTER XLI

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS (*continued*)

Just at this time, my friendship with Dmitry hung by a hair. I had begun to criticize him too long ago not to find that he had failings; but, in our early youth, we love with passion only, and therefore only perfect people. But as soon as the mist of passion begins, little by little, to decrease, or as soon as the clear rays of judgment begin involuntarily to pierce it, and we behold the object of our passion in his real aspect, with his merits and his shortcomings, the shortcomings alone strike us as something unexpected, in a vivid and exaggerated manner; the feeling of attraction toward a novelty, and the hope that it is not utterly impossible in another man, encourage us not only to coolness, but to repugnance for the former object of our passion, and we desert him without compunction, and hasten forward to seek some new perfection. If it was not precisely this which happened to me in my connection with Dmitry, it was because I was only bound to him by an obstinate, pedantic, and intellectual affection, rather than by an affection from the heart, which I was too much ashamed to be false to. We were bound, moreover, by our strange rule of frankness. We were afraid that, if we parted, we should leave too much in each other's power all the moral secrets which we had confided to each other, and of which some were dishonorable to us. Besides, our rule of frankness, as was evident to us, had not been kept for a long time; and it embarrassed us, and brought about strange relations between us.

Almost every time that I went to Dmitry that winter, I found with him his comrade in the university, a student named Bezobyedoff, with whom he was engaged. Bezobyedoff was a small, thin, pock-marked man, with very small hands which were covered with freckles, and a great mass of unkempt red hair. He was always very ragged and dirty, he was uncultivated, and he even studied badly. Dmitry's relations with him were, like his relations with Liubov Sergieevna, incomprehensible to me. The sole reason why he could have selected him from among all his comrades, and have become intimate with him, was that there was not a student in the whole university who was uglier in appearance than Bezobyedoff. But it must have been precisely for that reason that Dmitry found it agreeable to exhibit friendship for him in spite of everybody. In his whole intercourse with this student, the haughty sentiment was expressed: "It 's nothing to me who you are; you are all the same to me. I like him, and of course he 's all right."

I was surprised that he did not find it hard to put a constant constraint upon himself, and that the unfortunate Bezobyedoff endured his awkward position. This friendship did not please me at all.

Once I came to Dmitry in the evening for the purpose of spending the evening in his mother's drawing-room with him, in conversation and in listening to Varenka's singing or reading; but Bezobyedoff was sitting up-stairs. Dmitry replied to me in a sharp tone that he could not come down because he had company, as I could see for myself.

"And what fun is there there?" he asked. "It 's much better to sit here and chat." Although the idea of sitting and talking with Bezobyedoff for a couple of hours did not attract me, I could not make up my mind to go to the drawing-room alone; and, vexed to the soul at my friend's eccentricity, I seated myself in a rocking-chair, and began to rock in silence. I was very much provoked with Dmitry and with Bezobyedoff, because they had deprived me of the pleasure of going down-stairs. I wanted to see whether Bezobyedoff would take his departure soon; and I was angry with him and Dmitry as I listened in silence to their conversation. "A very agreeable guest! sit with him!" thought I, when the footman brought tea, and Dmitry had to ask Bezobyedoff five times to take a glass, because the timid visitor considered himself bound to decline the first and second glasses, and to say, "Help yourself." Dmitry, with a visible effort, engaged his visitor in conversation, into which he made several vain efforts to drag me. I preserved a gloomy silence.

"There 's no use in making such a face; let no one dare suspect that I am bored," I addressed myself mentally to Dmitry, as I rocked myself silently and regularly in my chair. I fanned the flame of quiet hatred toward my friend within me more and more. "What a fool!" I thought of him. "He might have spent a delightful evening with his dear relations, but no, he sits here with this beast; and now the time is past, it is already too late to go to the drawing-room;" and I peeped at my friend from behind the edge of my chair. His hands, his attitude, his neck, and especially the nape of it, and his knees seemed so repulsive and offensive that I could have taken great delight at that moment in doing something to him, even something extremely disagreeable.

At length Bezobyedoff rose, but Dmitry could not at once part from so agreeable a guest. He proposed to him that he should spend the night there; to which, fortunately, Bezobyedoff did not consent, and departed.

After having seen him off, Dmitry returned; and smiling brightly in a self-satisfied way, and rubbing his hands, probably because he had kept up his character, and because he had at last got rid of his *ennui*, he began to pace the room, glancing at me from time to time. He was still more repulsive to me. "How dare he walk and smile?" thought I.

"Why are you angry?" said he, suddenly, halting in front of me.

"I am not angry at all," I answered, as one always answers on such occasions; "I am only vexed that you should dissimulate to me and to Bezobyedoff and to yourself."

"What nonsense! I never dissimulate to any one."

"I have not forgotten our rule of frankness; I speak openly to you. I am convinced that that Bezobyedoff is as intolerable to you as to me, because he is stupid, and God knows what else; but you like to put on airs before him."

"No! and, in the first place, Bezobyedoff is a very fine man."

"And I tell you, yes; I will even go so far as to say to you that your friendship with Liubov Sergieevna is also founded on the fact that she considers you a god."

"And I tell you, no."

"But I tell you, yes, because I know it by my own case," I replied with the warmth of suppressed vexation, and desirous of disarming him by my frankness. "I have told you, and I repeat it, that it always seems to me that I like those people who say pleasant things to me; and when I come to examine the matter well, I see that there is no real attachment."

"No," went on Dmitry, adjusting his neckerchief with an angry motion of the neck; "when I love, neither praise nor blame can change my feelings."

"It is not true. I have confessed to you that when papa called me a good-for-nothing, I hated him for a while, and desired his death, just as you...."

"Speak for yourself. It's a great pity if you are such...."

"On the contrary," I cried, springing from my chair, and looking him in the eye with desperate bravery, "what you are saying is not right; did you not tell me about my brother? I will not remind you of it, because that would be dishonorable. Did you not tell me.... And I will tell you how I understand you now...."

And, endeavoring to wound him even more painfully than he had wounded me, I began to demonstrate to him that he did not love any one, and to tell him everything with which, as it seemed to me, I had a right to reproach him. I was very much pleased at having told him everything, quite forgetting that the only possible object of this exposition, which consisted in his confessing the shortcomings with which I charged him, could not be attained at the present moment, when he was excited. But I had never said this to him when he was in a state of composure, and could acknowledge it.

The dispute had already passed into a quarrel, when Dmitry became silent all at once, and went into the next room. I was on the point of following him, talking all the while, but he did not reply to me. I knew that violent passion was set down in his list of vices, and that he had conquered himself now. I cursed all his inventories.

So this was to what our rule had led us: *to tell each other everything that we thought, and never to say anything about each other to any third person.* Carried away by frankness, we had sometimes proceeded to the most shameless confessions, announcing, to our own shame, ideas, dreams of desire and sentiment, such as I had just expressed to him, for example; and these confessions not only had not drawn closer the bond which united us, but they had dried up the feeling itself, and separated us. And now, all at once, egotism did not permit him to make the most trivial confession; and in the heat of our dispute we made use of the very weapons with which we had previously supplied each other, and which dealt frightfully painful blows.

CHAPTER XLII

THE STEPMOTHER

ALTHOUGH papa had not meant to come to Moscow with his wife until after the New Year, he arrived in October, at a season when there was excellent autumn hunting to be had with the dogs. Papa said that he had changed his plan because his case was to be heard in the senate; but Mimi told us that Avdotya Vasilievna had become so bored in the country, had spoken so frequently of Moscow, and feigned illness, that papa had decided to comply with her wishes. For she had never loved him, but had only murmured her love in everybody's ears, out of a desire to marry a rich man, said Mimi, sighing thoughtfully, as much as to say, "It 's not what *some people* would have done for him, if he had but known how to prize them."

Some people were unjust to Avdotya Vasilievna. Her love for papa, passionate, devoted love, and self-sacrifice, were evident in every word, every look, and every movement. But this love did not in the least prevent her cherishing a desire, in company with the desire not to leave her husband, for remarkable head-dresses from Madame Annette, for bonnets with extraordinary blue ostrich-feathers, and gowns of blue Venetian velvet, that artistically revealed her fine white arms and bosom, which had hitherto been exhibited to no one except to her husband and dressing-maids. Katenka took her mother's part, of course; while between our stepmother and us certain odd, jesting relations established themselves from the very day of her arrival. As soon as she alighted from the carriage, Volodya went up, scraping, and swaying back and forth, to kiss her hand, having assumed a grave face and troubled eyes, and said, as though he were introducing some one: —

"I have the honor to offer my congratulations on the arrival of my dear mamma, and to kiss her hand."

"Ah, my dear son!" said Avdotya Vasilievna, with her beautiful, monotonous smile.

"And do not forget your second little son," said I, also approaching to kiss her hand, and involuntarily trying to assume the expression of Volodya's face and voice.

If our stepmother and we had been sure of our mutual attachment, this expression might have indicated scorn of the exhibition of any tokens of affection; if we had already been ill-disposed toward each other, it might have indicated irony, or scorn of hypocrisy, or a desire to conceal our real relations from our father, who was present, and many other thoughts and feelings; but in the present case this expression, which suited Avdotya Vasilievna's taste extremely well, indicated nothing at all, and only pointed to an utter absence of all relations. I have often observed these false and jesting relations since, in other families, where the members of them foresee that the actual relations will not be quite agreeable; and these relations involuntarily established themselves between us and Avdotya Vasilievna. We hardly ever departed from them; we were always hypocritically polite to her, spoke French, scraped and bowed, and called her "*chère maman*," to which she always replied with jests, in the same style, and her beautiful, monotonous smile. Tearful Liubotchka alone, with her crooked legs and innocent prattle, took a liking to the stepmother and strove very naïvely, and sometimes awkwardly, to bring her into closer connection with all our family; and, in return, the only creature in all the world for whom Avdotya Vasilievna had a drop of affection, with the exception of her passionate love for papa, was Liubotchka. Avdotya Vasilievna even exhibited for her a certain ecstatic admiration and a timid respect, which greatly amazed me.

At first Avdotya was very fond of calling herself a stepmother, and hinting at the evil and unjust way in which children and members of the household always look upon a stepmother, and how different her position was in consequence of this. But though she had perceived all the unpleasantness of the position, she did nothing to escape it; she did not caress one, make presents to another, and avoid grumbling, which would have been very easy for her, since she was very amiable, and not exacting in disposition. And she not only did not do this, but on the contrary, foreseeing all the unpleasantness of her position, she prepared herself for defense without having been attacked; and, taking it for granted that all the members of the household wished to use all the means in their power to insult her, and make things disagreeable for her, she perceived design in everything, and considered that the most dignified way for her was to suffer in silence; and, since she won no love by her abstention from action, of course she won ill-will. Moreover, she was so lacking in that quality of understanding which was developed to such a high degree in our house, and which I have already mentioned, and her habits were so opposed to those which had become rooted in our house, that this alone prejudiced people against her. In our neat, precise house she always lived as though she had but just arrived; she rose and retired now early, now late; at one time she would come out to dinner, at another she would not, and sometimes she had supper, and again she had none. She went about half-dressed the greater part of the time when we had no visitors, and was not ashamed to show herself to us, and even to the servants, in a white petticoat, with a shawl thrown around her, and with bare arms. At first this simplicity pleased me; but I very soon lost all the respect I had entertained for her, in consequence of this very simplicity. It seemed still stranger to us, that there were two totally dissimilar women in her, according to whether we had visitors or not: one, in the presence of guests, was a healthy, cold young beauty, elegantly dressed, neither clever nor foolish, but cheerful; the other, when no guests were by, was a sad, worn-out woman, no longer young, untidy, and bored, though affectionate. I often thought, as I looked at her when she returned smiling from making calls, and blushing with the winter cold, happy in the consciousness of her beauty, and went up to the mirror to survey herself as she removed her bonnet; or when she went to the carriage rustling in her rich, low-necked ball-dress, feeling a little ashamed, yet proud, before the servants; or at home, when we had little evening gatherings, in a close silk gown with some delicate lace about her soft neck, she beamed on all sides with her monotonous but beautiful smile, — what would those who raved over her have said if they could have seen her as I did on the evenings when she stayed at home, and strayed through the dimly lighted rooms after midnight, like a shadow, as she awaited her husband's return from the club, in some sort of a wrapper, with unkempt hair? Sometimes she went to the piano, and played the one waltz which she knew, frowning with the effort; then she would take a volume of romance, and, after reading a few lines out of the middle of it, throw it away; again, in order not to wake up the servants, she would go to the pantry herself, and get a cucumber and cold veal, and eat it standing by the pantry-window; or would wander from room to room aimlessly, both weary and bored. But what alienated us from her more than anything else was her lack of tact, which was expressed chiefly by the peculiar manner of her condescending attention when people talked to her about things which she did not understand. She was not to blame because she had unconsciously acquired a habit of smiling slightly with the lips alone, and bending her head when she was told things which did not interest her (and nothing except herself and her husband did interest her); but that smile, and bend of the head, frequently repeated, were inexpressibly repellent. Her mirth, too, which seemed to ridicule herself, us, and all the world, was awkward, and communicated itself to no one; her sensibility was too artificial. But the chief thing of all was that she was not ashamed to talk constantly to every one about her love for papa. Although she did not lie in the least in saying of it that her whole life consisted in her love for her husband, and although she proved it with her whole life, yet, according to our views, such ceaseless, unreserved assertion of her affection was disgusting, and we were ashamed for her when she spoke of it before strangers, even more than when she made mistakes in French.

She loved her husband more than anything else in the world; and her husband loved her, especially at first, and when he saw that he was not the only one whom she pleased. The sole aim of her existence was the acquirement of her husband's love; but it seemed as though she purposely did everything which could be disagreeable to him, and all with the object of showing him the full power of her love, and her readiness to sacrifice herself.

She loved gala attire; my father liked to see her a beauty in society, exciting praise and admiration; she sacrificed her love for festivities, for father's sake, and grew more and more accustomed to sit at home in a gray blouse. Papa, who always had considered freedom and equality indispensable conditions in family intercourse, hoped that his beloved Liubotchka and his good young wife would come together in a sincere and friendly way; but Avdotya Vasilievna was sacrificing herself, and considered it requisite to show *the real mistress of the house*, as she called Liubotchka, an unsuitable amount of respect, which wounded papa deeply. He gambled a great deal that winter, and, toward the end, lost a good deal of money; but he concealed his gambling matters from all the household, as he always did, not wishing to mix up his play with his family life. Avdotya Vasilievna sacrificed herself; sometimes she was ill, and toward the end of the winter she was *enceinte*, but she considered it her duty to go to meet papa with her slouching gait, in her gray blouse, and with unkempt hair, at four or five o'clock in the morning, when he returned from his club, at times weary and ashamed after his losses.

She inquired, in an absent-minded way, whether he had been lucky at play, and listened, with condescending attention, as she smiled and nodded her head to what he told her as to his doings at the club and to his request, a hundred times repeated, that she would never wait for him. But, although his losses and winnings, upon which, according to his play, all papa's property depended, did not interest her in the least, she was the first to meet him every night when he returned from the club. Moreover, she was urged to these meetings, not by her passion for self-sacrifice alone, but by a certain concealed jealousy from which she suffered in the highest degree. No one in the world could convince her that papa was returning late from the club, and not from some mistress. She tried to read papa's love-secrets in his face; and, as she could see nothing there, she sighed with a certain luxury of woe, and gave herself up to the contemplation of her unhappiness.

In consequence of these and many other incessant sacrifices, there came to be, in papa's conduct to his wife, toward the later months of the winter, during which he had lost a great deal, so that he was out of spirits the greater part of the time, an evident and mingled feeling of *quiet hatred*, of that suppressed repugnance to the object of one's affections which expresses itself by an unconscious endeavor to cause that object every possible sort of petty moral unpleasantnesses.

CHAPTER XLIII

NEW COMRADES

THE winter passed away unperceived, and the thaw had already begun again, and at the university the lists of examinations had already been nailed up; when all at once I remembered that I must answer about the eighteen subjects to which I had listened and not one of which I had heard, written down, or prepared. Strange that such a plain question, "How am I to pass the examinations?" had never once presented itself to me. But I had been in such a mist the whole winter, arising from my delight in being grown up and being *comme il faut*, that when it did occur to me, "How am I to pass the examinations?" I compared myself with my comrades, and thought, "They will pass, but the majority of them are not *comme il faut* yet; so I still have an extra advantage over them, and I must pass." I went to the lectures simply because I had become accustomed to do so, and because papa sent me out of the house. Moreover, I had a great many acquaintances, and I often had a jolly time at the university. I loved the noise, the chattering, the laughter in the auditorium; I loved to sit on the rear bench during the lecture, and dream of something or other to the monotonous sound of the professor's voice, and to observe my comrades; I liked to run out at times with some one to Materna's, to drink vodka and take a bite, and, knowing that I might be punished for it, to enter the auditorium after the professor, creaking the door timidly; I loved to take part in a piece of mischief when class after class congregated amid laughter in the corridors. All this was very jolly.

When everybody had begun to attend the lectures more faithfully, and the professor of physics had finished his course, and had taken leave until the examinations, the students began to collect their note-books, and prepare themselves. I also began to think of preparing myself. Operoff, to whom I continued to bow, although we were on the very coolest of terms, as I have already said, not only offered me his note-books, but invited me to prepare myself from them with him and other students. I thanked him and consented, hoping by this honor entirely to smooth over my former disagreement with him; but all I asked was that all would be sure to meet at my house every time, as I had fine quarters.

I was told that the preparations would be made in turn at one house or another, according to its nearness. The first meeting took place at Zukhin's. It was a little room, behind a partition, in a large house on the Trubnoï Boulevard. I was late on the first day named, and came when they had already begun the reading. The little room was full of smoke from the coarse tobacco which Zukhin used, which was *makhorka*.[1] On the table stood a square bottle of vodka, glasses, bread, salt, and a mutton-bone.

Zukhin invited me, without rising, to take a drink of vodka, and to take off my coat.

"I think you are not accustomed to such an entertainment," he added.

All were in dirty calico shirts, with false bosoms. I removed my coat, trying not to show my scorn for them, and laid it on the sofa with an air of comradeship. Zukhin recited, referring now and then to the note-books: the others stopped him to ask questions; and he explained concisely, intelligently, and accurately. I began to listen; and, as I did not understand much, not knowing what had gone before, I asked a question.

"Eh, my good fellow, you can't listen if you don't know that," said Zukhin. "I will give you the note-books, and you can go through them for to-morrow."

I was ashamed of my ignorance, and, conscious at the same time of the entire justice of Zukhin's remark, I ceased to listen, and busied myself with observations on these new associates. According to the classification of men into those who were *comme il faut*, and those who were *comme il ne faut pas*, they evidently belonged to the second division, and awakened in me, consequently, a feeling not only of scorn, but of a certain personal hatred which I experienced for them, because, though they were not *comme il faut*, they not only seemed to regard me as their equal, but even patronized me in a good-natured way. This feeling was aroused in me by their feet, and their dirty hands with their closely bitten nails, and one long nail on Operoff's little finger, and their pink shirts, and their false bosoms, and the oaths with which they affectionately addressed each other, and the dirty room, and Zukhin's habit of constantly blowing his nose a little, while he pressed one nostril with his finger, and in particular their manner of speaking, of employing and accenting certain words. For instance, they used *blockhead* instead of fool; *just so* instead of exactly; *splendid* instead of very beautiful; and so on; which seemed to me to be book-language, and disgustingly ungentlemanly. But that which aroused my *comme il faut* hatred was the accent which they placed on certain Russian, and especially on foreign words: they said máchine, áctivity, ón purpose, in the chimnéy, Shákespeare instead of Shakespéare, and so forth, and so forth.

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[1] Peasant tobacco (*nicotiana rustica*), grown in Little Russia. — **Tr.**

But, in spite of their exterior, which at that time was insuperably repugnant to me, I had a presentiment that there was something good about these people; and, envious of the jolly comradeship which united them, I felt attracted to them, and wanted to get better acquainted with them, which was not a difficult thing for me to do. I already knew the gentle and upright Operoff. Now, the dashing and remarkably clever Zukhin, who evidently reigned over this circle, pleased me extremely. He was a small, stout, dark-complexioned man, with somewhat swollen and always shining, but extremely intelligent, lively, and independent face.

This expression was especially due to his forehead, which was not lofty, but arched over deep black eyes, his short, bristling hair, and his thick black beard, which bore the appearance of never being shaved. He did not seem to think of himself (a thing which always pleased me in people), but it was evident that his mind was never idle. His was one of those expressive countenances which undergo an entire and sudden change in your eyes a few hours after you have seen them for the first time. This is what happened in my eyes with Zukhin's face toward the end of the evening. New wrinkles suddenly made their appearance on his countenance, his eyes retreated still deeper, his smile became different, and his whole face was so changed that it was with difficulty that I recognized him.

When the meeting was at an end, Zukhin, the other students, and I drank a glass of vodka apiece in order to show our desire to be good comrades, and hardly any remained in the bottle. Zukhin inquired who had a quarter-ruble, that the old woman who served him might be sent for more vodka. I offered my money; but Zukhin turned to Operoff as though he had not heard me, and Operoff, pulling out a little bead purse, gave him the money that was needed.

"See that you don't get drunk," said Operoff, who did not drink at all himself.

"Never fear," replied Zukhin, sucking the marrow from the mutton-bone (I remember thinking at the time, "He is so clever because he eats a great deal of marrow"). "Never fear," went on Zukhin, smiling slightly, and his smile was such that one noticed it involuntarily, and felt grateful to him for the smile. "Though I should get drunk, there's no harm. Now let's see, comrades; who will wager that I'll come out better than he will, or he better than I? It's all ready, comrades," he added, tapping his head boastfully. "There's Semenoff, he would not have broken down if he had not caroused so deeply."

In fact, that same gray-haired Semenoff, who had so much delighted me at the first examination by being homelier than myself, and who, after having passed second in the entrance examinations, had attended the lectures punctually during the first month of his studenthood, had caroused before the review, and toward the end of the year's course had not shown himself at the university at all.

"Where is he?" asked some one.

"I have lost sight of him," went on Zukhin. "The last time we were together we smashed Lisbon. He turned out a magnificent scamp. They say there was some story or other afterward. That was a head! What fire there was in that man! What a mind! It 's a pity if he has come to grief; but he certainly has. He was n't the kind of a boy to keep his place in the university with his outbreaks."

After a little further conversation, all rose to go, having agreed to meet at Zukhin's on the following days, because his quarters were the nearest to all the rest. When we all emerged into the courtyard, I was rather conscience-stricken that they should all be on foot, while I alone rode in a drozhky; and in my shame I proposed to Operoff to take him home. Zukhin had come out with us, and, borrowing a silver ruble of Operoff, he went off somewhere to visit for the night. On the way Operoff told me a great deal about Zukhin's character, and manner of life; and when I reached home I did not go to sleep for a long time, for thinking of the new people with whom I had become acquainted. For a long while I did not fall asleep, but wavered, on the one hand, between respect for those whose learning, simplicity, honesty, and poetry of youth and daring inclined me in their favor; and their ungentlemanly exterior, which repelled me, on the other hand. In spite of all this desire, it was at that time literally impossible for me to associate with them. Our ideas were entirely different. There was between us an abyss of shades, which constituted for me all the charm and reason of life, which were utterly incomprehensible to them, and *vice versa.* But the principal reason why we could not possibly associate was the twenty-ruble cloth of my coat, my drozhky, and my cambric shirts. This reason had particular weight with me. It seemed to me that I insulted them with the signs of my prosperity. I felt guilty before them; and I could not in any way enter upon equal, genuinely friendly relations with them, because I first humbled myself, then rebelled against my undeserved humiliation, and then proceeded to self-confidence. But the coarse, vicious side of Zukhin's character had been, during this period, to such a degree overwhelmed by that powerful poetry of bravery of which I had a presentiment in him, that it did not affect me at all unpleasantly.

For two weeks I went nearly every evening to study at Zukhin's. I studied very little; for, as I have already said, I had fallen behind my comrades, and as I had not sufficient force to study alone, in order to catch up with them, I only pretended to listen and understand what was read. It seemed to me that my companions divined my dissimulation; and I observed that they frequently skipped passages which they knew themselves, and never asked me.

Every day I became more and more lenient toward the disorder of this circle, I felt drawn toward it, and found much that was poetical in it. My word of honor alone, which I had given to Dmitry, not to go anywhere on a carouse with them, restrained my desire to share their pleasures.

Once I attempted to brag before them of my knowledge of literature, and particularly of French literature; and I led the conversation to that subject. It turned out, to my amazement, that, although they pronounced titles of foreign books in Russian fashion, that they had read a great deal more than I, that they knew and prized English and even Spanish writers, and Lesage of whom I had never even heard. Pushkin and Zhukovsky were literature to them (and not, as to me, little books in yellow bindings which I had read and learned as a child). They despised Dumas, Sue, and Féval equally; and passed judgment, Zukhin in particular, upon literature much better and more clearly than I, as I could not but acknowledge. Neither had I any advantage over them in my knowledge of music. Still more to my amazement, Operoff played on the violin, another of the students who studied with us played the violoncello and the piano; and both played in the university orchestra, knew music very well, and prized it highly. In a word, with the exception of the French and German accent, they knew everything that I attempted to brag about before them, much better than I did, and were not in the least proud of it. I might have boasted of my social position; but, unlike Volodya, I had none. What, then, was that height from which I looked down upon them? my acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivanitch? my pronunciation of French? my drozhky? my cambric shirts? my finger-nails? And was not this all nonsense? — began to pass dimly through my mind at times, under the influence of envy for the fellowship and good-natured youthful mirth which I saw before me. They all called each other *thou.* The simplicity of their intercourse approached coarseness, but even beneath this rough exterior a fear of offending each other in any way was constantly visible. *Scamp* and *pig,* which were employed by them in an affectionate sense, only made me recoil, and gave me cause for inward ridicule; but these words did not offend them in the least, or prevent their standing on the most friendly footing with one another. They were careful and delicate in their dealings with one another, as only very poor and very young people are. But the chief point was that I scented something broad and wild in the character of Zukhin and his adventures in Lisbon. I had a suspicion that these carouses must be something quite different from the sham with burnt rum and champagne in which I had participated at Baron Z.'s.

CHAPTER XLIV

ZUKHIN AND SEMENOFF

I do not know to what class of society Zukhin belonged; but I know that he was from the S. gymnasium, had no money whatever, and apparently was not of noble birth. He was eighteen at this time, though he appeared much older. He was remarkably clever, and particularly quick at grasping an idea; it was easier for him to embrace the whole of a many-sided subject, to foresee all its branches and the deductions from it, than to examine carefully by means of knowledge the laws by which these deductions are arrived at. He knew that he was clever; he was proud of it, and in consequence of this pride he was uniformly simple and good-natured in his intercourse with every one. He must have suffered much in the course of his life. His fiery, sensitive nature had already succeeded in reflecting in itself love and friendship and business and money, although in a restricted measure, and in the lower classes of society, there was nothing for which, after having made proof of it, he did not feel either scorn, or a certain indifference and inattention, which proceeded from the too great facility with which he acquired everything. Apparently he only grasped at every novelty for the sake of scorning what he had obtained after gaining his object, and his gifted nature always attained its goal, and had a right to its contempt. It was the same thing with the sciences; he studied little, took no notes, yet had a superior knowledge of mathematics, and boasted of it, saying that he could beat the professor. He thought a great deal of what they taught was nonsense; but with the characteristic, *unconsciously practical roguishness* of his nature, he immediately fell in with what the professor required, and all the professors liked him. He was *outspoken* in his bearing with the authorities, yet the authorities respected him. He not only did not respect or love the sciences, but he even despised those who occupied themselves seriously with what he acquired so easily. The sciences, as he understood them, did not require the tenth part of his gifts ; life in his position as a student did not offer anything to which he could devote himself wholly ; but, as he said, his fiery, active nature demanded life, and he gave himself up to dissipation of such a kind as his means permitted, and yielded himself with ardor and a desire to exhaust it so far as lay in his power. Now, before the examinations, Operoff's prediction was fulfilled. He disappeared for a couple of weeks, so that we made our preparations during the last part of the time at another student's rooms. But at the first examination, he made his appearance in the hall, pale, haggard, and with trembling hands, and passed into the second course in a brilliant manner.

At the beginning of the course, there were eight men in the company of carousers, at whose head stood Zukhin. Ikonin and Semenoff were among the number at first. The former left the company because he could not endure the wild dissipation to which they gave themselves over at the beginning of the year ; but the second did not desert them, because it seemed a small thing to him. At first, all the men in our class looked upon them with a kind of horror, and related their pranks to each other.

The chief heroes of these pranks were Zukhin, and, toward the end of the year, Semenoff. All regarded Semenoff, toward the end, with a certain terror ; and when he came to a lecture, which very rarely happened, there was a sensation in the auditorium.

Semenoff wound up his career of dissipation, just before the examinations, in the most original and energetic manner, — to which I was a witness, thanks to my acquaintance with Zukhin. This is how it was. One evening, when we had just assembled at Zukhin's, and Operoff, having arranged beside him, in addition to the tallow candle in the candlestick, a tallow candle in a bottle, and, with his head bent down over the note-books, was beginning to read in his shrill voice from his minutely written notes on physics, the landlady entered the room, and informed Zukhin that some one had come with a note for him. ....[1]

CHAPTER XLV

I MAKE A FAILURE

At length the first examination arrived, on the differential and integral calculus; but I was in a kind of strange mist, and had no clear conception of what awaited me. It occurred to me during the evening, after enjoying the society of Zukhin and his comrades, that it was necessary to make some change in my convictions; that there was something about them which was not nice, and not just what it should be: but in the morning, in the light of the sun, I again became *comme il faut*, was very well content with that, and desired no alterations in myself.

It was in this frame of mind that I came to the first examination. I seated myself on a bench on the side where sat the princes, counts, and barons, and began to converse with them in French; and, strange as it may seem, the thought never occurred to me that I should presently be called upon to answer questions upon a subject which I knew nothing about. I gazed coolly at those who went up to be examined, and I even permitted myself to make fun of some of them.

"Well, Grap, how goes it?" I said to Ilinka when he returned from the table. "Did you get frightened?"

"We 'll see how you come out," said Ilinka, who had utterly rebelled against my influence from the day he entered the university, did not smile when I spoke to him, and was ill-disposed toward me.

I smiled scornfully at Ilinka's reply, although the doubt which he expressed alarmed me for a moment. But the mist again spread itself over this feeling; and I remained indifferent and absent-minded, so that I promised to go and lunch with Baron Z. at Materna's just as soon as I had been examined (as though this was a matter of the utmost insignificance to me). When I was called up with Ikonin, I arranged the skirts of my uniform, and stepped up to the examination table with perfect nonchalance.

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[1] The rest of the story is omitted in the Russian. — Tr.

A slight chill of terror coursed through my back only when the young professor — the same one who had questioned me at the entrance examination — looked me straight in the face, and I touched the note-paper on which the questions were written. Although Ikonin took his ticket with the same swaying of his whole body as during the preceding examinations, he answered after a fashion, though very badly. And I did what he had done at the first examination: I did even worse; for I took a second card, and made no reply at all. The professor looked me compassionately in the face, and said in a firm but quiet voice: —

"You will not pass into the second class, Mr. Irteneff. It will be better not to present yourself for examination. This course must be weeded out. — And the same with you, Mr. Ikonin," he added.

Ikonin asked permission to be reëxamined, as though it were an alms; but the professor replied that he could not accomplish in two days what he had not accomplished in the course of a year, and that he could not possibly pass. Ikonin begged again in a humble and pitiful manner, but the professor again refused.

"You may go, gentlemen," he said, in the same low but firm voice.

It was only then that I could make up my mind to leave the table; and I was ashamed at having, as it were, taken part by my silence in Ikonin's prayers. I do not remember how I traversed the hall, past the students; what reply I made to their questions; how I made my way into the anteroom, and got home.

For three days I did not leave my room; I saw no one; I found solace in tears, as in my childhood, and wept a great deal. I looked at my pistols, in order that I might shoot myself if I should want to do so very much. I thought that Ilinka Grap would spit in my face when he met me, and that he would be quite right in so doing; that Operoff would rejoice in my misfortune, and tell everybody about it; that Kolpikoff was quite correct in insulting me at Jahr's; that my stupid speeches to Princess Kornakoff could have no other result; and so on, and so on. All the moments of my life which had been torturing to my self-love, and hard to bear, passed through my mind one after the other; and I tried to blame some one else for my misfortunes. I thought that some one had done this on purpose; I invented a whole intrigue against myself; I grumbled at the professors, at my comrades, at Volodya, at Dmitry, at papa because he had sent me to the university; I complained of Providence for having allowed me to live to see such disgrace. Finally, conscious of my complete ruin in the eyes of all who knew me, I begged papa to let me enter the hussars, or go to the Caucasus. Papa was displeased with me; but, on seeing my terrible grief, he comforted me by saying that it was not so very bad; that matters might be arranged if I would take a different course of study. Volodya, too, who did not see anything dreadful in my misfortune, said that in another course I should at least not feel ashamed before my fellow-students.

Our ladies did not understand it at all, and would not, or could not, comprehend what an examination was,—what it meant to fail to pass; and only pitied me because they saw my grief.

Dmitry came to see me every day, and was extremely gentle and tender during this whole period; but, for that very reason, it seemed to me that he had grown cold toward me. It always seemed to me a pain and an insult, when, mounting to my room, he sat down close to me in silence, with a little of that expression which a doctor wears when he seats himself at the bedside of a very sick man. Sophia Ivanovna and Varenka sent me some books by him, which I had formerly wanted, and wished me to come to see them; but, in this very attention, I perceived a haughty and insulting condescension toward me, the man who had fallen so very low. At the end of three days, I became somewhat composed; but, even up to our departure for the country, I did not leave the house; and, thinking only of my grief, I lounged idly from room to room, endeavoring to avoid all members of the household.

I thought and thought; and finally, late in the evening, as I was sitting down-stairs and listening to Avdotya Vasilievna's waltz, I suddenly sprang up, ran up-stairs, got my note-book on which was written "Rules of Life," opened it, and a moment of repentance and moral expansion came over me. I wept, but no longer with tears of despair. When I recovered myself, I decided to write down my rules of life again, and was firmly convinced that I should never henceforth do anything wrong, nor spend a single minute in idleness, nor ever alter my rules.

Whether this moral impetus lasted long, in what it consisted, and what new laws it imposed upon my moral development, I shall relate in the following and happier half of my youth.

THE END

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